



P. C. DARLEY.

A. E. KORN

Seeing the New Year In.

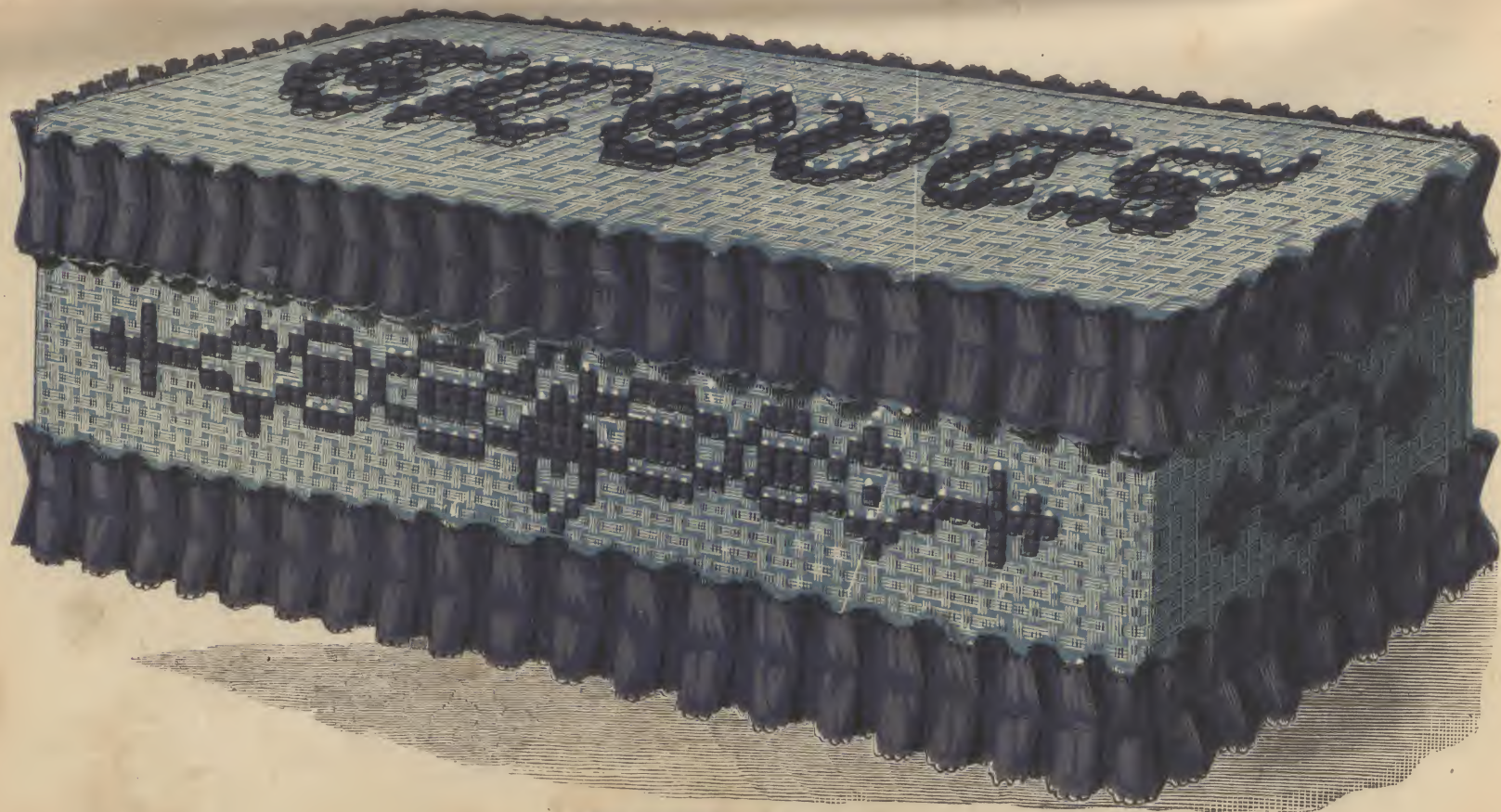
"And here, a hand my party give,
And give a hand to me."



GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY 1880 .



AN AMATEUR'S FIRST TRAIL.
WHAT IS IT?



GLOVE CASE.

See Description in Fashion Department.

GODEY'S
LADY'S BOOK
AND
MAGAZINE.

BY

J. HANNUM JONES,
A. E. BROWN.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME C.

An Amateur's First Trail (<i>Illustration</i>),	15	Lady's Wrap,	283
A Rosebud Garden of Girls, by <i>Marian C. L. Reeves and Emily Read</i> ,	52, 158, 238	Lady's Jacket Bodice,	475
A Life Sorrow, by <i>May Forney</i> ,	65	Lady's Summer Mantle,	571
A Year and A Day, by <i>Thos. S. Collier</i> ,	67	Evening, by <i>Kate Crosby</i> ,	164
A Romance of Hard Times, by <i>Marian Garwood</i> ,	134	Fun for the Fireside, 62, 148, 260, 363, 445,	554
A Good Plan,	148	Funeral Blossoms, by <i>H. P. M.</i> ,	248
A Winter Madrigal, by <i>Caroline A. Merighi</i> ,	228	Fifty Years,	567
A Trip to Jerusalem, by <i>Augusta De Bubna</i> ,	229	Fashions, containing—	
An Old Story,	238	Afternoon Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	402, 474
A Blessed Blunder,	256	Bodice (<i>Illustrated</i>),	23, 91
Adversity,	333	Boy's Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	24, 91
A Superfluity, by <i>Jean Scofield</i> ,	341	Boy's Suit (<i>Illustrated</i>),	24, 91
A Peculiar Woman, by <i>Florence H. Birney</i> ,	346	Brown Camel's Hair Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	25, 91
A Mist of Spring, by <i>Caroline A. Merighi</i> ,	356	Black Velvet Bonnet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	28, 91
Aunt Edith's Story, by <i>Marian Couthouy</i> ,	357	Black Satin and Velvet Bonnet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	28, 91
A Short Word,	363	Brown Silk and Camel's Hair Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	113, 185
A Truth for Parents,	376	Black Felt Hat (<i>Illustrated</i>),	114, 185
A Word to Grumblers,	431	Brussels Net Cap (<i>Illustrated</i>),	114, 185
An Error in Judgment, by <i>Sue Chestnut-wood</i> ,	441	Boy's Highland Suit (<i>Illustrated</i>),	412, 475
Alone, by <i>Augusta Moore</i> ,	447	Bassinet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	119, 186
A Haunted House, by <i>Robert C. Myers</i> ,	454	Biege Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	497, 570
Aunt Margaret's Story, by <i>Kate Crosby</i> ,	458	Black Silk Walking Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	115, 185
Atlantic City,	469	Boy's Suit (<i>Illustrated</i>),	116, 185
Alix's Faith, by <i>Marian C. L. Reeves</i> ,	516	Balmoral Skirts (<i>Illustrated</i>),	118, 186
A Household Angel, by <i>Margaret Vandegrift</i> ,	533	Boy's Overcoat (<i>Illustrated</i>),	120, 186
A Crisis, by <i>Sara T. Smith</i> ,	548	Black Silk Walking Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	124, 186
After Marriage,	568	Bow (<i>Illustrated</i>),	209, 282
At Home,	568	Blue Cashmere Morning Robe (<i>Illustrated</i>),	210, 282
A Haven of Rest,	568	Black Straw Bonnet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	211, 282
Architectural Designs, 89, 184, 281, 377, 472,	569	Black Lace Bonnet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	211, 282
Blue Stockings,	267	Biege Dress for Child (<i>Illustrated</i>),	212, 282
Blondel's Lay of the King, by <i>Ella Rodman Church</i> ,	267	Biege Dress for Girl (<i>Illustrated</i>),	220, 283
Caryl's New Year, by <i>Estelle Thomson</i> ,	39	Biege House Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	497, 570
Constancy,	148	Boy's Sailor Suit (<i>Illustrated</i>),	406, 475
Cleaning Black Silk,	280	Blue Cheviot Dress for Girl (<i>Illustrated</i>),	212, 282
Candor,	440	Black Cashmere House Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	215, 283
Childhood, by <i>Eliza M. Sherman</i> ,	548	Breton Net and Lace Bow (<i>Illustrated</i>),	217, 283
Chit-chat on Fashion, 91, 187, 283, 379, 475,	571	Boy's Black Velvet Suit (<i>Illustrated</i>),	220, 283
Dost Remember, by <i>A. M.</i> ,	360	Brown Camel's Hair Dress for Girl (<i>Illustrated</i>),	220, 283
Do not Deceive them,	538	Black Silk Wrap (<i>Illustrated</i>),	307, 378
Description of Mammoth Colored Fashion Plate,	90, 185, 282, 378, 474, 570	Black Chip Hat (<i>Illustrated</i>),	309, 379
Diagram Patterns, containing—		Bodice for Evening Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	311, 379
Boy's Suit,	379	Bag (<i>Illustrated</i>),	313, 379
Child's Dress,	91	Bracelet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	213, 283
Girl's Ulster,	186		

Brown Straw Hat (<i>Illustrated</i>),	309, 378	Flat Collar of Crêpe Lisse (<i>Illustrated</i>),	403, 474
Black Lace Scarf (<i>Illustrated</i>),	401, 474	Fashionable Coiffure (<i>Illustrated</i>),	405, 475
Black Kid Glove (<i>Illustrated</i>),	402, 474	Frisette (<i>Illustrated</i>),	405, 475
Black Chip Hat (<i>Illustrated</i>),	407, 475	Fashionable Dress Sleeve (<i>Illustrated</i>),	408, 475
Brown Chip Bonnet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	407, 475	French Muslin Bonnet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	501, 571
Boy's Sailor Suit (<i>Illustrated</i>),	412, 475	Girl's Walking Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	18, 90
Black Chip Bonnet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	498, 570	Garnet Velvet Coat for Girl (<i>Illustrated</i>),	24, 91
Bodice for Evening Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	500, 570	Gray Satin Walking Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	25, 91
Boy's Hat (<i>Illustrated</i>),	501, 571	Girl's Walking Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	116, 185
Boy's Suit (<i>Illustrated</i>),	501, 571	Girl's Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	120, 186
Black Satin and Velvet Costume (<i>Illustrated</i>),	503, 571	Girl's Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	212, 282
Child's Velvet Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	18, 90	Gold Bracelet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	213, 283
Child's Cloth Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	18, 90	Gray Straw Bonnet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	215, 283
Coiffure (<i>Illustrated</i>),	19, 90	Girl's Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	217, 283
Chemisette and Double Collar (<i>Illustrated</i>),	20, 90	Gray Biege Suit for Girl (<i>Illustrated</i>),	220, 283
Collar and Cuff (<i>Illustrated</i>),	21, 90	Girl's Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	220, 283
Cloak for Little Girl (<i>Illustrated</i>),	24, 91	Girl's Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	305, 378
Child's Cashmere Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	115, 185	Gray Cheviot Dress for Girl (<i>Illustrated</i>),	305, 378
Cuff (<i>Illustrated</i>),	117, 186	Gold Bracelet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	313, 379
Colette Fichu (<i>Illustrated</i>),	121, 186	Girl's Walking Suit (<i>Illustrated</i>),	316, 379
Carriage Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	124, 186	Girl's Suit (<i>Illustrated</i>),	316, 379
Chemise (<i>Illustrated</i>),	216, 283	Girl's Walking Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	401, 474
Cheviot Cloth Suit for Girl (<i>Illustrated</i>),	220, 283	Girl's Walking Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	406, 475
Crêpe Lisse Cuff (<i>Illustrated</i>),	403, 474	Gray Biege House Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	497, 570
Cuff (<i>Illustrated</i>),	403, 474	Gray Chip Bonnet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	498, 570
Chignon (<i>Illustrated</i>),	405, 475	Girl's Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	500, 571
Coiffure for Evening (<i>Illustrated</i>),	408, 475	Girl's Suit (<i>Illustrated</i>),	501, 571
Cap for Evening (<i>Illustrated</i>),	499, 570	Gentleman's Scarf (<i>Illustrated</i>),	501, 571
Child's Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	500, 570	Girl's Dresses (<i>Illustrated</i>),	504, 571
Child's Suit (<i>Illustrated</i>),	501, 571	House Jacket (<i>Illustrated</i>),	23, 91
Corset Cover (<i>Illustrated</i>),	505, 571	House Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	214, 283
Dress for Child (<i>Illustrated</i>),	120, 186	House Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	308, 378
Dagger for Hair (<i>Illustrated</i>),	213, 283	Hat of Mottled Brown Straw (<i>Illustrated</i>),	309, 378
Dressing Sacque (<i>Illustrated</i>),	216, 283	House Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	408, 475
Drawers (<i>Illustrated</i>),	216, 283	Highland Suit for Boy (<i>Illustrated</i>),	412, 475
Damassée Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	306, 378	House Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	500, 570
Dress for Child (<i>Illustrated</i>),	307, 378	House Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	502, 571
Dress for Child (<i>Illustrated</i>),	406, 475	Infant's Night Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	119, 186
Dress Sleeve (<i>Illustrated</i>),	408, 475	Infant's Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	119, 186
Dress for Young Lady (<i>Illustrated</i>),	409, 475	Infant's Bassinet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	119, 186
Evening Coiffure (<i>Illustrated</i>),	19, 90	Infant's Flannel Skirt (<i>Illustrated</i>),	119, 186
Evening Glove (<i>Illustrated</i>),	209, 282	Infant's White Skirt (<i>Illustrated</i>),	119, 186
English Straw Hat for Girl (<i>Illustrated</i>),	305, 378	Infant's Shirt (<i>Illustrated</i>),	213, 283
Evening Boot (<i>Illustrated</i>),	306, 378	India Muslin Fichu (<i>Illustrated</i>),	508, 571
Evening Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	310, 379	Jet Pin and Earring (<i>Illustrated</i>),	406, 475
Evening Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	311, 379	Jet Hatchet for Hair (<i>Illustrated</i>),	409, 475
Evening Coiffure (<i>Illustrated</i>),	313, 379	Jet Dagger (<i>Illustrated</i>),	502, 571
Evening Coiffure (<i>Illustrated</i>),	405, 475	Lady's Walking Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	20, 90
Evening Cap (<i>Illustrated</i>),	497, 570	Lady's Visiting Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	21, 90
Fancy Cap (<i>Illustrated</i>),	114, 185	Lady's Walking Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	21, 91
Fichu Vest (<i>Illustrated</i>),	117, 186	Lady's Winter Cloak (<i>Illustrated</i>),	22, 91
Fichu and Cuff (<i>Illustrated</i>),	117, 186	Lady's Mantle (<i>Illustrated</i>),	118, 186
French Muslin Cap (<i>Illustrated</i>),	121, 186	Lawn Handkerchief Cap (<i>Illustrated</i>),	210, 282
Fan and Chatelaine (<i>Illustrated</i>),	308, 378		
Fichu (<i>Illustrated</i>),	403, 474		

Lady's Spring Wrap (<i>Illustrated</i>),	213, 283	Walking Costume (<i>Illustrated</i>),	497, 570
House Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	215, 283	White Chip Bonnet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	498, 570
Lace Cape (<i>Illustrated</i>),	217, 283	Walking Costume for Girl (<i>Illustrated</i>),	504, 571
Lady's Morning Slipper (<i>Illustrated</i>),	217, 283	Young Girl's Coiffure (<i>Illustrated</i>),	409, 475
Lady's Walking Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	306, 378	Young Lady's Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	409, 475
Little Girl's Walking Suit (<i>Illustrated</i>),	316, 379	Godey's Lady's Book, by <i>S. A. Sheilds</i> ,	86
Lady's Walking Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	401, 474	Grandma Snow's Valentines, by <i>G. de B.</i>	133
Lady's Walking Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	404, 475	Glenarchan,	349, 434, 526
Lady's Walking Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	499, 570	Godey's Lady's Book Novelties, containing—	
Lavender Straw Bonnet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	500, 570	Design for Patchwork,	496, 557
Little Boy's Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	504, 571	Glove Case,	16, 91
Lady's Drawers (<i>Illustrated</i>),	505, 571	Gent's Tobacco Pouch,	208, 283
Myrtle Green Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	20, 90	Tidy on Java Canvas,	400, 462
Myrtle Green Walking Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	115, 185	How She Gave Him the Mitten, by <i>M. R. Mackenzie</i> ,	170
Morning Slipper (<i>Illustrated</i>),	217, 283	Hints on Home Adornment,	183, 279, 375
Muslin Fichu (<i>Illustrated</i>),	312, 379		471, 566
Morning Jewelry (<i>Illustrated</i>),	403, 474	Hints about the Doings of the Fashionable World,	93, 188, 286, 381, 478, 573
Muslin Drawers (<i>Illustrated</i>),	505, 571	Home Amusements and Juvenile Department,	83, 180, 276, 372, 467, 563
Night Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	301, 379	It Was, It Was the Cat, by <i>G. E.</i> ,	265
Neck Bow (<i>Illustrated</i>),	313, 379	Jeannette, by <i>James B. Marshall</i> ,	420
Opera Cloak (<i>Illustrated</i>),	23, 91	June Roses, by <i>Estelle Thomson</i> ,	532
Olive Green Plush Bonnet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	28, 91	John Fleming's Doll Wife, by <i>Harriet B. McKeever</i> ,	235
Peacock Blue Velvet Bonnet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	28, 91	Literary Notices,	85, 182, 278, 374, 565
Pocket Handkerchiefs (<i>Illustrated</i>),	120, 186	Lost Opportunity,	234
Peasant Fichu (<i>Illustrated</i>),	403, 474	Living in Quiet,	280
Pearl Earring (<i>Illustrated</i>),	409, 475	Life's Reward,	333
Passementerie Ornament (<i>Illustrated</i>),	409, 475	Lost, by <i>Mrs. Lucy Marian Blinn</i> ,	340
Scent Bottle (<i>Illustrated</i>),	22, 91	Life's Mirage, by <i>Hollis Freeman</i> ,	346
Satin Bonnet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	116, 185	Mammoth Colored Fashions,	14, 112, 207
Suit for Girl (<i>Illustrated</i>),	116, 185		304, 399, 495
Suit for Boy (<i>Illustrated</i>),	116, 185	Mrs. Fahnestock's Ghost, by <i>Sphinx</i> ,	165
Satin Fan (<i>Illustrated</i>),	118, 186	My Cottage Home, by <i>Anna Bishard</i> ,	431
Silk Apron (<i>Illustrated</i>),	120, 186	Music, containing—	
Satin Bow (<i>Illustrated</i>),	313, 379	Dublin Bay,	122
Suit for Girl (<i>Illustrated</i>),	316, 379	Fatinitza March,	26
Sailor Suit for Boy (<i>Illustrated</i>),	406, 475	Flee as a Bird,	410
Scent Bottle (<i>Illustrated</i>),	408, 475	Heart Bowed Down,	218
Sailor Suit (<i>Illustrated</i>),	504, 571	Heel and Toe Polka,	506
Tuscan Straw Bonnet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	407, 475	Secret Love,	314
Tuscan Straw Bonnet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	498, 570	Nyssa's Masquerade, by <i>C. Leon Grimpest</i> ,	432
Trimming for Sleeve (<i>Illustrated</i>),	499, 570	One Shall be Taken and the Other Left, by <i>George Birdseye</i> ,	150
Violet Straw Bonnet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	407, 475	Our Moonlit Walk, by <i>Augusta Moore</i> ,	242
Visiting Costume (<i>Illustrated</i>),	508, 571	Out-door Exercise,	568
Walking Dresses (<i>Illustrated</i>),	17, 90	Our Arm Chair,	86, 182, 279, 375, 469, 566
Waved Coiffure (<i>Illustrated</i>),	19, 90	Pinky Bowles' Wedding, by <i>L. L. P.</i> ,	448
Walking Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	209, 282	Roslyn's Fortune, by <i>Christian Reid</i> ,	29, 125,
White Muslin Cap (<i>Illustrated</i>),	210, 282		221, 317, 413, 509
White Felt Bonnet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	211, 282	Results of Vivisection,	473
White Chip Hat (<i>Illustrated</i>),	305, 378	Retrospection, by <i>M. C. S.</i>	62
White Chip Hat (<i>Illustrated</i>),	309, 378	Rosy's Widower,	74
Walking Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	312, 379	Reading Aloud,	242
Walking Dress for Little Girl (<i>Illustrated</i>),	316, 379	Remember and Recollect,	568
Walking Dress (<i>Illustrated</i>),	404, 475	Representative Women, containing—	
Waved Curls (<i>Illustrated</i>),	405, 475	A Second Pocahontas, by <i>Ella Rodman Church</i> ,	248
White Piqué Dress for Girl (<i>Illustrated</i>),	412, 475		
Walking Suit for Boy (<i>Illustrated</i>),	412, 475		

Anne of Bohemia, by <i>H. G. Rowe</i> ,	252	Work Department, containing—	
Elizabeth Tudor, by <i>H. G. Rowe</i> ,	522	Border and Fringe (<i>Illustrated</i>),	80
Frances M. Hill, by <i>Ella Rodman Church</i> ,	144	Breton Lace (<i>Illustrated</i>),	366
Isabella of Castile, by <i>H. G. Rowe</i> ,	44	Basket for Soiled Linen (<i>Illustrated</i>),	464
Lucretia and Margaret Davidson, by <i>Ella Rodman Church</i> ,	48	Basket for Eggs (<i>Illustrated</i>),	558
Margaret of Burgundy, by <i>H. G. Rowe</i> ,	140	Bib (<i>Illustrated</i>),	558
Mary Lyon, by <i>Ella Rodman Church</i> ,	333	Case for Knives and Forks (<i>Illustrated</i>),	77
Maria Theresa of Austria, by <i>H. G. Rowe</i> ,	337	Chatelaine Bag (<i>Illustrated</i>),	174
Mary Moore, by <i>Ella Rodman Church</i> ,	519	Child's Collar (<i>Illustrated</i>),	177
Rebecca Boone, by <i>Ella Rodman Church</i> ,	424	Case for Court Plaster (<i>Illustrated</i>),	271
The Empress Josephine, by <i>H. G. Rowe</i> ,	427	Covers for Flower Pots (<i>Illustrated</i>),	271
Recipes, 81, 178, 274, 370, 465,	561	Crochet Garter (<i>Illustrated</i>),	369
Sonnet, by <i>T. Henry Carter</i> ,	39	Collar and Cuff (<i>Illustrated</i>),	557
Sick Room Fancies,	255	Colored Design (<i>Illustrated</i>),	557
Send me some Violets, by <i>Francis E. Wadleigh</i> ,	329	Crochet Pattern (<i>Illustrated</i>),	558
Shadows, by <i>Augusta De Bubna</i> ,	363	Door Mat (<i>Illustrated</i>),	271
Story of a Fairy,	460	Embroidered Cover for Flower Pot (<i>Illustrated</i>),	77
Self, by <i>Fannie Warner Bicknell</i> ,	544	Embroidered Buttons (<i>Illustrated</i>),	78
Solitude,	568	Fans (<i>Illustrated</i>),	174
Steel Plate Engravings, by <i>F. O. C. Darley</i> , containing—		Hunting Pouch (<i>Illustrated</i>),	367
Evangeline,	111	Hall Basket,	369
Rhyme of the Duchess May,	206	Housewife (<i>Illustrated</i>),	462
Seeing the New Year In,	13	Infant's Socks,	369
The Ranger,	203	Lamp Shade for Globe (<i>Illustrated</i>),	80
The Last Leaf,	398	Letters for Marking (<i>Illustrated</i>),	368
The Seven Ages,	494	Lamp Shade,	369
Thirty-eight, by <i>Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer</i> ,	44	Lamp Mat (<i>Illustrated</i>),	462
To-morrow,	57	Mantel Cloths,	367
The Little Trombone Player, by <i>Marion Couthoing</i> ,	58	Needle Case—Perforated Cardboard (<i>Illustrated</i>),	176
The Turnpike House, by <i>Esther Serle Kenneth</i> ,	151	Needle Case (<i>Illustrated</i>),	558
The Old Church Bell, by <i>Rockwood</i> ,	173	Net for boiling fish whole (<i>Illustrated</i>),	556
The Best of Companions,	268	Pincushion (<i>Illustrated</i>),	273
The Art of Conversation,	268	Pincushion in form of brush (<i>Illustrated</i>),	369
The Opal Ring, by <i>Kate Crosby</i> ,	324	Pin Tray (<i>Illustrated</i>),	461
The One Song, by <i>Geo. Birdseye</i> ,	328	Pen Wiper (<i>Illustrated</i>),	559
Truth,	328	Russian Towel (<i>Illustrated</i>),	462
The Way to be Happy,	376	Small Table Cloth (<i>Illustrated</i>),	269
Treatment of Women,	365	Scarf Pin (<i>Illustrated</i>),	271
Two Bridals, by <i>Eliza M. Sherman</i> ,	423	Screens,	369
The Wasp (<i>Illustrated</i>), by <i>Augusta De Bubna</i> ,	526	Section of Doily (<i>Illustrated</i>),	557
The Story of a Song, by <i>Emma Mortimer White</i> ,	539	The Tun Basket (<i>Illustrated</i>),	77
Truth,	548	Transparent Painting on Muslin, (<i>Illustrated</i>),	79
The Surprise of Breda, by <i>Lucy Walton Fletcher</i> ,	558	Tulip Shaped Lamp Shade (<i>Illustrated</i>),	80
The Feet,	554	Tobacco Pouches,	80
To be Loved,	556	Table Cloth—Java Canvas (<i>Illustrated</i>),	175
The Living Home,	567	Tidy: Crochet (<i>Illustrated</i>),	176
Winter and Spring, by <i>Estelle Thomson</i> ,	140	Trimming Crochet and Mediæval Braid (<i>Illustrated</i>),	366
Weighed in the Balance, by <i>I. J. Roberts</i> ,	243	Thimble Case and Emery Cushion (<i>Illustrated</i>),	366
What's in a Name, by <i>S. Annie Shields</i> ,	360	Tricot and Point Muscovite Jacket for Child (<i>Illustrated</i>),	367
Women Barbers,	543	Tidy (<i>Illustrated</i>),	368
		Table Cover (<i>Illustrated</i>),	461
		Tidy (<i>Illustrated</i>),	560
		Vide Poche (<i>Illustrated</i>),	272
		Work Basket (<i>Illustrated</i>),	78
		Work Basket (<i>Illustrated</i>),	270



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.





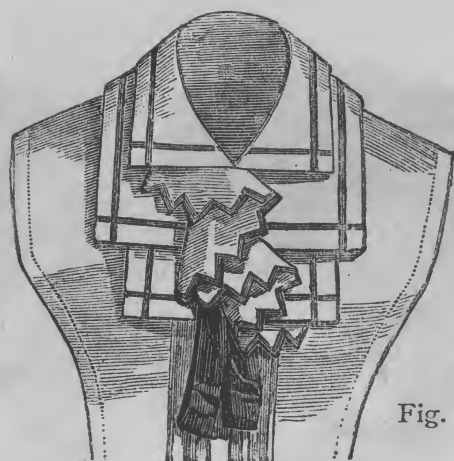


Fig. 10.



Fig. 11.



Fig. 12.

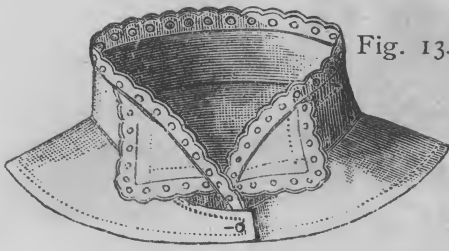


Fig. 13.



Fig. 15.



Fig. 16.





Fig. 17.

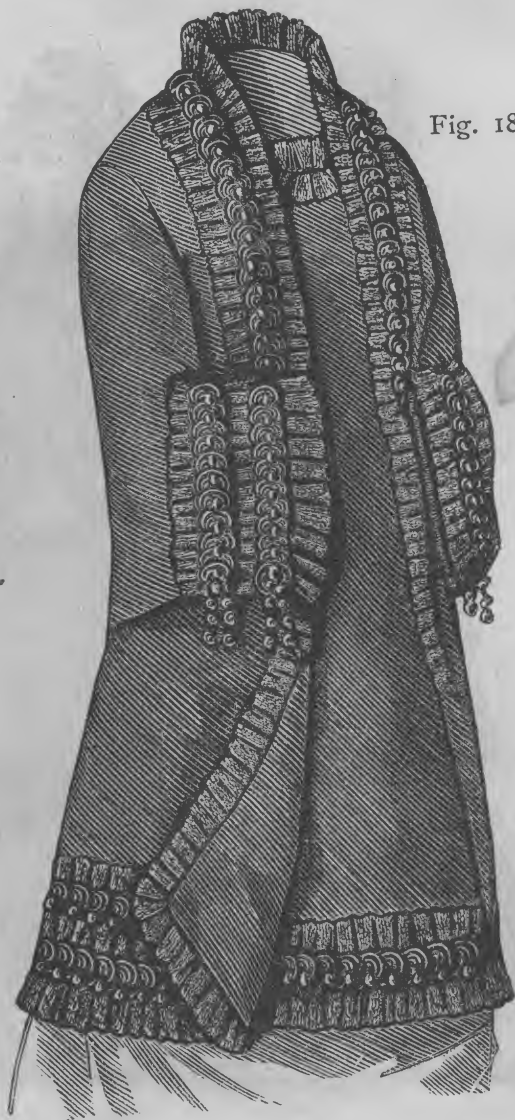


Fig. 18.

Fig. 19.



Fig. 20.



Fig. 21.



Fig. 22.



Fig. 23.



Fig. 24.



Fig. 25.



Fig. 26.

Fig. 27.



FATINITZA MARCH.

From Melody in Operetta: "FATINITZA."

by FRANZ von SUPPE.

Allegro Marziale.

Arr. by RICHARD GENEE.

ff

f *ff* *p*

cres. *ff*

3 *ff*

2d time to TRIO. *fp*

Fine. *3*

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FATINITZA MARCH.

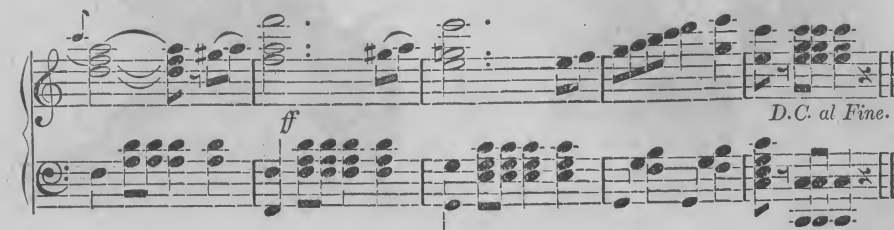
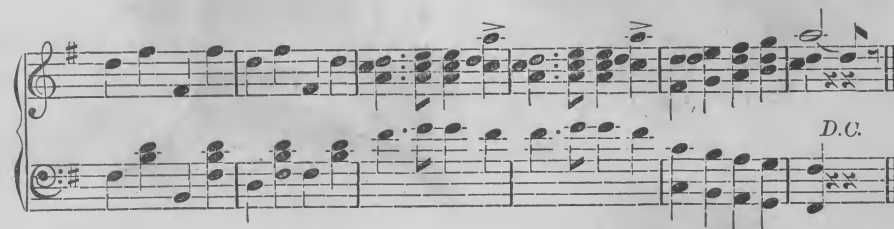


Fig. 28.



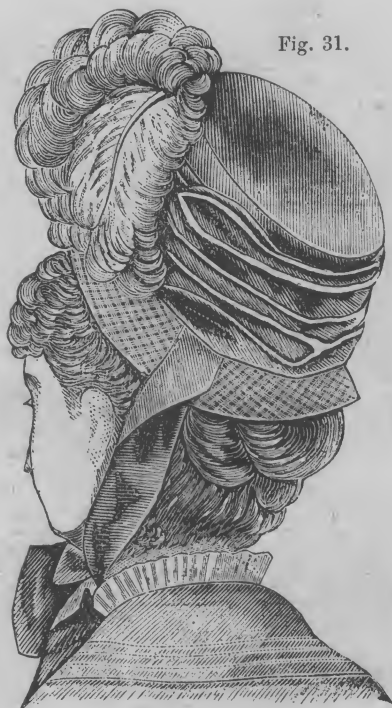
Fig. 29.



Fig. 30.



Fig. 31.



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME C. No. 595.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1880.

ROSLYN'S FORTUNE.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

Author of "A Gentle Belle," "Morton House," "Valerie Aylmer," "Nina's Atonement," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

GEOFFREY.

A pleasant, old-fashioned country house, embowered in trees and standing amid wide gardens and grassy meadows, an air of serene comfort overspreading the whole, in the long, golden light of a summer afternoon, is the familiar picture which rises before the eyes of a young man, who at four o'clock walks up to the gate of the Vardray place, a mile or so out of the village of Kirton.

He is tired, and warm, and dusty, yet he smiles as his glance roves over the placid scene before him. How well he knows every gable of the house, every bough of the trees, every turn of the paths! How quiet the whole place is! But that is natural enough, since what sensible creature would be awake at four o'clock on a blistering July afternoon? There is certainly no place like home, he thinks, especially so when it holds the girl you love best in all the world, and when the brightest of memories cluster round its hearthstone. It is only such memories which this house holds for Geoffrey Thorne, although it is the home of his step-father—a relation seldom held in high esteem by the youthful mind. But, kind and gentle to all who come under his influence or authority, Mr. Vardray was not likely to fail in kindness to the son of his wife, particularly since Geoffrey was in himself a person likeable in the extreme. The boy had been only twelve or thirteen at the time of his mother's marriage to Mr. Vardray—himself a widower with one child, a girl three or four years younger than Geoffrey

—and hence he had readily taken root in the home thus made for him, had looked forward with keen delight to spending his vacations there, and had been from that day to the present, the willing slave of pretty, imperious, spoiled Roslyn. Now he has left college, the world is all before him where to choose, and he has come home with the definite determination to win from the companion and tormentor of his youthful days, a promise to be his, when he shall have conquered fortune—a trifling preliminary, which at twenty-one seems hardly worth considering.

Up the avenue, under the branching elms he walks, and ascending a flight of steps stands on the veranda which encircles the house. All is stillness save a sound more expressive of somnolence than even stillness—a long-drawn snore. Geoffrey walks to an angle of the building and looks round on the picture which he expected—a gently swinging hammock, within which reclines the slumbering figure of Mr. Vardray, strewn with the newspapers over which he has fallen asleep. The young man does not disturb him, but entering the house by a conveniently open window, stands in the familiar sitting-room, filled with signs of household work—his mother's work-table, the children's toys, and a very straggling bundle of scarlet crochet work, that he at once identifies as Roslyn's. "I don't believe it has advanced any since Christmas!" he thinks; and then, while he is mentally debating whether he shall attempt to rouse any one in the house, there is a rustle of a dress in the hall, and a lady enters, who utters a cry of surprise and delight at seeing him.

"Geoff! my dearest boy! Why, where do you come from?" she cries. "We did not expect you until to-morrow."

"Got off a day earlier than I expected, mamma, and so just came along," he answers gaily, not merely submitting to her embrace, as is the custom of Anglo-Saxon men, but heartily

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returning it. "It is delightful to be back!—and how is everybody?"

"Everybody is very well. I cannot see how you look, you are so sunburned and dusty; did you walk out from Kirton? I am so sorry! Mr. Vardray wanted to send in on the chance that you might come, but I did not think it at all possible."

"There was no need—the walk did not matter. I am a capital pedestrian, you know. Where is Roslyn—asleep?"

"Of course. I suppose I am the only person in the house who is not asleep, and it must have been some instinct of your coming which kept me awake. Tell me all about your visit to your uncle—how was it that he let you off sooner than you expected?"

"Oh, he took indigestion so badly that the doctors sent him to the Springs for sulphur-water. I could have shouted when I heard it, for I knew it meant freedom for me, and I was most awfully tired of Heathdale by that time. If the capricious old fellow should ever leave it to me, it would be a glorious place to live; but I have often been driven to wonder whether any possible pleasure to be derived from it some day could compensate for the acute boredom I have suffered there."

"For shame!" says Mrs. Vardray. "I am sure your uncle has always been very kind to you, and it should not be very acute boredom to spend one month out of twelve with him."

"By Jove, but it is—when I think of you and Roslyn here!"

"It is kind of you to put me first," says Mrs. Vardray, with a smile. "But my boy, I am afraid you think too much of Roslyn."

"Why too much?" asks Geoffrey, shortly. "A man can't think too much of the girl he hopes to make his wife, can he?"

Mrs. Vardray shakes her head.

"That is just what I mean," she says. "You are too young to be thinking of a wife at all—and very unwise to be thinking of Roslyn, who looks upon you as a mere boy."

"Indeed! Who does she consider a man, then?—old Colonel Duncan?"

"Colonel Duncan is not old—except in the opinion of twenty-one. He is a man in the prime of life, and Roslyn likes him, I think, very well."

"Roslyn *likes* everybody; the question is, does she show any signs of *loving* him?"

"How can I tell? A girl like Roslyn is not easy to read. Her head is more full of amusing herself than of anything else now."

"A very good proof that it is not full of Colonel Duncan," says Geoffrey, cheerfully. "Now mamma, being warm and dusty and a trifle tired, I think I will go and make a toilet."

"I ought to have thought of that before," says

Mrs. Vardray, with compunction. "You will find your room ready."

With eyes full of pride and fondness, she watches the tall, handsome young fellow as he goes out. "I wish he did not think so much of Roslyn," she repeats to herself as he disappears, and she listens to his bounding step go lightly upstairs. "But then, if his heart is really set on her, there is no use in trying to make him wise."

She rises and moves across the floor—a slender, graceful woman, with traces of past beauty on her face—and goes out on the veranda, where she comes upon the slumbering occupant of the hammock. That the sleep of the latter is less profound than it was, is evidenced by the fact that he has ceased to snore, and as Mrs. Vardray draws near he opens his eyes.

"Confoundedly hot!" he says. "And the flies"—striking viciously at them with a paper—"torment one so that it is hardly possible to sleep! Why are you wandering about, Ellen, at this time of the afternoon?"

"Geoffrey has come," she answers, in a tone which indicates that this would explain the most erratic conduct. "Something kept me from sleeping, so I dressed and came down to the sitting-room, and there I found the dear boy."

"Indeed! What brought him earlier than he expected?"

"His uncle left Heathdale earlier than *he* expected; so Geoff came without delay. He was so eager for the pleasure of being at home."

"The pleasure is not all on his side," says Mr. Vardray. "I am glad the boy has come. Where is he?"

"Gone to make himself a little presentable; for besides traveling all day, he walked out from Kirton."

"You see you ought to have let me send! Well, this is wonderfully warm and drowsy weather, so I think I will go to sleep again, and when it grows cooler, I will rouse up and make myself presentable."

This resolution he promptly proceeds to execute, and Mrs. Vardray, thus left without any one to whom she can talk of Geoffrey, has no resource but to retire to a shady corner of the veranda, and think of him—laying many plans and building many air-castles for his future.

While she is so sitting, her work-basket by her side, her needle traveling back and forth over a hole in one of the children's stockings, she chances to look up and see a small figure, clad in white and crowned by a large shade-hat, coming across the lawn. Her first impulse is one of slight annoyance, her next to check herself, and smile pleasantly, as the new-comer—a delicate, demure maiden, whose childlike appearance is somehow compatible with the fact that she is not a child—ascends the steps and comes towards her.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Vardray," she says, in a voice as delicate and demure as her appearance.

"Good-evening, Lettice, my dear," replies Mrs. Vardray. Then, as the girl bends and kisses her, she says: "Did you not find it very warm walking over?"

"Not very—I came through the woods, and there it is so shady. Is Roslyn not down yet?"

"Not yet—Roslyn's siesta is generally of long duration, you know. You can go up and wake her if you like, and tell her that Geoffrey is here."

"Geoffrey!—has he come?" says the girl with a start, her eyes opening, her cheeks flushing slightly.

"Yes, quite unexpectedly, an hour or two ago. You can imagine what a delightful surprise it was to me."

"I can imagine," says Lettice, in her soft, demure voice, "and what a delightful surprise it will be for Roslyn. I must go and tell her."

She flits lightly away, enters the wide airy hall, and passes up the broad staircase—at the head of which she comes face to face with Geoffrey himself, who, freshly attired, has issued from his room and is about to descend.

"Why, Miss Lettice, is it you?" he says, cordially putting out his hand. "How glad I am to see you again!"

"And how glad I am to see you back," says Lettice, glancing up from under her hat. "Mrs. Vardray was just telling me of your arrival, and I am going to carry the news to Roslyn."

"Tell her to come down quickly. I want to see—you both, so much. I want to hear all that you have been doing since our frolics last Christmas."

"We have been vegetating, chiefly," says Lettice, with a little shrug. "It will not take long to tell what *we* have been doing, but *you*—you ought to have a great deal to tell."

"Not particularly much. I have really been studying hard, and I had my reward in coming out with pretty fair standing."

"We heard that, and were so glad."

"It was nothing to be proud of—I only aimed at the safe medium of respectability. Books are not much in my line—but I must not keep you standing here; only, by all means, come down as soon as possible."

"With Roslyn," says Lettice, smiling—a quiet, inscrutable little smile—"I understand, and will bring her as soon as I can."

She gives him no time for reply, but trips past him, turns down a side passage, and knocks at a door. A sleepy voice says "Come in;" she opens it and enters. In the half-light made by closed blinds, only the dim outlines are apparent, but on the white-draped bed a reclining figure turns drowsily and says:

"What is it?"

CHAPTER II.

ROSLYN.

"It is I," Lettice answered, coming to the side of the bed. "You lazy creature, wake up! How *can* you sleep so long?"

"Oh, there is no difficulty about it," says Roslyn, opening her eyes. "If I did not sleep a great deal, I should not have so much vigor when I am awake. What are you doing here at this unhallowed hour?"

"I don't call six o'clock an unhallowed hour to be anywhere. I came to see you, and it is charming to be so hospitably received. But rouse yourself—I have some news for you."

"As if I cared for any news! Please go away and let me alone."

"Shall I tell Geoffrey that? It is not very complimentary, when he has just come home and is dying to see you."

"Has Geoffrey come?" asks Roslyn, opening her eyes again, though with not much more animation.

"He has, and he begged me to bring you down as soon as I possibly could."

"Dear old Geoff!" says Roslyn. "I am glad he has come—but I could have seen him an hour hence as well as now. Has he improved, Lettice?"

"He looks a little older, perhaps—I always thought him handsome," replies Lettice.

"Handsome!—O yes; but so boyish, so without style. But one cannot find everything united in the same person, and it is certainly delightful to think of having him back again—I begin to realize that as I grow less sleepy."

"To have anybody as much at one's beck and call as he is at yours, I should think would be delightful," says Lettice, drily.

"Not anybody," says Roslyn, shaking her head decidedly. "Some people bore one very much, even by being at one's beck and call."

She rises as she speaks—throwing back with one hand a cloud of loose, dark, half-curling hair, out of which her face looks like a flower. How describe such a face? It is one of those charming brunette countenances which are perhaps more full of feeling than of thought—not that there is any lack of the latter, but that the former lies so manifestly on the surface, shining in the dark splendor of the eyes, curving the lovely mischievous lips. Delicate outline and vivid coloring are united with an exquisite finish of detail, such as belongs only to the finest type of beauty, while the expression, the spirit, the *regard*, as the French say, of the whole, possesses a piquancy akin to fascination. It is a face which in its sparkling loveliness literally effaces Lettice's pale prettiness—although a poetically inclined gentleman was once inspired to say of the two, that one reminded him of a pomegranate-flower, the other of a snowdrop.

The snowdrop sits quietly on the side of the bed and watches the pomegranate-flower array herself in a most becoming toilette—misty, corn-colored organdie, a knot of black lace at the throat, a crimson rose in the dark hair, dainty slippers on the slender feet. "If Geoffrey is boyish and without style, he is worth making an impression upon!" thinks Lettice—but she does not utter this reflection, being generally one of the people who observe much and say little. She has had a somewhat hard life, poor little Lettice, and has had to learn the wisdom of reticence. For all her childlike aspect, it is a very unchildlike knowledge of life which looks out of her grave, gray eyes; and a perception of this sometimes makes Mrs. Vardray entertain a vague distrust of her—a feeling for which she takes herself to task, and for which she endeavors to atone, by marked cordiality of manner. "Lettice sees too much and says too little," she occasionally remarks, "but then one must excuse a great deal in a girl who has such a father"—for Lettice's father is a man who is mentioned as seldom as possible to ears polite. He is a graceless adventurer, of good family but scant principle, who persuaded a foolish heiress to marry him, against the advice of all her friends. The latter, finding they could not prevent the marriage, did her the service of settling her fortune on herself; and so it chanced that although the Stanhopes are always in pecuniary difficulties—the result of dark ways and tricks *not* vain on the part of the head of the household—they have so far been saved from absolute ruin.

"Ready at last?" says Lettice, as Roslyn finally turns from the mirror. "I will take off my hat before going down."

She steps to the glass and lifts her hat from a small head, covered with pale brown hair—the kind of hair which always lies smooth and silken—and which, not having the least inclination to curl, is cut in the fashionable fringe across her forehead, a style not unbecoming to her face. She looks at the reflection of herself with a little mocking air of self-contempt.

"One certainly has no temptation to vanity after watching *you*, Roslyn," she says. "I wonder if you are a lucky girl to be so pretty?—I wonder if you will make anything of it?"

"What odd ideas seem to strike you, Lettice," replies Roslyn. "I don't want to make anything of it—it is enough just to be young and happy."

"But you can't always be young, and it is not likely you'll always be happy," says Lettice. "The question is, what prize in life are you going to win with such a high card as your face."

"My face is my fortune," says the girl, gaily, "and so it will be to the end, no doubt. Don't stop to moralize. Let us go down."

She opens the door and goes out, singing as

she flits down stairs, the old song Lettice's words have suggested:

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid,
What is your fortune my pretty maid?
My face is my fortune, sir, she said,
My face is my fortune, sir, she said,
With a ha ha ha, ha ha ha, ha!"

She gives the laugh with a bravura effect, and Geoffrey, hearing the well-known voice, rushes eagerly into the hall and meets her at the foot of the staircase.

"Geoff, dear Geoff, I am so glad to see you!" she cries, while *he* can say nothing—being struck dumb by the brightness of her beauty, and by his delight in seeing her.

"It was so nice of you to come when we were not expecting you," she goes on. "There is so much pleasure in a surprise."

"There is so much pleasure in being at home even twenty-four hours earlier than one expected," he replies. "O, Roslyn, how pretty you are!"

"Geoff, I am grieved to see that you have not improved at all in *savoir faire*—you pay just as broad compliments as ever. Shall I return your kindness by saying that you have greatly improved? Is that a mustache you are cultivating?"

"I wonder you need to ask. I consider it a very promising one. A condescending barber assured me the other day that it will be very heavy in six months."

"Why not six weeks? I detest to wait for anything—even for a moustache—to grow."

"Jack's beanstalk is the only thing that would have satisfied you in the way of growth," says Lettice, coming down the staircase as the first effusion of meeting subsides—after which they go out on the veranda, where Mr. and Mrs. Vardray and the children are assembled.

Nothing could be more lovely and peaceful than the scene at this hour, for the sun has nearly touched the horizon, and his last level rays are lying on the velvet sward like a mantle of gold. The spreading fields and distant shadowy woods are full of summer richness and beauty, and the light breeze which is playing among the trees brings many fragrant odors on its wings.

"I am glad that you are not too much spoiled by the grandeurs of Heathdale, Geoff, to appreciate our quiet charms," says Mr. Vardray, who in slippers ease is reclining in a large willow chair. "I have heard that it is a very fine place."

"Very fine indeed," says Geoff, "and about as lively as a penitentiary. Uncle James amuses himself taking medicines, you know; but there's nothing on earth for *me* to do, and I am sometimes almost driven to thoughts of suicide."

"Why don't you brace yourself with thoughts of the change you will make when it falls to

you?" says Roslyn. "I can tell you we all count wonderfully on the good time coming, when you are master of Heathdale—don't we, imps?"

"Yes," replied the children in chorus—while Rob, the eldest boy, says: "I think I'll *live* with you, Geoff."

"Much obliged," says Geoff. "But, frankly, I don't count on Heathdale at all. Apart from the uncertainty of reckoning on dead men's shoes, my uncle's prospects for long life are as good, or better than mine. Hypochondriacs always live long."

"But they must die *sometime*," says Roslyn. "Don't give up the hope of reigning at Heathdale."

"You are quite right," says Mr. Vardray. "So put Heathdale, and any thought of possessing it, as much as possible out of your mind. Nothing is so ruinous to a young man's prospects of usefulness, as to have a possible inheritance dangling just before him. 'Why should I toil, and deny myself pleasure, and lead a laborious life?' he thinks; 'I shall be rich some day.' And so when that day comes—if it comes at all—he has frittered away his life in waiting for it. You must do better than that, my boy. Your uncle, as you have said, may live thirty years longer—and I am sure you would not grudge him one day of it—while there is no telling what caprice may influence his disposition of his property at the last. Do not, therefore, suffer yourself to build any expectation or hope on it; act as if Heathdale did not exist, and make yourself independent of any man's last will and testament."

"Thank you, sir—I will!" answers Geoffrey, with rising color and kindling glance. "What you say endorses my resolution. My uncle wants me to live at Heathdale and attend to his business,—which means, have no independent existence at all—and I have told him that I could not do it, that I must adopt a profession and make a place in life for myself."

There is a moment's pause. Nobody thinks of Lettice, and Lettice's quick eyes travel round the group, and take in the different expressions of the countenances—the unqualified approval on Mr. Vardray's, the struggling disappointment on Mrs. Vardray's, the startled surprise on Roslyn's, the steadfast light on Geoffrey's. Then:

"You are right," says Mr. Vardray. "Wealth can be bought too dearly, if independence is paid for it."

"But it seems to me that his uncle—his father's only brother—has a right to provide for Geoffrey almost as if he were his father," says Mrs. Vardray. "I fear, my dear, you have been rash."

"My opinion is not worth much," cries Roslyn; "but I think you have been brave and wise, Geoffrey. Fancy spending your youth giving pills to Mr. Thorne!"

"Fancy spending it in any capacity subject to

another man's control and whims!" says Geoffrey. "I would not endure such bondage for a dozen Heathdales! Don't look so grave, mamma. If I am not able to rise on my own merit, I had better sink and be done with it."

"That is a boy's idea," says Mrs. Vardray. "I hope I am not mercenary; but certainly—" she looks appealingly at her husband—"Heathdale should be yours; and, if you refuse to be your uncle's companion, he may find another, and 'so be influenced to leave the property away from you."

"So be it," says Geoffrey, cheerfully. "I can bear that prospect a great deal better than the prospect of spending the best part of my life waiting for a man to die. It would simply come to this—I should murder him at last."

"Geoffrey!"

"Sorry to shock you, mamma; but truth is mighty, and must prevail. There is the tea-bell, and if ever a hungry mortal was glad of the sound, I am."

"I should think so, after traveling all day, and walking out from Kirton," says Roslyn. "You shall have your old seat, and plenty of peaches and cream—are you still so fond of peaches?"

They go in laughing to the tea-table, a very happy, merry group, despite the uncertainty hanging over Geoffrey's prospect of inheriting Heathdale. There is generally fun of some description afloat in the household, but the arrival of their elder brother has sent the mercury of the children's spirits up to fever-heat; and Roslyn is quite ready to aid and abet them. Lettice never altogether loses her demure quietness, but to a certain extent, she, too, joins in the general mirth.

Tea over, Geoffrey goes out to smoke a cigar, and having lighted it, volunteers the information at the sitting-room window that there is lovely moonlight.

"Yes, it is far too lovely to stay indoors," says Roslyn. "Come Lettice, let us go out."

"You and Geoffrey may take me home, if you like," says Lettice. "It is time I was going, and the walk will be pleasant."

"The walk will be pleasant any time between now and midnight; there is no need for you to be in haste."

"No need, as far as you and Geoffrey are concerned; but if I wait, somebody may be sent for me, and that is useless."

Since Roslyn knows that the somebody in question will be a rude and disagreeable brother, she does not press delay, but only says:

"We can change all that, now that Geoff has come. Tell them hereafter you need never be sent for, that you have an escort here."

Lettice only smiles and gets her hat, kisses Mrs. Vardray, says good-night to Mr. Vardray, and announces herself ready. Roslyn makes no preparation, beyond gathering up the filmy skirt.

of her dress, and, unheeding dew or night-air, or any other terror of the prudent, steps out into the faint moonlight and delicate starlight, the fragrance and poetry of the midsummer night.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE MOONLIGHT.

Attended by the tall young man, whose cigar glows in the semi-darkness like a fiery eye, the two girls take their way across the lawn and flower-garden to where a gate opens on a path that runs through the woods for half a mile, and emerges at the borders of the Stanhope demesne. In daylight it is a lovely walk, and very shaded, as Lettice averred to Mrs. Vardray in the afternoon; but after dusk has fallen, it is a little awesome—darkness is so deep along this woodland way, and the forest so full of strange sounds, the echo of waters, the murmur of leaves, the multitudinous voices of the insect world.

"What contemptible creatures girls are!" says Roslyn, meditatively, as the gate closes behind them. "How dreadfully afraid you and I would be to take this walk alone, or with each other, Lettice; while with Geoffrey to guard us, we have not a sensation of fear, but are brave as lions."

"I don't call that being contemptible," says Lettice. "Girls are so weak—what could we do if anything frightened us?"

"We could run—and Geoffrey knows that when I run nothing can catch me."

"I know you are fleet as a deer," says Geoffrey; "but Lettice is right; girls are too weak to be daring. I wonder that women possess as much courage as they do: it must be such a demoralizing thing to feel helpless."

"It is," says Lettice. "I am glad you acknowledge that when we are brave we deserve more credit than men do. I often think that if I had a man's strength I should fear nothing on earth. I once had a pistol, and while it was in my possession I felt that I could defy man or beast."

"O Lettice! Why, a good-sized grasshopper could demolish you!" cries Roslyn, laughing. "Well, I am not so brave—even if I had a pistol, I fear I should be more likely to injure myself than anything else. And I am glad Geoffrey is with me now."

"I am glad of that, too," says Lettice, quietly.

"And I most glad of all," says Geoffrey, heartily.

Then they are silent for a few minutes, after which—perhaps because the way is so overshadowed and eerie—Roslyn begins to sing, falling again into the old song which Lettice's words suggested in the evening:

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?
What is your fortune, my pretty maid?
'My face is my fortune, sir,' she said,
'My face is my fortune, sir,' she said,
With a ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

As she sings gaily, Geoffrey listens, and wonders, as Lettice did, what fortune that *mignonne* face will bring to its possessor. When she ceases, the thought almost unconsciously finds expression.

"So your face is your fortune, is it?" he says. "Perhaps that is truer than you think. There are few better fortunes than the face of a beautiful woman. What is your ambition, Roslyn? What do you want to win?"

"Just the question Lettice asked me this afternoon," replies Roslyn; "and I told her—what did I tell her? That I have no ambition at all, I believe. Certainly I have none. A bird has as much. Pshaw! what do we know of birds? They may entertain tremendous ideas of self-advancement, for all we know. But I have no desire except to be loved—I could not live without love—and to be happy."

Geoffrey's heart bounds; but before he can speak, Lettice says, with her fine little tone of mockery:

"What moderate ambition! Why, you talk like a child, Roslyn. Don't you know that of all things in this world love and happiness are most 'heavy to get and light to hold?' So far it is true that they have come to you like air and sunshine; but it is not likely that you will always hold them so securely. Geoffrey does not like such things to be said"—Geoffrey is moving impatiently—"but even he cannot keep you always in a rose-colored world."

Geoffrey to his own heart says that he will, but not venturing to trust himself to utter this resolve directly, he also sings two lines of an old song:

"If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve."

"As if your dying would help the matter!" says practical Lettice, with the same ring of scorn in her voice. "If she cried for the moon, could all your love get it for her? And people very often cry for the moon, and make themselves miserable because they have not got it."

"You cannot say that I have ever done so," says Roslyn. "I have, so far as I know, a very contented disposition; and when I talk of happiness, I don't mean anything great, but only enjoyment such as we often have now. Yet—" she pauses a moment, and as they chance to be just then in a comparatively open space, the moonlight falls brightly on her face, and the others see that it wears a more intent expression than they have often seen on it. "Yet," she goes on, "I think I should like one taste of ecstasy, that is, of the *highest* happiness, even if it took the savor out of all ordinary life afterwards. There is a little poem of Browning's—we were reading

it the other day, Lettice—which says what I mean in two lines :

“ We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
Starved, feasted, despaired—been happy.”

“ That is what I want—the whole of life. To sigh deep, laugh free, starve, feast, despair—be happy !”

“ Roslyn !” says Geoffrey. Something in the girl’s voice startled him, for she has always seemed to live so lightly and gayly on the surface of existence, that he has fallen into the common error of supposing her incapable of any deep thought or feeling. “ You don’t know what you are wishing,” he says, quickly. “ To laugh, feast, and be happy, I hope will be your lot, but not the other—never the other. No creature on earth was ever more unfit for sighs than you.”

“ Then you must think me a very shallow creature,” she says, indignantly. “ What should I be if I were only able to laugh in such a world as this !”

“ A flower,” he says, half laughing, half tenderly ; “ a thing to gladden one’s eyes and one’s heart.”

“ But I am not a flower ; I am a human being,” she says ; “ and I should be a very poor one if I were not able to sound the depths as well as the heights of feeling.”

“ Perhaps one does include the other,” says the young man, meditatively ; “ but I don’t like such ideas in connection with you. They seem out of place ; do they not, Lettice ?”

“ Yes, I think they do,” answers Lettice, who has been as much surprised as himself. “ Roslyn seems a creature made only for sunshine.”

“ A butterfly, in fact,” says Roslyn. “ I am certainly very much obliged to you both—indeed, I am so overwhelmed that I don’t think I can remain in such complimentary society.”

She draws her hand from Geoffrey’s arm before he can detain it, and darts forward, running so rapidly and lightly that she is soon out of sight. The two so unceremoniously left quicken their pace a little, but Geoffrey says, “ Don’t run, Lettice ; there are too many roots here.”

“ I should fall if I attempted to do so,” says Lettice. “ How is it that Roslyn can get over the ground so lightly ?”

“ She has eyes like—like an owl,” says Geoffrey. “ I never knew any one like her for seeing in the dark. What on earth has put such ideas into her head ? Did Browning put them there ?”

“ I am afraid we did not get many ideas of any kind out of Browning,” answers Lettice, laughing. “ Listen !—is not that sweet ?”

It is Roslyn’s bird-like voice singing before them, “ Through the wood, through the wood, follow and find me.” But they do not find, that is, they do not overtake her, until they reach the gate of the Stanhope grounds, where they find her standing.

“ It is early yet,” says Lettice ; “ won’t you both come in ?”

“ Not to-night,” says Roslyn. “ I know they all at home want to see Geoff, and hear him relate his adventures.”

“ But mamma will be sorry if he does not come in for a minute and speak to her,” says Lettice.

“ Of course I must go in and speak to Mrs. Stanhope,” says Geoffrey. “ I won’t be long, Roslyn.”

They enter the gate and cross the lawn, where the moonlight falls in a soft, bright flood, which seems very brilliant in contrast with the shade of the woods from which they have emerged. In this clear light they perceive, as they draw near the house, that two men are standing on the piazza steps, and Roslyn says :

“ Some visitor is with your father, Lettice ; so I will not go on. I can wait for Geoffrey here.”

She pauses, as she speaks, at a rustic seat under a group of trees, and Lettice—understanding and accepting the fact that her father and her father’s visitors are not pleasant people to meet—says, quietly :

“ Very well, I will not let Geoffrey stay more than a minute or two.”

She goes with Geoffrey, and Roslyn sits down on the seat, silver moonlight lying all around, and delicate shadows falling over her. She is not thinking of herself enough to be conscious of the lovely picture she makes in the demi-obscurity, but only wonders how long Geoffrey will be detained, and, so thinking, taps her foot impatiently on the dewy grass, while her gaze follows the two figures passing toward the house. She sees that the other two figures on the steps part just before the former reach them—one standing still and shaking hands with Geoffrey, the other walking rapidly away.

When taking her seat, she forgot that it was very near the circular walk, which is the regular approach to the house ; but she becomes conscious of this fact when she perceives the stranger advancing directly toward her. He passes hardly three feet from where she sits, and in passing, gives a steady look at her. She is certainly worth looking at, this beautiful girl, bending forward in the moonlight, with her fleecy draperies, her winsome face, her pretty, high-bred air—and certainly well accustomed to being looked at, too—yet she has a strange consciousness, as if she had never been looked at before, as her careless glance meets the intent regard of the most brilliant eyes she has ever encountered. Their brilliancy is all that strikes her at first ; but after an instant she knows that she has also received an impression of a keen, handsome face, and a slender, graceful figure—indeed, the figure can still be scrutinized as it walks onward, though perhaps less rapidly, to the gate.

“ Who can he be ?” she thinks, catching her

breath quickly. Certainly, unless appearances are very deceptive, a gentleman—not one of Mr. Stanhope's usual associates—and not only a gentleman, but the most distinguished-looking, the most handsome man she has ever seen. The warm flush roused by his look of surprise and admiration, is still on her cheek as she sits motionless; and she has not stirred, but is still so sitting and wondering, when Lettice and Geoffrey return.

"You might as well have come in, Roslyn," says the former. "As you saw, papa's visitor left before we reached the house; and in any event, you know, he would not have troubled you."

"Of course I know that," Roslyn answers; "but I like the fresh air and the moonlight. Lettice, who *was* your father's visitor? I saw him as he passed along the walk, and he is a very handsome man."

"I do not know," Lettice replies. "He was a stranger to me, and I did not ask papa who he was. I will, however, if you desire."

"Do!" says Roslyn, as she rises; "and ask your father, too, what makes his eyes so wonderfully brilliant; I never saw such eyes before! Good-night."

She takes Geoffrey's arm, and they walk across the lawn to the side gate through which they entered. It is not until they are outside of this that the young fellow says, in a low, vexed tone:

"I hope Lettice will have the good sense to say nothing to her father of your having noticed and spoken of that man, Roslyn."

"Indeed!" says Roslyn, flushing quickly. "May I ask why you hope so?"

"Surely you know. Mr. Stanhope's friends are not a class of persons for you to notice, and he has himself an insolent tongue. Fancy his telling some gambler or horse-jockey that Miss Vardray inquired who he was, and admired his eyes!"

"I know a gentleman when I see him," says Roslyn. "This man was a gentleman."

"In dress and appearance, perhaps so; but the odds are very much against his being a gentleman and a friend of Mr. Stanhope's."

It is on the point of the girl's tongue to say, "There is no reason for supposing that he is a friend of Mr. Stanhope's simply because he happened to be there," but she restrains herself, and only answers, coldly, "I am not aware that you have any right to take me to task, Geoffrey; but I don't want to quarrel the first night that you are at home, so we will say no more about it."

"I did not mean to take you to task," says Geoffrey. "I only meant to warn you; you are heedless and know of no harm; but Mr. Stanhope is not to be trusted."

"I am heedless as well as a butterfly, am I? Your opinion of me seems to be very exalted."

"It is very exalted," says the young man,

quickly. "Roslyn, don't be vexed or hurt by my blundering; don't you know we only find fault with that which is so near our heart that we want it to be perfect?"

"But I am not perfect," she cries, with a laugh; "nor likely to be; and if I were, you would find me very insipid. But no more fault-finding 'an thou lovest me;' for, as I said before, it would be too bad to quarrel the *first* night you are at home."

CHAPTER IV.

"COME YE IN PEACE HERE, OR COME YE IN WAR?"

Half a dozen miles from Verdevale—the name of the Vardrays' place—stands a much older and more stately house, which has been since its erection, a length of time covering several generations, the home of the Duncans, the family of largest wealth and most influence in all the countryside. Of this family there have never been many representatives, and of late years these have diminished—some falling in battle, some dying from natural causes—until but one remains, the handsome, soldierly-looking man of thirty-eight or forty, well-known in all the country as Colonel Hugo Duncan, who stands in the morning sunshine on the stone steps of Clifton—so the house is not inappropriately called, crowning as it does a bold and beautiful headland above a rushing river—drawing on his gloves preparatory to mounting the horse that is waiting for him.

Time has touched him lightly, scarcely placing a thread of silver in his close-curling chestnut locks, nor a wrinkle upon his bronzed, clear-cut face, while his hazel eyes are frank as those of a boy. A man to win any woman's heart, to be a hero in any woman's eyes, one would think, as he stands with an honorable past behind him, a prosperous future before, in the stately pride of his manhood—yet is he a hero in the eyes of the only woman he cares to please? All the world around him knows that Roslyn Vardray is that woman; but no one knows—not even those nearest to her—what Roslyn thinks of him. It puzzles Colonel Duncan himself to tell. He is not blind to his own advantages—though neither is he foolish enough to overrate their value. He knows what he is and what he can offer, and he also knows that few women would look coldly on him if he came to woo. But, unhappily for himself, he is not that very common character, a man in search of a wife, but a man who loves one woman so well that the rest of the sex is non-existent to him. She is not a coquette, pretty, wilful Roslyn, but "like the sun she shines on all alike;" and a man cannot be encouraged by kindness that is indiscriminate. As he draws on his gloves this bright, summer morning, he is considering that

he will go to see her, and for the hundredth time resolving that he will try to draw some sign from her—when glancing up, he sees a rider entering the gate.

This is by no means unusual, but he frowns a little, for it is not pleasant to be detained just when one is ready to go out; but after an instant, the frown gives way to a somewhat puzzled expression, as he sees that the person approaching is a stranger to him. A slender, handsome man, evidently a gentleman, riding a horse which he knows to be from the livery stable in Kirton, is what he sees; but who it is he does not know—still does not know when the stranger has paused, has dismounted, has left his horse in charge of a servant, and advancing towards the steps, which Colonel Duncan is descending, lifts his hat with a flashing smile.

That smile brings recognition. A kindling light answers it on the elder man's face, as he holds out his hand eagerly.

"What, Lovelace! Harry Lovelace!" he says. "Is this you?"

"Myself and no other," the young man answers. "So you know me? I did not think you would."

"I knew you only by your smile. You had that when I saw you last, a beardless youngster; and you got it from your mother. I am very glad to see you—very glad to welcome you to Clifton. Come in."

They cross the stone-flagged portico and enter the large, lofty, and wainscoted hall, round which Lovelace looks with admiration.

"How often I have heard my mother speak of this," he says. "'The noblest hall I have ever seen in a private house,' she always said—and so it is."

"I have danced with her here often, when I was a small boy and she was a handsome young lady with whom I fancied myself in love," says Colonel Duncan, smiling. "I have not seen her for a long time—I hope she is well?"

"Very well—and still handsome, though now far from a young lady."

"Ah, time tells on us all—This way, Harry. Here is my sitting-room."

A very pleasant room, by no means cheerless nor disorderly, though a bachelor's; for men have sometimes excellent ideas of comfort, and can outstrip women in luxurious expenditure. There are no luxurious appointments here, but everything that is necessary for ease, and many tokens of a refined taste. Among the last might perhaps be reckoned the photograph of a girl—a piquant Spanish-like face—in a standing frame on the mantle, a picture which Lovelace's eye perceives the moment he enters. It is not all that he perceives, however; he takes in the whole scene, carved bookcases, inviting chairs and couches, tables littered attractively with papers, books,

whips and pipes, and the wide-open casements with leafy depths of summer foliage rustling beyond. He goes to one of these and looks out over the lawn and gardens, to the green valley spreading for miles, with the river like a silver thread laced across it, to the softly-swelling hills, the shadowy forests; and he knows that as far as his eye can reach, and much farther, all these are Duncan acres.

"I have heard much of Clifton," he says, turning to his host, "but it equals my expectations—which is more than one is able to say of many things in life. Expectation is so likely to far exceed reality."

"Almost invariably it does so," says Colonel Duncan. "But I am glad Clifton has not disappointed you. I am almost absurdly attached to it; but that is natural, since it has been ours so long, and I am the last of the name."

"Of the name, but not of the blood," says Lovelace. "I assure you that my mother does not forget that she was born a Duncan—neither has she allowed me to do so, but has cultivated to the best of her ability the Scotch feeling of clanship."

"It is a feeling which clings to the last drop of Scotch blood," says the elder man, smiling, "and I possess it in full force myself. It is almost needless therefore to say how glad I am to have a kinsman under my roof—and I hope you do not mean to be a transitory guest."

"I hardly know—I have no plans. It was merely by chance that, being delayed in Kirton for a day, by a train missing its connection, I remembered that Clifton was near, and decided to come out and see yourself, if you should be here, but the place anyway."

"It was a very lucky chance that delayed you," says Colonel Duncan, cordially. "And having come, I insist that you do not go away soon. Can you not remain for a month or so? I can give you capital shooting in the autumn—and this is as cool a place as you will find to idle away the dog-days. Where were you going?—have you anything in particular to do?"

"I never have anything in particular to do," the young man replies, in a tone of the most unmistakable truth. "As for where I was going, I am under orders to join my mother at a watering-place where she is spending the summer; but I am certain she will be glad to excuse my attendance if she knows that I am here—so I shall be delighted to accept your kind invitation for a few weeks, at any rate."

"That is settled, then," says Colonel Duncan, with an air of satisfaction. "I will send for your trunk, which is in Kirton, I presume"—he rings the bell as he speaks—"there are pen, ink and paper on the table, if you will write a note."

Lovelace sits down and dashes off a note, which the servant who comes in answer to the

bell receives, together with his master's orders, and goes out. Then the two kinsmen draw their chairs near one of the open windows, and proceed to make each other's acquaintance. This is a result easily accomplished, when there is real frankness on one side and every appearance of frankness on the other.

"There is very little to tell about myself," says Lovelace presently, in answer to some question. "You know that I have the misfortune to be an only child, and since my father's death my mother has naturally clung to me in a degree that has somewhat hampered my life. I have not felt free to strike out as I should have liked to do. Then we had moderate means—just enough to allow us to idle about the world without any responsibility of property, or any absolute need to work—and to put the climax on my misfortunes, I am engaged to marry my cousin, who is a great heiress."

"Most men would not consider that a misfortune," says Duncan, smiling. He is already strongly prepossessed in favor of this young man, who talks so candidly in a low, *trainante* voice, and who might be a "beauty-man," if there was not so much fire in his dark, brilliant eyes, so much suggestion of nervous force in his lithe figure and slender hands.

"No," Lovelace rejoins; "and I don't mean to be ungrateful, for my Cousin Margaret is really a very nice girl, inherits what is perhaps the finest sugar plantation in Louisiana, besides other property—but such an arrangement settles one's life in a hopeless groove. The family all wanted it, however, and my mother had set her heart on it, so I was willing to be obliging."

"And the cousin? What does she think of it?"

The other makes a careless gesture of indifference with his hands and shoulders. "Who isn't can read a woman? I fancy she looks on it in the philosophical light that I do. We shall get on very well, I dare say. But—" he pauses a moment, looks out over the fair, broad prospect before him, and then, meeting his cousin's eyes, goes on—"if I had a career in life, if I had a hope for the future, out of the idle social existence in which my mother has sedulously kept me, I should not sell my freedom in such a way."

"I am sorry for you," says Duncan, frankly. "It all comes of education, I suppose. For my part, I could sooner dig for my daily bread than make a mercenary marriage."

Lovelace smiles. "Forgive me," he says, "but you have never yet dug for your daily bread—you do not know what useless hands those of a man trained to do nothing are. Enough of my affairs, however—I only wanted to tell you all that there is to know of me. Now tell me something of yourself—do you live here alone?"

"Altogether alone—but I can't say that I feel

the loneliness acutely. For one thing, I have been so long used to it. Coming back from the army, I had to go to work to clear off debts, and save the old place from passing to strangers. I worked too hard to be lonely for several years, too hard to think of society, or marriage, or anything else; but thank God! I have succeeded in my object—every mortgage is paid, and not an acre sold."

He speaks quietly, but if Lovelace does not know all the story of labor and energy and self-denial which lies under those simple words, there are men, and to spare, in Eldon county, who could tell him of it, and what a hopeless task Hugo Duncan seemed to face when he inherited the property, impoverished not only by war, but by the reckless expenditure of two previous generations.

"The canny Scotch blood shows in you, I see," says Lovelace, with a laugh. "How I congratulate you!—what a proud consciousness it must be to feel that you have redeemed your fortune, saved your inheritance. But now that you are free—pardon me, but do you not begin to feel *now* that it is not good for man to be alone?"

Whether by accident, or with meaning, his glance wanders to the picture over the mantel, and a flush rises to Duncan's face.

"Perhaps—such thoughts occur to all of us, now and then, I suppose," he says, evasively. "But I am very forgetful of my duty as a host; for I have not yet ordered a chamber prepared for you. I will go and do so at once."

He leaves the room as he speaks, and Lovelace rising, walks up to the mantel and stands before the picture there.

"So that is it, is it?" he says, half aloud. "And what is your name, I wonder, my beauty of the moonlight?"

It is according to the nature of a man in love to be a little unreasonable, and although he can see Roslyn every day, and although there are few days when he does not see her, Colonel Duncan chafes somewhat at the delay of his visit, caused by the arrival of Lovelace. There is nothing to be done but to submit, however, so the morning passes away in conversation and smoking, while after an early dinner the two separate to spend the hot, languid hours of the afternoon as best they may. Colonel Duncan betakes himself with a cigar and a book to a hammock in the shade; Lovelace goes to the pleasant chamber which has been assigned him, and proceeds to the virtuous effort of writing a letter—a short extract from which will throw a little light on his plans, and the true nature of the accident which has brought him to Clifton.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOVE looks not with the eyes but with the mind.

SONNET.

BY T. HENRY CARTER.

The summer's golden glory now hath past,
 And by the chill and short autumnal eves,
 The fading flowers, the crisp and changing leaves,
 We know that sullen winter cometh fast.
 The twittering swallow, too, hath sung his last,
 And o'er the tossing waves southward doth hie,
 To bask and warble 'neath a warmer sky.
 Tired nature's voice sighs in the rising blast.

The whispering woods foretell the year's decease,
 In dry, short murmurs, reddening in my view.
 But when these lingering summer rays shall cease,
 And the last phantom leaves hang brown and few,
 'Mid frozen death cometh the Prince of Peace,
 And the still voice, "Lo, make I all things new."

CARYL'S NEW YEAR.

BY ESTELLE THOMSON.

I remember, as though it were but yesterday, how pretty Caryl looked that night after church, as she flung herself down on a footstool, and buried her face in my lap. Her hair was rumpled from being tossed by the wind; her eyes were shining, and a vivid crimson spot burned in either flushed cheek, from being so angry.

It was all because John Dakin walked home with her from evening service, and she could not ask him in. She could not do that because we were so poor; though, for that matter, he was poor enough. But we lived in dingy lodgings, and had not chairs to go around if but a single caller came, and often there were days when we had no fire in our cheerless room. There was a fire, though, that night; and, looking around, I thought to myself that the miserable little apartment was not so bad as we still might come to, if no work could be procured.

"I wouldn't mind!" I said at last, softly, soothingly. "I should have asked the doctor in if I had cared. He knows we are poor and can afford but the humblest fare."

"But I *don't* care!" flashed out Caryl, confronting me with a face that looked for all the world like a moss-rosebud bathed in dew, for the two pinky cheeks were still wet with tears. "I *don't* care, I tell you; but I am tired of poverty. I despise this scrimpy fare—always living on odds and ends, and wearing shabby-genteel clothes, and plodding about through mud and snow, while others ride in fine carriages, and dress in silks and velvets, and have good dinners every day of their life. And I hate doctors—cold-blooded people, cutting and slashing folks to pieces with no more feeling than old Tab has when she claws a mouse! What do you think John Dakin did to-night?" turning fiercely to me as I was trying to recover breath after her vehement outburst. "*Wished he had the right to care for me always!* As though it

wasn't hard enough to live on half a crust now, without sharing it with him!"

"Perhaps he intended to furnish the crust himself. Then you would have not only your own half, but half of his," I ventured to suggest, mildly.

"Jane, you know better. John Dakin is lazy—rides around in that old gig of his, until, I declare, I some day expect to see it go to pieces all at once, like the deacon's 'wonderful one-hoss shay,' and there'll be the doctor seated on a stone by the wayside, gazing ruefully at the dilapidated ruins, and wondering when some one will come along to pick him up. I'm out of patience with shiftless people, and I'm going to end this worse than useless search for employment. I'll tell you what, Janey," laying her head against my clasped hands as she bent forward to whisper confidentially, "Janey, we're going to make our fortunes yet."

"Going to make our fortunes!"

I felt like laughing when I heard the child say it. Hadn't I followed her, in imagination, up and down the world in search of something to do to bring in money? At one time it was a plantation in the sunny South, where oranges and bananas and pineapples were to hang all the year overhead, only waiting our coming that we might gather in with them a harvest as golden as their tempting hue. Again, it was the discovery of some rich relative, old and infirm, who would obligingly step from off life's stage, and leave us in absolute possession of all his riches. Or we were to find a treasure lying at our very feet, which, when restored to its rightful owner, would reveal to us a prince in disguise, who had only to extend his hand to lift us from our poverty to the place which we, by our delicate sensibilities, were fitted to occupy. From the laborious employment of teaching district school and "boarding 'round," we had imagined ourselves in every attainable and unattainable position, up to ruling palatial establishments on Murray Hill; and yet we always came back at last to the dingy back-room and the plain sewing, by which we contrived to eke out a scanty living.

In consideration of these facts, I therefore said, not very enthusiastically, "What then?"

"What then! Haven't you any spirit? Don't we need a fortune bad enough? Wouldn't we bid farewell once for all to this old shell of a house, and to everything and everybody in New York, and go off to some beautiful land where we could begin life anew and there be happy? O, we'll do it, never fear! I see the way before me just as clearly as I see you sitting there, staring at me in astonishment. Listen! I am going to accept the place with Mrs. Earnstein for a while. I know I can suit, and there's nothing else offers just now. Don't look so disconsolate! It's only for the present, you know—till we can get enough

to take us away from here. And there's that sweet little place out in the country for you. It's waiting for you still, and you always said you could be happy there. Now, don't be obstinate, Jane."

What was I to say to such a pleader? True, Mrs. Earnstein had been persistent in her efforts to secure Caryl as a companion, and the girl was pleased with the offer; for Mrs. Earnstein's home was elegant, and wages were liberal. But I had always demurred. Laurie Earnstein, the handsome nephew, was an objection. He was known as a "fast young man" in his set, and his habits were anything but what I approved. Still, we must do something. The wolf was at our very door, and it was sheer folly to hold out any longer against such an imaginary obstacle—so it seemed to me that night, with my heart filled with anxious thoughts for the morrow's food and fire. We *must do something*, and what alternative was there? Motherly old Mrs. Fields had long offered me a home in the suburbs—a rural little cottage, with white walls and honeysuckles over the piazza, and flowers in the garden—with only the housekeeping cares to attend to, and the ample compensation of two dollars a week for my modest services. If Caryl and I could but exchange places, I should have resigned opposition long ago. But the idea of Caryl settling her thoughts to the compounding of soups and omelets, and roasts and puddings, was absurd; while it was no less an absurdity to think of me as filling the place of an entertaining companion to an exacting woman, who must be cheered with music, or novel-reading, or embroidery, as her fancy willed.

For once Caryl's plan was the practicable one, and before another week passed our home was broken up, and we had entered upon our new duties.

I can see Caryl now, as she looked that February morning, when we went for the last time out of the dingy tenement which had been our home for months. She had put on her best—her navy-blue dress and ribbons, and a jaunty hat with a bit of white wing at the side; and although her clothes were "shabby genteel," as she said, yet there was an air of ladyhood about her, which atoned for all the shabbiness. It seemed as though I was bidding my pet good-by forever, when I left her at Mrs. Earnstein's door and entered the car that was to take me to Mrs. Fields. But she stood waving her hand in farewell, and looking so radiant and smiling that I put all gloomy forebodings out of my mind, and tried to remember her only as I saw her then, standing in the February sunshine, with the light of girlish happiness in her face.

I was counting out knives and forks for the tea-table that afternoon, when Mrs. Fields surprised me with:

"Lay another place, Jane. John Dakin is coming home to tea."

"John Dakin! Coming *home* to tea!"

"Why, Jane! what ails thee? Had I forgotten to tell thee about John? You see his ride lies mostly on this side of the city, and he only moved out here last week, to be quiet and feel homelike, the boy said. A good boy John Dakin is. I've known him these many years, and I gladly took him into my home. And thee knows him too, Jane?"

I told Mrs. Fields what little I knew—how three years ago he had attended Caryl through a dreadful fever, and how he had often befriended us since; but I did not tell her of the strong love I knew had grown into his honest heart for my pretty, wilful sister. John Dakin should never suffer through wounded pride at her rejection, if I could prevent it.

How kind and considerate he was to me through all the happy weeks of that spring and summer! I had told him, that first evening, of Caryl's new occupation, and I fancied a frown knitted itself into his shaggy brows that never wholly went away. But he made no comment then. Afterwards, when he brought my letters from the office, he always recognized Caryl's dainty handwriting, and was sure to ask me how she was getting along. He would ask the question indifferently, but I noticed that his face was turned from me when I answered, and sometimes he would walk abruptly away when I related how happy she was, and what a gay life she was leading.

It was mid summer before Caryl came to see me. I had never told her of John Dakin; and I think she must have been surprised, at least, when she came up through the flower-borders and saw him sitting on the piazza. The afternoon had been very warm, and when he came in from a long drive among his patients, he sat down in the honeysuckle shade to rest. Mrs. Fields asked me to carry him out a glass of iced milk, and I had just handed it to him from the tray, and stopped a minute to pull a bunch of purple blossoms, when Caryl came in sight. I knew that the tall, handsome gentleman with her was Laurie Earnstein, and tried to be only coolly civil to him. But he had a wonderful way of making one forget prejudices, and was so jovial and agreeable, that I could hardly wonder that Caryl fancied him. John Dakin did not hesitate, though, to show his disapproval of her company, and only waited to touch her hand in greeting, before he went down the walk to the barn, saddled his horse, and galloped out of sight.

"Cool, wasn't it?" Caryl asked, with a blush. "Sorry to spoil a tête-à-tête, Janey, if he was making love to you. It looked like it, I must say."

I wanted to box the child's ears for hinting

such a thing of John Dakin, when she must have seen plainly the pain in his face as she swept him the most chilling courtesy and offered him only her finger tips. But there sat Laurie Ernstein, smiling down at her with a sentimental air of devotion, and I could not say a word.

After that Caryl and Laurie came often, but they never encountered the doctor again. If he saw them coming he disappeared quickly, and it would be late at night before I would hear him putting Selim in the stable and going wearily up to his room.

Caryl was in high spirits in those days, and I am sure she must have spent the whole of her earnings in ribbons, and flowers, and deckings, for the sake of the flattering compliments Laurie paid her. And all the while, I could say nothing to influence her—could only look on in helplessness, and fear for the future of my darling.

I did say something at last, though; and when I had said it, the tears rolling over my cheeks as I urged her to think of the course she was pursuing—how she could never hope to be the wife of a man of Laurie Ernstein's social prejudices, and of the sorrows that would surely follow—her answer was to draw from her bosom a mysterious little packet, and flash before my eyes a dazzling ring, which she slipped triumphantly on her slender finger, and laughingly bade me say another word if I dared.

I stared at her in astonishment. "Caryl, you do not mean to tell me—" I began.

"No, I did not mean to tell you," she laughed mockingly back, "only you would persist in knowing. That is Laurie's ring, and I have promised to marry him—sometime."

"Why don't you wear it, then, instead of carrying it about in that ridiculous fashion?" I retorted, thoroughly angry with the girl for once.

"Because it's a secret yet; no one knows, and you must never, never tell until I give you leave. I promised on my honor I would keep it, and you know I can't break my word. It's all right, though, Janey. Don't look at me so; it's only because of a little misunderstanding with his friends, and Laurie will soon set it right."

I went to John Dakin that night with my trouble.

"You told me once that you knew reasons why Laurie Ernstein was not to be trusted," I said; "will you tell me what they are? Something must be done."

He looked at me hopelessly.

"Nothing can be done," he said, and I hardly knew his voice, it was so broken. "When you attempt to meddle in such matters, you only hurry them on to a crisis. Better leave affairs to adjust themselves than to risk any rash, unpremeditated action. Your sister is impulsive and willful, and opposition could only work her harm. Let us hope she may exert an influence for good over Laurie."

I was not much comforted by the doctor's words, but what could I do? Caryl had never been wont to follow my dictates, even in the most commonplace matters. It was quite unlikely that she would listen to me now, with such a man as Laurie Ernstein to influence her course.

"Yes, I must let Caryl go her own way," I said, sadly, thinking his advice the best that could be given under the circumstances. "And, as you say, Laurie may prove more a man for her sake, if he really loves her."

After that there was a change in the doctor. He seemed older in looks and actions, and yet he never was other than genial and courteous. To me he was more of a friend than ever, and I have often wondered how I should have lived through that time of anxiety but for his ready sympathy and advice.

I was startled entirely out of my self-possession, though, when he one day asked me to be his wife.

"John Dakin!" I cried, looking up at him in astonishment. "You do not mean—you cannot mean—"

"I mean just what I say, Janey," he answered, taking my face between his hands as I had seen him take Jack's shaggy head (Jack is the dog), when he wanted to coax him into obedience. "Why should I ask you if I did not mean it? If you love no one else—and I am selfish enough to believe you have no such secrets from me—I don't see why we should not be happy after our own fashion. I will try and be kind to you, I will indeed, Janey, if you will only give me the chance."

I looked up into his earnest, honest face, and some great pleading in it made me loath to refuse him. I saw at that moment, as never before, how deep the furrows had grown in his forehead; what a wistful sadness showed about the kindly mouth; how mournfully tender were the blue eyes reading my face so intently. No, I did not love another; and now that Caryl had put herself beyond all attainment, why should not we two who were thus alone in the world, be all in all to each other? In time I should certainly learn to love him truly—as I respected him now as the most worthy of all men.

"Yes, John," I said, and I know I said it impressively; "I will give you the chance, and I will try and make your whole life happy, as I know you will make mine."

"Thank you, Janey!" He held my hand a single moment in his strong clasp; then he bent and touched my lips, as though sealing a solemn compact—the first time and the last.

After that, things went on as before. John had put on my finger a gold band with "Mizpah" engraved inside; and not unfrequently he talked to me in his plain, quiet fashion, about the home we would enjoy together, until it came to seem quite a matter of course that his home and his interests should be mine.

Caryl was inclined to laugh, at first, about my taking up with her discarded suitor, but I silenced her when she mentioned John Dakin's name, and for once the girl was subdued. Something was troubling her, too, of late. Often she did not come near the cottage for weeks, and then her visits were hurried and unsatisfactory, as though she were fearful lest I might question her plans and enjoyments.

It was an evening in early autumn, and we had a fire burning on the sitting-room hearth. It lit up the room and made it very cosy and inviting. At least I remember of John's saying so when he came in from his round among his patients. I hung away his great-coat and cap, and then sat down with my knitting, while he took the rocker at my side and read aloud from the evening paper. Presently he laid down the paper, and fell to telling me of his fancies—how in our own home we would have such an open fire always crackling in the grate when evenings were cool, and not a room should have that chilling, shut-up look he so disliked. I knitted away, and nodded assent, and ventured a word now and then about the domestic arrangements of our home "to be;" but somehow the wind outside made me nervous, and I started at every sound.

"I am sure I heard the gate," I said, as a gust swept around the house; and I laid down my work and listened.

"Nonsense! you are tired to-night, Janey." He laid his hand over mine with an assuring pressure, and I have never forgotten how tender and protecting his glance was, as he looked down into my face. "Shall I go to the door and look for the uncanny spirits that may be hovering about?"

"Yes, do!"

Again I heard what I was certain was a step—it sounded on the piazza. I arose hastily and moved forward. He smiled at my excited action, and as though humoring a child in some whim, took the lamp and moved to the door. It shook with the wind as he unlatched it, but the next gust swung it wide—and *Caryl* stepped into the room.

How beautiful the girl looked that night! I know John saw it, although he left the room abruptly when she entered. Her eyes were bright as stars, and her cheeks were redder than the reddest roses. Only an instant she hesitated; then she came swiftly forward and knelt at my feet, clasping my hands and crying:

"Oh Janey! you will not send me off! Let me stay with you—do let me stay, for I am so unhappy."

I took the poor child in my arms and comforted her, and learned all the pitiful story—for it was pitiful. Laurie had been false to his vows of love, and formally engaged himself to a captivating young belle in his own "set," and with great

"expectations." Sympathy was not what she needed most. It was something to do, to take her mind off her own troubles, and (Mrs. Earnstein having refused her shelter, even for the night, when she heard of her secret engagement to Laurie) I found it for her at the earliest opportunity, and with the doctor's help.

John Dakin proved himself a friend through all our trials. Life to Caryl was a very sad burden for a time. She had made a hero of Laurie, all her hopes and aims were centered in him, and it was hard to believe he had ceased to care for her entirely. But the atmosphere of our home was not favorable to cherish bitterness or unhappiness. John it was who took her out driving, in the sunny autumn days, through the beautiful valleys and winding country roads, lying just outside the city; interested her in visiting his patients, procured her plain sewing for her unoccupied time, and spent his evenings reading aloud to us as we worked. Caryl demurred sometimes at leaving me so much at home; but I could not neglect housekeeping cares, and nothing pleased me better than to see her snugly tucked into the doctor's gig, going off by his side.

You may think that I was placing temptation in John Dakin's way. Well, I was. All my life I had lived for Caryl's happiness, and I knew what true happiness would mean for her sooner or later. I will confess that I did not give up all my own plans for the future without some regrets. But I think I understand what true love is, and I knew that I loved John Dakin more as a brother than in any other way. And I knew that his love for Caryl was the one and only real love he had ever felt. I was not going to spoil two beautiful lives through my own selfishness.

So the autumn days slipped away, and winter came. Strange what a change a few short months had wrought in Caryl! Not a sign of a broken heart was in her pretty face, as she went singing about the house, or sat humming softly to herself, as she sewed in the window recess; while as for the doctor, he carried so much sunshine among his patients that he was successful as never before. But he never dreamed that he was not perfectly true in allegiance to me. Bless you, no! I think the first inkling he had of how affairs were trending, was when he brought in a letter for Caryl one day, as we were in the kitchen together. She opened it carelessly, still laughing and making some gay speech at his expense—but the gay words died on her lips, and her cheeks paled as she drew out the contents of the envelope. Only an instant did she change tone and color, then she looked up into John's eyes and held out the cards—Laurie's wedding cards, which he actually had the impudence to send her.

"You don't care to see them?" she asked, her eyes still on his face as he withdrew his hand with a gesture of scorn, as she proffered them to

him. "Look how I shall serve them then." She went over to the range and held them suspended for a moment over the glowing coals, then they dropped, and the greedy flames seized them. "Poor Laurie!" in a tone of mock solemnity. "If he only knew how every thought of him had burned itself out and left not so much as a handful of ashes, I doubt whether he would feel flattered."

What a flash kindled in John's eyes at her words! She turned her blushing face quickly away, and pretended not to see it; but I knew very well why she commenced trilling a gay little ditty to cover her confusion, and why he went hastily out of the room, and we did not see him again that day.

Evidently the time had come for a crisis, but how to bring it about I did not know. At the slightest suspicion of John's disloyalty toward me, Caryl would fly off—no one knew where. I was not much versed in such matters, to be sure; but I had the idea that she must somehow be surprised into a knowledge of the state of her own heart, and that I must at last take him into my confidence. So I talked the matter over in a friendly fashion one day when Caryl was away. At first he was as obstinate as ever she had been; but he could not deny that his affection for her was unchanged, and then I persistently refused to marry any man whose whole heart was not absolutely mine. It took a long argument to bring him to see how in earnest I was, and I almost feared he would not give me up, so great was his sense of honor. I don't know, indeed, that he would have relinquished his claim on me to this day, had I not absolutely given him back his freedom, and left him no alternative but to accept it. Then I watched for a denouement, but none came. They were both childishly indifferent to the real state of their feelings toward each other—judging by all outward appearances—and I could see no way to help matters along.

New Year's eve came at last; a snowy, blustering night, bitterly cold. The doctor had been called away that afternoon to visit a patient at some distance in the country, and, although it was late, he had not returned. Just before he went out, I saw him bend down to Caryl as he drew on his heavy driving gloves, and ask her to fasten a refractory button. She did so, lifting her cheeks with a flush that was vastly becoming, and with a little quiver in her voice, as she said, "good-bye" when he lifted her hand to his lips for thanks.

All the evening she had been unusually restless, glancing at the clock every now and then, and lifting the curtains to see if the snow was still falling. She came over to my side after a while.

"Janey, how indifferent you are!" she said, almost pettishly, putting her head down on the arm of my chair. "Don't you think it strange the doctor hasn't come?"

"Strange? O no! He's often out later than this"—the clock had struck eleven nearly a half hour ago—"I never worry."

"I couldn't help it—not if I—cared for a person as you care for John Dakin." The quiver was in her voice again. "You're so queer, Janey. Sometimes I think you don't care for him at all, hardly—I mean as a—as a woman cares for the man she is going to marry." I knew she was trying bravely to keep back the tears.

"I *don't* care for him in that way, Caryl," I said, speaking cautiously. "I never really cared for him in that way, although I tried once to think I did. But that was all over long ago."

"Janey!" She sat up and looked me full in the face. I returned her gaze steadily. If there was a moment's throb at my heart-strings, no one will ever know. "Are you telling me the truth?"

"Certainly, Caryl. I would not jest about such a matter for the world."

"And you don't truly—love him?"

"Not well enough to marry him."

There was a long silence.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" she asked, at length, almost sobbing in her excitement.

"Why should I have told you?" I asked, composedly. "As long as you didn't like him—a cold-blooded—"

"You know I never meant that. Don't tease me!" going to the window again to peer anxiously out into the snowy night.

"Why you should be so uneasy about him now I can't imagine," I went on relentlessly. "You know you have said yourself he is lazy, and doubtless that old gig of his has gone to pieces all at once, and left him seated on a stone by the wayside gazing ruefully at the dilapidated ruins, and wondering when some one will come along to pick him up."

"Janey!" she flashed out, with all the impulsiveness of the Caryl of old. "Don't; it's wicked, wicked to be saying such things! John Dakin isn't lazy—I won't listen to you! I—"

Then a horse's feet came tramping up the drive, and in another minute Caryl had forgotten her indignation and was out in the hall. I heard John's hearty tones ringing out, "That's right, girls; hold the door open, and I'll unhitch Selim here, and let him go around to his stall alone."

Then there was a girl's laughing reply, and something else said, in John's voice, in a lower tone. Then all was still. I waited one minute—two—three—I had heard Selim going down to the stable—four—not a sound. The door was still ajar as she had left it, and I peeped through (I hope it was not too inquisitive, but I had sacrificed all my hopes for their happiness, and I know they never suspected me), and what do you think I saw?

Caryl's curly head and rosy cheeks hugged close to a snowy coat, while her dainty white

hands clasped themselves in the prettiest true-love knot around his shaggy sleeve; and John's plain manly face was all aglow with a light I had never seen there before.

This is what the *New Year* brought to Caryl. I have heard of gifts of gold and jewels, and many beautiful things; but I think no gift could ever equal in real beauty and worth such a love as John Dakin's, which crowned, not the New Year alone, but all the years of my darling's life.

THIRTY-EIGHT.

MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight,
How birthdays accumulate!
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Lilac-springs to celebrate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Birds of passage, breaths of fate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Kingdoms of the world's estate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Thrones that I must abdicate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Crowns that fall, a feather's weight.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Blossom pictures delicate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Steps through mazes intricate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight,
Steps that doubts assassinate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Failures to commemorate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Tangled visions to translate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Half-wrought labors congregate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Purposes to concentrate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Glimmering lights illuminate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Songs with love reverberate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Sounds on one chord alternate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Memories sweet to consecrate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Years that fade and terminate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
On the verge I hesitate—
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Gone! and Time has closed the gate.

If persons were as willing to be pleasant and as anxious to please in their own homes as they are in the company of their neighbors, they would have the happiest homes in the world.

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN OF OUR OWN AND OTHER LANDS.

NO. 13.

ISABELLA OF CASTILE.

BY H. G. ROWE.

On the death of John II. of Castile, his queen, Isabella of Portugal, with her two children, Alfonso, then an infant, and Isabella, a child of four, retired to the little town of Arevalo, where, in seclusion and quiet, far from the distracting feuds and intrigues of court life, she devoted herself entirely to the care and education of these younger scions of royalty, while her step-son, Henry IV., ascended the throne of Castile, and with his untied and undisciplined hands, essayed to sway the sceptre of his fathers.

Upon his ascension to the throne, Henry was hailed with no little enthusiasm by both nobles and people; his benign and condescending manner rendering him especially popular with all orders of society, while his liberal, even careless expenditure of the public funds, made him a favorite of the unreasoning masses, who fondly styled him "the Liberal," and proudly quoted on all occasions his reply to the treasurer, who remonstrated with him on his reckless extravagance:

"Kings, instead of hoarding treasure like private persons, are bound to dispense it for the happiness of their subjects. We must give to our enemies to make them friends, and to our friends to keep them so."

Scarcely however, had two years elapsed after his ascension, before his disappointed subjects, chagrined and mortified at his cowardice and inefficiency in the conduct of the government, scornfully applied to him, instead of "the Liberal," the less flattering surname of "the Impotent," by which title he has ever since been known on the roll of Castilian kings.

But worse, even than cowardice and mismanagement in the eyes of the devout Castilians, was Henry's contemptuous, even insulting treatment of their religion and its institutions—a sin not easily overlooked in rulers at that time—and, before long, the larger part of the nation was in arms, to dethrone the unworthy sovereign whose public and private career were alike revolting to their instincts as men and their pride as citizens.

Too cowardly to fight, and too imbecile to reason with his discontented subjects, Henry eagerly grasped at a proposition for detaching the most powerful family in the kingdom from the confederates, and uniting it not only by ties of policy, but of blood, to himself and his cause.

Don Pedro Gison, grand master of Calatrava, was a man of middle age, a fierce and unscrupulous leader of political revolts, while his private

character was stained with the most revolting vices of the age. And yet to this monster, Henry promised the hand of his sister, Isabella, then a beautiful and innocent girl of sixteen, on condition of his deserting the confederates, and attaching himself to the royal cause.

The ambitious prelate readily consented, and a bull of dispensation was immediately procured from the pope, absolving him from his vow of celibacy, while the preparations for his nuptials were hurried forward with all the dispatch possible.

In vain Isabella protested against this terrible sacrifice, and when at length she found that the matter was actually settled beyond recall, her grief and terror almost amounted to frenzy. Confining herself to her own apartment, she abstained from food for a day and night, while, with piteous cries and tears, she implored heaven to save her from this dishonor, either by her own death or that of her detested suitor.

While bemoaning her seemingly inevitable fate to her bosom friend and confidante, the noble lady Beatriz de Bobadilla, that high-spirited matron exclaimed, determinedly :

"God will not permit it ! neither will I."

And drawing a dagger from her bosom, she solemnly vowed to plunge it into the heart of the master of Calatrava, sooner than see her beloved mistress sacrificed to her brother's selfish policy.

From what history tells us of the character and life of this undaunted lady, it is quite probable that she would have kept her vow, had not heaven itself interposed in behalf of the imperiled princess. On his way to Madrid to celebrate his marriage, the grand master was taken suddenly ill, and after a few hours of intense suffering, died with imprecations upon his lips that he had not been spared a few weeks longer.

After the death of her young brother, Alfonso, whom the insurgents had proclaimed king, the throne of Castile was proffered by them to Isabella, who promptly refused it, declaring that while her brother Henry lived she had no right to his crown ; that the terrible civil wars had already caused untold misery to the kingdom ; and offering to bring about, by her own efforts, a reconciliation between the king and his rebellious subjects that should be satisfactory to both parties.

Finding her resolution unalterable, the confederates were fain to accept her mediation, and a contract was signed by Henry, promising that after his death the crown should descend to Isabella, instead of to the princess Joanna, his reputed daughter. There is no probability that the royal liar had the least idea of keeping his word. Indeed, the acts of his after life sufficiently proved that it was simply a device to soothe the discontents of his angry subjects, with whom Isabella was, even at that early age, a general favorite.

As the formally acknowledged heiress of her brother's throne, the fair Castilian had no lack of suitors among the neighboring princes, whom the fame of her beauty and worth had already reached.

Among them the brother of Edward IV., then reigning king of England, the afterward infamous Duke of Gloucester, was regarded with considerable favor by the king and council, but failed to meet with the approbation of the lady herself, who seems already to have conceived a secret preference for her handsome young kinsman, Ferdinand of Aragon, who had been for several years a suitor for her hand.

Apart, too, from his personal advantages, Ferdinand might be made the tie to bind in one the sister kingdoms of Aragon and Castile, and to the wise, far-seeing mind of Isabella, this consideration probably proved a strong argument in favor of her Aragonese suitor.

As it did not suit Henry's policy, however, to have his sister's pretensions upheld by so powerful a neighbor, he opposed the match by every means in his power, actually resorting to threats and menaces to deter her from her purpose.

But love in the royal palaces of old Castile was just as ready to laugh at locksmiths as he is to-day, and Ferdinand, in the disguise of a traveling merchant, managed to traverse, unsuspected, half the kingdom of Castile, until, by the aid of powerful friends, he reached Valladolid, where his fair mistress awaited his coming, and where their marriage was publicly celebrated in the palace where Isabella at that time had her temporary abode.

The personal appearance of this celebrated pair at the time of their marriage is thus described by a contemporary :

"Ferdinand was at that time in the eighteenth year of his age. His complexion was fair, though somewhat bronzed by constant exposure to the sun ; his eye quick and cheerful ; his forehead ample, and approaching to baldness. His muscular and well-proportioned frame was invigorated by the toils of war, and by the chivalrous exercises in which he delighted.

"Isabella was a year older than her lover. In stature, she was somewhat above the middle size. Her complexion was fair ; her hair of a bright chestnut color, inclining to red, and her mild blue eye beamed with intelligence and sensibility."

As to the wedded happiness of this noble pair, all historians agree in pronouncing it greater than usually falls to the lot of mortals. Much of this was undoubtedly due to the womanly tact and wifely modesty that always characterized Isabella in her relations as wife, friend, and equal sovereign.

After her brother Henry's death had placed her upon the throne, Isabella, not content with instituting a series of much needed reforms in the government of her kingdom, set herself resolutely to work, in the privacy of her palace, to repair

certain defects in her own education, and thus fit herself more perfectly for the important life work stretching out before her.

Although familiar with most of the languages then in use, she had, unfortunately, failed to acquire in her girlhood a knowledge of the Latin, which was at that time the common medium of communication between learned men the world over, as well as the language employed in diplomatic intercourse between all civilized nations.

Conscious of this fact, Isabella set herself to work so earnestly to acquire a knowledge of this language that in a year, it is said, she could both read and write it with equal facility.

Like her father, this princess had a taste for collecting books, and at the founding of the convent of San Juan de los Reyes, at Toledo, she endowed it with a fine library, consisting mostly of manuscripts; while a large part of her collection contributed to fill the magnificent library of the Escorial. These volumes were, many of them, elegantly bound and illuminated—an art that the Spaniards had learned from their hereditary enemies, the Moors.

Like a wise mother, Isabella displayed the greatest solicitude in regard to the instruction and training of her children, who were taught all the sciences and accomplishments of the age, being surrounded only by those whose example and precepts would encourage them in principles of the highest and noblest morality.

Her only son, Prince John, was trained with even greater care than his sisters, in everything that would contribute to make him a wise, virtuous, and just ruler.

He was placed in a class of ten young nobles, five older, and five of the same age as himself, thus combining the advantages both of a public and private education by bringing his mind in contact with others not only of equal but greater powers than his own.

A mimic council—something like the school lyceums of the present day—was formed, over which the young prince presided, and in which questions of state policy and government were fully and freely discussed by the most experienced and wisest statesmen and scholars in the kingdom.

Nor were the more elegant accomplishments neglected. The royal youth learned to play with skill and taste upon several different musical instruments, besides dancing and lance-throwing—the last a favorite diversion of the Spanish youths of rank at that time.

During the long and wearisome Moorish war that began soon after the accession of the youthful sovereigns to their united kingdom, Isabella's high heart never failed her amidst the most discouraging reverses and mortifying failures. To her the war was not one of conquest, but of proselytism; a war of Christianity against heathenism; and while her benevolent heart bled even

for the sufferings of her enemies, her belief in the righteousness of her cause, as well as in its final triumph, never for a moment wavered.

She encouraged her husband and his troops by her cheerful and courageous presence, while no hardships were too great for her womanly energy to overcome, and no day so dark that she failed to find some hopeful omen amidst its gloom.

When the subjection of the Moors was complete, and peace once more folded her wings upon the sunny fields of Spain, Isabella, in the true spirit of a queen-mother, turned her attention to the education of the young nobility of her kingdom.

Learning had long been neglected by the great families of Spain who, in the all-engrossing pursuit of arms, that had for so many years demanded all their time and thoughts, had found little leisure for the cultivation of the more elegant pursuits of literature and art.

In pursuance of her benevolent plan, the queen sent abroad for men learned in all the sciences of the day, promising them her protection and patronage if they would act the part of teachers to the ignorant, unlettered youth who thronged her court.

Among others, the talented and accomplished Italian scholar, Peter Martyr, received special marks of the royal favor, while his lectures and essays were listened to with most flattering attention by all the younger nobility, who were accustomed afterward to write reviews of them under the direction of their private tutors.

Of course, as the court set the fashion, everybody with any claim to gentility hastened to crowd the porches and lecture-rooms of the universities, much to the delight of the worthy Martyr, who thus writes from Saragossa, his headquarters:

"My house, all day long, swarms with noble youths who, reclaimed from ignoble pursuits to those of letters, are now convinced that these, so far from being a hindrance, are rather a help in the profession of arms."

Nor was it to the sterner sex alone that Isabella's enlightened policy brought opportunities for literary culture. Many of the court ladies distinguished themselves by their scholarly attainments; the queen's own private instructor in Latin being a lady, who, from her remarkable proficiency in that language, was styled "*la Latina*"—a title that even some of our own lady professors need not disdain to wear.

These learned ladies also practised in the gymnasium, and delivered lectures from the chairs of the universities—the latter a privilege that no other nation in Europe, at that time, accorded to its female scholars.

In the first year of Isabella's reign, the art of printing was introduced into Spain, much to the delight of its sagacious queen, who comprehend-

ing its wonderful usefulness in the diffusion of knowledge throughout the realm, encouraged it by every means in her power, causing many valuable works to be printed at her own expense, and exempting those who were employed in the business from taxation, in order to encourage an emigration of printers from other countries.

That Isabella, lofty-minded and sedate as she was, was by no means insensible to those graceful courtesies that no woman ever outlives the appreciation of, is proved by a little incident related by one of her biographers:

When the Infanta Isabella came on board the fleet that was to convey her to Portugal, to meet her betrothed, the crown prince of that country, the queen, her mother, accompanied her to the ship for a last leave-taking, lingering so long over her motherly adieus, that she took no note of the rising gale that, when she essayed to land, had already swollen the waters between the boats and the shore, so that the boatmen found it impossible to land their precious freight dry-shod—a dilemma that to a loyal Spanish subject was something too serious to be trifled with.

As they hesitated, confused and doubtful, a handsome young *hidalgo*, Gonsalvo by name, who was standing with the crowd on the beach, regardless of his rich suit of brocade and crimson velvet, waded manfully into the surging waters, and taking his royal mistress in his arms, bore her safely to the shore, amid the loud acclamations of the delighted populace. Isabella rewarded his quick wit and ready arm by appointing him commander of her Italian army, a post that he filled both to his own and his country's honor.

But it is to Isabella as the generous patroness of the great discoverer Columbus, that the eyes of mankind have ever turned with grateful admiration. It may seem a small thing to the geographical student of to-day that the Spanish queen should have listened favorably to the adventurous Genoese' idea of a continent on the other side of the great ocean. But when we remember the comparative ignorance as well as the superstitious dread with which people in those days regarded any new theory in science or religion, the extreme poverty of Spain at that time after so many years of Moorish warfare, and the cold indifference with which her council and even her royal consort listened to the unknown adventurer's wild project, Isabella rises almost to the dignity of an inspired prophetess, whose eyes, undimmed by the mists and shadows of fear and prejudice, looking afar into the future, beheld the New World that was to prove an undying monument to future generations of her own lofty faith and wisdom.

It was, without doubt, due in a great measure to her intimate companionship with the most boldly speculative minds of the age, that Isabella was able to understand and appreciate the daring

theory of the Genoese navigator, whose belief, far from being peculiar to himself, was shared by many of the greatest scholars and thinkers of his day; although what was curious speculation in them, had become in his daring and practical mind a fixed and unalterable conviction.

There is a curious passage from one of the old Florentine poets, in which he boldly urges the truth of this theory in the following lines:

"Since to one common center all things tend,
So earth, by curious mystery divine
Well balanced, hangs amidst the starry spheres.
At our Antipodes are cities, states,
And thronged empires, ne'er divined of yore.
But see, the sun speeds on his western path,
To glad the nations with expected light."

Although favorably inclined toward the enterprise, Isabella hesitated for a long time, while her cold and cautious counsellors pleaded the emptiness of the treasury, and the small probability of any real gain accruing to Spain, even if the adventurer's search should be successful, which they considered by no means probable—scarcely possible even.

But at length her own noble and generous heart decided the matter once for all, without further vacillation or delay, and she exclaimed, enthusiastically:

"I will assume the undertaking for my own crown of Castile, and am ready to pawn my jewels to defray the expenses of it, if the funds in the treasury be found inadequate."

This sacrifice was not necessary, as the requisite funds were advanced from the Aragonese revenues, although Aragon was not considered a party to the venture, let the results be what they would.

On Columbus' second expedition, the queen took care to send out a number of priests, with directions to teach the natives the great truths of Christianity.

"Above all things," was her parting adjuration, "teach the poor Indian to honor the name of Jesus."

For these Indians the tender-hearted queen seems ever to have felt the utmost solicitude. When a couple of vessels arrived from the New Colony with three hundred of them on board to be sold as slaves, Isabella indignantly exclaimed:

"By what authority does Columbus venture thus to dispose of my subjects?" while she immediately gave orders that all who held them as slaves should forthwith provide for their immediate return to their own land.

As long as she lived, Isabella was the firm friend of Columbus, and it was not until after her death that he was permitted to fall into obscurity and disgrace.

This great queen and good woman died in the fifty-fourth year of her age, and the thirtieth of her reign, after a long and wearisome illness, dur-

ing which she never intermitted in the least her loving care for her kingdom and people.

A distinguished Italian scholar, who had traveled all the way from his own land expressly to see her, asked of Ferdinand the privilege of an interview with "the woman who from a sick bed ruled the world."

In her will the dying queen gave a beautiful and touching proof of her affection for her husband in the following words:

"I beseech the king, my lord, that he will accept all my jewels, or such as he shall select, so that seeing them, he may be reminded of the singular love I always bore him while living, and that I am now waiting for him in a better world."

In Martyr's tribute to this noble woman, he sums up the list of her virtues in this well-deserved eulogium:

"She was the mirror of every virtue, the shield of the innocent, and an avenging sword to the wicked."

NO. 14.

LUCRETIA AND MARGARET DAVIDSON.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

On the 27th of September, 1808, a child was born at Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain, whose short life was so remarkable for sweetness and light, as well as for early genius, that it reads like a lovely poem.

In those days poetesses in the nursery were quite out of the common way; the idea of "educating children to the profession of literature" had not yet come from the other side of the Atlantic; and that a child without the least encouragement to do so, should, of her own accord, leave her plays to read improving books, and write poetry some time before her talent was suspected, shows strength of character and unusual precocity. That she was not spoiled, too, by the evident pleasure and pride of family and friends, after her employments were discovered, is due as much, perhaps, to wise parental government, as to her naturally sweet and retiring disposition.

Lucretia Maria Davidson was the second daughter of Dr. Oliver and Margaret Davidson; and the home atmosphere was one of refinement and culture, but wealth and luxury were strangers there. At the time of her birth and early childhood, her parents' circumstances were very straitened, and her mother was an almost constant invalid. So that, in the case of the little Lucretia, circumstances were most unfavorable to any undue forcing in the way of education; and when at the age of four years she pored over books, and even tried to imitate them by drawing childish pictures of animals, very straight and stiff as to the legs,

and very wooden-y about the head, and illustrated these rough attempts at art with equally crude rhymes, it was done as secretly as if it had been a crime.

The little square books with their printed writing were carefully concealed as soon as made; but the disappearance of a quire of paper from the mother's writing-table led to inquiries that were highly inconvenient to the young authoress. Tearful and blushing, she slipped away to change the hiding-place of her treasures; but alas! in an epidemic of house-cleaning, they were unexpectedly dragged to view from beneath a pile of linen. They were examined with great pleasure, and judiciously praised; but the six-year-old poetess felt that desecrating eyes had robbed them of their bloom, and secretly committed them to the flames.

It was three years later before she wrote anything that was preserved; and these were some very creditable lines, not inserted in her works, on the death of a young robin that she had tried to raise. She was only eleven years old when her earliest printed poem was written.

Dr. and Mrs. Davidson felt sadly their want of means to provide the gifted child with the education which she deserved and thirsted for; but the delicate mother made the home burden as light as possible, that the budding poetess might at least have time for reading. Such books as she wanted were scarce in the household, but she partly satisfied her inordinate appetite by borrowing—for buying volumes was an extravagance not to be thought of.

Before Lucretia was twelve years old, she had read most of the standard English poets—much of history, both sacred and profane—Shakspeare's, Kotzebue's, and Goldsmith's dramatic works—and many of the popular novels and romances of the day. She was, however, no inveterate novel-reader; many a "sweet story," the delight of circulating libraries, would be flung aside, after a short trial, in disgust; and the discriminating child would return to her solid food with fresh appetite.

What a lesson to older readers, who love not wisely but too well.

About this time our little heroine received a very pleasant surprise, in the shape of a complimentary note enclosing twenty dollars. It came from a gentleman who had seen some of her verses, and been much struck with her early genius; and probably some acquaintance with the circumstances of the family led him to conclude that such a gift would be particularly useful.

This child of twelve exclaimed rapturously, at the first sight of the money, "Oh, now I can buy some books!" Toys, confectionery, or dress (and her supplies of all these must have been scanty), did not enter into her desires—the thirst for knowledge was stronger; but a glance at her

mother's sick-bed produced a sudden revulsion of feeling; and thinking herself unpardonably selfish, she thrust the bill into her father's hand, saying, with tearful eyes:

"Take it, father; it will buy many comforts for mother, and I can do without books."

The parents of Lucretia Davidson, with the tenderest affection for so lovable a child, and pride in her talents, were too wise and judicious to spoil her by setting her on a pinnacle apart from ordinary cares and duties, and making her feel that her genius and attractions should be a shield from everything like discomfort; and so far was the young writer herself from thinking this, that she allowed herself to be influenced by the counsel of some meddling persons, who prophesied domestic disaster from her devotion to literary pursuits, and advised that she should be forbidden the use of pen and ink, and put upon a rigorous diet of house-work.

This was not intended for Lucretia's ears, and her parents were much too kind and enlightened to heed such interference; but having, in some way, heard of it, the womanly girl of fifteen took it seriously to heart, and quite persuaded herself that when there was so much work to be done at home, her indulgence in writing and reading was positively sinful. She made no complaint, and did not even speak of the matter; but quietly put aside her books and pen, and devoted herself for months to household occupations.

Her mother was very ill at the time, and a baby sister added to the cares as well as to the pleasures of the household; so that Lucretia's self-denial passed unobserved for some time. Her spare moments were spent in the mother's sick-room, and she proved herself a most devoted and efficient nurse; but as Mrs. Davidson became stronger, she saw with deep concern that her precious child was looking thin and unhappy.

She did not wish to tell her this; but feeling her way to the subject, she said, one day, "Lucretia, it is a long time since you have written anything."

The poor little authoress replied, with a burst of tears, "I gave that up long ago," she sobbed; "but never mind now, mother—it is all right."

Surprised and distressed, the fond mother gradually drew the whole story from her; and her indignation at the work of her so-called friends was extreme. Her sensitive, noble-hearted child was almost a wreck of her former bright self—yet dearer than ever for the sweet spirit of self-renunciation that had prompted the sacrifice. Her desire to lighten the cares of her parents had even conquered her love for books; but the wise mother felt that both should go hand in hand, instead of allowing one to crush out the other.

"A good, long talk" set all things right; and it was arranged that part of the day the genius of housekeeping should be in the ascendant, and the

other part, the daughter of the Muses. The studies and pen were resumed with a clear conscience, and house-work done all the more deftly and cheerfully because of the reward they held out. Again Lucretia went singing about the house; and her appearance was no longer a subject of solicitude to her anxious parents.

Nature had been particularly lavish to this child of genius; and in addition to her other gifts, had endowed her with rare personal beauty. The large, dark eyes were soft and beaming, the fair complexion brilliant under the least excitement, the features fine and regular, while the withdrawal of the comb that held them, fairly enveloped her slight figure in a veil of dark ringlets.

As early as the age of fourteen, this model authoress was in request as a beauty and a belle; but her modesty shrank sensitively from anything like adulation. It was about this time that she attended her first ball; and absorbed in a book, she was utterly oblivious to the discussion going on between the mother and elder sister as to what the *debutante* should wear on this important occasion.

"What do you say, yourself?" asked the sister, turning to her. "What do you want to wear?"

"Where?" queried the reader absently, as she only half-detached herself from her book.

"Why, at the assembly, of course—are you dreaming?"

"The assembly! why, I had forgotten all about it. And it is to be to-morrow night—isn't that delightful?"

The youthful poetess danced gleefully about the room, until recalled by her elders to the practical subject of dress; when she entered into it for the time in quite a mundane fashion.

But when the eventful evening arrived, and the time had come for "doing her hair"—which was to be her sister's labor of love—Lucretia was nowhere to be found. After some search, her mother discovered her behind the large parlor stove, devouring, with the aid of the last twilight rays, a volume of poetry. She had forgotten the assembly again; but when once she was fairly there, no star shone brighter, or was more admired. She gave a glowing account of it after her return, and then went back to her books and writing as though no such interruption had occurred.

The young girl fairly thirsted for knowledge and improvement, and yearned to improve the opportunities which she saw others slighting. She should be the happiest of the happy, she said, could she only take their place. It seemed hard indeed that she could not, but her passionate desire for educational advantages was at length gratified.

She was about sixteen, when a gentleman visiting Plattsburg saw some of her poems, and learned her history. He became deeply interested

in the struggles of the young writer, and having abundant means, as well as a generous heart, he proposed sending her at once to school, and giving her every advantage of education. Lucretia could scarcely believe her good fortune, and was almost overwhelmed with joy. To be furnished at last with the key to the treasures she had so longed to get possession of, was, for a time, bewildering, but her well-balanced mind soon recovered its equilibrium, and she set about her preparations without delay.

Mrs. Willard's school, at Troy, was selected by her self-constituted guardian and approved by her friends, and here she found her aspirations fully gratified. But she also found that a routine of systematic study was harder than she had anticipated—unfitted for it as she was by pensive and solitary musings, and such draughts at the fountain of knowledge as pleased her fancy at the time.

"On her entering the seminary," says the principal, "she at once surprised us by the brilliancy and pathos of her compositions—she evinced a most exquisite sense of the beautiful in the productions of her pencil; always giving to whatever she attempted to copy certain peculiar and original touches which marked the liveliness of her conceptions, and the power of her genius to embody these conceptions. But from studies which require calm and steady investigation, efforts of memory, judgment and consecutive thinking, her mind seemed to shrink. She had no confidence in herself, and appeared to regard with dismay any requisitions of this nature."

The lovely, gifted girl was a great favorite both with teachers and scholars, and her sojourn at the seminary was a happy one, except for the terrors of a public examination. Severe study was necessary, in her own opinion, to fit her for it, and enable her not to disgrace the benefactor to whom she owed her present advantages; and in conjunction with this, the dreadful feeling of responsibility, and fear of failure, undermined her delicate constitution.

She returned home for the vacation only to fall ill, and when partially recovered, went about the house a feeble, nervous invalid. Entire change of air was recommended, and she was placed at Miss Gilbert's school, in Albany. Here she was soon attacked by severe disease, but recovered sufficiently to be taken home, where she gradually declined until August, 1825, when she died within a month of her seventeenth birth-day.

Pure, beautiful spirit! so soon released from its prison-house of clay—her soul was too delicate for "this cold world of storms and clouds." Lucretia Davidson was a victim to her own life-long conscientiousness, and the last word she uttered was the name of her benefactor. She died calmly trusting in the merits of the Saviour, whom she had loved and honored; and her

stricken parents could say from their hearts "It is well with the child."

The tone of Lucretia Davidson's poetry is imaginative and melancholy. She wrote a great deal, and although at least a third of her writings had been destroyed, there remained nearly three hundred pieces. Among them were romance, poetry, and tragedy, and a number of letters to her mother. A volume was published in 1829 under the title "Amir Khan, and other poems; the remains of L. M. Davidson."

The *London Quarterly* of the same year said, in reviewing the book: "In our own language, except in the cases of Chatterton and Kirke White, we can call to mind no instance of so early, so ardent, and so fatal a pursuit of intellectual advancement."

These lines, addressed to her mother a few months before her death, are a fair specimen of the writer's poetic powers:

Oh thou whose care sustained my infant years,
And taught my prattling lips each note of love,
Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,
And round my brow hope's brightest garland wove.

To thee my lay is due, the simplest song
Which Nature gave me at life's opening day;
To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,
Whose heart indulgent will not spurn my lay.

O say, amid this wilderness of life,
What bosom would have throbb'd like thine for me?

Who would have smiled responsive?—who in grief
Would e'er have felt, and feeling grieved, like thee?

Who would have guarded with a falcon eye,
Each trembling footstep, or each start of fear?
Who would have marked my bosom bounding high,

And clasped me to her heart with love's bright tear?

Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,
And fanned, with anxious hand, my burning brow?

Who would have fondly pressed my fevered lip,
In all the agony of love and woe?

None but a mother—none but one like thee,
Whose bloom had faded in the midnight watch;
Whose eye, for me, has lost its witchery;
Whose form has felt disease's mildew touch.

Yes, thou hast lighted me to health and life,
By the bright lustre of thy youthful bloom—
Yes, thou hast wept so oft o'er every grief,
That woe hath traced thy brow with marks of gloom.

Oh, then, to thee, this rude and simple song,
Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee,
To thee, my mother, shall this lay belong.
Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.

It is not a little remarkable that two such children should be born into one family; and although fifteen years her junior, Margaret Miller Davidson was in many respects almost an exact counterpart of her sister Lucretia. One of the latter's sweetest poems was addressed to the infant Mar-

garet lying asleep on her lap, and on the little one seems to have fallen both the mantle of her precious genius and the doom of her early death.

The younger sister was delicate from her very birth—probably inheriting her mother's frailty of constitution at the time; and considering her highly imaginative and excitable temperament, the wonder is not that she died so soon, but that she lived so long.

Margaret Davidson was born in the same house where her sister first saw the light, on the 26th of March, 1823, and gave evidence, from the first dawns of intellect, of being no common child. At six years old, she began unconsciously to speak in rhyme; and even at that early age, being much affected by the beauties of nature, as she stood one day beside her mother looking out on a lovely landscape, she suddenly exclaimed:

"See those lofty, those grand trees;
Their high tops waving in the breeze;
They cast their shadows on the ground,
And spread their fragrance all around."

When requested by her surprised and delighted mother to write the verse down, the little one wrote it as though it had been prose, and did not even seem to know that it flowed in rhyme; but from that time forth she wrote something of the kind every day, and brought it to her mother for approval.

The baby poetess had the same insatiable love of books that characterized her gifted sister; and her mother said of her:

"By the time she was six years old, her language assumed an elevated tone, and her mind seemed filled with poetic imagery, blended with veins of religious thought. At this period I was chiefly confined to my room by debility. She was my companion and friend; and as the greater part of my time was devoted to her instruction, she advanced rapidly in her studies. She read not only well, but elegantly. Her love of reading amounted almost to a passion, and her intelligence surpassed belief. Strangers viewed with astonishment a child, little more than six years old, reading with enthusiastic delight Thomson's Seasons, The Pleasures of Hope, Cowper's Task, the writings of Milton, Byron, and Scott, and marking, with taste and discrimination, the passages which struck her. The sacred writings were her daily study; with her little Bible on her lap, she usually seated herself near me, and then read a chapter from the holy volume. This was a duty which she was taught not to perform lightly; and we have frequently spent two hours in reading and remarking upon the contents of a chapter."

With all this, her spirits were remarkably buoyant and elastic; and the same partial biographer says: "She was like a bird on the wing; her fairy form scarcely seemed to touch the earth as she passed." As a child, she would amuse

herself for hours together with her doll or her kitten in the most original ways—carrying on imaginary dialogues between her playthings, and often investing them with historical characters that were always accurately maintained.

Her devotion to the memory of her sister was wonderful, considering her extreme youth at the time of her death; and she would sit day after day on a cushion at her mother's feet, begging to hear all about her sister's life and early death—exclaiming at intervals: "Oh mamma, I will try to fill her place! Oh, teach me to be like her!"

Her strongest desire was to resemble this beautiful, gifted sister; and too literally was the desire granted. She was but eleven years old when Washington Irving, who had been much interested in the story of Lucretia, first saw her in attendance on her invalid mother, and was struck with her intellectual beauty. When she had left the room, the proud mother showed him some verses written by the little Margaret, which seemed to the great author "remarkable for such a child."

He wisely adds: "I cautioned her mother, therefore, against fostering her poetic vein; and advised such studies and pursuits as would tend to strengthen her judgment, calm and regulate the sensibilities, and enlarge that common sense which is the only safe foundation for all intellectual superstructure."

This, however, was not easy; for, as her mother said, her peculiar temperament required peculiar culture; and the increasing delicacy of her health was a source of constant anxiety and alarm. Perhaps the most beautiful trait of Margaret Davidson's lovely character was her entire and rapt devotion to this mother. There was a great disparity of years between them—Mrs. Davidson's fiftieth birthday occurring when her daughter was but fifteen—yet in mind and tastes they were thoroughly congenial.

Margaret's only school teacher was her mother; and often would she exclaim, "Oh mamma! how glad I am that you are not too ill to teach me! Surely I am the happiest girl in the world!"

The tie between them was a peculiarly tender one; and the loving child was constantly haunted by a fear of losing her much-loved parent. Meanwhile, consumption had early marked the daughter for its prey, and was making slow but certain inroads. The family residence was changed again and again in the vain hope of averting the blow; and application of every kind was strictly forbidden. But books, pen, and pencil were too near her heart to be permanently resigned; and after an obedient, but restless, season of rest, she obtained permission to return to them.

Change for the worse; change for the better; hope changed to doubt, and doubt to despair; a persistent struggle for life on the part of the dying girl, and then sweet peace and resignation. She breathed her last on her mother's bosom on the

25th of November, 1838, after a short pilgrimage of fifteen years and eight months.

The poetical remains of Margaret Davidson have been gathered into a volume, with a biography by Washington Irving; and, principally from the latter the materials for the present sketch have been obtained. Like her sister Lucretia, Margaret wrote, a short time before her death, a poem to her mother, which is among her best productions. A portion of the stanzas are given below:

Oh mother, would the power were mine
To wake the strain thou lov'st to hear,
And breathe each trembling, new-born thought
Within thy fondly listening ear.
As when, in days of health and glee,
My hopes and fancies wander'd free.
But, mother, now a shade has past
Athwart my brightest visions here;
A cloud of darkest gloom has wrapt
The remnant of my brief career!
No song, no echo can I win,
The sparkling fount has died within.
The torch of earthly hope burns dim,
And fancy spreads her wings no more.
And oh! how vain and trivial seem
The pleasures that I prized before.
My soul, with trembling steps and slow,
Is struggling on through doubt and strife;
Oh! may it prove, as time rolls on,
The pathway to eternal life;—
Then when my cares and fears are o'er,
I'll sing thee as in days of yore.

[Written expressly for Godey's Lady's Book.]

A ROSEBUD GARDEN OF GIRLS.*

BY MARIAN C. L. REEVES AND EMILY READ.

Authors of "Ingre misco," "Wearithorne," "Old Martin Bosca wen's Jest," "Aytoun," etc., etc.

[As some of our readers may not have read the opening chapters of the serial continued in this number, we give a brief summary of the characters and incidents previously described.

In the "Rosebud Garden" are six sisters, motherless daughters of Mr. Burnley. Margaret loves Roger Gillespie, from whom she parts in the first chapter of the story, he going to South America, while she remains in her home in Little Medlington. An explanation or formal betrothal at parting is prevented by Mr. Burnley, but the two part, lovers.

Charlotte, another daughter, has been adopted and educated by her Aunt Margaret, a woman of fashion in Baltimore, and is in love with Cyril Elliot, a nephew of her aunt's husband, who has fallen in love with Gertrude Oliver, a visitor at Mrs. Margaret Elliot's.

Delphine and Elliot Burnley are twins, and Delphine has married a wealthy old man, Mr. Burger, and gone with him to Europe.

Kate is in love with Ambrose Austin, a "ne'er

do weel" who goes to Baltimore to seek his fortune.

May, the youngest sister, is but a child when the story opens.

Roger Gillespie has an aunt, Miss Alethea, who is a friend of all the girls, and who has another friend in a confirmed invalid, Bessie Archer, a girl who has seemed purified by suffering into a character almost saintly. Dr. Kearney, one of the many physicians of Little Medlington, meets Kate Burnley at Miss Alethea's, and persuades them to introduce him to Bessie Archer, in the hope of being of professional service to her. He succeeds in restoring her to health, and falls in love himself with Kate Burnley.

Bessie Archer, when convalescent, visits in Baltimore, and Ambrose meeting her there, is false to Kate and marries Bessie.

In the town of Little Medlington there appears a little German woman, who, after wandering about unable to make herself understood, meets Elliot Burnley, who speaks German. She is seeking Delphine, and claims herself to be the wife of Frederick Burger. Elliot, who worships her twin sister, persuades the woman to wait to hear from her before making herself known, and before night Dr. Kearney seeks Elliot to tell her the woman is dying and asking for her. She goes with the doctor, and is given a package of letters, which she burns after the woman dies. Some months later, she receives herself a letter, after reading which she endeavors to get some money from her father. Mr. Burnley is seized with a paralytic stroke, and Elliot thinks she has been the cause of his illness. She leaves her home, and all trace of her is lost.

But she has gone to the place of which she is told in the letter, to find the daughter of the German woman, an invalid and imbecile. As atonement for destroying the letters and keeping the secret from Delphine, Elliot devotes her life to this child, supporting her by the work of her own hands, and supplying every want of her illness and enfeebled mind.

Once, looking from her window, she sees Delphine conversing with Dr. Mahlon Mackenzie, who is attending the German girl.

Delphine becomes a widow abroad, and returns to Baltimore.

Gertrude Oliver has for years been engaged to her cousin, Geoffrey Forbes, but accepts an invitation to visit Mrs. Elliot, where she meets Cyril. Geoffrey visits her in Baltimore, is jealous of Cyril, but does not know Gertrude returns his love. Gertrude lives with her uncle, devoted to him as he is to her, and is the supposed heiress to his large estate. But upon his death, her uncle leaves his property to Geoffrey, whom he supposes Gertrude will marry.

In the meantime, Cyril has proposed to Gertrude and been refused. But after her uncle's

death, Gertrude breaks her engagement, promising, however, not to marry until Geoffrey gives his permission. In order that Gertrude may not leave her home, Geoffrey, by the advice of Charlotte Burnley, goes to Europe; and Charlotte, who has heard of Mr. Burger's dangerous illness, appears on the same steamer. Abroad, she has Geoffrey's companionship for a year, when Cyril unexpectedly meets her. She finds he is still in love with Gertrude, still determined to win her if possible, and after parting from him, she persuades Geoffrey of her love for him, and marries him, returning to America with Delphine.

At the steamer-landing they meet Gertrude engaging a stateroom for a lady with whom she is going abroad as companion. But, freed by Geoffrey's marriage, she accepts Cyril, who renews his offer as soon as he hears she is no longer bound by her promise to Geoffrey.

Delphine, returning to Baltimore a wealthy widow, becomes very popular, and is herself very much interested in Dr. Mahlon Mackenzie, the physician at a new hospital. She is anxious to persuade him to visit at her "at homes," and offers him choice wines for his sick poor.

It is at the door of the house where Elliot is hidden nursing Gretel that Delphine, talking to Dr. Mackenzie, is seen by her twin sister.

The doctor going to visit his patient finds Elliot greatly agitated, but assures her that no wealth could help the invalid, and nothing could be added to the care she already receives; while Elliot, while owning to some wrong done to the child, also adds that she does not repent of it.

At this point our readers can take up the story as it continues in this number.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I' faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome."

Many Thursday evenings pass, and Doctor Mackenzie has not made his appearance at Delphine's home. To-night it is lighted evidently for more than an ordinary evening reception; there is to be a carpet dance, in honor, as every one knows, of the arrival of a sister of Mrs. Burger's, on a visit to her. The guests have generally assembled, and "Where is your new doctor? Have you not had the courage to send him an invitation?" asks Louis de Lille.

But Delphine only laughs; she will not acknowledge that she has been neglected. "He has not needed any wine yet; when he does he will come," she says to herself.

She is right, for just then she sees Mahlon in the doorway. A faint flush overspreads her face.

"A woman sometimes succeeds," she says.

"A pretty one always—" answers Louis, having forgotten his former remark.

Delphine laughs, and goes forward to welcome her guest.

"Have you come for the wine?" she asks.

Yes, he had come only for the wine; but the sight of Delphine's drawing-rooms makes him loth to ask for it. If he could have demanded of her to sell all that she had, and give to the poor, he would not have scrupled to do so. As it is, the few bottles of wine, so prized awhile ago, seem now the merest mockery of an offering from Delphine to his poor, sick folk.

"You must tell me of your patients, presently," says Delphine promptly; "just now I would like to introduce you to some friends."

She made a judicious choice: overlooking eager glances from pretty eyes, she selects two elderly men interested in the city drainage, and Mrs. Elliot, who through her husband's will is one of the patrons of a new hospital, of which the corner-stone has just been laid, and for the ventilation of which Mahlon has been called upon by the building committee to give his views.

They are not very interesting to his neighbors on the sofa in the alcove, who indeed seem sufficiently occupied with one another just now to be indifferent to the conversation around them. One of them is a bright little old lady, and the other one is Kate.

You could tell it was Kate, even with her back turned toward you, by the quick, impulsive way she has of leaning forward; you could tell it was she, even before she spoke, with a quick glance across at the door, which only opened to admit some stranger.

"Miss Alethea, did you know Delphine has invited them?"

"Them? Whom do you mean?" asks Miss Alethea, unsuspectingly.

Kate laughs, a low ringing laugh, with not a tone of bitterness in it.

"That is just like me, Miss Alethea—finishing my thought aloud, and leaving you to guess the beginning. I mean Bessie and—Mr. Archer. Delphine says they have moved almost next door. I persuaded Delphine that it would look odd to leave them out. Besides, I prefer that they should come."

Miss Alethea says nothing, but she does not like the shifting color in the face turned frankly round on her. It is easy to see that Kate is restless, and Miss Alethea fears, nervous. She wishes she could catch the doctor and tell him her anxiety, and ask him to watch the child. Not Delphine's doctor, whom she hears just now behind her so deep in malaria that it really frightens her to draw in a long breath; but young Kearney, who has taken the trouble to come all the way from Little Medlington to B—— just to take care of

an old woman and a young one, who are not used to travel alone.

Here he comes now, while Kate is asking if Miss Alethea did not think the flowers pretty in the hall. "We are to dance in the front drawing-room, and the supper is to be in the conservatory," Kate explains.

All very nice; but Miss Alethea is thinking of something else than dancing and eating. These three years—have they really changed Kate so, and yet left her so nearly the same outwardly, except for a softened something in the frank, rosy face, and in the manner which is no longer in danger of being brusque or awkward? And Bessie—will she come, or send an excuse?

Kate has quite given them up; and Miss Alethea is glad that Doctor Kearney carries her off to dance. She is not sorry either, for her part, to have a moment of quiet observation from her sofa. Miss Alethea is not fond of Little Medlington parties, which, indeed, are apt to be failures; for how should they not be, when one fatigues one's self by dressing at an unusual hour to go out to meet people one can see any hour of the day one pleases? But here it is a different matter, and it need not be a *mauvais quart d'heure* spent in watching the prettily-dressed, animated groups.

"There are none prettier than our village girls," she is saying to herself, when there is a stir about the door-way, from a fresh arrival, and Bessie enters on Ambrose's arm. Just then the music ceases, and Kate turns, mindful of Miss Alethea, and comes this way, leaning on the doctor's arm. She starts a little when she sees Bessie, but stoops and kisses her—when will not women kiss?—and shakes hands with Ambrose, who looks as if he wished himself well out of the way.

Bessie is lovely in pale lilac. Her violet eyes are bright with excitement, though she is very cool when Doctor Kearney greets her frigidly. Miss Alethea wonders if she suspects she canceled her debt of gratitude to him when she married Ambrose.

Bessie has unwittingly taken her seat on the sofa beside Miss Alethea, and just then a servant brings Miss Alethea a cup of coffee. "I am glad your nerves are strong enough; I should be awake all night if I drank coffee," Bessie remarked, blandly.

"At my time of life one's nerves are used to shocks. Besides, I don't expect to sleep to-night," Miss Alethea answers, curtly.

Ambrose is watching, wishing to speak to her, but she avoids his eye and catches Kate's instead. Kate sees her old friend is annoyed, and as Delphine comes forward just then, Kate proposes to take Miss Alethea to the conservatory to see the roses.

"Thank you, dear; I'm not fond of roses after

night. Take the doctor instead, and he can tell me about them."

However, it is a good opportunity to change her seat, which Miss Alethea does by going into the adjoining room.

Ambrose had moved away when he saw Kate coming towards Miss Alethea, and he too is in the other room. He is with a group of men by a table, on which there is a bowl of punch, and he has just filled his glass.

"Ambrose"—it is Bessie's voice just at his elbow—"Mrs. Gardette wishes to speak to you."

"In a moment," he says.

"Hush, dear, she will hear you."

And Ambrose puts down his glass untasted, and goes to speak to Mrs. Gardette, who does not seem to be expecting him.

After that Bessie takes him into the other drawing-room, out of sight of the punch. Miss Alethea doubts very much if Kate could have managed so adroitly.

Kate is a long time in the conservatory—"You ought to see the roses. The Giant of Battles is superb," the doctor says to Miss Alethea.

"I have seen a giant, too; not so tall as Goliath of Gath; indeed, quite tiny, and with violet eyes; yet not one to be overcome by a strong man, much less a stripling."

Her doctor looked perplexed; he has only seen Bessie in her weakness.

"If you will win Kate," adds Miss Alethea; "I will leave you my blessing."

"I will do my best to get the legacy," he says, and goes to find Kate. He does not seem to think it prudent to let her be out of his sight. Miss Alethea predicts that Doctor Kearney will make another wonderful cure in our village. "But I shall always bear a grudge against our doctor," she is telling herself; "for it was by his means that we lost our saint."

Delphine's doctor, meanwhile, if he had been told he could have talked so much sober common sense amidst the laughter and music around him, would have been incredulous. He would not willingly have missed the few hours spent at Mrs. Burger's house, were it only for the opening he found for giving his special views upon hospital wards.

"Then you have no belief in the moral effect of the beautiful, Doctor Mackenzie. I thought it a necessary feature in a sick-room now-a-days. A bare room must have a depressing effect upon the patient," asserts Mrs. Elliot, smiling up at him as he stands above her, and with a deprecating gesture of the white hands which, another winter evening three years ago, had set Geoffrey Forbes wondering how far they had succeeded in moulding his gauche little country girl to their town-bred airs and graces. The airs and graces are, however, quite lost on Mahlon, who is saying, bluntly:

"Cleanliness is the first requisite; therefore, the less furniture the better."

"But bare cleanliness! If you only had Delphine's taste to help you. You must cultivate Delphine, Doctor Mackenzie. She will be of immense advantage to you; she is very liberal, indeed, lavish where she is interested; and her taste is perfect. It would be a sort of charity on your part to interest her in some such work."

"I cannot imagine Mrs. Burger in a hospitalward," says Mahlon, a little coldly, glancing over where Delphine stands, the centre of a knot of gay young people.

"It is a little difficult, if one's imagination be not strongly developed. Yet, Delphine has her vagaries; and, better still, she holds her money in her hands—no one's advice even to take. If there is a position to be envied in this troublous life, it is Delphine's."

Mrs. Elliot speaks with some feeling. She has known what it is in her own widowhood to be trammelled; and though it made little matter to her before Cyril's marriage, while she looked forward to the property's passing to Charlotte also as his wife, now it is different. Cyril is very good, of course, and Gertrude a prettily-behaved niece-in-law once removed, if the relation might be thus defined; properly mindful, Mrs. Elliot supposes, that but for her she would never have emerged from her chrysalis state into the butterfly glories of Mrs. Cyril Elliot. Notwithstanding all which, the elder Mrs. Elliot can perceive the superior advantages of Delphine Burger's position, free to do as she will with her own, without any reversion to some nephew-in-law. Husbands' kindred generally she holds to be a mistake; though, for that matter, so was Charlotte throwing herself away upon a man who is burying her in the country, just as if he had not a fair estate of his own, and Broomielaw to boot. A girl with all her advantages! and she might have had Cyril, who is turning out a man of mark.

It does not require long for a whole paragraph of thoughts to pass through one's mind, and these have flitted through Mrs. Elliot's in the brief space while she makes her last speech to Doctor Mackenzie, and he is returning:

"From my stand-point, I see a good many flaws in the position."

"And I can see none!"

"One thing you forget—that to arrive at this perfect state, there was a death to witness," says Mahlon, gravely.

Of course that was sad, but it was not a bitter trial to Delphine. Mr. Burger was a friend of her father's, and the match was made when she was very young. I don't mean you to understand that there was the shadow of an unhappiness between them; but it was only natural that Delphine should bear the old man's death tranquilly."

"And afterwards enjoy his money."

"Why not? It was what he expected, and no one could have managed everything better than old Mr. Burger; for he left the whole of his property to Delphine to do as she pleased with, without one irritating or insulting proviso."

"If you allude to a second marriage, I should have thought it so certain that common prudence would have made him provide against it. That is, if he did not wish another man to have his fortune," says Mahlon with a shrug.

Mrs. Elliot is a little nettled by the result of her involuntary match-making proclivity. Of course, the man does not know of Delphine's relationship to herself—but then, a woman so charming as Delphine! Nothing succeeds like success with Mrs. Elliot, and she is nettled by Doctor Mackenzie's indifference, and says, a little hotly:

"Mr. Burger knew Delphine was no fool."

"You said she was not in love with her husband," remarks Mahlon, not caring to discuss Mr. Burger's intellectual status.

"But I did not say she was ever in love with any one else. That is a fallacy of your sex, the need we women have of being in love. Empty-headed girls agree with you. But Delphine's head, if not wonderfully clever, is well-filled after her own fashion,"

"After rather a frivolous fashion," Mahlon is about to say, but Delphine's approach checks him.

He is surprised to find that many of the guests have left, that actually he is among the last, and he had only intended to spend a half hour at the most.

Delphine is saying:

"There is a friend of ours, I would like to make known to you, Doctor Mackenzie—Doctor Kearney, whose paper in one of the medical reviews I heard you bring forward to Mr. Gardette a little while ago, in corroboration of some of your own views; so you might like to compare notes farther. If you will take me into the other room—"

She puts her pretty little gloved hand in his arm; and somehow, as he looks down upon her, he feels himself less strict a censor than when he was watching her in the gay group apart. That is, if there could be space in this hard, work-a-day world for things merely ornamental, one might acknowledge the right in it of anything so dainty. It is by no means unqualified praise, this, in Mahlon Mackenzie's view of the world, for he is far from being sure that there is any such space.

On their way into the other room, they pass a fair woman in lilac silk, of whose story Delphine makes a sketch, by way of interesting Doctor Mackenzie farther in Kate's doctor. It does interest him more than she supposes; his thoughts have gone straight from this luxurious apartment, to Miss Ellis's narrow garret, and the invalid

girl there. And when the two doctors leave Delphine Burger's door together, it is with the arrangement to meet at Miss Ellis's on the morrow.

But when the morrow arrived, as their fates would have it, Miss Ellis was out when the doctors came, and made their examination of the patient; with this only result, that Miss Ellis at Dr. Mackenzie's next visit had two opinions instead of one, as to the utter hopelessness of the disease from the beginning, and the impossibility of doing more for it than she had done.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Happy is the wooing that is not long in doing."

After that evening, Mahlon was one of Delphine's most constant Thursday evening guests; she was proud of the fact, for he went nowhere else, and this grave, quiet doctor had been a little difficult to attract. Not that she did altogether attract him; indeed, she sometimes repelled him, this gay, worldly little woman, so utterly unlike his ideal of what Adam's helpmate should be. But there was one strong bond between them—the hospital—the finishing of which had fallen almost entirely upon Mahlon, the building fund having been spent, and no one feeling an especial interest in the completion. Delphine gave liberally to the hospital, and was always ready to do something for his poor patients; so that Mahlon was constantly at her house—running headlong into danger, every one predicted; but if so, he was unconscious of it. For Delphine, no one was in the least anxious. A grave, quiet, literal man like Doctor Mackenzie, was not of the kind to entrap a gay, bright, imaginative person like Delphine. Besides, she always laughed at the idea of his being attentive to her, and declared that a woman must be ill unto death, for Doctor Mackenzie to feel interested in her.

It was a chance word or two which Mahlon overheard, that revealed to him that people were coupling his name with Delphine's. Most men, less fastidious than he, would have said it was nonsense, and would have thought no more about it. But he considered it a wrong to a woman to have her name so mentioned, if he did not intend if possible to marry her. Therefore it was plainly his duty to silence the gossips by avoiding Delphine. He was sorry, for he found her house pleasant. It never occurred to him that perhaps Delphine might be sorry too; no doubt, if he had thought so, he would have acted just the same; for even trifles wore the serious aspect of right or wrong, and were to be acted on accordingly, to Mahlon's thinking.

So he would make his good-bye to-night a final one, and go away without any explanation. It is

late, and every one is leaving. "Wait a few moments," Delphine says. "I have something to tell you for the good of your hospital."

He cannot refuse, for there are too many bystanders; besides, it does not so much matter, since this is to be their last interview. Delphine bids her guests good-night gayly. She has no idea that there is a solemn leave-taking to go through.

"Shall I tease you with guessing, or tell you at once?" she asks, when she stands alone with Mahlon in her empty drawing-room. He looks too grave to tease, so she adds: "Old Mr. Gale has promised me a thousand for his subscription. You see I did my best to be charming, and he considered my endeavor to be worth just so much money."

If she had intended to please him, Delphine must have been chilled and disappointed by his manner of receiving her tidings. She cannot tell that he regrets this bit of begging for his hobby, as but another way for people to connect their names. Delphine is so heedless.

"I am sorry," says Mahlon, at last. "I wish you had not asked Mr. Gale."

Delphine opens her blue eyes wide with astonishment. "Do you really mean it?"

"Certainly, I mean it."

"Oh, very well. But I did not know you disliked to be helped so much as all that."

"It is not that I dislike to be helped—" answered Mahlon, growing confused.

"Only you dislike my doing it."

"For your own sake. I never could speak half-truths—may I be frank?"

"Certainly," says Delphine, wondering what this whole truth would be.

"You know I am very ignorant of your society, of its actions and its judgments. I have found it pleasant here, and I never thought of doing you a wrong."

Delphine looks bewildered for a moment, and then the blood comes in a hot flush into her face. "Will you please explain what wrong you could possibly do me?"

"It is certainly a wrong to allow any one to suppose I do not consider you in some measure sacred, set apart, as it were from other women—"

"I understand," she interrupts, the color dying out of her face. "You mean as Mr. Burger's widow."

"Yes; and I blame myself for carelessly letting our friendship be misunderstood. I can only promise not to intrude again."

"But you don't mean it," exclaims Delphine, eagerly. "If people are silly, it is nothing to us."

"Pardon me, but it is a great deal to you," he says, gravely.

"Not as much as you think. I don't care in the least," says Delphine, with a little shrug of indifference.

"But you should care—or at least I should for you."

"Bah! I can judge for myself. I know, as you say, more of the ways of society than you do, and I do not wish to lose a friend so easily."

"I am sorry you think me wrong," answers Mahlon; "but when you are older you will agree with me."

"When I am eighty, I shall doubtless not care for friends nor anything else."

Mahlon looks at her, decidedly puzzled. He cannot understand her irritability.

"Of course the loss is all on my side," he says.

"Of course, or I would not have argued the expediency of your decision. Very well; but if we cannot be friends, we can at least be on friendly terms, and your patients need not suffer. A mere hint will suffice," coldly adds Delphine.

"Thank you," he says; "in the name of my sick. You will not refuse to shake hands with me?"

"Why should I? It is a mere form."

Yet she does not refuse when Mahlon holds his out to her; and for a moment, as her hand lies so passively in his grasp, he has an odd feeling that he might hold it or drop it as he pleased. He blushes a little at the conceit, and lets Delphine go.

"Good-night," he says.

"Good-bye." And Delphine turns away, busying herself in rearranging some flowers in a vase on the mantel.

Not until Mahlon has fairly shut himself out into the hall, does he remember that he has left his hat in the drawing-room. He is inclined to go home without it, and let any chance passer-by think what they will of him. It is very hard to have these small absurdities thrust on us when we are acting the heroics. There is scarcely anything Mahlon would not do, rather than open that door; but there is no help for him, so at last he turns the lock as softly as possible.

To his great relief, Delphine is no longer standing before the mantel; she has gone.

Finding the room empty, Mahlon advances softly to the table. There he stops; for he sees a suspicious heap of silk and lace upon the sofa. If it is Delphine, she has her face so buried in the cushions, that there is no seeing it.

Mahlon's first thought is that she is tired, and is resting; but a convulsive little sob which goes shivering through her frame convinces him that it is not rest, though it may be relief which Delphine is seeking.

Tears are serious things to Mahlon. He comes of Scottish blood, and the women in his family are self-contained and reserved, and seldom give way to tears, even under pressure. He does not understand Delphine's temperament, nor conjecture that a dismal fit of crying might come

from a trivial disappointment. He might have recovered his hat, and withdrawn without Delphine's knowledge; but so used is he to stop and prescribe, that he never thinks of going. He stands there quietly looking at her, waiting for the paroxysm to pass. He is not a fool—indeed, is considered very clever—yet in some things he is wonderfully dull. As he stands waiting, it never occurs to him to connect her tears with that slight act of his of shutting the door. He has wit enough to suppose their interview had something to do with Delphine's outburst of grief; but he sets it down to wounded delicacy, anger, or even a tribute of remorse to the memory of Mr. Burger. A little valerian or bromide—

Just then she sits up, pushing back from her flushed face the wavy hair which had escaped its confinement; she looks up, and sees him watching her with an expression of concern in his eyes.

Delphine's first thought is that she is dreaming, and one is never on one's guard in sleep. Then she is conscious that Mahlon's eyes drop under her gaze, and she wonders if he has seen a ghost in hers, he grows so very pale.

"I thought you had gone," she says, sharply. "Surely, with your ideas of strict propriety, you need not be reminded how late it is."

He does not answer her at once, and she resumes:

"It was so very tiresome to-night, and a good cry is such a relief. Just what a cigar is to you men at times."

Still there comes no answer.

"Is anything wrong? Any one ill, I mean," asks Delphine, growing half frightened and bewildered.

"Yes there is something wrong," says Mahlon, slowly. "I made a mistake when I said it was best for us to part. My love will be a better protection—"

Delphine holds up her hand to check him "Not to-night. To-morrow, if you choose then."

As Mahlon walks home, he is conscious of the same odd tingling through his veins, which set his heart beating so strangely when Delphine in her bewilderment looked up at him. For the first time in his life he has acted from impulse, and the sensation is pleasurable.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO-MORROW may never come to us. We do not live in to-morrow. We cannot find it in any of our little deeds. The man who owns blocks of real estate and great ships on the sea does not own a single minute of to-morrow! To-morrow! It is a mysterious possibility, not yet born. It lies under the seal of midnight behind the veil of glittering constellations.—*Chapin.*

THE LITTLE TROMBONE PLAYER.

BY MARION COUTHOUY.

In one of those old-fashioned districts where the streets of Boston writhe and tangle themselves into a state of Chinese-puzzle-dom—in one of the narrowest, darkest and hilliest of them all—stands a small and somewhat shabby house, of depressing aspect. The young girl who sits at the door this languid spring afternoon, cannot properly be described as the one spot of brightness and beauty that makes “a sunshine in a shady place,” for she is neither bright nor pretty, neither fresh-colored nor well-dressed. She is only a pale girl in a faded calico dress and unpardonable shoes; a girl with a small thin face and rough hands, with tangled hair untidily knotted, and a pair of wistful, childish brown eyes. She is but an apology for a heroine, it must be owned; she is a very common person, and not at all interesting—a mere waif, fed and clothed with grudging charity by an aunt, a poor woman whose own wants are by no means sumptuously supplied. Mrs. Binn (whose name and person are each unpleasantly suggestive of a past tense of the verb “to be,” as if she were at present but negatively existent) is, however, an honest and respectable woman, and not unimportant in her own eyes. Her dignity is greatly upheld by the portentous announcement of “Rooms to Let,” and is further enhanced by the fact that one of the said rooms is actually already *let*, and to a highly eligible person. We shall have the opportunity of passing judgment upon the latter; he is approaching the house at this moment. I cannot deny that he also is a very common person, only to be described as *eligible* on the ground of prompt and regular payment. He is a musical character of no great distinction, and there is no romance about the instrument which he is skilled to play. It is—alas!—the trombone; and he may be seen nightly, with puffed cheeks and a determined expression, caressing the mouth-piece of his brass darling, in the orchestra of a prominent theatre. He is but an insignificant unit in the sum of the evening's performance; and yet, somehow, the music would not sound so well without him. That is the way with many people and things in this world; we cannot each be the leader, or even the first violin.

Indeed, it has been hinted that to play “second fiddle” is the worst place of all, and that is a consolation for the first trombone. Herr Keppel, however, seemed in no need of consolation, being also of unromantic aspect. He was short and squarely built, and his countenance may be described as mildly fierce. He had light hair, which aspired to “stand erect and free;” he had a huge, fair mustache, which looked as if it had been thrown at him, and had lodged accidentally in its present position; and he had a most appalling Roman nose! These ferocious characteristics

were dominated by a pair of mild blue eyes, which caused a grotesque combination, metaphorically suggestive of the lion and the lamb. Such was Mrs. Binn's boarder, who now politely lifted his hat as he passed little Christine on the stoop.

She moved aside, somewhat rudely shaken from an odd little day-dream, such as often possessed her solitary, uncultured, youthful mind. The yellow afternoon sunlight, slanting warmly down the street, seemed to rouse the quaint old houses from a sort of slumber, and make them open their dim eyes in vague astonishment. A thousand formless wonders were suggested by the rich light; a hint of all the glories of the wide world seemed to come with it. Christine, dowered with a wealth of fancy uncounted by herself, groped blindly through the half-gorgeous, half-shadowy region of her dreams. She thought of “the fairies,” as children do; but the forms of lovely being which her little heart conceived were in reality akin rather to the angels.

“Goot-evening,” says Herr Keppel, in a cheery, deep voice.

“Good-evening, sir,” replies the waif, looking up at him for an instant, with her melancholy, questioning eyes.

He sees for the first time that the eyes of Mrs. Binn's little servant-niece are beautiful. “Ach Himmel!” he says to himself, as he passes in, “we see not often such *augen* in the Fatherland. But she is *bleich*—that little *mädchen*—she will die.” His German sisters, long ago, were round-cheeked and rosy, with light blue, staring eyes. They could do hard work, but it was harder for slim Christine to labor in the household, and to take entire charge of fat, heavy, four-year-old Tommy. When Herr Keppel thought of Tommy, he frowned so prodigiously that if that uncompromising youngster had chanced to see him, the neighborhood would have been aroused by howls of fear and fury. For, in the eyes of Tommy, the German lodger was a wonder of dark and secret iniquity, a fabulous monster come to life, an ogre, a bear, and a dragon, united in one blood-curdling combination. It was all because of “that there trombone,” as Mrs. Binn said; the lightest tone of that obnoxious instrument being sufficient to render Tommy hysterical and unmanageable. He was a good-natured baby ordinarily; but Herr Keppel's practising hours were the times that tried Christine's soul.

“For the land's sake, Christine!” exclaimed Mrs. Binn, suddenly appearing at the door; “is that what you've been doin' this mortal afternoon—settin' on the stoop 'sif there warn't no supper to git, 'n no table to set? Besides Tommy trainin' like Bedlam ever since he laid eyes on Mr. Keppel; and he's been clever's a kitten, too, all day, till *he* came in. What we *air* to do with that child, I don't see; for I sh'd hate to part with Mr. Keppel too, if 'twasn't for that plaguey trombon'!”

Sighing, and talking, and clattering among the dishes, Mrs. Binn went on with her work, while Christine endeavored to soothe Tommy and set the table. Growing interested in the disposition of plates and cups, that over-susceptible young gentleman condescended to forget his trials, until the unfortunate and unforeseen appearance of his ogre once more sent him close to Christine's side, his eyes shining with mingled suspicion and fascination.

"Please excuse me, Mrs. Binn," said the deferential musician, with a bow. "But I did come to see if I might talk with the little child, that he should love me, and be no more afraid."

"Law, you're welcome to try, Mr. Keppel," said the worthy lady. "But it does seem to make him so fractious when you come in. He knows you've got somethin' to do with that there instrument. He don't admire to hear the music much;" and Mrs. Binn, who was far from "admiring to hear it" herself, smiled, somewhat grimly.

"That ist not pretty music," said the German, smiling under his great mustache. "It is not goot alone—it is to play with many others. That is a rock, my base tone—they play those others, and that is to build on it a fairy's castle, so—sehr schön!" And he lifted his arms in animated gesture.

Mrs. Binn thought he was trying to say something, but had not sufficient English at his command; therefore she smiled indulgently, and made no effort to understand; but Christine, looking up, with her childish wondering eyes, saw dimly the fairy palace of tone, rising with its gracious and airy battlements. Then, kling! it fell to the ground, shaken from its foundations by the voice of inexorable doom, in the shape of Tommy. "Go 'way!" he remarked sternly, making open attack upon his enemy for the first time, apparently rendered intrepid by despair.

"Mein kind," said the German, bending over him with a kindly smile, "I have something to show out-doors—oh fine, fine! So pretty!" Tommy, fascinated by the near approach of that alarming nose, glared at him speechless but indomitable. Herr Keppel stooped and held out both hands. "Will you come, my child?" he said, in tones so richly sweet and winning that they appealed even to Mrs. Binn.

Tommy looked straight into the mild, blue eyes; his hold on Christine's dress relaxed. Herr Keppel came nearer still, and took him in his arms, but he did not shrink. Wonderful to relate, the child suffered himself to be carried off bodily by the ogre, and gave no sign of fear, save a steadily diminishing look of suspicion, and a furtive thumb-gently insinuated between his pouting lips, as if for his own reassurance and comfort. He was not yet sure, but he was relenting!

"Great Ned!" exclaimed Mrs. Binn. "Ef that don't beat all!" But she spoke to the empty

air. Christine had retired to the back kitchen, had flung herself down on a wooden bench and was sobbing tumultuously. "Will you come, my child?" Those softly spoken words had unsealed a mighty fountain in her desolate, darkened heart. That was the way fathers spoke, when people *had* fathers! "Their own fathers, that love them," she cried to herself. "But there ain't nobody to love some folks!" Poor little Christine, she was a child, yet a woman.

Being often red-eyed, and even red-nosed, from cold perhaps, or "puniness," as Mrs. Binn said, Christine attracted no attention when she returned. Supper was soon ready, Mrs. Binn went out and called, or rather shrieked to her two older children, who were playing "around the corner." Mr. Binn, a heavy, good-natured man, came in from his work, and finally Mr. Keppel and Tommy returned from their seat upon the steps. The treaty was at length completed in all its terms and duly signed and sealed; Tommy had capitulated with the foe! They came in hand-in-hand, and the vanquished party even exhibited marked signs of contentment and good humor.

"Tell me 'nother story after tea!" he demanded graciously.

"I will tell you much more stories, mein kind," said the conqueror, "but not to-night. It must be that I go to-night in the orchestra. To-morrow we will haf goot stories. I will tell you of that fairy who lifts in mine trombone."

Tommy stared. Fairies and trombones were utterly irreconcilable ideas in his mind; but failing to solve the problem, he left it for time to unfold, and applied himself with unfeigned ardor to the needs of the present hour, and the delights of material refreshment.

Christine was in a strange mood. In her bare attic room that night, by the light of her poor bit of candle, she studied a little card which she had once received at Sunday-school, a glaringly tinted picture of Christ blessing little children. Then she repeated the words "Will you come, my child?" and cried herself to sleep.

Herr Keppel's good nature was not exhausted by his first effort to conciliate Tommy. His mind was a perfect treasure-house of fairy-tales, and in every leisure hour he drew upon its stories for the amusement of his new little friend. From scraps of German folk-lore, down to the Grimms and beloved Hans Andersen—in all that had ever been told about that pretty borderland of magic and mystery which is the paradise of children, he seemed to be well-versed; and his narratives took a quainter and richer coloring from his broken English, and from his own appreciative and loving fancy. For he had, like dear old Andersen himself, a large, tender, child-like heart.

"Better than all treasures
That in books are found—"

and he caught the full fragrance of exquisite

meaning with which many of those lovely tales are fraught. And Christine? how was it with her in all those days, when she sat and listened, with worlds of wonder in her wide, brown eyes? To those eyes Herr Keppel always turned, seeing a fairy there, indeed—far within their limpid depths—a beautiful winged soul, struggling upward to the light. But better than all the tales, were the songs he sang in a strange tongue. The magic, meaningless words were words of love, he said, and the harmonies were to Christine's soul like the south wind upon an opening flower. Tommy liked also to hear him sing; and, what was far better, he was somewhat reconciled to the trombone. He had been persuaded at last that a good fairy was lodged in its brazen heart, and he took a sort of awe-struck delight in the sound of her deep, thrilling voice. "She hollers awful loud, though!" he said, thoughtfully and with a touch of doubt. "But she loves little boys, Tinie!" he would ask a dozen times a day. "Oh, dearly!" said Christine; and then Tommy would stroke the shabby green bag, if it were within reach, and feel the mysterious outline of his former enemy, with thrills of fearful joy.

Mrs. Binn had taken another boarder, at Herr Keppel's recommendation. He was a young man, belonging to the same orchestra, but he bore no resemblance to the worthy trombonist. On the contrary, he was, as Mrs. Binn said, "mighty good-lookin'," after a manner that would certainly be more likely to attract her regard than the square figure and stern outline of his elder friend. Young Hess was an American of German parentage; he was tall and slim, black-eyed and Byronic; he wore his dark locks pushed back from his forehead and hanging almost to his shoulders, and when he held his violin, his little finger was always extended in a manner which he regarded as the perfection of high-bred grace.

In the heart of Tommy, however, the newcomer could not supersede his ever-patient entertainer. No one knew what Christine thought, for the weird little brown-eyed creature always shrank away from notice. But she was greatly changed—perhaps because her seventeenth birthday had come and passed. In the afternoon she was always neatly attired in the one dress she possessed, which had any pretension to prettiness, a chintz with little blue figures on a white ground, which she kept carefully washed and ironed, though she was obliged to rise very early, many a morning, to keep it in good order. Her rough, light hair was neatly braided; and her eyes, Herr Keppel thought, grew lovelier every day.

He found her at the door one evening as he was passing out, and he turned suddenly and stood facing her in the soft light. Then he spoke in a voice which it seemed that she had never heard before. "And are you well to-night, Herzliebste?" he said.

"I? Oh, I'm very well, sir," she replied, half frightened, and vaguely wondering what the strange, sweet-sounding word could mean. Herr Keppel stood still, and softly sang,

"Du bist wie eine Blume,
So schön, so reich, und hold!"

"That is a pretty song, my child," said he; "I will sing it all to you to-morrow. Schönes Liebchen—auf wiedersehen!" and he was gone.

Christine gazed after him with a great wonder—a strange light—in her eyes. Young Hess came down the steps at that moment, and as she looked up, he met her startled gaze.

"What eyes!" he cried. "Little Brownie, will you give me a kiss?" and he stooped nearer. He was not like Keppel.

"No! no!" she almost shrieked, and rushed indoors. What had happened to those two men? What had happened to herself?

The next day Herr Keppel told the story of "The Little Sea-maid," and Christine listened as she had never listened before. That wonderful story, that vivid picture of self-sacrifice and love, entranced her poor little ignorant, awakening heart. When he told of the pain which the maiden endured, night after night, for the one she loved, Christine rose suddenly, and laid both hands upon her heart.

"Is it too sad, Liebchen?" asked he, gently.

"No! oh no, it ain't sad," she cried, searching for language for her thought. "But I should think she'd a loved to do it. I'd like to 'a been her." Then she ran away, and flung herself upon her bed, and sobbed and wailed. "Oh, if I only could! I want to do it for him! I want to be hurt—I want to die! I can't do nothing—nothing for him! If I only could!"

For whom? For young Hess, it appeared, since that very day saw the beginning of a new phase in the girl's life. That sentimental personage, with his soft eyes and delicately-crooked little finger, began to make secret love to her, and was favorably, though shyly, received. The new boarder was not long in high favor with Mrs. Binn, since his payments were by no means regular. He had also, for some reason unknown, sunk in honest Keppel's estimation. That simple-hearted personage scarcely knew the meaning of the word *suspicion*, and he knew nothing of the man's attentions to Christine, but he evidently regarded Hess with grave distrust. Some information had opened his innocent, purblind eyes.

However, the hot, weary summer-time wore slowly away, and Christine grew daily more womanly, while her eyes burned with a feverish light. Keppel treated her with a tender deference scarcely owing, one would think, to Mrs. Binn's poor little over-worked niece. In his simple, foolish heart he cherished that great protecting love for her which had grown so strong; and he

thought, "I will be to her a father. She cannot love one ten—fifteen—years more old than she." And he comforted himself with his tender German love songs. But one day came a crisis in his feelings. He made a terrible discovery.

Walking slowly along the hot and dusty street, he came upon two figures standing together at a corner. He knew them, and his heart stood still. As he came up to them, they parted, and the man said, "To-morrow again, if you can. Good-bye, little pet!" Then Christine flitted like a spirit up the street; but Keppel and Hess met face to face. One glance, and the mild blue eyes and the evil black ones flashed defiance. But the two men did not speak.

"I don't care!" panted Christine, as she went home. "It was *he* made me know I must love somebody. Nobody ever cared about me—I'd—I'd 'a cared for them if they had—oh, I would! I mean to care for them that cares for me!"

"I brought him here—I brought him!" thought poor Keppel, as he walked on slowly. "I brought him to break my own heart, and—oh, my child, my child! My little love!"

He remained in the house all the next day, practicing, and talking to Tommy and to Christine. To the girl, he was very gentle, inexpressibly tender. She was eager and restless, and a strange, perplexed look crept at times into her eyes. In the afternoon she put on her shabby little hat, and stole furtively out of the house. As she did so, there was a vision of a Roman nose and a large fair mustache at the second-story window, after which, in a few moments, the figure of the little German musician issued from the front door, and followed from a distance her rapid flitting steps. She turned one corner and then another; it was like following any one in a labyrinth, the tangle of streets was so perplexing. He gained upon her steadily, however, and as she turned into Bowdoin street, he came up to her.

"Christine! Liebchen!" he said, and she turned quickly, with a faint cry. He joined her, and said:

"Where are you going?"

"Only to take a walk," she faltered, and he knew that she spoke the truth, but that she had anticipated a companion other than himself, and, as he thought, more welcome. They were now opposite a church—a plain, ugly, little stone church, but one where services were held every day in the year, morning and evening. The doors were open now.

"I would like to go in here," he said. "We must often remember to pray to the good God, that he shall remember us. *Will you come, my child?*"

Would she not follow the sound of those words to the world's end? She said, "Yes," softly, and they went in.

The church was empty; the hour for evensong

had not arrived. They knelt there side by side in the cool dimness; Christine heard the beating of her heart. Only a few moments passed, and then they went out, and walked home together.

The girl did not shed a tear; she was thinking, thinking. She had been very lonely, and saddened by some wild, and, as she thought, hopeless longings. Then young Hess had appealed to her hungry, loving heart, and she had been glad to walk with him, and listen to his compliments—a new language to her in her desolation! But

now—

They were very silent as they went home; the man was vainly trying to stem the flood-tide of his own emotions. But he had a great, warm, loving heart, which would no longer be controlled by reason. Just as they reached the door, he spoke, rapidly and brokenly:

"My little child," he said; "I can no more be still! You are in my heart so deep—I love you. You cannot love—I will go—but not forget! I cannot help that I love you always more than my own life!"

Christine turned white, and her eyes were quite wild.

"Me!" she gasped; "love *me*?"

"My heart's dearest, be not troubled; I will not trouble thee now to speak. I will not say more if you tell me no. But I will be near to help—you will have a friend—" He stopped, for she fled through the open door, and left him there—fled up the stairs, up, up, to her attic room, and shut the door.

With a patient sigh, he entered and went to seek Mrs. Binn. He had business with that lady, and his face assumed its fiercest and most imperturbable aspect, as he addressed her. She was arranging the table for tea, and grumbling at Christine's absence.

"Hallo, *Wudolph*!" shouted Tommy, who, having learned his friend's Christian name, delighted in using it with an air of complete equality and freedom, in accordance with the school of manners in which the young gentleman had received his very imperfect education. He now testified still further to the repose and elegance to which he had been trained, by twining himself around one of Rudolph's legs, in a fashion highly expressive of warm enthusiasm, but not conducive to the comfort of the recipient of these tender attentions.

Having freed himself as well as he could, the latter transacted his little business with Tommy's mother. It consisted in handing her a considerable sum of money, purporting to be from Hess, for arrears of board; and informing her that the said attractive youth had been obliged to leave Boston somewhat suddenly. No one ever knew what had passed between the two musicians on the previous night; but it was certain that Mrs. Binn had lost her second boarder.

"My grief!" she said; "ain't it unlucky? Though he didn't pay very regular, he settled up in the end. He was kind o' clever, after all! Law sakes! and it's so hard to find another person well recommended!"

Christine bore the news very well. She dreamed and moped that evening and the next morning, and was well scolded and hustled about; but she was repaid for everything at last. She came upon Rudolph Keppel in the narrow entry, face to face, with no chance of escape; and she held out her hand and tried to speak. He saw it all in her face, and said, once more:

"Will you come, my child?" and in another moment she was folded close to his kind breast.

"And do you love me well, Herz liebste?" he asked.

"Yes, oh yes! I always did, but you seemed so good and great, and I am no account, and don't know anything—" But he stopped her there. She continued afterwards, however: "I—I thought—I'd like to do some real great thing—*die*, or be hurt, like that little sea-girl did for the prince in the story." Then she drooped her shy little head, and the great eyes filled with tears. After that Rudolph found it impossible to express his feelings in English, but had recourse to his native German, which Christine could not understand, and neither, possibly, O gentle reader, can you and I, so we will pass over what he said.

Mr. and Mrs. Binn were highly pleased, and conceived a great and new respect for little Christine. Tommy expressed his approbation in his usual unreserved manner; and the course of true love ran smooth. They were very common people; we shall never associate with them again, so we will bid them farewell now, glad to leave them so happy in one another. For although they are so common, they have warm and vivid imaginations, and simple, true, and tender hearts.

RETROSPECTION.

BY M. C. S.

Once a maiden pondered long,
In a silence like a song—
In a silence filled, like sleep,
With a dream-life strange and deep.
Pondered long, with tender thought,
Out of love's rich twilight brought,
On some flowers that withered lay,
Kept to mark a bygone day.

"These were happy times," she said,
"But I mourn them—they are dead!
Nay," she cried, "sweet Past, forgive!
I remember—and they live!"

"Though the flow'rs be dead and dry,
Though the song end in a sigh,
Yet the past shall perish never,
For sweet memories live forever!"

FUN FOR THE FIRESIDE.

A HELP TO MOTHERS.

Playing at Housekeeping.—No. 13.

JESSIE E. RINGWALT.

A description has already been given of several kinds of home-made baby-houses, and the styles of architecture most convenient and suitable to the needs and capacities of young builders. An edifice composed of separate wooden boxes was minutely described as being very easily prepared, and the account left it papered and carpeted ready for the "moving in."

The dolls are presumed to have decided tastes upon the style in which they go to housekeeping, and the toy-shops present furniture of many kinds, varying in price from a few cents to many dollars. Magnificent and complete sets of satin-wood and walnut are shown upholstered with velvet, damask and other handsome fabrics. An especially dainty kind of furniture has the framework made of smooth wheels cut from the shells of black walnuts, while the framework of others is made gorgeous with tiny pearl shells. Book-cases, sideboards, wardrobes, writing tables, pianos, and other complicated articles are finished with an elaborate detail that renders them a wonder of workmanship, while some sets of highly painted wood are beautifully adorned with miniature paintings to imitate the most expensive styles of "grown-up" furniture. These dainty devices are, of course, frequently quite expensive. Much cheaper is the iron furniture, which is often quite pretty, and is admirable for its durability. A very strong and light style is manufactured from rattan, and the cheapest of all is the quaint little "penny" wooden furniture, usually painted brilliant red, which is easily dismembered, but very convenient, as any article from a bedstead or a bureau to a footstool can be replaced at the cost of a single penny.

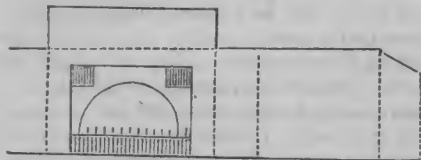
Gorgeous or graceful as these designs may be, their selection must, of course, be measured by the depth of the purse, and simply become a matter of purchase, while the best fun for the fire-side is found in making the furniture at home as an exercise of invention and ingenuity.

Prudent dolls regard the heating of the house as a matter of primary importance, and direct their attention in the first place to the kitchen. This apartment is certainly improved by outside aid, and it is well to purchase a range or stove. Very neat and tiny ranges are sold at low prices, and are usually furnished with sundry pots and pans, which are, in themselves, nearly enough to furnish the kitchen with sufficient completeness. A very fair substitute for a range can, however, be made at home in the following manner: Take

a common pasteboard box, about five inches long by two and one-half inches wide and one and one-half inches in depth. Cut in one side slits to resemble a grate, and on the bottom of the box cut as many round holes as is deemed necessary for the top of the range. Cover the whole with black paper. The lid of the box, also covered with black paper, can serve as the back of the range, the rim of the lid making the required mantel-piece. Small lids with tiny handles can be made to cover the holes, and some bright red paper can be placed behind the bars of the grate to resemble fire. A few lines carefully drawn upon the black paper will sufficiently mark the oven door and valves. A plain square or round stove can be made in a similar manner, the stove pipe being merely a roll of the black paper.

For the other rooms low-down grates can be purchased. Some of these are very perfect, and, of course, expensive, as they are excellent imitations of the real marble mantel-pieces, and are furnished with fenders and fire-irons in dainty stands. A home-made substitute is easily made in paper, according to the pattern given in Figure 1. The

Fig. 1.



curved opening for the fireplace must be neatly cut, and the strip left for the fender can be tipped with gilt paper. If the whole is cut in a tinted paper, a few lines drawn in colored crayons or water-color paints will resemble the veining of marble. Black paper pellets heaped inside for coals look well, and flame can be imitated by introducing a little of the fire paper, such as is sometimes used upon cards of fine pearl buttons.

When the baby-house is assumed to be warmed by a cellar heater, the registers should be cut out of black paper, either in squares or circles, according to the requirements of the case, and pasted upon the walls and floors to resemble the model from which they are copied. The fire-board or Baltimore stoves will be found to be very ornamental, and as so many newspapers and advertising sheets give excellent pictures of these various styles of stoves, no pattern is required. The engraving can be pasted upon stiff card, the metal parts touched up with yellow paint, and bright red or fire paper introduced behind the doors or illuminating portions. If neatly cut out these stoves look exceedingly well, and are convenient, as they can be placed at will against the wall of any of the rooms. A neat little rug of colored paper, or better still, one painted or embroidered in imitation of the rugs used in grown-

up parlors, will make a very handsome finish, and the effect will be found to amply repay the expenditure of a little time and labor.

The numerous publications of the florists show many brackets, hanging-baskets, and window-gardens, which, when pasted upon stiff paper and gaily painted, can be hung against the walls. A bent pin pressed into the ceiling or wall makes an excellent hook for any of these pretty little ornaments.

For lighting the house "real" candle-sticks, lamps and chandeliers can be purchased, but excellent and durable substitutes can be made by pasting the engraved presentment on card, and painting the metal parts to resemble gilding or bronze. The newspapers and advertising sheets are so abundantly supplied with good cuts, that the baby-house can be furnished with a variety of designs, and chandeliers hanging from the ceilings and side lights fixed to the walls will become great decorations.

Pictures for the walls can be selected from the immense variety of high-colored little pictures now published. Tiny landscapes and flower pieces look well, and by lucky chance an album picture may be found to present a striking resemblance to Mr. or Mrs. Doll, and serve as the portraits of the gentleman and lady of the house. These pictures should be neatly bound or framed in gilt paper and suspended by tiny cords to the walls.

Windows do not seem essential to the box-house, but if they are desired, it is only necessary to place upon the walls tiny curtains or shades and "pretend" that the window exists behind them. Looking glasses are, however, very important, as they do much to brighten the interior with their glittering reflections, and a slight expenditure in a real gilt-framed mirror will amply repay the investment by the additional perfection and brilliancy.

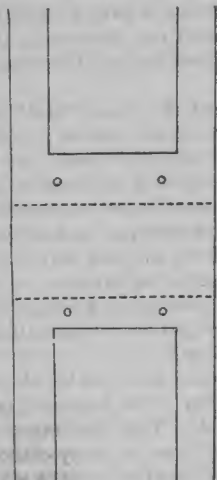
Portable articles of furniture next demand attention, and beginning, as before, with the kitchen, a dresser is of primary importance. A home-made article can be prepared by merely bending strips of cardboard into little benches; these placed on top of each other become shelves, and when fastened to upright strips at each end will serve as a dresser. If one shelf is made wider than the rest at the height of a table, the article will be more perfect. The same pattern of shelf can furnish a bookcase for the sitting-room or library, and two or three graduated ones strung on card will make hanging shelves for a bed-room. The books can be made by folding a few pieces of white paper inside a back of colored paper.

Frequently there may be found in the pockets of papa and uncle sheets of a gleaming foil, degraded to the sorry service of wrapping tobacco; this foil, if neatly smoothed and cut, can be moulded into bowls, goblets, and vases, which

will gayly adorn the kitchen dresser. The foil can also be cut into trays and plates, and with careful manipulation may furnish a set of silver.

A plain table for the kitchen can be cut from stiff paper, after the pattern given in Figure 2.

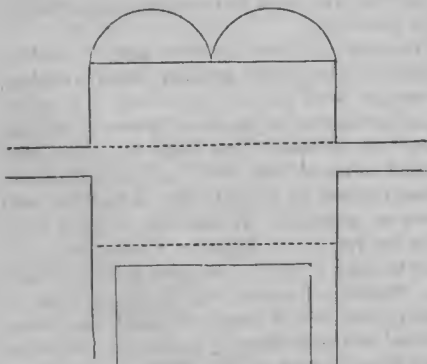
Fig. 2.



By leaving a little piece attached at each end, the drawer might be made to show at the ends; while by cutting the sides somewhat deeper, the figure might be made to represent a folding dining table with hanging leaves. If cut with a six-sided top, and four legs springing from opposite sides, an excellent parlor-table is manufactured, and the same pattern may be used as a centre table for any of the rooms.

A bench for the kitchen is shown in its simplest form in Figure 3. The same pattern will serve

Fig. 3.

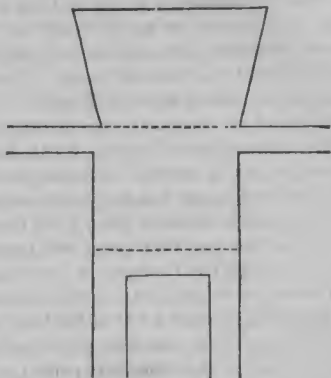


for a sofa by changing the shape of the back, and by adding a little margin to be folded downwards from the seat, after the manner that simulates the drawer given in the kitchen table.

Equally simple is the pattern given in Figure 4, which is intended for a chair. By slight varia-

tions, either in the shape of the back or in the color of the material, these sofas and chairs may

Fig. 4.



be made in sets to suit the different rooms, and help to make the furnishing more novel as well as artistic. Instead of cutting legs to the chair, the sides can be continued down and ended in a curve, which if cut carefully will add a rocking-chair to the variety.

A bureau may be fashioned from the pattern given for the grate, by leaving the side entire, and making the proportions a little higher and narrower. Drawers with handles or knobs should be drawn on the broadest side, and can be made to look quite well. Cut in the same proportions, but smaller, a washstand may be manufactured, with drawers or doors drawn upon the front.

A bedstead need only be a broad bench of cardboard, with the addition of a foot-board and head-board. Tiny bags of white paper packed with cotton serve for pillows, and white tissue-paper makes excellent bed linen, which can be trimmed according to taste with paper lace.

All the necessary articles of furniture can be manufactured from the simple patterns given, but an infinite number of small trifles can be added at will. A real or pictured clock adds much to the appearance of the kitchen and dining-room; and small stools and little chairs give the whole a more familiar aspect. A few tiny artificial flowers can be made to grow out of a little paper flower-pot, or a small empty cotton-spool can be covered with paper or painted so as to serve for a flower-pot or vase.

When made of good, firm paper or thin cardboard, these toys will be found to be unexpectedly strong, often proving much more enduring than the cheaper styles of wooden toy furniture sold in the shops. Very pretty sets of furniture, printed on card, are sold, but the patterns are much more elaborate than those given, and are too difficult for the use of young children. Some of them are admirable in design, and if made in larger sizes would serve excellently as furniture for the larger size of baby-houses.

A LIFE SORROW.

BY MAY FORNEY.

"What an exquisite face!"

We were walking through the female department of an asylum for the insane, in the interior of the State of New York. The object of my exclamation was a woman, or rather a girl, for she did not appear to be over eighteen years of age. She was seated by one of the windows; a slender, petite figure, in an attitude of mingled dejection and expectation. Her small, jeweled fingers were twisted in a nervous clasp, and her large, violet eyes seemed searching into impenetrable space. The face was turned partly from us, but we could still see the lashes of those wonderful eyes, that swept the marble cheek like a deep fringe. It is no wonder that I exclaimed, to come suddenly upon this exquisite picture in the midst of all the abhorring sights we were witnessing. I became possessed with a morbid curiosity.

"Doctor," I cried, turning to the physician who was accompanying us, "that woman has a story—will you not tell it to us?"

"She has a story," was the reply; "one into which is crowded a whole life-time of suffering and sorrow. Its incidents are best known to Mrs. Wells, our matron, who was with us four years ago, when the lady you seem interested in first came to us. She can tell you the circumstances much better than I."

He took us into a large apartment adjoining the one we were in. It was a room containing on either side a deep bow window, in the recess of one of which, was seated a lady engaged on a piece of some light embroidery. She was a tall, graceful woman, and when she arose to meet us, we all felt that we stood before a person of no ordinary culture and refinement. She had the bearing and dignity of a duchess, while kindness and truth were manifested in every movement. Before we had spoken she understood our errand, and signified her willingness to grant our request, while at the same time a certain dimness of her usually clear eyes, and an almost imperceptible quiver of her lips, showed me that the recital would quicken the emotions of even this highly organized woman.

"We do not wish to pain you," I ventured, hastily.

Her lips relaxed into a smile and framed a half inarticulate "no," while the eyes that sought mine thanked me for my consideration, with a perception that was almost startling, and which filled me with a strange confusion. I felt as if the tall, darkly-draped figure before me, was endowed with a mediumistic power that penetrated into my very thoughts. From my heart ascended a silent prayer that this woman, whom I already felt I could love and venerate devoutly, might

never again cross my life to question me with her clear eyes, and make me a willing subject to her influence.

"Ladies," she finally began, in a low but vibrating voice, "the story is somewhat a lengthy one, but if you think it will not weary you, I will tell you all I know of Mrs. Clifton, with pleasure."

We assured her it would not tire us, and accordingly seated ourselves to hear the narrative. I took a seat just opposite the door, through which I could see the motionless, small figure, still in the same dejected attitude.

"It is now over four years ago," began the matron, "since I was one day summoned to the parlor. On entering I saw a gentleman, tall and handsome, perhaps a trifle past middle age. 'I have come, Mrs. Wells,' he said, 'to place my ward in your care, we fear she is suffering under a temporary aberration, and for a time at least, I should wish her to remain here under treatment. I desire her to be kept perfectly quiet, and if possible to see no one but the doctors and yourself.' This was the preparation, and a few days afterwards, when the papers had been duly drawn up and signed, the gentleman returned, bringing with him his ward, a lovely girl, then about twenty years of age!"

"Twenty years of age!" I interrupted. "Surely that girl cannot be twenty-four now?"

"Yes," continued the matron; "although in appearance still a child, she is in reality over twenty-four years old. I went out to meet them the day they arrived; she sprang lightly out of the carriage to my surprise, kissed me heartily on both cheeks, and turning to the gentleman beside her, said with a joyous laugh: 'You were right as usual, guardy; I like her to begin with.' From that moment we were friends in more than the ordinary acceptance of the term. Is it possible, I thought, as I looked earnestly into the fresh, sweet face, that the curse of madness is really upon her? but the doctors had unanimously decreed it was so.

"Well ladies," went on the matron, her voice quivering with suppressed emotion, "she soon became my very joy; I grew to wonder how I had lived out of the sunshine of her smile, away from her gay sallies, for she was very merry then, though you would scarcely think so now. She called me 'Nellie,' in honor, she said, of a dearly loved school-mate, and begged me in return to call her by her own name 'Minnie.' Strange to say, despite our strong friendship, our confidence even, it was many months before she made me cognizant of her past life.

"One day we were sitting together in this room, when Minnie, as if impressed with a sudden idea, sprang up, threw away the work she was engaged on, and took mine out of my hands in her pretty domineering way. For a moment she

seemed lost in contemplation, her sunny face clouded with a deep gloom. Seeing my eyes fixed questioningly upon her, she raised one white hand with a quick, deprecating gesture, that seemed to signify the banishment of all doubt.

"I want to—I will talk to you, Nellie—about myself." The sentence given in a low, pained tone, ended with a half sob; so foreign was all this to my darling's nature that my first surprise grew to alarm.

"You are not well, dear; not to-day—some other time," I remonstrated.

"No, now—I must tell you about my life, before I came here—to *you*," and in a moment the graceful little head pillowed itself on my breast, like the baby she was. "You must know, to begin with, I am married."

"Married!" I cried, in unfeigned astonishment. "Impossible!"

"It's true, though—see," and a slender finger circled with a broad gold band was held up before me for inspection.

"Tell me all about it," I said, after a moment's pause, during which I endeavored to collect my scattered thoughts.

"Why, you stupid old darling, you look really frightened." For the first time, the ringing laugh I had learned to love so well, grated harshly upon my ears. "Why shouldn't I be married? I'm past twenty, you know, and my husband is the best fellow in the world. His name is Robert Clifton; he's a naval officer, and only two months after our marriage, was ordered off to the Indies. I'm an orphan, you know, dear," she went on, caressing my cheek with the gold-circled finger, it was strange I had not noticed before; "My parents died when I was a baby. That was my guardian who brought me here; dear old guardy—he's always so kind to me. I'm only to stay till Robert comes back—bad, isn't it, to be shut up in an insane asylum? The thought frightened me, but now I don't mind it a bit; it's only for a little while, and then I have *you* all the time. I know it's not for long, but Nellie (put your arms around me, so), sometimes I grow so inexpressibly sad, and there comes such a strange, heavy feeling *here*." Oh, that ring, how it burned my eyes as I saw it pressed against that throbbing little heart.

"Why did not your guardian take you to live with him?" I inquired, wondering what excuse he had given her.

"Why, he couldn't, you old dear," once more the rippling laugh made me shrink. "Dame Grundy objected; he's a bachelor, and lives in lodgings."

"Noticing her undue excitement, I did not again allude to the subject, so this was all I heard for some time, until one day I was again summoned to the parlor to see Mr. Wheaton, Mrs. Clifton's guardian. He greeted me most kindly, thanked

me impulsively for all my attention to his ward. 'In you, Minnie found what she has long needed—a mother's watchful care and love; and I think it due to you to know the history of the poor girl you have so generously befriended.'

"Mrs. Clifton has told me that herself," I replied, icily. The idea that this man had imprisoned his ward for base, selfish reasons, had often before occurred to me, but now it possessed my mind with a strength that would not be controlled. Mr. Wheaton seemed to read my distrust. In an instant I acknowledged and regretted my error. The form of the strong man before me bowed as if under a load of grief, and the hand that rested on the chair trembled with suppressed excitement.

"Your feelings are perhaps natural, Mrs. Wells. I shall tell you now, what you should have known before. My ward, Minnie Shaw, married Robert Clifton much against my wishes—indeed, the marriage was a clandestine one. Not that I objected to Robert, for he was a good, honorable young man, and I had known him from a child; but, Mrs. Wells, the marriage was a crime, for Minnie is mad!"

"Ah, Mr. Wheaton," I cried, "might there not be some mistake? at least, is there not some hope? I have been constantly with her for over a year, now, and have never, by word or action, discovered anything to justify so positive an assertion."

"Believe me, madam, the irrefutable knowledge of the terrible truth has been forced upon me a thousand times. Would to God I *were* the mistaken one! Poor Minnie came into a sad heritage. Two months after her birth, her father succumbed under business difficulties and died a maniac. The poor young mother, thus suddenly bereft of all she held most dear, drifted into a hopeless melancholy, from which she never recovered. When Minnie was first given into my charge, I thought she had escaped the horrible curse, and schooled myself to look upon her impetuous outbursts as childish freaks of passion. But when the events of after years confirmed my worst fears, I registered a solemn vow in heaven that never with my sanction should the disease be transmitted to another generation. At eighteen years years of age she was talented, strikingly beautiful, and universally beloved. The paroxysms, known to but one person besides myself—her physician—occurred but seldom, often at intervals of a whole year. At these times she was unmanageable, though at all others the sweet, confiding girl you have known. Robert Clifton, who became her husband, saw nothing but her beauty, her purity of character. My objections to their marriage were looked upon as cruel, unjust, and were, as I have told you, ruthlessly set aside. Coward that I was, I had not the courage to confront him afterwards with the fatal truth. Min-

nie's grief at so soon parting with her husband, intensified, to a dangerous degree her usual mental excitement, till at last, urged by my family physician, I placed her here, under your watchful care and consideration. I did this, Mrs. Wells, to save Robert from despair, with a hope of rescuing my darling from a fate worse than death. I come here to-day burdened with a two-fold feeling; joy at the hopeful condition of my ward, and stunned with grief at the startling intelligence received yesterday. It is you whom Minnie loves, honors, and trusts; Mrs. Wells, be generous, share your counsel with one who has need of it. The man-of-war on which Robert Clifton was an officer has been lost, and all on board have perished."

"My God!" I exclaimed, as I heard a stifled cry rise above the impassioned tones of the grief-stricken man before me. Involuntarily I turned. In the threshold of the door stood Minnie, her face blanched to an ashy pallor, wearing that same startled expression it still retains in intensity. She was breathing heavily, as though about to fall. I sprang towards her, but she waved me slowly aside, and going up to her guardian, she raised her large mournful eyes to his, with the stony stare of resignation; all violence, all passion had fled; she stood before him in mute despair. The darkening sun pitied her, and sent down through a misty cloud a bright beam that encircled the golden head like a halo, and pressed a kiss of sympathy upon the pallid lips that were warmed by it into animation.

"So Robert is dead; my Robert—well, better so than to live and claim a maniac wife."

"Yes, she had heard all, and when we picked her up—for she had swooned at her guardian's feet—the casket had lost its jewel. The form was still fair, the touch still soft and winning, but light and reason were wanting. There she remains, ladies, day after day, week after week, despondent and listless. The doctors say hopelessly, irretrievably insane."

We all arose, saddened and tearful. The matron accompanied us, and as we passed the bowed, motionless figure, she raised softly the drooping hand and caressed it. "How is my Minnie feeling to-day?" The girl's sad face was lifted to the noble one bent over it, and a smile almost celestial crossed it as she answered:

"Better, oh so much better—waiting, yes—for Robert."

We had turned to go—"See, Nellie," and the sad voice arrested us. She was still smiling and holding up her slender white hand, upon the forefinger of which glittered a massive gold ring. To this she pointed, and breathed, rather than spoke:

"See, Nellie, mine; Robert's and mine."

In an instant a deathly pallor overspread the matron's face, and she pressed her hand convulsively to her heart.

"You are suffering," I whispered. Again the questioning eyes sought mine; again I felt the influence of this woman's strong power; and again I cowered beneath it. "That ring, only once before she referred to it, and it brought 'death.' Now it bodes no good." Her words, given in a slow, weird manner, fell upon me like a prophecy.

"I trust we may meet again, Mrs. Wells."

"No, madame, pardon me, you deceive yourself; you do not wish that." Once more that searching glance.

"But I do, sincerely; I should wish to know you better"—I grow almost pleading in my earnestness—"Ah, believe me."

"And I do believe you." She grasped my hand in a tight clasp. "Your fascination is stronger than your will; but rest assured, your generosity shall cause you no discomfort. We shall never meet again on earth, but you shall hear from me, and soon; for I shall ask your sympathy in a terrible sorrow that I feel is about to fall upon me."

Less than a week later I received a letter; it contained simply these lines:

"I ask but two boons: mercy of God, and pity of you. I am holding my darling's hand in mine, the golden circlet presses heavily against my own palm. I place it back against the poor sorrowing little heart, but listen in vain for its pulsations; Minnie has found her place, and my unrest is heavier than I can bear."

A YEAR AND A DAY.

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER.

The sun shone brightly down on the great city of New York, and its golden glory lay soft and mellow on the long lines of buildings that flanked its streets. It sparkled along the ripples of the rivers that swept past the wharves where the great ships lay, and made fantastic mosaics of light and shade among the leaves of the trees that shaded the squares and parks.

It was indeed a lovely day. The sky was deep and of that purple hue that ever brings cool winds and the scent of flowers. The few clouds that floated over its broad expanse were white and fleecy, and the rich sunshine fringed them with silver. The birds were merry and full of song, and the hum of bees and insects made a melodious undertone for the roar and bustle of the busy streets.

It was morning, and there seemed to be no sign of storm or sorrow in the atmosphere, though the faces of a couple of young people who were slowly promenading along the shaded walks of one of the squares, were sadly out of tune with nature, for they were dark and troubled.

"I wonder why it is that fate should bring such things to pass," said the young man, hotly. "If

I was born to love you, why was I not born rich and with the inheritance of an old name?"

There was no reply made to this, other than that conveyed in the tightening of its clasp by the hand that rested on his arm.

"I do not like to grumble," he went on; "nor would I if there was no cause. But you know how it is, Helen, Jay Livingston has higher aims for his daughter than the bestowing of her hand and fortune on Frank Clarkson, though he was not to blame for being the son of a poor 'longshoreman, nor for having a sick mother to care for. I have tried to do my duty as a man, and for it I am denied the joys of my love."

"You shall not be denied those joys," said his companion, her eyes kindling. "I love you, and you will find rich comfort in the future, just because your manliness and love for her made your mother's last years brighter than they would otherwise have been. But now that she has gone to her long rest, you can exert your strength to its utmost, and win."

"Win? What can I do here, where a man must have both friends and money to start with any chance of success. I have neither."

"I did not say here. I know that this city is crowded; but the world is wide, and for the hands that are willing, there is always work enough."

His face brightened.

"You are right, and I will not waste my youth here; but it will be a bitter thing to go away and leave the light of your eyes, and the presence of your true and helpful love."

"My love will be with you, that you know. Listen when you are alone, and you will hear its whisper; watch for it, and you will feel its touch. But where are you going? have you any idea?"

"I had not a minute ago, but I have now. See this," and he drew a paper from his pocket, and pointed to a paragraph headed by large letters.

It read thus:

"New and rich gold fields discovered in Australia. A prospect for the brave and adventurous to grow rich." And then followed a description of the locality and its promise.

"And you will go there? How?"

"My friend, Harry Carter, is mate of a ship nearly ready to sail for Sydney; I can go in her."

"When does she sail?"

"To-morrow, I believe."

"That is indeed quick work."

"Yes, but if I would win I must work."

"You are right; and I shall not be the one to discourage you. It is time for us to part now; when shall I see you again?"

"Can you come here this evening?"

"Yes."

"Then I will be able to tell you all about my departure; and it may be I shall have to say good-bye."

"I will be here."

She gave him a bright smile, and went slowly away from him, turning at the farther end of the walk to see him watching her, and then giving him a little good-bye nod, crossed the street and was lost to sight.

Not till then did the young man turn away and hasten down town, bending his steps toward a busy wharf, where a large clipper ship was taking in cargo.

"When do you sail, Harry?" he asked of a young man standing on her bulwarks, directing the work, and who had bade him good-morning.

"To-morrow morning at six, sharp."

"Is there room on board for a passenger?"

"That depends on the passenger."

"Well, is there room for me?"

"For you?" and the astonishment this caused made the young man stop noting the number of parcels going on board. A glance at his friend's face having convinced him that he meant what he said, he continued, "Yes, there is a chance for you; but what are you going to Australia for?"

"That is too long a story to tell you now, and beside, we will have time enough to talk of it on the voyage. Look out for my things when they come down, and you can expect to see me walk aboard in the morning."

"All right, old fellow, I'm glad we are to have such good company. Send your traps down as soon as you can."

"I will," and not waiting to hear more, Clarkson turned and retraced his steps.

He was kept pretty busy all day, for he had many things to prepare; but everything had been attended to, and his trunks dispatched to the ship ere the time set for him to meet Helen Livingston came.

He was walking slowly along the paths of the square, his head down, thinking, when he felt her touch on his arm. A great light of joy filled his face as it was turned to her, and its answer came back from the beautiful eyes so dear to him.

"I am going to-morrow morning," he said, as soon as the greeting was over. "Harry has given me a place in his ship."

"I am glad you will have friendly company, and yet it is so hard to think of your going."

"Ah, but the going is what may bring us nearer, after all."

"I know, but I have one thing to ask of you, and that is for you to come to me in just a year and a day from now."

"But I may not have accomplished what I wish to."

"I cannot help that; come to me then."

"I will."

"It is all that I will ask of you, and in return you can be sure no one will be put in your place. Of course I shall hear from you during your absence?"

"Certainly, if there is any chance to send letters to you."

This finished the business part of their conversation; the rest was such as lovers always have. When they separated, Frank Clarkson felt the pressure of clinging arms about his neck, and the warmth of a loving kiss on his lips.

"Remember, in a year and a day you are to come to me," she said; and then he saw the graceful form of Helen Livingston go from him, and gradually grow dim in the gathering shadows of night.

The next morning dawned fair and beautiful, and the *Wandering Star*, with Frank Clarkson on board, was hauled out into the stream, and towed down through the Narrows.

She spread her broad sails as soon as Staten Island was passed, and being a good sailer, went speeding out to the vast blue depths, on which her passing would leave no trace.

The days went by with the usual monotony of a sea voyage. Even a storm was wanting to vary the rippled sweep of the sea, and give a dash of excitement to the sameness of their life.

"We shall pay for this yet," said Harry Carter; "and if I mistake not, before many hours have flown."

The *Wandering Star*, was now off Cape Horn, having been compelled to take this route by the destination of her cargo, of which she was to leave a part in Valparaiso, and take on board some that had there been obtained for her.

She had been so favored by wind and weather, that the captain was hoping to make one of the fastest trips on record. Carter was not so sanguine, however, and while walking the deck with Clarkson one evening, made the prediction noted.

"What makes you think so?" asked his companion.

"Do you see the lead-colored haze gathering near the horizon; and do you not feel that there is a change in the temperature?"

"Yes."

"These are my signs, and the barometer will begin to fall soon."

Carter was right. The barometer did begin falling in less than an hour, and the light sails of the *Wandering Star* were taken in, and the upper yards sent down and stowed. Then all loose articles about the deck were secured, and the crew warned to be ready for a quick call.

The wind was blowing in puffs now, and was chopping about from one point to another, with an alertness that baffled the helmsman. Soon it settled into the southeast, and the puffs became heavy squalls.

The upper topsails and mainsail were now furled, and reefs put in the lower topsails and foresail. Then the jib and mizzen-topsail were taken in, and the storm-sails bent. This made everything snug, and the watch was set.

All the time the wind was growing in force, rising from low moanings that seemed to sob along the water, until it roared in a wild song through the spars and rigging of the swiftly-speeding ship.

The waves were rising, and along their curling crests the lurid phosphor-flame ran in fantastic lines. The track of the ship was a long sweep of blue flame, that shone grimly against the gathering gloom of the water. The sky, in which a few stars had dimly twinkled, changed from its pallid gray to a leaden hue that grew denser and more sombre all the time. There was no great rush of clouds, only a deepening of the storm vapor until it was heavy and black.

"It will be a fearful night, but the *Wandering Star* is a staunch craft, and the wind is fair; so we have no danger near us," said Carter to his friend, as they sat crouching under the bulwarks to keep out of the force of the wind.

"It would be bad if we were driving on toward land that was near at hand, would it not?"

"Yes indeed, but there is no land within a thousand miles of us, and the gale will be over before we go that far."

So Carter thought, and soon after this Clarkson bade him good-night, and went below.

Higher and higher rose the waves; louder and fiercer roared the gale, and on the *Wandering Star* went speeding, her course being ruled by the wind.

Carter had thought that the gale would not last long, but he was mistaken in this, for all through the next day, and for the three succeeding days, it swept the ship on, now carrying away a sail, and then splintering a mast, until there remained but the lower masts standing. These, the hull, and the foresail held firm, however, and while they lasted, all was well.

For four days the wind raged in mad fury, and then it began to die out, and hope came again. The sky was still covered by a black mass of vapor, and the waves were rolling high and foamy.

No lookout could be kept, and as no reckoning of the distance run could be made, they did not know where they were.

"Is there any land near?" said Clarkson, the day that the wind began to fall.

"No, I guess not," answered Carter. "We have not been running toward any that I know of."

"I think we are nearing some very fast," said Clarkson.

Carter laughed.

"Why?"

"I cannot say, but still I think we are."

"I hope not, with this sea running, and we not knowing anything about it."

They had been talking in the cabin during this time, Carter preparing to go on deck and take

charge there. He finished his preparations as he made the last remark, and went up the companionway, followed by Clarkson.

They had but just reached the deck, when a roar different from that of the wind fell on their ears.

"Breakers!" cried Carter. "Hard down the helm!"

The wheel sprang swiftly around, for both Carter and Clarkson had sprung to the assistance of the helmsman, but it was of no use.

The next instant, with a heavy thump and a harsh grate, the huge ship sprang on a reef, quivered a moment with the shock, and then her masts gave way with a crash that sounded high above the rush and roar of the storm.

The great waves dashed against her, and sent vast bodies of water rolling along the deck. All was confusion and darkness, and Carter, Clarkson, and the helmsman clung to the after rail, the waves often taking them off their feet.

Wearily and slow passed the hours, and as each wave struck the ship, they felt that she was growing weaker, and that she could not last long.

But morning came ere they were aware, for suddenly the clouds seemed to part in the east, and a great wave of red and orange light swept through the rift and lit the thinning vapor and the wild and tossing waves.

Carter was the first to look out from their cover.

"Land! land!" he cried, joyously. "We are safe."

And sure enough, there was land close alongside of the wrecked ship. It appeared to be a small island with a knoll rising in the centre, and having a reef running around it, a formation frequently met with in the Pacific. There were verdure and trees growing on the knoll, and their form and foliage showed them to be of tropical origin.

The waves were still running high, but a stretch of smooth water showed just inside the reef on which the *Wandering Star* was aground, and when Carter saw this he said:

"We must leave the ship as soon as we can, for she will break up in a short time. The smooth water yonder is what will save us, for we can swim across that easily."

"Where are the rest of the crew and the captain?" asked Clarkson.

"I am afraid they are lost," said Carter. "It was because we were sheltered by the rail here, that we were saved. You see the waves have swept the deck clean forward of us."

"I see."

"But we must not stay here, for the ship is going to pieces now. Can you two swim?"

On being answered in the affirmative, he went on:

"Then what we must do is this: After the next high wave, we must run forward, as the ship's bow is nearest the smooth water, and also makes a protected lee sweep, and try to reach the shore by swimming. Get off all the clothes that will retard you, and when I give the word follow me."

They obeyed him, and seeing that they were ready, he watched the waves closely.

"Now!" he cried, after a huge sea had dashed against and over the ship, making her reel and tremble, and as he spoke, he ran forward and springing on the broken bulwarks, dove into the water.

He was followed by Clarkson and the helmsman, and soon they struggled out from the frothy mass around the ship, and reached the smooth stretch inside the reef.

It was fortunate for them that the ship had driven so hard on the reef, as this had carried her nearly across it, and they were thus able to reach the smoother water near the land more easily. Once in that, they were safe, for the beach was shelving, and the distance small.

The helmsman, whose name was Parks, was the last to reach the shore, and as they had obtained a footing, they turned to look at the *Wandering Star*. As they did so, a wall of water came surging toward her, its curling crown white with flakes of foam. As it rushed on, it seemed to gather volume and power, and then it struck the ship and rolled over her in a broken mass, that was mingled with fragments of wood, boxes, and barrels.

"The ship has gone to pieces," said Carter, "and we must save what we can from her. Let the wood go, and save the boxes and barrels."

The direction of the waves carried the wreck past the island, but some of it drifted near enough to be secured and rolled up the beach. Boxes and bales were the most numerous, but a couple of chests and quite a number of barrels were saved, and when there were no more to be had, they sat down on their treasure and looked out to the reef.

There was no ship to be seen.

The huge wave had been too strong for the battered hull of the *Wandering Star* and she had broken up.

"Now we must see if any of the crew are left alive," said Carter, "though I fear the search will be fruitless."

It was so, though they did not desist from it until every part of their new domain had been thoroughly explored.

The island was a small one, with a strangely even sweep in the knoll. It was as though a huge rock had risen in the sea, round which the coral reefs had grown, collecting the driftings of the ocean until soil had formed and vegetation come.

There were bread-fruit, banana, and orange trees, and numerous shrubs of which they did not know the names. At the western side of the knoll they found a rocky formation, from which a spring of fresh water bubbled up, and ran in a thin rivulet down to the sea.

Here, too, were rocky basins, in which former storms had deposited salt water, that had been evaporated and crystallized by the sun.

Having made a thorough survey of the island, they returned to their collection of stores, and as the day was nearly gone, ripped open one of the bales, which contained cloths of different kinds, and with this made a rude shelter, by stretching it over boxes and barrels piled on top of one another, and secured it by rolling others on the ends of the strips thus used.

The next day they made an inspection of their stores, and found that one of the chests contained a quadrant and a nautical almanac.

"Now," said Carter, "we can find out in what latitude we are, and I am a bit curious to know, as I do not remember of any land such as this being on the chart."

A noon observation convinced him that in this particular he was right, and it also showed him that the *Wandering Star* had been driven at a fearful rate, through the continuance of the gale.

"This is one of those strangely formed coral islands," he said, "so common in the Pacific, and found in no other part of the globe. It is out of the track of ships, too; but a gale, or some lucky chance, may bring us rescue ere we know it. All that we can do is to be careful of our stores, and look out for sails."

"A whaler may come cruising this way," said Parks; "I saw whales breaking off to windward this morning, and where there are whales there are sure to be whalers."

"That makes it better for us; but until the whaler, or a stray ship, comes, we must wait."

And so it was, for the days grew into weeks, and the weeks to months, without bringing any succor. They were very careful of their stores, which contained flour, pork, some canned fruits and meat, clothing, and cloths. There were cases of sugar and coffee saved, and thus a little of the comfort of life mingled with their stay on the island, as they were able to give it a dash of civilized cooking, the chest of the steward being one of those saved, and it giving them some saucepans, spices, and best of all, tinder, flint, and a tin case of matches.

Still it was a weary life, and to none so much so as to Frank Clarkson, for in his mind the words, "Come to me in a year and a day," kept sounding.

How could he go to her in a year and a day? Certainly he could not leave the island until some vessel came to take him off, and six months of the year were already gone.

He could only wait, and count the days as they went by, varying the monotony by fishing from the reef, or hunting for fruit on the little knoll.

The weather continued fair for a long time after they reached their new home, but when half of the probationary year and day were gone, a great storm swept over the island, and nearly washed their store of provisions away. When it was over, and the sun shone again, Carter said, "We must not expose our provisions to such danger again, but how are we to prevent it? That is a mystery."

"Why can't we dig a hole in the hill, and use it as a store-house?"

"So we can; I did not think of that."

Among their stores were two cases of farm and carpenter's tools, secured from the general wreck because they were thought to contain food. Thus the implements to work with, were ready at hand, and Clarkson thought that the place for them to begin their excavation, was a spot at the southern end of the knoll, where there were no trees, and but few shrubs.

Here they set to work, and ere night came, had cleared the space they wished from bushes and roots, and were able to look forward to a rapid advance on the morrow.

They were early at work, for the morning and evening were the coolest portions of the day, and best suited for labor. A half hour's shoveling brought them to a hard substance, and as Carter struck this, he said, "Why here is rock; we will have some trouble with our cave, after all."

As he spoke, Clarkson's shovel also met the resistance of a new impediment into which it penetrated a little distance.

"It is not rock," said he, "but wood of some kind."

"Wood," laughed Carter, "you will find it pretty hard wood, I think."

But Clarkson, thought differently, and worked away with added vigor, soon bringing a strip of planking in sight.

"It is wood, by Jove," cried Carter; "how came it here?"

All three men were highly excited now, and were plying their shovels with redoubled energy, each lot of earth removed showing a larger space of planking.

At last, when they had cleared about two square yards of this, they came to a small opening ornamented with carving.

Carter dropped his shovel, with a loud cry of surprise.

"What is it?" said Clarkson.

"Do you know what we have struck?"

"No."

"An old Spanish galleon."

"How came she here, under this earth?"

"I have just thought. She ran on the reef that forms the foundation of this island, nearly, if not

quite, two hundred years ago, and helped to form a bulwark for the drift to lodge against. As the island grew, the soil covered her, and then vegetation came and buried her. I know she is as old as I say by this port hole, which is after the style prevalent at the date that time would indicate."

"This is indeed a discovery, and we will have a fine cave, if the ravages of time have not spoilt it."

"Yes, we will have a fine cave, and if I mistake not, a fine fortune as well."

"I cannot understand."

"Why, it is plain enough. Most all of the ships Spain sent into the Pacific at that time were sent for treasure. It is as reasonable to suppose that this one was so freighted, as to think otherwise. At any rate, we have the time to explore her, and can thus satisfy ourselves of the nature of her cargo."

"That is so. What part of her have we unearthed?"

"The quarter, I think."

"How can we best get inside?"

"We must clear away more earth. The wind has helped us here, and it is because this was the last part covered by the sand and drift that there are no trees on it."

They again went to work with their shovels, and soon had another and a larger port hole clear. From this they removed the earth that had drifted inside, and soon Carter was able to crawl through.

"We must have some kind of a lamp," he said; "and we will need an axe or two."

Parks brought a rude lamp they had made from a tin pail and a brass tube, an invention of Clarkson's, who had thought it might attract notice at night. The oil was part of their stores, but the wick was formed by laying up shreds of cotton cloth. It gave a strong flame and made considerable light, and with this to guide them, they entered the buried hull, and began their explorations.

Quaint, carved furniture, moulding, tapestries, and ornaments of old times loomed up like ghosts in the dim light.

The sand and drift had not penetrated but a little way beyond the port, and they were thus able to move about freely, and see all the objects that time had spared. The timbers of the vessel were still strong and in place, but here and there the decks were giving way, and long, trailing roots hung pendant through the shadowy space.

A hasty search in the old chests and cabinets in the apartment, revealed quite a quantity of valuable things, and Carter held up a small casket full of gems with a triumphant cry.

"This vessel was bound home," he said; "and in the hold below the cabin we will find the treasure."

"How are we to reach it?" asked Clarkson.

"Easily. We can clear away the deck, and cut

a hole through, or we may find the hatchway leading to it."

A door half open attracted Parks's attention, and leaving what treasure they had found in a convenient place, they proceeded to explore the next room.

"This is the main cabin," said Carter, after a hasty survey that revealed several doors and some table-ware.

There were sand heaps by the ports, and a more general air of decay in this apartment than in the first they entered, and they soon left it, seeking new discoveries.

A thorough search revealed the fact that the rooms opening off from the main cabin had been used as state-rooms, and that they were rich in valuables. One of the doors led out on the main deck of the vessel, where several old cannon lay heaped together in a wild confusion. The planking above was here more shattered, and the splintered fragments of a broken mast were protruding through, showing that the shock which cast the galleon on the reef had been a terrific one.

"We have seen enough for one day," said Carter, as their lamp began to flicker low. "Tomorrow we will strike for the treasure."

The sun was sinking in the western sea when they emerged into the open air, and they were both tired and hungry with their labor and excitement.

The next day they cleared the room they had first entered of the sand that had drifted in, and made it a store-house. Then they sought for the hatchway leading below, and soon discovered it. In the hold thus revealed, Carter's predictions were verified, for here they found kegs and caskets heavily bound with iron, and full of precious metals and rare gems.

It took them some days to get these into the store-house, for the reef had broken through the ship's bottom, and the drift of the sea had washed in and embedded them.

When all were secure, Clarkson's mind, which had been diverted from home thoughts by the glorious prospects the discovery gave rise to, again reverted to Helen Livingston, and the time she had set for his return.

He had never taken Carter into his confidence in this matter, but did so now, and was met by a sympathy born from similar experience.

"But what are we to do?" he said. "I cannot get home if we are kept on this island; we must devise some plan to leave here."

"I have it. We will build a raft," said Carter; "and we can leave the bulk of our treasure here, to be brought off at a future day. The gems and a part of the gold will serve as ballast for the raft, and give us each a fortune, even if we never return for the rest."

"That is so, and the raft is what we must work at now. But then, how are we to reach any more desirable point by it, for it will not sail?"

"I have thought of that, and there is something to counterbalance the disadvantage of having a slow-sailing craft, for we can make sails, you know, and that is the current. I have found out by careful observation that this island is in the belt of a current setting to the southeast, and that is the direction that will lead us into the track of vessels bound from California and Australia to Europe; so we have a chance of rescue."

"So we have. We will begin the raft to-morrow."

The next day was not allowed to dawn and find them idle. Their first work was to clear a larger entrance to the old wreck, as she was the storehouse from whence to draw their material. Early and late they labored, and after a month of hard toil, their craft was ready to launch.

The old wreck had proved of inestimable value to them, for they had found many useful articles in her, and the stores saved from the *Wandering Star* supplied the rest of their needs.

The raft finished, they launched it and towed it to a place where a narrow channel led through the reef to the open sea. Here the treasure and provisions were put on board, and then they waited for morning to give them a good start.

A strong breeze from the north was blowing when Carter awoke his two companions, and after a light breakfast, led the way to the raft. They had closed the entrance to the wreck, and carefully replaced the earth, that their discovery might not become known to any chance vessel that might touch at the island, and having thus secured their remaining treasure, they bade their forced home good-bye, cast adrift the line that held their raft, hoisted the sail, and went slowly out to sea.

The wind continued fair for several days, but their craft was too bluff to sail fast. Then came a calm of a fortnight, followed by a head wind.

Clarkson's spirits were sorely tried, though Carter kept up a brave feeling; but a month went by with no sign of help.

Their provisions were running low, and the prospect of hunger began to fill them with dread. Carter was the most hopeful, and his brave words did much to encourage them, and it seemed but right that to him should come the first hope.

They had taken turns in watching and steering through the night, and Carter had the morning watch. It was a brilliant day, with rich sunlight sparkling along the rippling waves, which were rising higher each moment, the wind being on the increase. Carter had hoisted the sail in anticipation of this when he came on watch, and was feeling joyous to see the ripples that told of swifter motion, running away from the bow.

He began humming a sailor tune, and then turned his glance to windward.

Was it a bird, or the flash of a rising sail that caught his eye?

His song stopped, and for a few minutes his

gaze was riveted on this new object. Then a glad cry awakened his companions.

"What is it?" they cried, springing to their feet.

"A sail! A sail!" answered Carter.

"Thank God," answered Clarkson.

The ship that was bearing down on them was a large one, and her motions soon convinced them that they were seen, for her course was changed, and ere long her dark hull loomed up just to windward of their raft, and a boat was lowered to bring them on board.

The presence of their treasure caused the raft to be taken alongside, and when this was safely removed, the three survivors of the *Wandering Star* left their curious craft, and went aboard, the raft being cast adrift.

The ship they were on was an English trader, the *Martyr*, bound from San Francisco for Liverpool. Clarkson tried to induce the captain to land them at Valparaiso, or Rio Janeiro, so that they could take steamer for home, as nine months of his time were now gone, but he refused.

"Keep your money," he said, "my cargo is an important one, and I dare not delay it by stopping at any port."

So Clarkson was obliged to submit, and see the days go fleeting by, while the *Martyr* went slowly on toward the equator.

There she caught a favorable breeze, but still it was eighty-five days after she took them on board, before they sighted the spires of Liverpool.

Clarkson hurried ashore, and made inquiries concerning the departure of the next steamer. He had still ten days to reach New York, and learned that a steamer would leave at ten the next morning. He engaged passage for his companions and himself, and returning to the *Martyr*, had their treasure transferred to the United States Consul's for safe-keeping.

Enough of it to supply them with money for several months, was disposed of, and a receipt for the balance was taken from the consul, who agreed to ship it as they gave orders.

To make sure of having no doubts rise in the minds of others regarding their good fortune, Clarkson had the amount of his treasure affirmed under the official seal of the consulate, and thus armed, waited for the sailing of the steamer.

She weighed anchor at the appointed hour, and went speeding out to the vast and trackless realms of ocean, bearing two hearts that were beating high with hope.

The days passed swiftly by, but they were all too slow for Clarkson, who paced the deck restlessly, and cast longing looks across the blue waves, toward the place where lay the consummation of his happiness.

He had no fear but that Helen Livingstone was true to him, and all that he now wished was to reach her within the appointed time, and save her pain.

The steamer was a swift vessel, but the distance was great, and the last day of his probation dawned.

He had slept better the previous night than at any other time during the voyage, and the sun was high above the horizon when the sharp cry of "Land O!" awoke him.

He was soon on deck, and Carter pointed out the thick line along the western sea, which was his land of promise.

Still it was after four o'clock ere they reached the harbor, and he had but half an hour to spare, when he sprang into a carriage, and telling the driver that he would give him three times his fare if he would reach the place before the clock struck six, bade him drive to the Livingstone mansion.

The horses were good ones, and the carriage sped swiftly up town, and stopped at the stately home of Jay Livingstone.

Clarkson paid the driver even more than he had promised, and then ran lightly up the steps and rang the bell.

"Is Miss Livingstone in?" he asked of the servant who answered his summons.

"Yes sir," and he led the way to the parlor; "who shall I say wishes to see her, sir?"

"Tell her that the gentleman who was to come to her to-day, is here," said Clarkson.

The man departed, and Clarkson paced the floor impatiently. In his walk, he came near a folding-door that was slightly ajar, and these words arrested his attention:

"I have made every inquiry that I could, Helen, and the result is, that there has never been a word heard from the *Wandering Star* since she sailed. Her owners have long since given her up as lost."

The reply, if any would have been made, was stopped by the entrance of the servant with Clarkson's message, and the next instant a light step came rapidly toward the door, which was flung open to admit the radiant face and lithe form of Helen Livingstone.

A glad cry told her father that joy had come to her, and the next instant she was clasped in Frank Clarkson's arms.

The remainder of the story is soon told.

Frank Clarkson, with his manliness and intelligence, backed by his strangely acquired wealth, found no objections to impede the consummation of his happiness, and a brilliant wedding was soon the talk of the fashionable world of the great city. Carter wedded his bonnie little sweetheart, who had waited faithfully for him, and then took charge of a vessel fitted out to recover the remainder of the treasure. This was safely accomplished, and thus did the wealth for which men had risked their lives and lost them, two hundred years before, become the foundation of much happiness for four loving and hopeful souls.

ROSY'S WIDOWER.

AS TOLD BY ONE OF HER OWN SET.

I wrote you, didn't I, that Rosy Gray was married? No! Well, my dear, she is, and to a widower. It was the most ridiculous affair—romantic, you know—love at first sight, and all that sort of thing.

"You see, we were down at Kate Granger's last October—Lucy Burton, Rosy, and I. We had a lovely time. The weather was just perfection. The neighborhood is not *very* lively, but people do come in sometimes; and, if they don't, with such horses as Mr. Granger's, it is easy enough to go after them. One day we went over to Wragtown to play croquet with the Belknaps, and came home about eight o'clock. Tom Granger was driving us, and we were all in a perfect gale, making about ten times as much noise as we ought to have done, when we saw, through the window, the tea-table standing untouched. That was a sure sign of strange company, for, under all other circumstances, Mrs. Granger has tea punctually at six o'clock. She met us in the hall, and told us it was a gentleman from New York on business. He had telegraphed to Mr. Granger to meet him in Philadelphia that afternoon, and they had just come in from the late train. We had had tea, but Mr. Granger likes a "jolly" table, so we all turned into the dining-room, and were standing before the great wood fire, when he came in with the stranger and introduced him as Mr. Brandreth. He bowed silently, and took no further notice of us. He was very handsome, tall and fine-looking, with the most melancholy eyes I ever saw. He said "if you please" when Mr. Granger offered to help him, and "thank you" when we passed him the bread, but not another word did he utter, and very heartily tired he looked at the many we uttered. Mr. Granger paid no attention to his mood, but kept up a lively chatter over the day's doings. After tea, the gentlemen went out together, but when we went into the parlor, with our fancy work and knitting, there was Mr. Brandreth, sitting in the easiest chair, and shading his eyes with his hand. And there he sat all evening. Rosy was opposite to him. You know what a bright little thing she is, and that evening she looked particularly pretty. Driving in the cool air had given her a color, and crisped those soft little rings of hair she always wears. She was working on some brilliant scarlet thing of Mrs. Granger's, all holes and fleecy fringes, and her little white hands seemed to fly while she talked. But, in the midst of one of her gayest sallies, Mr. Brandreth rose slowly, and asked permission to retire, in the most subdued manner. Tom went with him, and came back in a minute, shrugging his shoulders and actually grinning with amusement. We hardly

waited for him to close the door, before we burst out, Rosy worse than any of us. "Did any one ever see such a stick! Worse than Hamlet! And so handsome, too!" I remarked that he was in deep mourning.

"O, perhaps he is a widower!" exclaimed Rosy, horrified, and she was quiet from that time forth. We asked Mr. Granger, but he knew nothing, beyond his standing as a business man, and that he had "a place" up the Hudson.

The next morning, he was a little, a *very little* more sociable at breakfast, and even handsomer than by lamp-light. But Mr. Granger hurried him away, and the rest of us scattered through the house, as usual. I was in Kate's room, reading, when Rosy burst in on me, exclaiming:

"O Minnie! he *is* a widower. His wife died last March."

"How did you find *that* out?" I asked.

She laughed and hesitated, but said:

"He told me so."

"Told you!" I exclaimed, perfectly surprised. "Did you ask him?"

"No, of *course* I did not! I went into the library to look for Aunt Granger's glasses, and he was there alone. He didn't even look at me at first, but, after awhile, he asked me if there was any one living in this place named Dallas, or something very like that. I told him no—at least, I had never heard of them. Then he said he might be mistaken in the name. The gentleman he meant, he had met in the Adirondacks summer before last, and, although he saw a good deal of him, they had never been regularly introduced. 'It occurred to me this morning,' he said, 'that he told me he lived near Fernwood, and I thought I would inquire. I was very much interested in him and his wife. She was very delicate, and I would like to know whether she recovered. I was there under the same circumstances, but Mrs. Brandreth was not benefited in the least. She—I lost her last March.' I declare, Minnie, he did look too sad for anything when he said that! I pitied him from the very bottom of my heart, but I could not *say* anything. What is there to be said on such a subject?"

She looked so helplessly dismayed, and the whole scene came up before me so vividly—that handsome, wonderful, great, big man, telling his sorrows to that little doll-baby thing who did not know what to do with them, that I burst into a laugh, which brought in Kate and Lucy.

"What on earth is the matter?" they both asked, and I told them.

"Rosy has interviewed the mysterious stranger, and he came out marvelously. He is a widower since last March. Go on, Rosy! Tell us all he said."

"Good gracious! Yes!" said Kate. Did he tell you *that* in so many words? Why, the man means business, I *think*!"

Rosy looked provoked.

"I sha'n't tell you anything. Minnie has no business to make fun of me that way. It was only a trifle," and she turned to leave the room. But we stopped her, and petted her, and, after a little, persuaded her to tell us all. It was as good as a play to hear it. Her old self was not quite subdued, and she entered into the spirit of it, seeing, for *once*, the ludicrous side of it, and telling it with such cunning by-play of hands and handkerchief as made it perfectly delicious.

"There I stood for two or three minutes," she said, after repeating as much as she had told me, "and he looked into the fire. Just as I was thinking of slipping off quietly, he began again: 'She was the greatest loss a wife ever was. We were so happy together, so perfectly congenial.' Here his voice trembled, and he put his hand over his eyes. 'There was nothing to mar our happiness but her delicate health. I took her everywhere, and did everything for her—'"

"Knows how to advertise!" put in Kate.

"But it was all of no avail. She could not live. I shall never get over it—never!" and with that he pulled out his handkerchief."

"Upon my word! one might think it was April instead of November, from the showers," said Kate, dryly.

But Lucy's heart was touched until "the water stood in her eyes," as old John Bunyan would have said. She protested quite warmly against our heartlessness (for Kate and I were laughing again—it was so irresistibly comic to watch Rosy's face drawn down into a suitable seriousness).

"Well, what did he say next? Or, rather, what did *you* say? You didn't stand there like a nodding mandarin, taking it all in silently, did you?" queried Kate.

"No—o!" said Rosy, hesitating. "I *did* say something then. I said it was an *awful* thing to lose a wife!"

"My dear!" we positively shouted, "such a climax to such a story!"

Rosy grew angry in one minute, and I soon saw our fun was over then, unless we treated her with becoming gravity.

"It is really too bad, Kate!" I said. "Rosy will think we are laughing at her, when it is only her way of telling it that is so delightful. Was that all, Rosy? Did you come right out then?"

"There wasn't much more," answered Rosy, pouting. "He only said he had a lovely little girl, just four years old, so smart and so pretty, and so *good*. She is down at her grandmother's, and he writes to her every day, and she keeps his letters in a little bureau he gave her for her doll's clothes, because she likes her dear papa better than the dolls. Then he said he would like to show me her picture, and he did."

"Did he show you his wife's, too?"

"No, he hasn't one with him. He always carries one, but he sent it to be touched up."

"Did he tell you you looked like her?"

Rosy did not answer; she blushed scarlet.

"It is a singular thing," said Kate, gravely, "that, whether it is a compliment or not, widowers always begin a second courtship by some such yarn as *that*. For my part, it would never work with *me*. And you may rest easy, Rosy, with this flattering unctious—I have no doubt you are twice as pretty as she was, or she must have been a very lovely woman."

Rosy dimpled all over her dainty face, with half shy, half-delighted smiles.

"Kate, you are too bad for anything!" she said, and ran out of the room. I looked at Kate.

"Dear little fool!" she said, shaking her head. "That man will marry her, I feel sure. As for him—well, I think of him what Dickens said of Wordsworth, 'He's a conceited old ass.'"

Kate is "strong-minded," does not care for beaux, and never had a love affair that I know of—indeed, she's not the kind of girl men like—but she is generally about right when it comes to other people's affairs of that kind.

Mr. Brandreth went away after luncheon, mournful and silent to the last, and so preoccupied he forgot his satchel. Kate discovered it.

"Now, Tom," she said, "I don't see through a glass darkly. He will be back here on his way up from Washington to-morrow. Let's spoil his little game, my dear boy, and see what move he will make next."

So Tom sent Cæsar off on his saddle-horse with the bag. When Mr. Granger came home that night, Kate told him, and he *did* enjoy it.

"Well! well! well!" he said, after a hearty laugh. "Kitty, that was too bad! I thought the fellow took it very coolly; but then, he *is* a cool chap, isn't he, Rosy?"

"I don't know, Uncle Granger!" said innocent Rosy. And she took all the teasing (there was plenty of it) in the same demure manner. We went home that day week. Mr. Granger came into breakfast on the last morning with an open letter and a broad smile.

"Look here!" he said, holding out the white sheet with "Brandreth & Co.," staring from the top. "Now, what do you think he says?"

"D. L. GRANGER, ESQ.—*Dr. Sir*: I find I have mislaid the memoranda of the business we have in hand, and will be on to-morrow (27th) to renew them. Cannot proceed without them."

"Yours, etc., A. S. BRANDRETH."

"Memoranda, indeed! So many bales of goods at so much per bale! That *is* a joke. Hallo, Rosy! where are you off to? Here's your letter, my dear! O, I'm sure it is yours. I have no use for it in the world."

"Don't you girls go at 3:30?" questioned Tom.

"O Tom!" exclaimed Rosy; "what a shock-

ingly inelegant speech! Ever so many mistakes in grammar, I am sure!"

"All right!" said Tom, tranquilly; "but I'm up in my arithmetic, Rosy—don't need any 'memoranda.' Are you not going at 3:30, young ladies? Then you will just meet him on the platform."

But we did not. Rosy is clever enough in some respects, and she did manage most adroitly to get us all off in the noon train. The next day I went round to get some of my things that had been packed in with hers, and lo! there sat Mr. Brandreth. He condescended to offer me a very elaborate *casual* explanation of his presence, in which Mr. Gray appeared more prominent than I ever knew him before (for Mrs. Gray holds him in terror of his life), and Rosy did not appear at all. After that, he seemed to have a thriving business in Philadelphia, and developed such an esteem for Mr. Gray and such dependence on his opinion, that Kate Granger said, it was marvelous how he had already made a fortune, and married and buried a wife without that good man to direct him. Rosy behaved very well, and was as amiable as possible until the engagement was announced; *then*, we found it best, for the sake of peace, to say no more about that interview in the library. She was married two weeks ago, and the presents were superb. His relatives, and ever so many of his first wife's family, sent lovely things, so it was agreeable all round. He is unexceptionable, of course, and they say his place up the Hudson is magnificent, but, between you and I, the more I saw of him, the more I agreed with Kate that Dickens's opinion of Wordsworth was most applicable. I don't believe it was half as much grief as a sort of stately stupidity, that made him behave in such a perfectly ridiculous manner. Kate says, widowers always *do* carry on in some outlandish style, and *some* people like it. As for Lucy Burton, I believe she would give her bang (and it is a lovely one!) to have some one fall in love with her as "romantically" as Mr. Brandreth did with Rosy.

ROSY'S OPINION.

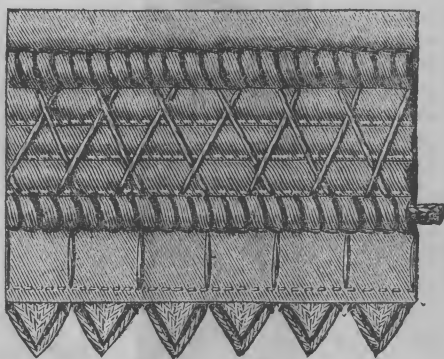
Gussie Brown wrote out all Minnie Track told her about Arthur and me, and I heard of it. She says it makes a *splendid* story, but I think it is *hateful*. The idea of making fun of Arthur! And then calling him such horrid, inelegant, unlady-like names! I never will forgive Minnie Track. Arthur says all comment is superfluous. He was perfectly aware that both Miss Track and Miss Granger were making efforts to attract him, but my simplicity was only enhanced by their proximity. He was attracted by my resemblance to Lily's mother—only, she had gray eyes and mine are brown, and her hair was straight and mine is curly, and she was tall and I am (so Arthur says) a perfect fairy. And he is perfectly splendid, and knows *everything*.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



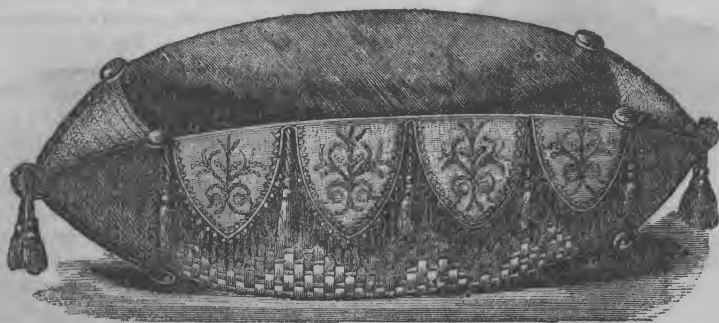
FIGS. 1 AND 2.—EMBROIDERED COVER FOR FLOWER-POT.

For the foundation of the cover, cut a piece of cardboard of sufficient width and depth to fit the flower-pot you desire to cover; this is covered with cloth or cashmere, embroidered in satin stitch with the design shown in Fig. 1. For the border, shown in Fig. 2, work over two lengths

FIG. 3.—THE TUN BASKET.

This style of basket is made in many sizes, and is used, according to its dimensions, for either soiled lingerie or work. A blue woolen ruche encircles the lid, and is ornamented with a cloth vallance, which may be embroidered or appliqué. Blue braid is passed in and out of the straw basket.

Fig. 3.



of worsted braid with Berlin wool, in long stitches; between these two lengths are worked two rows of back-stitching, over which, with silk, is worked a row of long herring-bone. The cover is edged with a row of vandyked worsted braid; or if this cannot be obtained in a suitable color, a row of narrow pleated ribbon may be substituted.

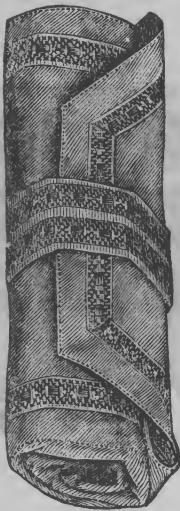
A PRETTY penwiper can be made by having a very small kitten stuffed, curled up on a piece of scarlet cloth.

FIGS. 4. AND 5.—CASE FOR KNIVES AND FORKS.

This case will be found very useful for keeping other silver articles, as well as knives and forks, free from scratches, which they are so liable to get when kept loosely in a plate-basket. The case is composed of wash-leather and flannel or cashmere. For the inside, cut a piece of wash-leather 20 inches wide and 24 inches long, shaped at one end as shown in the engraving,

then cut a similar piece in cashmere or flannel, and ornament it with a narrow cross-stitch border; the design shown in Fig. 4 will be suitable; bind

Fig. 4.



the wash-leather and cashmere together with a narrow ribbon. Sew a strip of the embroidery down the centre of the inside, stitching it across

Fig. 5.



at intervals to form loops through which to pass the forks, etc. The two pieces fold over, and the case is fastened with strap and button.

Fig. 6.—EMBROIDERED BUTTONS.

Embroidered buttons are very fashionable for ladies' dresses, and are pleasant occupation. The

moulds are covered with silk, the design having first been embroidered upon them. We give

Fig. 6.

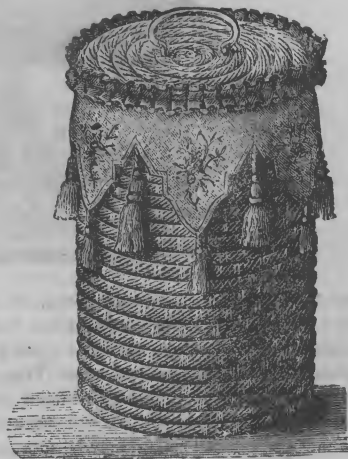


three designs which can be easily copied; they can be worked in the same color silk as the button is covered with, or in gay colors.

FIG. 7.—WORK BASKET.

This style of basket is now made in all possible sizes, from a small work basket to one large enough to serve as a child's cradle when travel-

Fig. 7.



ing. Our pretty model is lined with blue cashmere, ornamented at each side with blue linen embroidered with Turkey red cotton. The tassels are red and blue.

FIG. 8.—TRANSPARENT PAINTING ON MUSLIN.

Transparent paintings produce an excellent effect on lamp shades, on lamp screens, and window-sill screens, especially under artificial and transmitted light. The appliances, tools, and materials required are oil or moist water-colors in tubes, a set of flat and pointed brushes, gold drawing pens (No. 2), and pencils of various degrees of hardness, pieces of strong and evenly woven muslin, and a stretching frame of wood like that illustrated in Fig. 8. The further requirements are a supply of the best white gelatine, of powdered gum arabic, and pumice stone.

First the muslin has to be prepared for painting by fixing a piece of the required dimensions in the stretching-frame, and sizing the surface with a solution of gelatine in hot water, with the

effect of the colors on a lamp-shade, artificial light for working is preferable. Window-sill screens should be worked in daylight.

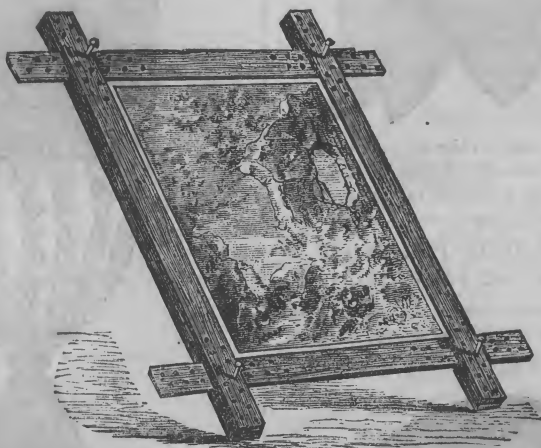
Before using the oil colors they must be diluted with a medium, which can be bought ready prepared, or made of turpentine and siccative in equal parts. This makes the colors more transparent, and prevents their running.

Moist water-colors can likewise be employed after having mixed them with gum water, but they are less easy to handle for transparent painting on muslin than oil-colors.

The general rules for transparent painting are, of course, the same as for any other kind of painting; but the following special hints may be found useful:

Leave untouched those parts of the sketch which are to appear white, or in a strong light.

Fig. 8.



aid of a flat and moderately stiff brush. The first coat of gelatine is then allowed to dry, and the muslin restretched to receive the second coating, which is generally sufficient, although in some cases three or more coatings may be useful. After the coated muslin is perfectly dry, the surface may be rubbed gently with a piece of pumice-stone to make the pencil-marks, the pen-drawings, and the colors, adhere better.

The outlines of the painting can then be drawn with a pencil direct on the muslin, and afterwards traced out with pen and ink. This, however, has to be done very carefully, as mistakes can only with difficulty be erased or corrected. The safer plan is, therefore, to sketch the outline in ink first on a piece of paper, place the latter underneath the muslin, and from it trace with pen and ink the sketch or pattern to the woven surface.

The frame is then placed on an easel in a slightly slanting position, and turned against a window or against a source of artificial light, such as a gas or an oil lamp. For judging the

effect of the colors on a lamp-shade, artificial light for working is preferable. Window-sill screens should be worked in daylight.

For mottled tints and pale foliage, the sponge device will answer equally well.

Another expeditious plan to produce the effect of heavy foliage and foregrounds is to cover the surface with a comparatively thin layer of green, and pick out the lights with a knife or with a pointed piece of wood. The required details can be painted in afterwards with a pointed camel-hair brush.

Balls of cotton wool covered with pieces of soft silk can be likewise used as dabblers instead of sponges, only a separate ball must then be kept for each color, whilst brushes and sponges can, and ought to be cleaned with soap and warm water.

In Figs. 9 and 10 we illustrate specimens of transparent painting, on which beginners may try their hand. Many other pretty articles can be made with a little practice.

FIG. 9.—TULIP-SHAPED LAMP SHADE IN TRANSPARENT PAINTING.

This shade is arranged and put together in the same manner as the shade represented in Fig. 10.

Fig. 9.

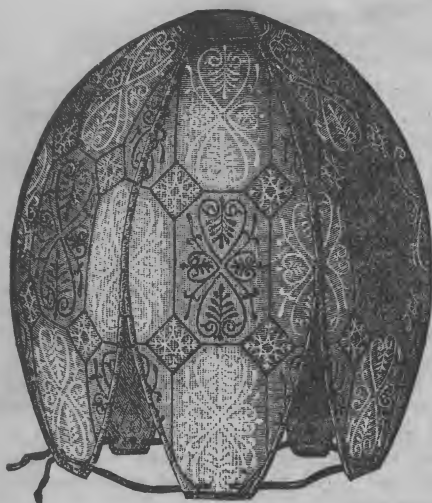


It may be painted either in the natural colors of the flowers, or in different shades of the same color—for instance, in brown or in a neutral tint.

FIG. 10.—LAMP SHADE FOR GLOBE IN TRANSPARENT PAINTING.

This lamp shade consists of six sections, the size of which depends upon the size of the globe

Fig. 10.

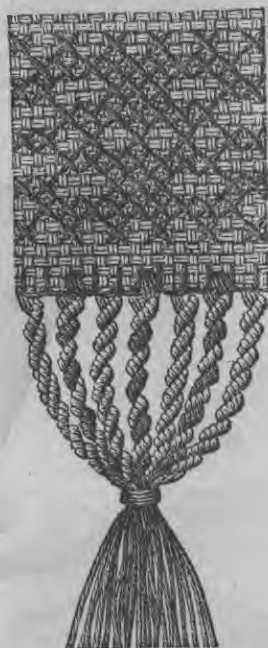


which the shade is intended to cover; each section is painted separately. The border lines of the compartments are strongly marked in black with the aid of a ruler, then the larger octagons

are all painted with orange-colored patterns, alternately on a light blue and light crimson ground, the small squares light green on a brown ground. Each section is bordered with a thin piece of wire, covered with green chenille, and ultimately the six sections are sewn together half way down. A narrow green silk ribbon is then slipped through the lower rim of the sections, and serves to fit the shade to the globe.

FIG. 11.—BORDER AND FRINGE; CROSS-STITCH AND TWISTED THREADS.

Fig. 11.



This border and fringe is suitable for the ends of tidies, table-covers, towels, etc. The design is worked with crewel embroidery on Java canvas, the threads of which are drawn out to the depth of about four inches, tightly twisted, as shown in the illustration, and knotted together about an inch from the bottom to form a tassel.

TOBACCO POUCHES.—Soft kid, cut in a circle and bound with ribbon, embroidered in colored silks with a floral design and monogram, silk cords drawing it up, makes a pretty pouch. They are often made of Panama or Russian canvas, lined with indiarubber cloth; indeed, it is best to buy one of the inexpensive kind of india rubber pouches, and cover it with embroidered silk. Sometimes, in lieu of striped silk, silk of two colors is chosen and arranged side by side, melon shape. Oriental materials and colorings are best.

❖ RECIPES FOR THE SICK ROOM. ❖

CHICKEN JELLY.

Ingredients.—Chicken,
Salt, pepper, mace,
Loaf sugar,
Lemon juice.

Cut a large chicken into very small pieces, break the bones, put into a stone jar, water-tight; set the jar into a kettle of boiling water and boil three hours; strain off the liquid and put in a cold place.

BREAD JELLY.

Ingredients.—One quart of boiling water,
Half a box loaf of bread,
Sugar,
Lemon peel.

Pare off the crust of the bread, toast the slices a light brown; put them into the boiling water, and set it on the fire in a covered pan; boil gently until the liquid has become jelly; strain it and set it away until cold; when used, warm it and season to taste.

ARROW ROOT JELLY.

Ingredients.—Three tablespoonfuls of arrow root,
Peel of one lemon,
One pint of water, or milk,
One tablespoonful of sugar,
Grated nutmeg.

Mix three tablespoonfuls of arrow root with water or milk until perfectly smooth; boil the peel of lemon in a pint of water until reduced one-half; take out the peel and pour in the dissolved arrow root; sweeten it, and boil five minutes.

RICE JELLY.

Ingredients.—One quarter of a pound of rice,
Half a pound of loaf-sugar,
Water sufficient to cover it,
Spice or lemon peel.

Boil the rice until all dissolved; strain and season; set away until cold.

SAGO JELLY.

Ingredients.—Tea cup full of sago,
One quart of water or milk,
Rind of lemon,
Nutmeg.

Wash the sago well, and soak for three hours; boil it in the same water until transparent.

TAPIOCA JELLY.

Ingredients.—Tea cup full of tapioca,
Sugar and lemon juice.

Wash the tapioca through several waters, soak all night, and boil until transparent; add the seasoning while boiling, and put it away to cool when done.

OATMEAL GRUEL.

Ingredients.—Three tablespoonfuls of oatmeal.
One quart of water,
A little salt,
Loaf-sugar, raisins, nutmeg.

Mix the meal with a little water until it is all wet, add it to a quart of boiling water, stirring it in gradually, boil it twenty minutes; stir it frequently; if the raisins are added it requires more boiling; the raisins can be removed before serving.

VOL. C.—6.

COCOA SHELLS.

Ingredients.—Cocoa shells,
Water,
Sugar.

One tea-cup full of shells, one and a half pints of cold water; turn the water over the shells; let them stand a little while, then boil half an hour; sweeten to taste.

MOLASSES AND BUTTER.

Ingredients.—One pint West India molasses,
Teaspoonful of ginger,
One-quarter of a pound of fresh butter,
Juice of two lemons, or two table-spoonfuls of vinegar.

Mix the molasses, ginger, and butter together; set the pan on the fire to simmer, do not let it boil; stir it frequently for half an hour, then add the lemon juice or vinegar; let it simmer five minutes longer—very good for a cold.

VEGETABLE SOUP.

Ingredients.—One onion,
One turnip,
One potato,
One head of celery, or a teaspoonful of celery seed,
Toasted bread,
One quart of water,
A little salt.

Put all the ingredients into a quart of water, and boil until reduced to one-half; make some slices of toast, and strain the liquid over them.

OYSTER SOUP.

Ingredients.—One dozen oysters,
Salt,
Toast.

Cut the oysters up very fine, strain the liquor, boil together closely covered for fifteen minutes, then strain again; dip long strips of toast into the liquor, and eat them without soaking; very good after the stomach has become irritable from sickness.

APPLE WATER.

Ingredients.—Two large juicy apples,
Sugar,
Boiling water.

Pare and core two apples, bake them until tender, put them into a bowl and turn one pint of boiling water on them; mash with a spoon and strain.

INDIAN MEAL GRUEL.

Ingredients.—Indian meal,
Salt and water.

Mix half a cupful of Indian meal with a very little water, stir until perfectly smooth; to a pint and a half of boiling water salted, add the meal, stirring it in slowly; let it boil half an hour; it can be retained on the stomach when almost everything else is rejected.

BARLEY WATER.

Ingredients.—Two ounces of barley,
One quart of water,
Two ounces of stoned raisins or
lemon peel,
Sugar to taste.

Boil the barley slowly until reduced to one-half; strain and sweeten. If desired, liquorice root can be added.

BEEF TEA.

Ingredients.—One pound of lean beef, cut very small,
A little salt.

Put the meat into a wide-mouthed bottle, corked up closely; set the bottle into a pan of water, and keep it boiling hard for two hours; strain the liquid and season. Chicken can be used the same way.

TOAST AND WATER.

Ingredients.—Six slices of bread toasted,
One quart of boiling water,
Sugar if desired.

Toast the bread very carefully; turn over it the boiling water, covering it closely. Drink when quite cold.

TAMARIND WATER.

Ingredients.—One tumbler of tamarinds,
One pint of cold water.

Turn the water over the tamarinds, and let it stand an hour; strain it before using. Currant jelly or cranberry jelly can be used the same way.

FLAXSEED LEMONADE.

Ingredients.—Flaxseed,
Boiling water,
Lemon juice,
Gum arabic,
Sugar.

Three tablespoonfuls of whole flaxseed to a quart of boiling water; let it stand until very thick; then strain it over the juice of one lemon and the powdered gum arabic; sweeten it to taste.

BEATEN EGG.

Ingredients.—Egg,
Milk,
Sugar.

Beat a fresh egg very light, add a little sugar, and stir into a tumbler of milk.

RENNET WHEY.

Ingredients.—One quart of milk, almost boiling,
Two tablespoonfuls of prepared rennet, or a piece of rennet which has been soaked in water,
Sugar to taste.

Stir the rennet into the hot milk; let it stand until cool, and strain it.

ONION SOUP.

Ingredients.—Half pound of fresh butter,
Twelve large onions,
Salt,
Flour,
Yolks of two eggs.

Put the butter into a pan, and let it boil. Cut the onions into small pieces, throw them into the butter with the salt, and stew them one-quarter of an hour; dredge in a little flour and stir the whole very hard; then pour in a quart of boiling water, and some

small pieces of toasted bread. Boil ten minutes longer, stirring very often; after taking from the fire, stir in the yolks of the beaten eggs.

ENGLISH COUGH MIXTURE.

Ingredients.—One cup of molasses,
Butter the size of a walnut,
Half a teaspoonful of horehound,
Half a teaspoonful of senna.

Put the horehound and senna to steep in as little water as will cover them. Boil the molasses nearly as long as for candy, with the butter. When sufficiently boiled strain the horehound and senna into it. A teaspoonful three times a day has proved a valuable medicine for a cough.

STEWED OYSTERS.

Ingredients.—One dozen large oysters,
Half an ounce of butter,
Teaspoonful of flour,
Not quite half a pint of milk,
Salt,
Spice,
Oyster liquor.

Put the butter into a pan, letting it get very hot; add the flour, stirring it until very smooth. While boiling, add the milk and oyster liquor gradually to the butter and flour. Stir for several minutes, then add the oysters, cooking them a few minutes.

LEMON JELLY.

Ingredients.—One paper gelatine,
One and a quarter pounds of sugar,
Four lemons,
Three pints of boiling water,
Whites of two eggs.

Lay the gelatine in cold water for an hour; pour off this water and add the three pints of boiling water to the juice and thin rind of the lemons. Let all the ingredients boil, closely covered, for ten minutes. After adding the white of egg do not stir it. Strain or not as you please. Very good for a cold.

MUTTON BROTH.

Ingredients.—One pound of mutton or lamb cut small,
One quart of cold water,
One teaspoonful of rice or barley,
Four tablespoonfuls of milk,
Salt,
Pepper,
Parsley.

Boil the meat without the salt, closely covered, until very tender. Strain it and add the barley or rice. Simmer for half an hour, stirring often. Add the seasoning and milk, and simmer five minutes more.

MILK TOAST.

Ingredients.—Milk,
Bread,
Salt,
Flour,
Butter.

Put the milk into a sauce-pan to heat. Mix a very little flour smoothly with a little cold milk. A quart of milk will take butter the size of an egg. Mix all well together, and let it come to a boil. Pour the mixture on nicely-browned slices of bread.

HOME AMUSEMENTS AND JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

PUZZLES, ETC.

A MALTESE CROSS PUZZLE.



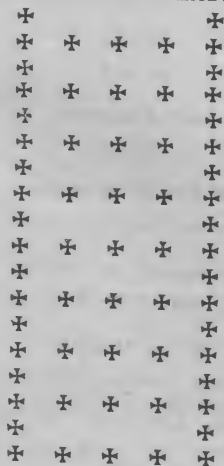
The central letter is a consonant, and remains unchanged. The letters which immediately surround it are only repetitions of a single letter, which is a vowel. The upper arm of the cross gives, on every side, the name of a girl. The right arm gives the names by which she calls her father and her brother. The left arm is her name for her mother, and what her father and brother are, and what she and her mother are not; while the lowest arm gives what the girl and her mother sometimes cook, and what they cook it in.

A NAME PUZZLE.

— — L — —
 — — L — —
 — — L — —
 — — L — —
 — — L — —

Supply the letters wanting in the above, and find five pretty names for five pretty ladies.

A GEOGRAPHICAL LADDER.



The ninth or upper round of the ladder is a town in South America. The eighth is a country in Africa. The seventh is a district of Canada. The sixth is the ancient name of Gibraltar. The fifth is a town in Hindostan. The fourth is a town in Japan. The third is a town in Southern Africa. The second is a town in Western Africa. The lowest is a town in Belgium. The uprights spell a notable event in American history, and the day of the month on which it happened.

CHARADES.

No. 1.

My first may be either good or bad;
 In my second, they say, dwells truth.
 My whole is a word whose sound is sad
 To the ear of both age and youth.

No. 2.

From my hospitable board
 You a sumptuous meal may take.
 Remove two-thirds, and of what's left
 You probably your supper make.

No. 3.

Before my first the young man stood
 With many comrades jolly,
 And in a daring, boisterous mood,
 They gave themselves to folly.
 A smile breaks o'er the merchant's face,
 In despite of all his fears,
 When on his day-book in its place
 My second sure appears.

My whole you'll find in every store,
 Because the times are hard;
 In letters large outside the door,
 Upon a flaunting card.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Whole, I am a mineral; but behead me twice, and I become, first a sound, and second a number.
2. Whole, I am a couple; behead me twice and I become, first, a trial of speed, and secondly, one of a pack of cards.
3. Whole, I am a delight; behead me twice, and I become, first, an injury, and secondly an important member of the human frame.
4. Whole, I am something that will burn you; beheaded, I am something that will delight you, and beheaded again, I am something that may save you.

WORD SQUARES.

No. 1.

1. A precious stone.
2. An evergreen tree.
3. A woman's name.
4. A terror to sailors.

No. 2.

1. An ornamental article of dress.
2. A thought.
3. Cleanly.
4. A portal.

No. 3.

1. A vessel used for ornament.
2. Barren.
3. The edge.
4. The abode of innocence.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

- The middle word each way is a musical instrument
1. Is found in book, but not in type.
 2. An ancient way of dressing the hair.
 3. Used in martial music.
 4. A very graceful tree.
 5. Is found in me, but not in you.

GAMES.

LONDON LOO.

This is a very popular game in many school-yards, as it furnishes ample opportunity for very violent exercise, and allows much fun to be condensed into a very few minutes of leisure. The child chosen as "It" or Leader places himself in some convenient corner, and then cries out in loud and distinct tones, "London!" The other players immediately disperse as rapidly as possible, and when they consider that they have reached a safe distance, all cry out the expected answer, "Loo!" At this signal the Leader starts in pursuit, and whenever he succeeds in catching any one of his mates, that comrade must clasp hands with him, and the two together proceed to catch the rest of the players. Every one caught must join this ever-lengthening line, which must be preserved with great care, for whenever any link becomes detached, the player who is at that moment the object of pursuit must be allowed to escape. The game is a very rough one, but is very merry, and has to be managed with skill and judgment, or it becomes dangerous, as the lengthened line swings round with great force.

SLIP THE RULER.

The play known under this name is but a modern variation upon the ancient and standard game of "Hunt the Slipper." It is, however, better suited to the "recess" on a rainy day, and is therefore quite generally adopted by school children. The position of the players is more dignified than that in the merry old game, but almost as much rough fun can be obtained from it. The players take their seats in a row upon chairs or benches, while the Leader stands before them. The players then slip a ruler or short stick from hand to hand behind their backs, seizing every opportunity to give the Leader a smart tap with it while his attention is attracted to some other point of the line. If the Leader succeeds in catching the ruler, the player in whose possession it is arrested must assume the office of Leader.

PIANO.

This is a very clever trick, but it only can be done by a very good pianist. One of the players must go out of the room, the others must fix upon a noun, for instance "Cat." When they have settled a word they must call in the player; the confederate must then seat herself at the piano and play as many chords as the number of the first letter of the word; for instance, she would play three chords for "c," one for "a," and twenty for "t." Between each letter, a run or variation must be played to divide it from the other letter. The other player is then able to tell what word was chosen, to the astonishment of the lookers-on. The chords must be varied so as to make it appear like a tune, which, of course, requires a good musician; the other player must listen very intently, as it puzzles the audience more if the tune is played fast. But at the same time each of the chords must be well accented, and the second player must listen intently, to be sure to count them correctly.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER.
NUMBER.*Answer to Box Puzzle.*

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      G R I N D I N G
      N               N N
      I               I I
      B               N N
      B               I A
      U               A E
      R               R L
G R A F T I N G      G
N                   N N
I                   I I
D                   P L
R                   U Z
A                   O Z
U                   R U
G U E S S I N G

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Answer to Cross Puzzle.

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      B
      A
      Y
B A R O N E T
      N
      E
      T

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Charade.

Warwick.

An Abstraction.

Texas.

A Literary Execution.

Leland, eland, land, and.

A Seasonable Substitution.

Holly, Polly, Molly, Dolly, jolly.

Missing Mountains.

Coast Range; Cascade; Bitter-Root; Rocky Mountains; Apache; Cumberland; Alleghany; Blue; Catskill; Adirondack; Mt. Washington; White; Green.

IN a family of children, that like to vary their home amusements as much as possible, the sister occasionally furnishes each person with a piece of paper upon which to privately write their guesses at our puzzles; these pages are then pinned or sewed into a little book, and laid away until the arrival of the next number, when the reading of the little volume is frequently the cause of some mirth to the household.

LITERARY NOTICES.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Phila. :—

EURIPIDES, by J. P. Mahaffy, A. M., Fellow of Trinity College, and Professor of Ancient History in the University of Dublin.

One of the small volumes of "Classical Writers," edited by John Richard Green, which contain in a readable and condensed form matter of great value and interest to the classical scholar. The volume gives in this concise style chapters on the age in which Euripides lived, the poet's life and studies, and clear, interesting descriptions of his most important works.

THE SKIN AND ITS TROUBLES.

One of the valuable little "health-primers," containing clear, general directions for preserving the health of the skin, avoiding eruptive troubles, and promoting the growth and beauty of the hair.

TABLE TALK, to which are added imaginary conversations of Pope and Swift, by Leigh Hunt.

A clever little volume of the sayings, serious and witty, of this celebrated author, making a pleasant chit-chat of varied matter; entertaining reading for a leisure hour.

CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE, by Charles Reade.

Although one of the first, this is also one of the best of Charles Reade's novels, sparkling, witty, dramatic, and coming as an old friend to claim interest even in a second perusal.

THE DISTRACTED YOUNG PREACHER, by Thomas Hardy.

HESTER, by Beatrice May Butt.

Two clever little stories in one volume. All three of the last named works are in the New Handy Volume Series, that make such pleasant little books to hold and to read.

APPLETON'S DICTIONARY OF NEW YORK AND VICINITY.

A complete guide-book for the city and suburbs, with descriptions of all important places of business, public buildings and resorts, and containing a very perfect map of the streets, ferries, bridges, and neighborhood.

From T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia :—
"THE MARKETS OF PARIS," by Emile Zola, a novel containing the fortunes of an escaped political convict, and giving a vivid picture of the people and customs of the Parisian market-places.

THE LAST ATHENIAN, translated from the Swedish of Victor Rydberg, by William W. Thomas, jr.

A story of Athens, at the time of Julian the Apostate, which will be read with interest, and laid aside with regret.

From CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & Co :—
HYGIENE OF THE VOICE, its Physiology and Anatomy, by Ghislani Durant, M. D., Ph. D.

In a small volume Dr. Durant, who is a vocalist as well as physician, gives to the public the result of years of study upon the subject treated of. It is not a singer's manual, but a clear, concise treatise

on the vocal organs, profusely illustrated. It will be found valuable both to speakers and singers, as an aid in preserving and strengthening the voice, and developing its fullest power.

From AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, Philadelphia :

SYBIL AND THE SAPPHIRES, OR TRADING IN VANITY FAIR, by Clara F. Guernsey, author of "The Ivory Gates," "The Silver Cup," etc., etc.

A book for school girls, written in Miss Guernsey's happiest style, and which we can heartily commend. It is full of interest, conveying healthful teaching in a most charming story.

From ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston :—

EYEBRIGHT, a story, by Susan Coolidge, author of "The New Year's Bargain," "What Katy Did," etc.

There is no writer for children whose books are more interesting and instructive than Susan Coolidge, and Eyebright is one of her best. The affection of the lonely little girl on the island on the coast of Maine, for her doll, is one of the prettiest bits of child-writing we have ever seen.

STUDYING ART ABROAD, and how to do it cheaply, by May Alcott Nieriker.

A small volume containing information regarding the homes, studios, teachers and stores, in London, Paris and Rome.

JIMMY'S CRUISE IN THE PINAFORE. No. 5 of Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag, by Louisa M. Alcott.

A collection of short stories for children in the genial, chatty, witty vein peculiar to Miss Alcott's writings. They are sure to please those for whom they are written, the boys and girls of the present day.

From Messrs. LEE AND SHEPARD, Boston :—
THE TRIBULATIONS OF A CHINAMAN IN CHINA, by Jules Verne.

The book is intensely interesting and amusing, and many of the popular features of the day, such as the Phonograph, Capt. Boyton's Rubber Suit, Life Insurance Companies, Banking Speculations, Advertising Schemes, and various other eccentricities of the times, are woven into the narrative.

ROOM FOR ONE MORE, by Mary Thacher Higginson, author of "Seashore and Prairie."

A pretty story for children, written to convey Christian and moral teaching in the form of interesting fiction.

From AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, New York :—

A CROWN OF GLORY, by Catherine M. Trowbridge, author of "Satisfied."

A girl's autobiography, in which Christian teaching and example is woven into a story that will be sure to please young people, for whom it is written.

DEAR OLD STORIES TOLD ONCE MORE.

Six small books with beautifully colored covers and illustrations, containing Bible stories in short, pleasant sketches for children. They are written in a very attractive style, and will form a valuable addition to a nursery library.

→*OUR ARM CHAIR.*←

JANUARY, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE do not answer correspondents through the BOOK. All communications requiring an answer must give name and address, and have a return stamp enclosed.

At the opening of the New Year, when all our hearts are, or should be, full of hopes, good-fellowship and affection, our readers will feel in sympathy with Mr. Darley's happy group. How many hands the LADY'S BOOK will meet in the close grasp that only associations of "Auld Lang Syne" can give. What a circle it would make if indeed they could all join hands, and what a chorus if every voice joined in the time-honored melody. But since this cannot be, we send greeting to all, hoping that bright eyes will grow brighter, happy hearts be lighter, old memories be stronger, as the LADY'S BOOK's "Happy New Year" is offered to old and young, our new friends and those who love our pages for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne."

Following the steel plate is our mammoth colored Fashion Plate, truthful and beautiful as ever, and full of suggestions for the 1880 styles.

The humorous plate "An Amateur's First Trail," is a clever satire upon the city fop's first hunting season. Decked in all the accoutrements for "sport," the near-sighted dandy certainly expects to track a deer or a bear by the help of his good dog's nose, but one cannot but suspect that the smiling veteran who points out the trail, has already discovered the old house cat, who having made them by scampering away from the intruders, is now arching her back ready for warfare if her canine foe invades her premises in search of "What is it?"

The "Novelty" is a pattern for a handsome glove box, suitable for a New Year's present or a fair, and an addition to the toilet table both useful and beautiful. Kid gloves last about twice as long if they are pulled into shape and put into a box of this kind, instead of being rolled into a ball and tossed into the drawer. Both shape and color are kept by a little care in laying smoothly in a box.

The usual number of fashion patterns are given, some of the hats being unusually stylish and becoming.

A selection from the popular opera of "Fatinitzza," will be enjoyed by the lovers of bright, sparkling music.

In our literary department will be found the opening chapters of Christian Reid's new novel, "Roslyn's Fortune," written expressly for the LADY'S BOOK in this popular author's best vein. "The Rosebud Garden of Girls" is continued in some charming pages, and Thos. S. Collier, Marion Couthouy, Ella Rodman Church, Estelle Thomson, and other popular writers, contribute an attractive galaxy of stories and poems.

We especially commend to our readers the page of "Recipes for the Sick Room," which have been prepared expressly for this page by a lady who has practical experience of their value, and who has tested each one. The appetite of an invalid is al-

ways difficult to please, and care must be taken that the food prepared meets every requirement, and it is often the most difficult of a nurse's duties to make suitable dishes.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR.

S. A. Sheilds.

It is fifty long years since, in the year 1830, a new era in literature was opened by the publication of a small magazine, which was to appear monthly, and to be devoted to ladies, to study their wants, add to their pleasures, lighten the performance of their duties, and be to them a guide, counsellor, and home friend.

The country was young, and its literature was in its infancy. England supplied all standard works, and if there were any published in this country, they were largely reprints of English publications, although some American works had been offered to the public. But periodical literature was an unexplored field of usefulness, and a monthly magazine devoted to ladies a daring venture for a publisher. The new journal at once attracted notice, curiosity, and pleasure.

Before me, as I write, lies the first number of the "LADY'S BOOK," the modest, hardy little pioneer that was to lead the way to the most popular kind of literature. The title-page, yellow with age, is very simple. A small wood-cut of a woman seated under a tree, beside a rock, occupies the centre of the page. Above this, in a semi-circle, are the words:

"THE LADY'S BOOK, VOL. I."

and below it,

"PHILADELPHIA, PUBLISHED BY L. A. GODEY & CO., 112 CHESTNUT ST., 1830."

Facing this title-page is the only full-page illustration in the number, a colored "fashion" plate with only one figure, and the title, "Walking Dress." A costume of pale blue, trimmed with white lace, and a bonnet of stupendous size and elaborate trimming, illustrate the prevailing style of 1830, and clearly define one of the leading purposes of the book, to guide the taste of its readers, and give them reliable information upon the fashion of the day. The first page of reading matter is quoted from the leading English authorities on dress, "La Belle Assemblée," and the "Lady's Magazine," and is a description of the dresses most in vogue. Following this, are fifty-two pages of stories and poems, embroidery patterns, directions for dancing and riding (illustrated with quaint little wood-cuts), and short paragraphs of general information.

This was the initial number of what was destined to become a great national success, and as it started it has steadily pursued its one aim and purpose of publication. For fifty years it has ever kept in view this object, the regular issue of a magazine devoted to women, to their instruction and recreation. It was to be their domestic guide, their reference upon all disputed points, their authority for good taste and correct dress, and their unflinching adviser and friend upon all subjects interesting or useful to them.

The little book set out on its journey through the United States with none of the advantages of such travelers in modern times. There were few avenues

for advertising its purposes; daily papers were limited in number, and "puffing" was by no means the artistic work it has since become. But the *LADY'S BOOK* sought no outside influence, and presented itself before the public, resting solely upon its own merits, and its practical value to those for whose use it was intended.

It was alone in its wandering. No rival claimant pressed against it in the mail-bag, or divided its welcome when its destination was reached. It must be remembered that in those days dwellings were scattered widely apart, whole tracts of country were thinly populated, and the inhabitants almost isolated from civilization. Women in these remoter homes knew nothing of the thousands of refining influences open to their sisters in the great cities. To them the advent of the *LADY'S BOOK* was an event of importance scarcely to be realized by those who to-day have only to take a ten minutes' walk to find books in every variety. Even to-day there are as anxious eyes watching the coming of the *LADY'S BOOK* in remote places, where it shares the table with the family Bible and almanac, and is the one source of intellectual pleasure to the household. But when it made its first visit, jogging over unbroken roads in stage-coaches, traveling miles on horseback in the mail-bag of the post-man, slowly crossing rivers in sailing vessels, traversing the prairies in wagons, the hardy traveler met such greeting as is given only to well-beloved guests. Hours of leisure in the primitive homes of the new country were jewels, cherished and turned to profitable account, and in these hours a new source of pleasure and instruction was valued as it deserved.

The *LADY'S BOOK* was welcomed at once as a friend, and soon became a household treasure, its presence a comfort and guide, and hours of toil were sweetened by the prospect of evenings spent reading its pages, while the actual hard labor of women in these rough dwellings was perceptibly made lighter by its practical suggestions and sensible advice. It was thought only a work of love to ride or walk miles to the nearest post-office, if the journey was rewarded by finding the *LADY'S BOOK* at its end.

And, as it made this reward pleasant, the *LADY'S BOOK* also made it certain. In all the years of its long life, the many, many months of its regular issue, it has never once disappointed its subscribers, but has appeared with unfailing regularity through the entire six hundred numbers of its publication.

But, while it studied the taste and the domestic sphere of women, providing the first practical instructions for their work in the kitchen, the dining-room, the drawing-room, giving them such guides to needle-work as refined and elevated it to a fine art, the *LADY'S BOOK* also aimed at their intellectual pleasure and improvement. It was not possible at first to obtain from American writers such reading matter as was desirable, but only the best of English authors were selected to contribute to its pages, and we find in the initial numbers articles by Mary Russell Mitford, The Ettrick Shepherd, Maria Jane Jewsbury, Walter Scott, Mrs. Hemans, Thomas Moore, L. E. L., Mrs. S. C. Hall, Eliza Cook, Caroline Norton, and many

other distinguished English writers, while there are also translations from the best German and French authors.

But it was soon known that the *LADY'S BOOK* offered its pages for the publication of original stories, poems, essays, and other literary matter from American writers, and was desirous of developing and encouraging native talent. The best of America's authors were proud to see their names in the popular periodical, and soon the headings, "From *La Belle Assemblée*," "From the *London Court Journal*," and other periodicals, disappeared, to be replaced by the one word, "Original," or "Written for the *LADY'S BOOK*," while following the titles were the names of Washington Irving, William Cullen Bryant, W. Gilmore Simms, N. P. Willis, John Frost, LL. D., Edward Everett, Mrs. F. S. Osgood, Caroline Lee Hentz, Fanny Forrester, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry W. Longfellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Lydia Maria Child, Catherine M. Sedgwick, Edgar A. Poe, Miss Leslie, Grace Greenwood, Sarah Josepha Hale, Mary A. Denison, Alice B. Neal, T. S. Arthur, Virginia F. Townsend, Marion Harland, and hundreds of others, whose names alone would fill columns of our pages. It was upon these pages that the contributions of very many writers whose reputation to-day is world-wide, first appeared before the public; and the *LADY'S BOOK*, with other great work accomplished, may claim to be the cradle of genius for many whose infant stories and poems showed their right to a place, since nobly won, amongst the great authors of the world.

As the circulation of the *LADY'S BOOK* increased, as the tastes of its readers developed, its improvement in every number was marked and rapid. Steadily winning its laurels, it never relaxed its efforts to keep pace with the advance of intellect, taste, skill, and industry, seeking every new avenue for the best matter to put before its readers, always ready to hear suggestions, to give attention to every demand of its subscribers. While it gave the fashions of Paris, London, and New York, it also had aids to women's work invented expressly for its pages, giving original designs for every kind of needlework, knitting, and fancy work of every description.

From the first number, the *LADY'S BOOK* was a power apparent throughout the entire country, quoted as authority, accepted as a reliable guide, and exerting a refining and elevating influence wherever it was known. Little girls at their mother's knees were coaxed to learn the use of the needle by the "pretty pictures" that clearly illustrated the results of their work. Exquisite steel engravings gave young artists in remote homes their first ambitious dreams. Dainty damsels sought the "Fashion Plates," and the "Chit-chat" for bewitching costumes; and careful housekeepers studied the pages of "Recipes" and domestic instruction and suggestions.

Young readers whose craving intellect was eager for food, sought the pure literature from the best writers, and there were no anxious fears that their tastes would be perverted, or their minds led astray by what they read. "We never fear to give the

LADY'S BOOK to our children," hundreds of mothers wrote years ago and hundreds write to-day; while others write "We owe the best of our education as wives and mothers to the pages of the LADY'S BOOK."

It was a fact soon apparent, that where the LADY'S BOOK was a guest, it became at once a necessity. Year after year, while new names were added to the subscription list, the old ones returned with unceasing regularity. Ladies wrote—"I am going to be married, and mother cannot spare her LADY'S BOOK, so I must have a copy sent to my new home. I will not undertake to keep house without it;" and to-day, upon the books of the office, are inscribed the names of those whose grandmothers and mothers have kept the volumes for fifty years, never missing one number of the six hundred that form the most useful library in their possession.

In 1837, Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale became associated with Mr. Godey in the editorial management of the LADY'S BOOK, and devoted years of her life to the work of elevating woman in every relation of life. It was never her mission, or that of the periodical she largely controlled, to unsex woman by advocating her appearance upon the fields of labor devoted to the harder sex, but to raise her intellectually to their highest level, to cultivate heart and mind, to make "woman's sphere" the purest, highest sphere in the world.

Never aiming at sensation, the LADY'S BOOK was ambitious of being the *best* periodical as it had been the *first* for the women of America. It was Mr. Godey's proudest boast that "Not an immoral thought or profane word could be found in this magazine," and its present publishers will maintain this proud record.

Wherever the English language was spoken, the LADY'S BOOK was found—not only in the homes of America, where it was the only book beside the Bible in the house, but in foreign countries, in Europe, Africa, and Asia. Upon the mail books of the office are the names of subscribers in Hong Kong, Honolulu, Cape of Good Hope, and other countries as far from its publication office as man could travel, while in its native land, there is not a city, town, or village, where its name is not a "household word."

And still, after fifty years of unbroken popularity, the LADY'S BOOK retains its place in the homes and hearts of America's daughters. There was born in the affection of its first subscribers a love for the household friend who had come to feed starving brains, and craving intellect. They clung to it as the first friend who visited them in tiny log cabins surrounded by dense forests; and when towns and cities grew up around them, the LADY'S BOOK they had walked weary miles to meet, and had, saved "egg and butter money" to buy, was no less precious that it came by steam, improved upon every page, and still appealing to all that was best in their natures.

It is not taken up in these homes with careless hands, hastily skimmed over and tossed aside, but it is consulted as a reliable and dear friend whose advice must be valuable; is read and re-read, hand-

somely bound, and put in its place, side by side with the ninety-nine volumes, many of which were first opened by hands now feeble with age, or by those whose names are now only a memory. But while many subscribers are children or grandchildren of those who first sent their names to swell the subscription list of the LADY'S BOOK, we have scores of letters that assure us it still holds its place in the hearts and homes of many who have not missed one number for fifty years.

A piano or organ is the most suitable holiday present that can ever be made. Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, offers elsewhere in this issue splendid bargains for holiday presents. Mayor Beatty's celebrated pianos and organs are giving entire satisfaction, and we know that our readers will do well to purchase of him.

So great has been the demand for these celebrated instruments within the last few months, that Mr. Beatty has been compelled to erect a new mammoth factory at Washington, New Jersey, corner Railroad avenue and Beatty street.

Read his advertisement, and send for his illustrated newspaper, holiday edition, before you purchase.

CASTORIA is pleasant to take, contains nothing narcotic, and always regulates the stomach and bowels. No Sour-Curd or Wind-Colic; no Feverishness or Diarrhœa; no Congestion or Worms, and no Cross Children or Worn-out Mothers where Castoria is used.

Hail to the Lady's Book for 1880!

Three neighbors, by clubbing together, can get GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for 1880 for the small sum of *one dollar and seventy-eight and a third cents* each. Thus:

Club of three names,	\$5.25
Cost of money order or registered letter,	10
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Each book will be sent to a different address when desired. Thus, a family can make a handsome Christmas present to its different members, no matter how far they are scattered either in the United States or Canadas; or if a check or a draft on any of the principal cities is sent, the cost would be only one dollar and seventy-five cents each.

Four neighbors or friends can club together and get the LADY'S BOOK one year for \$1.67½ each.

Six neighbors or friends can club together and get the LADY'S BOOK one year for \$1.60 each.

Nine neighbors or friends can club together and get the LADY'S BOOK one year for \$1.56½ each.

Twenty or more can club together and get it at the very low rate of \$1.50 per year, each.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, in its Fashions, its Original Steel Plates, its Engravings, its Literary Department, its Domestic Department, its Children's Department, and in its entirety, is not, and never has been, equaled by any magazine for the price in this country, or in the world.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, for either 1878 or 1879, handsomely bound, sent to any address in U. S. or Canadas on receipt of \$3. Address Publishers GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

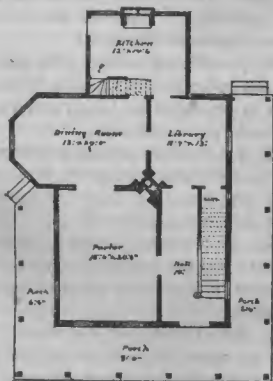
It is a head and shoulders above every fashion magazine published in the Union.—*Weekly*, Aberdeen, Miss.

In every department it shows the constant effort to improve.—*Courant*, Columbia, Pa.

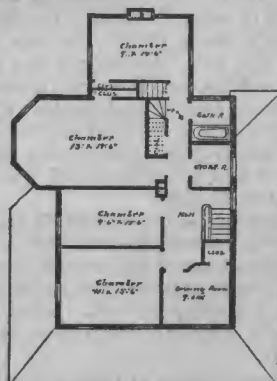
ON every page of this popular magazine will be found the most attractive reading and useful hints.—*Register*, Woodstown, N. J.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW



PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR



PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR

AMERICAN GOTHIC COTTAGE.

DRAWN expressly for GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK by Isaac H. Hobbs & Son, Architects,
520 Walnut St., formerly 804 N. 8th St., Philadelphia.

The above design is now in process of erection at Marcus Hook, on the Delaware, for Mr. E. S. Farson, for the sum of \$2,200, fully finished. It has a cellar under dining and sitting-rooms. It contains four rooms in the roof-story, besides those shown upon the plans; it is being finished in chamfered Gothic style inside, and will make a desirable and beautiful home. We have made arrangements to supply each succeeding month a new and useful design for buildings suiting the wants of the people in various localities of our vast country. Our past experience since 1863 with GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, and constant practice as architects, enable us to assure the public that nothing but the most practical designs, varied to suit existing styles and tastes, will appear, and each succeeding number may be looked for with interest.

FASHIONS.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent application for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice.

The publishers of the *LADY'S BOOK* have no interest in this department, and know nothing of its transactions; and, whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the *Fashion Editress* does not know.

Orders accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, are to be addressed to the care of the Godey's Lady's Book Publishing Company (Limited).

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editors nor the Publishers will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Bride's dress of white silk and satin; the underskirt is of silk, puffed in front diagonally, and edged with a box-plaited ruffle, the upper part of overskirt and train is of satin, looped at the sides with bouquets of orange blossoms. Pointed satin bodice, with silk sleeves plaited; the neck is also filled in with silk folds. Illusion veil and orange blossoms in small bouquets and sprays fastening it.

Fig. 2.—House dress of gendarme blue silk and cashmere. The dress is made in the princess form of cashmere, with drapery of cashmere and silk combined, the neck is cut heart-shaped, with a trimming of silk around it; silk cuffs.

Fig. 3.—Dinner dress of navy blue silk and cashmere colors silk brocade; the underskirt is kilted and edged with a band of the brocade; the overskirt is double, made of the brocade, and looped up upon the left side with a sash end. Jacket bodice with neck cut in shape of a V with collar and cuffs of the brocade.

Fig. 4.—Evening dress of plain pink silk with overdress and bodice of satin striped gauze. The underskirt is trimmed with narrow plaitings and rows of Russian lace; the overskirt is made with three aprons, trimmed with the same and loops of white satin. Basque bodice open to the waist, filled in with quillings of lace; elbow sleeves, long white gloves.

Fig. 5.—Walking dress of blue satin, trimmed with plaided velvet. The underskirt is trimmed with plaitings divided by lengthwise bands of velvet; the front is trimmed with a broad piece of the same, as is also the overskirt and jacket; the latter has a vest of white cloth. Blue satin bonnet, trimmed with velvet, feathers, and bird.

Fig. 6.—Walking dress for child of five years made of brown cloth; the underskirt is kilted; the jacket is very long and is trimmed with bands of velvet. Felt hat trimmed with brown velvet and feather.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of gendarme blue camel's hair and silk; the underskirt is of silk, kilted; the overdress and jacket of camel's hair, trimmed with a band of striped pékin and buttons. The jacket is trimmed with a band of the pékin, and loops of ribbon up the front; collar, cuffs, and pockets of the pékin. Gendarme blue satin bonnet, trimmed with velvet and feathers.

Fig. 2.—Walking dress of bronze habit cloth; the underskirt is kilted and trimmed with buttons. The overdress and jacket are made perfectly plain, except collar and cuffs upon sleeves of jacket, which are of velvet. Turban hat of brown velvet, trimmed with band of fur and ornament.

Fig. 3.—Dress for child of four years made of dark green and blue plaid velvet; the underskirt is kilted; the overdress has a deep basque and pockets, and is trimmed with Russian lace; the same trims neck and dress sleeves.

Fig. 4.—Dress for child of four years made of light fawn-color cloth; it is made with a skirt and deep jacket with cuffs, collar, and pocket, all edged with an embroidery in brown silk.

Figs. 5 and 6.—Front and back view of dress for girl of six years; the underskirt is laid in box plaits, and is made of damassé blue and gray; the front and back of the upper part of the dress are plaited and made of plain blue cashmere, the sides of the damassé; the sleeves are of the plain, trimmed with a plaiting. They can be long or only to the elbow; both are illustrated.

Fig. 7.—Waved coiffure; the hair slightly frizzed in front and put back straight behind the ears; the back is arranged in loops, and a bow at the top, with gold pins stuck in it.

Fig. 8.—Coiffure arranged perfectly plain in front, with waved bang across the forehead; coil in the back, with long tress waved falling below. Tortoiseshell pins arranged in coil.

Fig. 9.—Evening coiffure, waved in front, and frizzed upon the forehead; thick braid in back, with bouquet of flowers at top and another down near the neck.

Fig. 10.—Chemisette and double collar to wear with an open dress, made of fine linen, the edges embroidered with colored cotton.

Fig. 11.—Lady's walking dress, made of black satin and embossed velvet. The front of skirt is composed of two kilt-plaited ruffles, divided by shirred scarfs; the back is plain breadths draped; panier polonaise of embossed velvet. Black velvet bonnet trimmed with old gold satin, jet, and feathers.

Fig. 12.—Myrtle green cloth and silk dress; the underskirt is of silk, the overdress and jacket of cloth, trimmed with bands of striped plush and satin. Felt bonnet of the same shade as dress, trimmed with plush and feathers.

Figs. 13 and 14.—Collar and cuff of fashionable shape, edged with a narrow embroidery.

Fig. 15.—Lady's visiting dress, made of plum-colored silk; the back of dress is plain and untrimmed; the front of skirt is kilted, the overdress shirred and trimmed with bows. Cloak of cloth the same shade as dress, trimmed with fringe and striped

pékin. Satin bonnet to match dress, trimmed with plush and feathers.

Fig. 16.—Lady's walking dress of navy-blue silk, the front of dress shirred, the bottom trimmed with two box platings, the back is demi-train and plain. Cloth cloak, the color of dress, trimmed with braid and fringe. Navy blue velvet bonnet trimmed with feathers and satin.

Fig. 17.—Scent-bottle of gold, enameled in colors, in the shape of a quiver filled with arrows; the chain and hook are used to suspend it from belt.

Fig. 18. Lady's winter cloak, made of black corded silk and trimmed with passementerie, and box plaited French lace.

Fig. 19.—House jacket made of pale blue cashmere and trimmed with Russian lace; the fronts are long and are knotted at the bottom of the jacket and fall in two long ends, also trimmed with the lace, which extends down the front.

Fig. 20.—Opera cloak of white satin brocade, trimmed with white fox fur, and crochet ornaments in front; it is lined with pale pink satin.

Fig. 21.—Bodice without sleeves made of colored silk, and trimmed with quillings of silk and lace, and ribbon bows; this is to be worn over a black or dark silk dress, and can be made of net trimmed with bright colored ribbon if preferred.

Fig. 22.—Cloak for little girl of seven years, made of gray cloth; it is a gored sacque with cape, the latter trimmed with a side plaiting of silk, the pockets and cuffs are of the same.

Fig. 23.—Cloak for little girl of six years; it is made of garnet velvet, and entirely covers the dress; it is trimmed with Russian lace, ribbon bows, and silk braid.

Fig. 24.—Dress for boy of three years made of plaid cloth; the skirt is laid in box plaits the jacket is cut in turrets bound with silk braid and buttons; plain cloth vest and collar.

Fig. 25.—Suit for boy of five years, made of brown cloth; the pants are to the knee and are ornamented with three straps and buttons. Plaited vest, and collar and cuffs of velvet.

Fig. 26.—Walking dress for lady made of brown camel's hair, the underskirt is trimmed with a side plaiting, the overdress is plain and trimmed with buttons, and narrow passementerie. Dolman of the same material trimmed with passementerie ornaments and fringe. Brown felt bonnet trimmed with a long feather, satin, and small bunch of old gold color satin flowers.

Fig. 27.—Walking dress of gray satin and brocade silk; the under skirt is plain, with a puffing up each side finished upon each edge with loops of ribbon. The overdress is of the brocade. Cloak of camel's hair of the same shade as dress, trimmed with loops of satin ribbon and bows. Bonnets of gendarme blue, crinkled velvet trimmed with feathers and flowers of the same shade.

Fig. 28.—Black velvet bonnet trimmed with old gold satin and black satin ribbon, black feather and colored bird; the face is lined with shirred satin of the same shade as trimming.

Fig. 29.—Peacock blue velvet bonnet, trimmed with satin and ostrich feathers, shirred satin inside the brim.

Fig. 30.—Black satin and velvet bonnet; the crown is of velvet, the front of satin embroidered in beads; it is trimmed with ostrich feathers and three birds hanging as if suspended from a string at the side.

31. Olive green plush bonnet trimmed with satin, and ostrich feathers, satin ribbon strings, trimmed across the ends with quilled black lace.

Our diagram pattern is for a child's dress; it is composed of seven pieces, half of back, and side back, half of front, half of sleeve, collar, quarter of kilt skirt, and half of sash. This dress can be made of cashmere or any wool goods, with a trimming and sash of wool goods, of a contrasting color, or of silk. With a flannel lining it would make a pretty street suit, not requiring any extra outside wrap.

GLOVE BOX.

(See colored illustration in front of Book.)

This pretty box is suitable for a New Year's gift, and can be made up very easily at home. Take a pasteboard box 10½ inches long, 4 inches wide, and 3½ inches deep, with a lid upon it, then proceed to ornament it. Our model is made of plaited straw, with a design worked upon the front, and each end with colored silk, or zephyr; the top piece upon lid has the word "Gloves," upon it. After each of the sides are covered, the bottom is trimmed around with quilled satin ribbon, and the lid is edged with the same. The inside of box is lined with quilted satin, which is usually perfumed so that the gloves can have the odor imparted to them. Silver, gilt, or plain perforated cardboard can be used if the straw cannot be obtained, although it is a much greater novelty, and entirely new.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

The change in coiffures is very gradual here, but it is an accomplished fact in Paris, although Parisian ladies had some trouble and many a misgiving before they would give up their elaborate style of hair-dressing; now, however, the change is an accomplished fact. The hair is worn low over the brows, either in plain or waved bandeaux, or in a fringe; at the back it is coiled or plaited, so as to scarcely show above the top of the head, and leaves the nape of the neck quite free. This is the morning coiffure; for the evening it is not quite so simple. The front hair is crimped or strongly waved, or cut short and frizzled over the forehead. The back is arranged in short coils called *coques*, turned round the fringes like a coil, and fastened on tightly; but over the temple it is invariably brushed straight off. A tortoise-shell comb, not too high, is a nice finish; and large pins, with tortoise-shell heading, are also used in modern coiffures. When a flower is worn, it is placed just behind the left ear, nearly drooping in the neck. Filigree butterflies and jeweled insects are favorite ornaments. Young girls often wear their hair in waves all over the head, with a knot of loosely-coiled hair at the back. Rows of large opal beads are a favorite ornament.

Evening dresses now require some notice, as evening entertainments of all kinds are now very

frequent. Dresses do not present any strikingly different aspect this winter. Black dresses of velvet, satin, or silk, are in great favor for dinner and evening parties, and ladies who go to entertainments a great deal frequently wear them. The black evening dress is a most useful institution for a person of moderate means, as it can be freshened up and modernized in a variety of ways. Vests and revers of colored silk or satin, plastrons of white puffed tulle or white lace, and jackets of a material different from the dress, offer numerous resources for the purpose. Another way of renovating a black silk dress is to arrange draperies of black spotted tulle *point d'esprit*, edged with lace over the skirt, and to trim the bodice, open in a V or a square, with puffings of similar tulle; the semi-long sleeves should be entirely of tulle, with lace edging, and no short sleeve underneath.

For an evening party or large dinner party, a very unique and tasteful dress is of pale gold-colored gros-grain silk. The low bodice is oval in front and at the back, and forms, as it were, straps upon the shoulders. It has five seams in the back. The front is embroidered in a pattern of leaves and flowers, shaded from deep yellow to dark brown, and is deeply peaked, as well as the back. The skirt is trimmed in front and at the sides with alternate flutings of the plain silk, and slightly gathered flounces of the same, embroidered in the same style as the bodice. On either side of the front peak of the bodice there are paniers of draped silk, and at the back a long train, coming down in heavy folds without any trimming. There are no sleeves to the bodice, but only small draped sleeves of white gauze, fastened up with yellow flowers matched to the embroidery as well as the coiffure.

A dinner dress for a young lady is of white gauze. The front of the skirt is gathered and trimmed on either side with a gauze ruche and drooping loops of white satin ribbon. The back has no trimming, but falls in ample folds over the underskirt of plain white silk. The bodice is slightly gathered at the waist, which is confined by a deep belt of white satin and silver buckle. This bodice is cut square and moderately low in front. It is trimmed round the top with a full ruche of *crêpe* lisse, and one rose is placed in the corner. The sleeves are to the elbow, and finished with a series of very small flutings. There is one pretty deep fluting all around the skirt, and a second one around the train only.

A new style of bodice for evening dress is made of material different from the skirt. It is a bodice high at the back and open in front, which is continued into a very deep round basque, looped up in the middle of the back and on either side, and open in front, so as to form paniers rather low over the hips. The one we saw was made of pearl-gray satin and sapphire-blue velvet *pékin*, to wear with a draped and trained skirt of pearl-gray satin. It was trimmed with two rows of short, wavy fringe, and at the sides with clusters of satin ribbon to match. The sleeves were very tight, semi-short, and trimmed with a plain blue velvet band and a fluting of the *pékin*.

It is again the fashion this winter to trim evening

dresses of a dark color (silk or velvet) with white lace, the designs of which are all outlined with a thread of gold, and the veins of the leaves, the calyxes of the flowers, etc., defined likewise with gold threads. Even white embroidery on batiste is ornamented in this fashion; and for evening and dinner toilets there are in preparation handkerchiefs embroidered very finely with white cotton, mixed with gold thread, which is also seen in the lace border.

Bouquets are still worn with all bodices, excepting high ones. At present, fashion favors roses, stripping them of their foliage, however, and replacing it by that of some vegetable, as the leaves of asparagus, carrots, and parsley, for instance. These pretty leaves are made in a superior fashion, and their effect is charming.

Fancy jewelry is enlarging its domains, and is already employed in the shape of ornaments for bonnets, and even for dresses. Huge flies, locusts, etc., are seen in the large bows of ribbon which trim evening dresses. Every kind of insect is fashionable for pins, earrings, and brooches, and the same insects of larger size figure in dress trimmings. There will also be worn cravats of pearls. These cravats are composed of several rows of small pearls, terminating with a tassel, and are tied at the throat precisely like a cravat.

Fashion discards and then gradually returns to certain colors. Thus mauve and all the derivations of lilac, which have been totally abandoned for several years, are again coming into vogue. It is true that the mauve of the present day is more gray than lilac. The trimming for materials of this color will be pale rose satin, and for more sombre toilettes it will be combined with violet of a reddish tinge.

The bodices of dinner dresses are made as pointed basques, short on the hips, and long V-shaped, or low and square cut in front; the back, on the contrary, is usually round. The opening is usually filled in with gathered lisse. Sometimes the satin bodice is embroidered all over with braided figures, and very handsome is the effect when clear white beads are used on pink, pearl or cashmere beads on white, and jet or rainbow beads on black satin. The sleeves worn with such basques are made of beads, and terminate with a bead fringe. A quantity of thin *crêpe* is used in all colors for plaitings; it matches the dress, and beads are sewn to the edge of the plaitings. Trains are both square and round; some have a breadth of plain satin down the centre, and brocade at each side; others are *vice versa*, having the brocade in the middle. A good deal of gathering or gauging is to be seen on many of the newest trains. When flowers are used to ornament a dinner dress, four bouquets are worn. The smallest is fastened at the right side of the neck, the second on the left corner of the open square in front, the third at the foot of the front breadth of the skirt, and the fourth low on the train.

Persian and Eastern effects have found their way on fans, for the leaves of the newest are of Persian silk or cashmere figures and colors, the white ivory sticks being painted by hand to match.

Never have opera cloaks or *sorties du bal* been handsomer than this winter, and the Indian cash-

mere shawl-patterned fabrics lend themselves well to this style of mantle. They are trimmed with fringes of raveled silk, in all colors of the fabrics, lined with satin and finished off with garnet velvet collar. The white cloaks are made of velvet brocade, satin broche, and fine cloth; the trimmings are bands of the richest Indian colorings, in which gold plays a most conspicuous part. Some of the white wraps are trimmed with brown or black fur borders of good width, and have pelerine collars of the same. The lining of such cloaks is unusually handsome, for it consists of red, gold, and occasionally of even brocaded satin.

A fashion that will certainly please ladies who are bound to study economy is that of the *casquin* of a different color and material from the dress skirt. The skirt of a dress or costume of a former season, the bodice and sleeves of which are shabby, worn out, or out of fashion, can do duty very nicely as a skirt to wear with such a *casquin*. The skirt, being turned, dyed, or merely cleaned, can be modernized by being gathered thrice down the middle of the front, and trimmed round the bottom with two or three flutings, superposed, and the upper one put on with a heading. This skirt may be only just long enough to touch the ground, or longer, as fancy dictates. The fashionable *casquin*, which, as our readers know, is a long-waisted, tight-fitting jacket, with a deep *basque* and fringe, is made of very dark, but not black material. Dark shades of olive or myrtle green, admiral or gendarme-blue, garnet red, or seal brown, are among the favorites, and can be worn with skirts of almost any color. In cashmere of good quality, they are suitable for ordinary wear; in velvet or pekin, they are more elegant. Some very pretty styles are of cashmere, with the fashionable *palmette*, or pine pattern, in brown, old gold, and deep red; the collar and revers, sleeves and pocket-facings, are usually of dark brown, finely-ribbed pekin velvet; metal buttons with colored pattern to match the cashmere.

The *polonaise*, which has not been quite as popular for the last few months, has again been taken into favor under a new name, "*habit redingote*." A very pretty one we saw, was made of dark embossed blue velvet, and worn over a satin underskirt to match, trimmed in front with two deep plaitings, large pockets at the sides edged with silk and chenille fringe. The *polonaise* is almost as long as the skirt at the back, and is draped very gracefully; in front it is only closed to the knees, where it opens with a large satin and velvet bow. Another *polonaise* is of striped purple velvet, and it opens over a satin skirt embroidered in chevrons of gold, orange, and copper-colored silks; a large collar and deep cuffs of satin similarly worked.

Bodices are now very long in the waist, and have usually five seams, but we are assured we are to have short waists as in the days of the First Empire. We hope, however, that such predictions will not be realized.

Large wooden buttons are used on cloth suits and wraps. They come in walnut wood alone, or in lighter oak and walnut together. Another novelty in buttons is that of having them made of the material used for trimming the dress: but instead of

covering moulds with this fabric, they are regularly mounted on metal, with the rims of steel, jet or gilt. Another tasteful fancy is a set of buttons of cream white porcelain, decorated in colors by hand, and each button bearing a different device, as a bee, a bird, a spray of flowers, a fan, etc. Six buttons are furnished for the front of a coat, two of larger size for the sleeves, and two still larger for the back of the waist. New jet buttons for coats of satin or velvet are of smooth, polished jet, the size of a silver half dollar, and are sewed on through two gold-rimmed eyes that ornament the centre.

Elegant petticoats to be worn beneath dressy short costumes are of garnet or else black satin, trimmed with two pleated flounces edged with white lace, either Breton or Russian. The novelty consists in the back being drawn into puffs that are stuffed with hair, and, when worn, these form a small bustle that holds out the skirts as much as is considered stylish.

Red cashmere underskirts of bright scarlet, of cardinal red, garnet, and wine colors, are heavy enough for warmth, although many persons prefer opera flannel. They are trimmed with pleated flounces around the bottom and up the back to the belt. Some have these scalloped, others edged with narrow lace.

The soft belt is the name given to what is really a sash of pliable ribbon, usually of two contrasting colors in stripes. It is worn tied around the waist in soft negligent folds, and has a bow with ends on the left side. Sometimes it begins in the underarm seams, and is only in the front.

Reticules of satin or of the dress trimmings are now made to match suits. They are suspended by long ribbons that have a bow at the top for fastening to the side of the dress. Black satin reticules painted by hand, or embroidered with colors or with jet, or else merely lined with old gold or cardinal satin, and finished by a tassel at the lower end, are worn with any black dress.

Very large rosettes and the large *Directoire* bows made of Breton or point d'esprit lace are the newest cravat bows.

HINTS UPON THE DOINGS OF THE FASHION-ABLE WORLD.

The position of hostess in a large house where much company is entertained, is by no means a sinecure, especially when a short distance from the city, where the guests are invited to remain for several days. As many of our readers have made numerous inquiries about the proper mode of arranging different entertainments, we felt that a few hints would be acceptable. The first and most important matter is to decide upon your guests, and to endeavor to select those that you consider will be most congenial. To invite a party of very lively friends, and some notoriously quiet, plain people at the same time, would be a great mistake; the latter would be scandalized by the proceedings of the gay set, while, they would be voted very dull and terrible bores by the more advanced spirits. So also, if she asks any young ladies, she must be careful to ask young gentlemen to entertain them; or if there is only one young lady, she must endeavor to pro-

cure a companion for her. It is exceedingly dull for young girls to be invited where there is no companionship but that of persons of their father's and mother's age, and provision for their amusement is an item which hostesses who have no daughters themselves are sadly apt to forget. It is such forethought as we have endeavored slightly to indicate that makes a hostess's reputation, and causes her house to be quoted as exceptionally pleasant. When a lady decides to give a grand evening entertainment, she usually decides upon her guests from distant cities whom she can entertain in her house for a few days before the evening fixed for the entertainment; the hostess's aim should be to assemble as many young people as possible, and they should never omit to have at least as many dancing young gentlemen as young ladies; properly there should always be more. When issuing invitations for a party of guests to remain in the house, the hostess should specify the entertainments likely to take place during their stay, as it may make a difference in the baggage they require to bring with them. In issuing her invitations, the hostess will confer a great boon upon her guests if she will state distinctly how long she desires them to remain. If she merely states, "It will afford us great pleasure to have you come and make us a visit, and, if agreeable to you, we shall expect you on Monday, the 18th inst.," the matter is left in abeyance, and the guests decide in their own minds how long they will remain, finding, very often to their extreme regret, that they have made their visit a much longer or shorter time than their hostess intended. It is always difficult to amuse a large party upon the evenings when there is no regular entertainment; people tire of dancing sooner or later; private theatricals require time and study for preparation; games are generally soon tired of; so we will suggest an amusement that was very successful at a party lately given by a fashionable lady, who always makes any guests who are with her thoroughly enjoy themselves. This was Mrs. Jarley's Wax-work Show; we do not mean the *bonâ fide* one of Dickens memory, but a copy of the same, only choosing characters of the present day. What is most wanted is a clever showman or show-woman, the latter preferable, and then people who can keep their countenances and imagine themselves for some few moments to be really the figures they represent. Choose, say a dozen people, to act the figures, then select your show-woman and two gentlemen to carry the figures from one place to another. Then arrange the rooms as if for private theatricals; that is to say, have a curtain you can draw, leaving one part of the room for the audience and the other for the actors, and get some one to play the piano both before and after the performance. Nothing makes an entertainment go off so well as a little bright music. When all are ready and the overture has been played, ring a bell, and during the ringing draw up a curtain, discovering the figures at the back of the stage arranged somewhat as the figures are shown at such a show, or as you think will best amuse the company. When the guests have looked for a moment, the music, which should have re-commenced

softly as the curtain went up, should end with a loud chord, at the striking of which the show-woman should come forward to the front, she should previously have been standing beside the figures, as still as any of them, and two gentlemen assistants should appear on each side from behind the scenes. Mrs. Jarley should then make a short speech (better if prepared beforehand), about the figures, their characters, and various offices, trying to make her audience laugh as much as possible. Then she should direct her assistants to bring forward such and such a figure. The whole effect may be marred provided the would-be figures show any signs of life. They should make themselves as stiff as possible when moved, and take care to move neither limb nor feature until the show-woman explains what they can do, and they should do it as though both limbs and features were hung on strings, which strings are being pulled by the gentlemen who lift them about. Footlights are advisable, though not indispensable, although they are easy enough to manage; and the figures should be painted as closely to resemble wax as possible. The features should not be moved more than possible, for remember the faces are supposed to be wax, and the principal fun is that the face never alters, no matter how violently the limbs act. Of course a great deal depends upon what dresses are accessible in the house in which the performance takes place; but modern characters are easier to represent than any others, and as much amusement may be drawn from them, without any special dressing up, as from those that require the most elaborate preparations.

Persons who have fancy dresses representing the costumes of celebrated characters, can use them with good effect, a short account of the life and character of the party represented being given by the show-woman, who, if equal to the position assigned her, can, by interposing some anecdote or particular event that occurred in the lifetime of the party, make the address both entertaining and amusing. Of course elegant dresses are not requisite; the effect and not the material is what should be aimed at; and even if the dresses are especially made up for the occasion, very little expense need be incurred, as muslin of different colors can readily be made to do duty as silks and satins, good taste in the choice and selection of colors being as easily attended to as in more costly fabrics. Children cannot act satisfactorily in wax works, as it is too long for them to remain in a fixed position. The entertainment should not last over one hour, as that is as long as grown persons can remain in the immovable position required for the success of the figures. After the exhibition is over, a handsome supper should be served. This can be an informal affair of cold game, meats, coffee, salads, and confectionery; or an elegantly-spread table with all the most delicate and tempting viands, flowers, fruits, and confectionery, that fancy can dictate. No rules are necessary for these suppers; the hostess can herself decide how elegant they are to be. With wishes for a very happy New Year to all our old, and our thousands of new subscribers for 1880, we close.

FASHION.





*We shall in the winter spend
 just as hard as we can do*

and so on





LITTLE'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY 1880

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4



Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.



Fig.11.



Fig.12



Fig.13.



Fig.14.

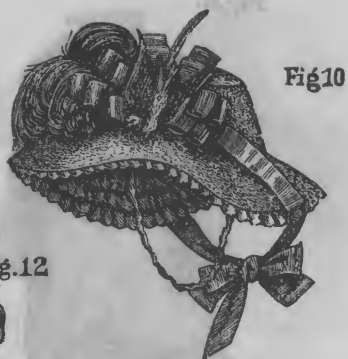


Fig10

Fig.15

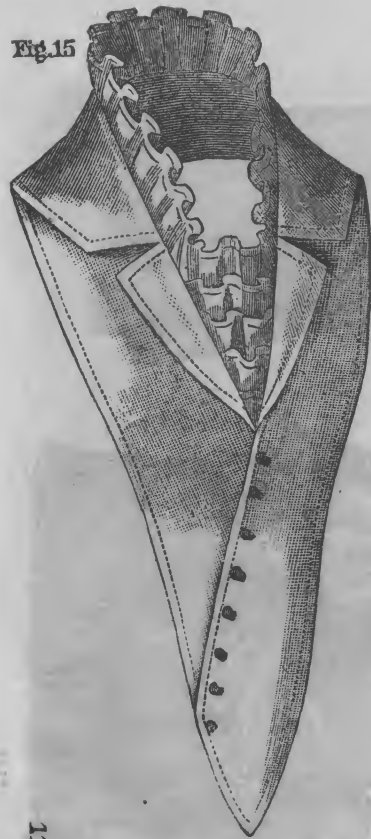


Fig.16



Fig.17

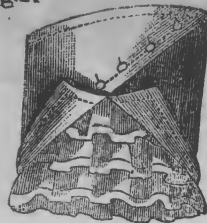


Fig.18.





Fig. 19.



Fig. 20.



Fig. 21

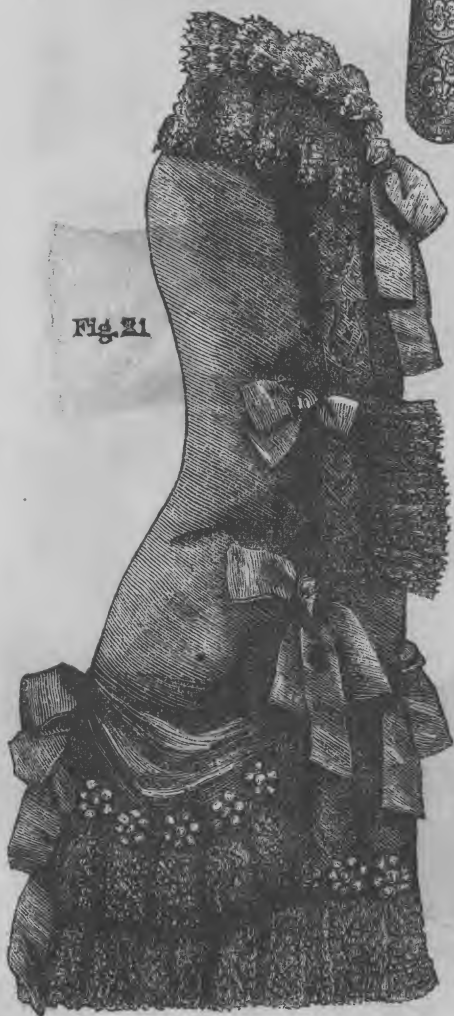


Fig. 22



Fig. 23



Fig. 24

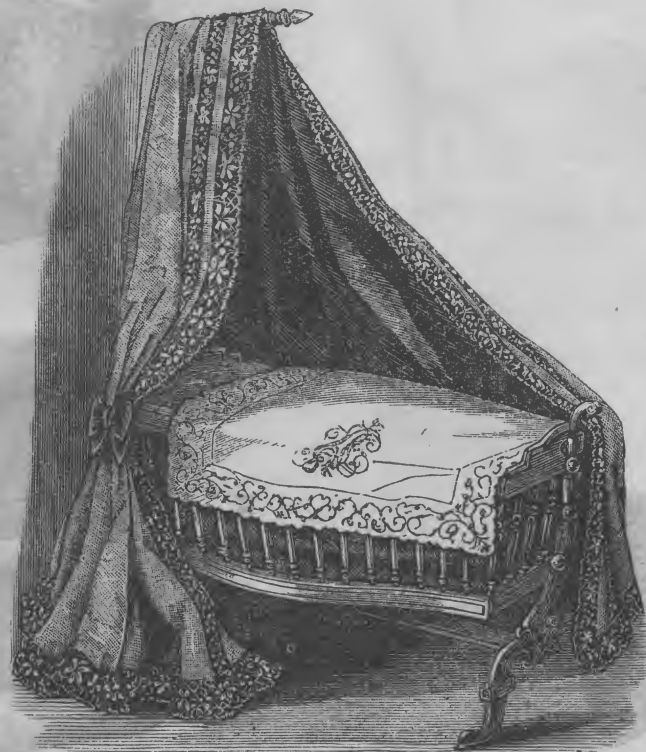


Fig. 25

Fig. 26



Fig. 27

Fig.28.



Fig.29.



Fig30

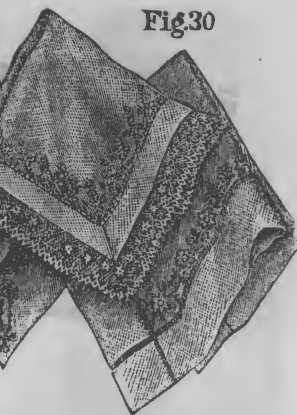


Fig.31



Fig32



Fig.33



Fig.34.

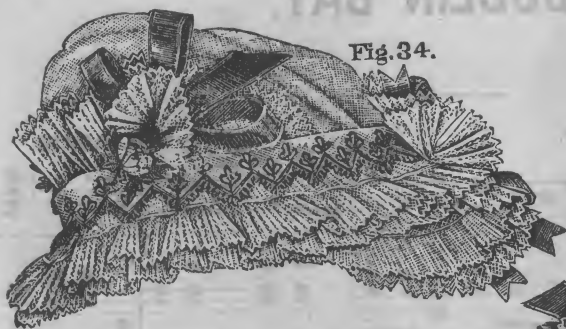


Fig.35

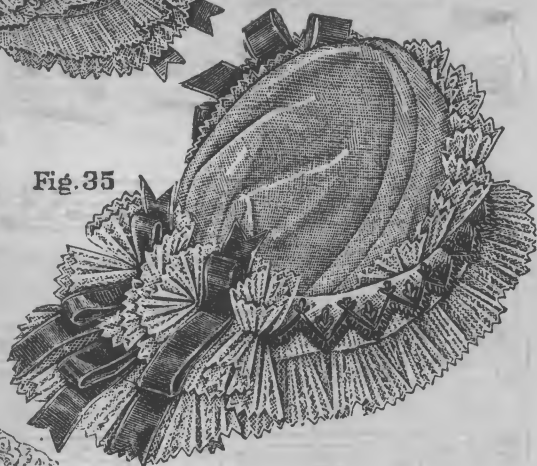


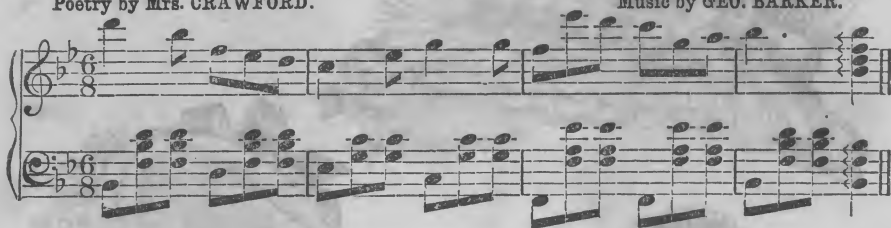
Fig.36



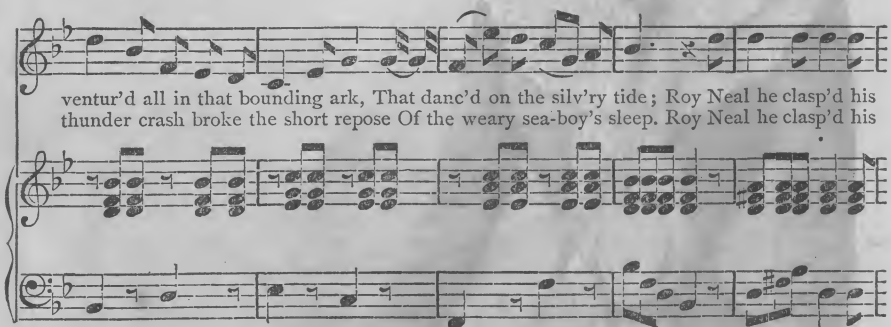
DUBLIN BAY.

Poetry by Mrs. CRAWFORD.

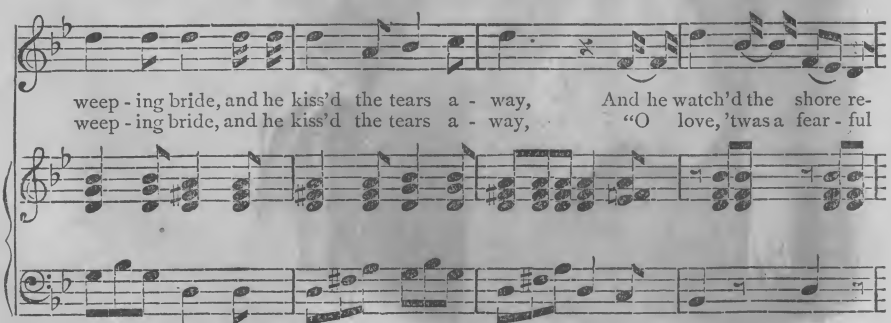
Music by GEO. BARKER.



1. They sail'd a - way in a gal-lant bark, Roy Neal and his fair young bride, They had
2. Three days they sail'd, when a storm arose, And the light - 'ning swept the deep, When the



ventur'd all in that bounding ark, That danc'd on the silv'ry tide; Roy Neal he clasp'd his
thunder crash broke the short repose Of the weary sea-boy's sleep. Roy Neal he clasp'd his



weep - ing bride, and he kiss'd the tears a - way, And he watch'd the shore re-
weep - ing bride, and he kiss'd the tears a - way, "O love, 'twas a fear - ful

Published in sheet form, price 30 cts., by WM. H. BONER & CO., agts.,
No. 1102 Chestnut Street, Phila.

DUBLIN BAY.

cede from sight Of his own sweet "Dublin Bay." 3 On the crowded deck of that
hour," he cried, "When we left sweet "Dublin Bay."

The first system of the musical score for 'Dublin Bay'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The system includes a repeat sign with a first ending bracket and a measure rest.

doomed ship, Some fell in their meek despair, But some more calm, with a holier lip, Sought the

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

God of the storm in pray'r; 'She has struck on a rock! the seamen cried, In the breath of their wild dis.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with a slight change in phrasing. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous systems.

- may, And that ship went down with that fair young bride, That sail'd from "Dublin Bay."

rall.

The fourth and final system of the musical score. It concludes the piece with a final vocal phrase and piano accompaniment. The tempo marking 'rall.' (rallentando) is indicated below the piano part.

Fig. 37



Fig. 38



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME C. No. 596.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1880.

ROSLYN'S FORTUNE.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

Author of "A Gentle Belle," "Morton House," "Valerie Aylmer," "Nina's Atonement," etc., etc.

"You see," he writes, after a few preambles, "that I am established in the fortress we have decided to storm. I was welcomed most cordially by your cousin—a splendid-looking fellow, by the way, who appears to be very little older than I am—and immediately invited to remain and pay a visit of indefinite length. I made no pretense of reluctance, but accepted at once; so here I am, committed for several weeks of what I fear will prove boredom without much gain. The place is a beautiful one; the estate, as I have learned already, absolutely unincumbered; but if you could see Colonel Duncan, you would appreciate the fact that to base any hope of heirship on him is hardly more than an absurdity. In the first place, he is young enough and strong enough to live for forty years to come—a more magnificent specimen of manhood I have seldom seen—and in the second place, I clearly perceive that he has matrimonial intentions. I judge the object of his regard to be a girl whose picture occupies a conspicuous place in his sitting-room, and whom I accidentally saw last night as I was paying a visit to an old and somewhat disreputable acquaintance of mine in this neighborhood. What she was doing there, or what her name is, I do not know; but I shall soon discover, and I shall also make it my special business to ascertain what are Colonel Duncan's chances of success. I imagine that they are very good—it is impossible to suppose how they can be other—and I see no hope of preventing the banns unless I flirt with the lady myself. What do you think of that idea? It may not be a bad one. Judging from her face, a flirtation with her would be very

spicy. So fancy me vigilant and watchful, armed for sapping and mining rather than assault."

The letter continues further in much the same strain; then Mr. Lovelace signs, seals, and addresses it; and, that labor over, gives himself up to the repose of a siesta.

This is prolonged until late in the afternoon, when he is roused by a servant standing over him and saying that "Mass Hugo" wants to know if he would like to ride.

He answers in the affirmative, and springing up, makes a toilet and goes down. He finds his host on the portico, and two well-appointed horses, in readiness to be mounted, fastened below.

"I hope I did not disturb you," says Colonel Duncan, when he appears; "but I thought you would like to ride. The air is very pleasant now."

"I shall like it extremely," Lovelace replies. "I have a penchant for horses and riding under almost all circumstances. What a fine animal!" he goes on, patting the arching neck of the horse destined for him.

"He is a very fine animal indeed," says Colonel Duncan; "and is specially detailed for your service while you are here. Pray remember that he is exclusively for your use, and do not hesitate to order him out whenever you like."

"Thanks; you could not give me a better mount. I shall like him extremely. Now, where do we go?—over the plantation?"

"No," answers Colonel Duncan. "If you do not object to paying a visit in an informal way, we will ride over to Verdevale, the house of my friend, Mr. Vardray."

"I have not the least objection," replies Lovelace, who divines at once what is to follow. "There is nothing I like better than informal visiting at a pleasant house—and of course I leave the question of my introduction entirely to your discretion."

"There is no reason for hesitation about that.

*All rights reserved.

They are the most kind and hospitable people imaginable, and will be delighted to see you. We turn this way."

CHAPTER V.

A NEW CAVALIER.

The last low light of sunset is streaming across the lawn and reddening the shrubberies, when Roslyn comes out all in a cloud of misty white muslin, with roses at her throat and in her hair, and takes her way toward the garden. She looks like a rose of the summer herself, Geoffrey thinks, as he throws down a novel which he has been trying to read in a shady corner of the veranda, and joins her.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" he asks, smiling, while his eyes say all of which his heart is full.

Roslyn, quite accustomed to their language, meets them with her own, as gay and unembarrassed as a child.

"I am going after some flowers," she answers, "And you may come, because you can save my dress and my fingers from the thorns."

"The best use to which I could be put," he replies. "What ask I better than to save you from thorns?"

"How very gallant you have become!" she says. "Did you learn how to make pretty speeches at Heathdale? I never knew you guilty of them before."

"Was that a pretty speech?" he asks. "I did not know it—it was only the truth."

He speaks with so much simplicity that she does not answer. There is a certain decision about Geoffrey now, which makes her realize that he is no longer the boy she has so long ruled and tormented. The change is subtle but marked, and more than once since his arrival she has glanced at the strong young face—the face of a man with definite aims and tenacious purposes—as if it was the face of a stranger. This impression was transient, however; the expression changes, the old fun comes into the eye, the old, mischievous curl to the lip, and it is "Geoff," the playmate of her childhood, who is again before her. So it happens now. In five minutes they are laughing like children among the roses; but suddenly Geoffrey sobers, as he chances to glance across the flower-beds and lawn.

"Who are those riding up to the house?" he asks. "One is Colonel Duncan, I believe—but who is that with him?"

Roslyn glances round a tall bush, and says:

"Yes, it is Colonel Duncan; how could you be in any doubt about him? I am sure he does not look like anybody else. The other"—she pauses—"I don't know who the other is—at least not from here."

"Shall we go to the house?" asks Geoffrey, somewhat stiffly. "I suppose Colonel Duncan has come to see you."

"Papa is on the piazza," she replies. "There is no need to go back until I have finished getting my flowers."

"Is that the way you treat your admirers? It is not very flattering."

"I never think of Colonel Duncan as an admirer of mine," she answers, clipping roses to right and left, rather indiscriminately. "I seems only yesterday that I sat on his knee and he gave me a doll—I think I have that doll's head somewhere now."

"If it was Marie Antoinette, I remember her very well," says Geoffrey. "She underwent many vicissitudes of fortune, and finally was beheaded, in order to resemble more closely her royal namesake."

"That was *your* suggestion," says Roslyn, laughing. "Do you think I have forgotten how you persuaded me to let you be headsman, and how I held her on the block while you decapitated her?"

"And then how you cried over her! But I am glad I did cut off her head—very glad!"

"Are you? But you need not cut off the heads of the roses by striking the bushes in that savage way. What has made you so sanguinary?"

"I don't like Colonel Duncan," says Geoffrey, abruptly.

"Then I am ashamed of you," replies Roslyn, promptly. "Everybody likes Colonel Duncan, and I do not see how anybody could help liking him—he is so gallant and handsome and noble! He reminds me of a knight."

"Indeed!" says Geoffrey, sarcastically. "Well, he does not remind me of anything of the kind—though I own he is a thorough gentleman. My not liking him is a case of Dr. Fell, I suppose."

"It is a case of nonsense," says Roslyn, summarily, "and I don't believe but that you *do* like him; how could you help it?"

"O, I help it very well. You see he never gave me a flaxen-haired doll. I have no memories of that kind clustering round him."

"I don't think that anybody who ever knew Colonel Duncan could have other than pleasant memories of him," says Roslyn, turning toward the house.

Somewhat chafed, and conscious of his own want of reason and tact, Geoffrey walks by her side. It is a pretty picture—the evening light, the green lawn, the graceful, white-clad girl with her hands full of flowers, the tall young man strolling beside her; but, as is frequently the case, the outward appearance of the scene is more idyllic than the reality. When the three gentlemen on the piazza perceive them, Colonel Duncan says:

"So Geoffrey is back, I see! I had not heard of his arrival."

"He came only yesterday, and rather unexpectedly," answers Mr. Vardray.

"What a fine young fellow he has become!" says Colonel Duncan. Then he rises, and descending the steps, goes to meet the two who are advancing. Greeting Roslyn with a graceful gallantry that sits well upon him, he turns to shake hands cordially with Geoffrey, and the latter, despite an uneasy sense of what he has just been saying, cannot resist the genial charm which all who know Hugo Duncan acknowledge, nor forget courtesy far enough to be churlish. They exchange a few words amicably, after which Duncan turns to Roslyn.

"I have taken the liberty of bringing with me this afternoon, a young cousin whose acquaintance I have made—or, perhaps I should say renewed—to-day," he says. "I think you will like him."

"That is very probable—since he is your cousin," answers Roslyn smiling, and not at all averse to Geoffrey's seeing the deference in Colonel Duncan's manner. "I am sure mamma will be very glad that you brought him. Have I ever seen him before?"

"Never. He has never been here before."

"What is his name?"

"Lovelace. Rather suggestive, is it not?" (smiling). "And he looks like a cavalier, you see."

Roslyn does see—for at this moment they approach the veranda, and glancing up, she meets again the brilliant, steady, unforgotten gaze of the eyes which met hers the night before.

She is so much surprised as to be almost startled, and Lovelace sees instantly, that she recognizes him. "She is prettier, even, than I imagined," he thinks as he is introduced. Geoffrey looks at him distrustfully—he is too handsome, too elegant, too admirably dressed, not to be a mere society fop, the young fellow thinks. "Just the kind of man to fascinate a girl, however," he says, to himself—unconscious that in this he is doing the only girl who is in his thoughts, great injustice. Women—especially women who are beautiful themselves—seldom think much of beauty in a man; and the distinction, the harmonious grace of Lovelace's appearance, does not appeal so strongly to Roslyn's imagination as might be supposed. She takes it all in, but it is less of a charm to her than she would herself have thought possible—though there is no doubt that she feels the magnetism of the eyes, and is pleased by the first tones of the voice, with its high-bred intonation.

"What beautiful flowers, Miss Vardray,"—this is all that he is saying—"even the heat of July spares them for you, I perceive."

"Yes, there are some roses to be had all through

the summer; but they are not blooming their best, now," she replies.

"I think I notice some very beautiful buds among those in your hands," says Colonel Duncan. "May I not have one?"

"Certainly you may," she answers, as sitting down in a chair which Geoffrey places for her, she lets the whole wreath of color and perfume fall into her lap. "Here is your favorite," she says, taking up a deep pink bud with the true rose fragrance, and handing it to him. "One must not put anything with a rose; it is sufficient for itself." Then she looks at Lovelace, "Should you like a flower?" she asks. "If you sympathize with Geoffrey here, who scorns such adornments, pray don't hesitate to say so."

"So far from scorning, I shall be very grateful for a rose," he replies. "I always like to wear a flower, but I especially value it when given by fair hands."

"That is a proper and commendable spirit," says Roslyn, demurely, with only a smile at the corners of her lips. "I confess I like for anything that I give to be appreciated."

"Could you possibly give anything that would not be appreciated?" asks Lovelace, the amusement of his tone relieving it from the appearance of any attempt at gallantry.

"O yes," she answers lightly. "You have no idea how little proper appreciation of the true value of things some people have. Do you like this bud, Mr. Lovelace? It is my favorite rose."

"It is beautiful," says Lovelace, looking at the delicate, half-opened Sofrano she holds. "It is my favorite also. Thanks,"—as she gives it to him. "Now pray believe that one thing which you have given, is appreciated at its true value."

"Allow me to add, two things," puts in Colonel Duncan, looking down at his button-hole adornment.

Geoffrey, very conscious just then of the scratched hands which he obtained in securing those treasures, walks away in a rage of disgust. "She will be spoiled, utterly spoiled," he says to himself. "No woman's head will stand such nonsense! With those two men standing over her, complimenting her, and looking like—like fools, what is to be the end?"

"Geoffrey, what is the matter?" asks Mrs. Vardray, who meets him in the hall. "You look as tragic as Hamlet."

"Nothing is the matter," answers Geoffrey, trying to smile—but the next instant he says, abruptly: "Colonel Duncan is on the piazza, and has brought a cousin with him—somebody that no one ever heard of before—a very great liberty, I think."

"My dear?" says Mrs. Vardray, in a tone of expostulation, although she knows now what the cloud springs from. "You forget what a friend of ours Colonel Duncan is. He would not bring

any one whom it would not be pleasant for us to meet, and of course he knows that his cousin will be welcome. I must go out and speak to them at once. Is my hair smooth?"

"O yes, very smooth," replies Geoffrey, without a glance at it. "Roslyn is doing the honors very well, I think," he continues, sardonically; "but of course you had better go and add your tribute of incense."

Ashamed of himself, almost before he has finished speaking, he hurries on, and Mrs. Vardray looks after him with a glance of anxious pity.

"Poor boy!" she thinks. "But it is better, a great deal better, for Roslyn to marry Colonel Duncan—and better that he should realize this at once."

She appears on the piazza a moment later, greets Colonel Duncan very cordially, and receives Lovelace graciously. Then the group fall into general conversation, and it is not at least until half an hour has elapsed that Lovelace finds an opportunity to say to Roslyn:

"I wish you had deferred gathering your roses awhile, Miss Vardray. I should like to see that fine old garden of yours."

"There is not much to see," Roslyn answers, "but if you have a fancy for old trees and old shrubberies, and a few flowers, I shall be glad to show them to you now."

"Thanks—if you do not mind, I shall be delighted," he answers, quickly.

So they walk away, leaving the elders of the party together; and if Colonel Duncan looks after them a little wistfully, it is not because an emotion of jealousy crosses his mind, or because he would deprive his young kinsman of the pleasures of spending an hour of this twilight among the roses with Roslyn, but simply because he cannot help feeling that it would be pleasant to walk by her side himself, and listen to her sweet, gay tones.

Mrs. Vardray catches the expression on his face, and divines the feeling with a woman's instinct.

"Should you not like to join Roslyn and Mr. Lovelace?" she says to him. "Pray do not let us detain you."

But he smiles, and says in his cordial voice:

"My dear Mrs. Vardray, do you think that you are detaining me? I assure you that it is a great pleasure for me to be here, and I am very glad for Lovelace to have the opportunity of making the acquaintance of Miss Roslyn. Pray tell me what you think of him."

"If I were younger, I should probably say that he is charming," replies Mrs. Vardray, smiling. "As it is, I think he is very handsome and very pleasant."

"So he strikes me," says Colonel Duncan; "but he is almost an entire stranger to me. He rode up to my door to-day, and I did not recog-

nize him, having only seen him once before, a dozen years ago; but he has promised to spend some time with me—so we shall be better acquainted before he goes."

"Indeed!" says Mrs. Vardray. Almost unconsciously she looks after the two who have walked away, and the thought that is in her mind is, "I am sorry to hear it."

CHAPTER VI.

"THE MOOD OF WOMAN WHO CAN TELL!"

"I felt sure that it was a beautiful old garden," says Lovelace, "and now I can see that I am right."

"Almost any place is pretty in mid summer," says Roslyn, "but I like this—though of course it is natural that one should like one's home."

"Who could help liking it?" says Lovelace, looking up at the fine old trees, half covered with ivy, at the luxuriant hedges of evergreen-box twelve or fifteen feet high, at the riotous roses and climbing vines. "It is a place of which to dream. How particularly lovely it must be in spring, when that orchard to the right is in blossom."

"It is lovelier than you can imagine," says Roslyn. "Fruit-trees are nearly the most picturesque things in the world at all times; but when they are in bloom, and the clover is springing under them—then I like the orchard even better than the garden. But here is something I like best of all, I think"—she pauses as she speaks at the end of the garden, which they have reached and indicates the woodland stretch before them. "There is a charm about the woods which no pleasure-grounds can possess."

"Are you so much of a gypsy as to feel that?" he asks, resting his arm on the top of the gate, and smiling as he looks at her.

"I am very much of a gypsy," she answers. "I like all free, wild, woodland things. I suppose you don't understand the taste, since I heard you say you have been chiefly accustomed to living in cities."

"Yes, I have lived in cities nearly all my life; but for that very reason, do you not think I might appreciate sylvan things, even more than you do?"

"I hardly think so. Is it not said that artificial pleasures spoil the taste for natural ones?"

"It is said so, yes—but all general rules are subject to exceptions, and I flatter myself that I am a very decided exception to this. As a proof, I have promised my cousin to stay with him for some time, instead of pursuing my way to a fashionable watering-place."

"I hope Colonel Duncan appreciates the compliment," says Roslyn, with a little more of laughing sarcasm in her tone than he exactly fancies.

She looks bewitchingly pretty, as she stands by the low gate, under the honeysuckle arch, the piquant tints of her face, the fleecy whiteness of her dress, framed in green. "Clifton is a charming place," she goes on, "but unless you like, *really* like, the quiet monotony of country life, I am afraid you may be repaid for your sacrifice by being very dull."

"I do not think that is at all possible," he says, decidedly. "I am already greatly pleased with everything. It is merely by chance, as it were, that I am here—but I feel that it is one of the luckiest chances of my life."

"I hope you will remain of that mind," says Roslyn. "But I warn you that you must not expect anything in the way of social pleasures. I do not think there could be a duller neighborhood than this. But perhaps you like riding, or fishing, or walking; or do you take an interest in agriculture?"

"I am afraid I do not take an interest in anything very useful, Miss Vardray. But I like—I do more than like—riding; and walking, under some circumstances, I consider delightful. By the bye, can we not extend our walk?"

She shakes her head. "Not this evening—it is too late, and our friends at the house would wonder what had become of us."

"It is not so late as the hour at which I saw you yesterday evening," he says. "Perhaps, however, you are not aware that I *have* seen you before?"

"She looks at him coolly. "Yes," she says, "I am aware of it. I recognized you at once, and I saw that you recognized me. It would be difficult, I think, for either of us to escape recognition—the moon was shining brightly as you passed me on Mr. Stanhope's lawn."

"Then the precedent holds good. You *do* walk late sometimes; and why not now, when the moon has not yet risen?"

"The case is very different. Geoffrey and I were taking Lettice home; and I only sat down on the lawn a moment to wait for him. Besides," she laughs, "yonder is the moon."

She points toward the east, where fiery-red, and large as a cart-wheel, the full moon is rising over the fields and forest. It is a beautiful scene, an hour full of loveliness and peace, and Lovelace feels that what can he, an adept in flirtation, desire better than this—a witching face for inspiration, a summer twilight, a rising moon! He has a consciousness of being fully equal to the occasion—when Roslyn says:

"Now, I think we had better return. You have seen the garden, and I have introduced with fine effect a moonrise for which you did not ask, and for which, therefore, you should be greatly obliged."

"For which I am greatly obliged," he says, without moving. "But I have hardly taken it in

yet—it is but an instant since you pointed it out. Surely you do not mean that there is any absolute necessity for retracing our steps?"

"That depends upon how you define an absolute necessity," she answers. "No one will interfere with you if you stay here and look at the moon for an hour, two hours, any number of hours—but I must return to the house."

She moves away as she speaks, and Lovelace—surprised, amused, a little piqued—turns at once to accompany her. "She is either very self-willed, or she knows something of the game herself," he thinks. Aloud he says:

"You are really cruel, Miss Vardray. This is a lovely scene, and we shall lose it entirely at the house."

"And are there no attractions at the house to atone for it?" she asks, flashing the light of her eyes upon him.

He catches and holds her glance with all the meaning he knows well how to throw into his own eyes, concentrated in their gaze.

"There is one attraction which would atone for the loss of anything," he says, "but it is not necessary that I should go to the house to find that."

"It is very necessary you should go to the house to find it," she replies, "if you intend my vanity to appropriate the compliment. Now there is a fine opportunity for revenging yourself, by pointing out that you did not intend anything of the kind," she adds, with another laugh so sweet and gay that Lovelace smiles despite himself.

"Revenge is sweet," he observes sententiously "but not even for the sake of tasting its sweetness, can I affirm that I did not distinctly and entirely intend that your vanity should appropriate the truth which you call a compliment."

She makes a little courtesy, full of mirth and coquetry.

"That is magnanimous, as well as graceful and gallant, Mr. Lovelace," she says; "and I am your debtor—for really I should have felt the blow keenly, if you had told me that you did not mean *me*."

"You would not have believed me if I had told you so," answers Lovelace, with another of his practised glances.

It is a game which is old and common enough to him—only deriving freshness from the freshness of the subject—but to Roslyn it is new and somewhat alluring. She has already seen enough of the world to understand exactly what he means, and mingled with a little resentment comes the thought "What if I should turn his amusement into earnest!" There is a decided attraction in the thought, and she has the first requisite for victory—thorough confidence in self, confidence in her own power to charm and subdue. Nor is this confidence without a basis in experience, for when has she ever failed with any man who has

crossed her path? Even now, she knows that Colonel Duncan's eyes are looking eagerly through the twilight for her, and is not Geoffrey sulking in the background, solely on her account? These sort of things give a woman a feeling of assured power; and so with all the rashness of one who has never known defeat, Roslyn feels herself fully capable of trying conclusions with Mr. Lovelace. They stroll slowly back to the house, and when they reach the piazza, Mr. Vardray says:

"You are just in time—the tea bell has rung."

After tea, Geoffrey has an opportunity to judge for himself of the reputed devotion of Colonel Duncan, and of Roslyn's manner of receiving the same. Of the first, he speedily sees there can be no doubt. The idea of concealing his hopes and intentions has never for an instant entered Hugo Duncan's mind, and no one could be with him in Roslyn's society for half an hour, without perceiving that he has given her the whole of his loyal heart. That Roslyn herself is aware of this, there can be no doubt, either; but whether the girl has not yet learned the meaning of love, or whether she only exercises that reserve which comes as a matter of instinct to the most untried women, Geoffrey is at a loss to tell. He only knows that there is no consciousness in her manner, no wavering color, no drooping lashes, none of those signs which he has been instructed to regard as love's language.

It is not only Geoffrey who is puzzled on this score. Colonel Duncan himself feels, as often before, completely baffled. There can be no doubt that the girl likes him—she is gracious and kind and sparkling whenever he draws near—but will this liking ever grow more? has it any shade of love in it? These are questions he asks himself, and to which he receives no satisfactory reply.

Even if he had the disposition, he has not the opportunity to make any definite avowal to-night; but the desire to have Roslyn to himself for a time grows strongly on him, and before the evening is over he draws her away from the general group by asking her to sing. This means to leave the cool and lovely moonlight of the piazza for the warmer atmosphere of the lamp-lit drawing-room; but she does so without demur, and goes in, attended by him.

Those outside hear her clear, sweet voice in one or two songs, and then silence falls—at least for them. But that silence does not reign within, they can have abundant evidence by glancing through the open windows to where Roslyn sits at the piano talking to her companion, who leans across the instrument. That she is well-content to sit there and talk, the lookers-on clearly perceive—Geoffrey with jealous pain, Lovelace with a feeling of annoyance which surprises himself. This might be partly soothed, perhaps, were he

aware that he is, during part of the time at least, the subject of conversation.

"What do you think of my young cousin?" Duncan has said, lightly, yet with some anxiety.

Roslyn lifts her eyes to his with the frankness of a child.

"I think he is the most handsome, and probably the most elegant man I have ever seen," she answers; "but he thinks—O, he thinks very well of himself!"

"Most men do that, I am afraid," says Duncan, laughing. "Vanity is such a common failing with people who have no such excuse for it as he has, that one feels almost bound to pardon it in him."

"I don't feel inclined to pardon it in anybody," she says, "at least, not in any man. A woman, now, has a prescriptive right to be vain. I am afraid I am vain myself—but I don't think I am nearly so much so as Mr. Lovelace is."

"You are rather hard on him," says Duncan. "Such a handsome young fellow must be pardoned some foibles. He has been spoiled, you see. I have no doubt he is an accomplished lady-killer."

"I have no doubt of it, at all," says Roslyn, with a curling lip. "That is just what I mean—that is what is the matter with him. He has lived among small things, and had small ends. I don't know very much of the world, but it seems to me that to make a noble character, one must have a noble aim. If I were a man, I would be a man, and kill something higher than the hearts or fancies of foolish women."

"You are very right about the noble aim," says Duncan, smiling. "But are you certain that the women are foolish who lose their hearts to such a fascinating cavalier?"

"I think they are worse than foolish; they are contemptible," she answers. "It seems to me that falling in love is a great absurdity from any point of view; but if I fell in love at all, it certainly would not be with Narcissus."

"That is hardly fair to Lovelace, who may be a very manly fellow, for all his handsome looks and delicate grace. Do you remember what Owen Meredith says?

"The fool who last year at Her Majesty's ball,
Sickened me so with his simper and pride,
Is the hero now heard of, the first on the wall
With the bayonet wound in his side."

I don't mean to insinuate that Lovelace is the least of a fool, or could even sicken one with a simper of pride; but I mean that it is well to remember that we never know how much manly stuff there may be even in a courted darling of fashion."

"You never fail to have something kind to say of every one," says Roslyn, looking up at him with admiration, "and you make me feel very uncharitable—but I meant no harm with regard

to Mr. Lovelace. He may be as admirable within as without, only I don't think so! Now what shall I sing, or do you want to hear me sing any more?"

"You know I am never tired of hearing you sing—but I fear I have monopolized you too long. Shall we go out again, or shall we call in Lovelace and make him sing? I fancy he sings very well."

"O, by all means call him in. I wonder that I did not think of that before. He has a singing face."

So Lovelace is called in, and admits that he sings "a little." He proves to have a charming tenor voice, and gives several songs—an operatic air, a German serenade, and a French song—accompanying himself with ease. Then he looks up suddenly at Roslyn, who is standing by him.

"Did you ever hear '*Belle Marquise*'?" he asks. "It is a delicious little song, which I have heard in New Orleans, and this is how it goes."

He strikes a few crisp chords and breaks into the half gay, half tender air of which he speaks. The first verses are full of airy lightness, but over the last his voice modulates into softness, while he lifts his eyes to the face beside him:

"*La marquise! ma marquise!
Bel amour est sa devise,
Et sa profession de foi
Est: je vous aime— aimez moi!
Qu' elle est belle la marquise!*"

As he utters the last note, he springs up from the piano with a laugh.

"I am unconscionable, I fear," he says; "and I think I see by my cousin's face that it is growing time to say good-night. If you see me very soon again, Miss Vardray, do not be surprised, for I can scarcely say how much I have enjoyed this evening."

A few minutes later, the cousins are riding away, and as Roslyn stands on the piazza steps in the moonlight watching them, Geoffrey hears her humming to herself the air which Lovelace sang last.

CHAPTER VII.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

"There is such a thing as being too close to a girl when you are in love with her," says Geoffrey, moodily.

It is to Lettice he is speaking; and they are alone together in the garden, he lying on the grass, she sitting demurely upright on a rustic bench.

"I suppose there is such a thing as being too close to anybody whom you particularly love or admire," she replies. "There are few idols that will bear too near inspection."

"You don't suppose I meant that one might be

too close as far as *she* is concerned?" exclaimed Geoffrey, more energetically than lucidly. "I meant that as far as one's own interest is concerned, one might be too close—too familiar, you see. Perhaps I ought to go away and let Roslyn learn to have some kind of a feeling of strangeness toward me, for now she treats me exactly as if I were her brother."

"And how else should she treat you?" asks Lettice. "Are you not like a brother to her? Have you not always lived with her, and are you not living with her now in just that relation?"

"You know that I am, not!" he answers. "I am no brother to her at all. I love her, Lettice; I have loved her all my life—but I have no hope that she will ever marry me."

He is lying back, with his hands under his head, and as he utters the last word his eyes meet Lettice's with such a look of pain in them that the girl's eyes soften from sympathy.

"You despair too soon," she says. "It seems to me that if I were a man I would not easily give up anything on which I had set my heart or my will. A woman is different,"—her slight hands clasp together—"a woman *must* submit to circumstances; but a man should conquer them. You have many advantages in being so close to Roslyn, though there is a disadvantage connected with it, no doubt. She sees you at all times—when you are dull, when you are cross, when you are altogether out of sorts—not like Mr. Lovelace, whom she only sees when he is on his best behavior, and exerting himself to be agreeable; but then there is the compensation that you see *her* also at all times, and know or ought to know better how to please her than he does."

"You are a kind comforter," says Geoffrey, "but I do not think there is any compensation in the position at all. It is more tantalizing than anything else, to be so near and yet so far—like the star we have heard of, you know—to be treated with the easy familiarity of an old shoe, and to see that fellow come in and have the best of everything—confound him!"

"It is Mr. Lovelace you are jealous of then—not Colonel Duncan?"

"I am jealous of everybody," says the young man, frankly; "but I certainly think there is more to fear from Lovelace than from Duncan. He—I mean Duncan—is too old, and Roslyn is too gay. I don't believe she would marry for position and wealth, and I don't think she could have any other reasons for marrying *him*. But Lovelace—well, Lovelace is different: and what is he doing here?"

"I do not know," answers Lettice. She is half inclined to add, "I think my father knows," but refrains—partly from habitual caution, partly because she seldom mentions her father's name when it is possible to avoid doing so. Mr. Stanhope has smiled significantly on hearing of Love-

lace as domiciled at Clifton and made familiar at Verdevale. "A gay young sprig," he said, "a very gay young sprig. Well, I wish him good luck. I'm always glad of the luck of my friends."

Now, to be a friend of Mr. Stanhope's is not a distinction in the opinion of Eldon county; and being painfully aware of this, Lettice (bearing herself no ill-will to Mr. Lovelace) does not mention the fact. She only pauses a moment, and then adds:

"Of course it is not likely that I would know—but I suppose it is natural that he should stay with Colonel Duncan, who is his cousin,"

"And who knows no more of him than we do," says Geoffrey. "Lettice"—he hesitates—"have you ever heard your father speak of him at all?"

"Very little," answers Lettice, coloring. "I think father has known him in New Orleans, and he met him accidentally in Kirton the day you got home. Mamma told me he brought him to tea that evening; but I was here, so I did not see him until, if you remember, he was on the piazza as we went up."

"I remember," says Geoffrey, grimly. It occurs to him with a sense of surprise that "Mr. Stanhope's associate," against speaking of whom he warned Roslyn that evening, should be at this present moment sitting with Roslyn in the drawing-room—for she was called from this pleasant garden spot by the intelligence of his arrival. "Come Lettice, you and Geoffrey," she said—but Lettice shook her head, and Geoffrey did not stir. "I will stay here," said the former. "Mr. Lovelace has certainly not come to see me."

"I echo that with emphasis," says Geoffrey, doggedly—and so Roslyn goes alone to the house, and the conversation just recorded takes place between those left behind.

While it is taking place she has entered the drawing-room, where Mrs. Vardray is entertaining, or being entertained by, Mr. Lovelace—and has greeted that gentleman. It is his third visit—the first he has made alone; but already he advances to take her hand, with the air of a frequent and familiar visitor.

"You must forgive an idle man for coming to cast himself on your charity, Miss Vardray," he says. "My cousin has business to occupy his time, but I have none; and with a horse at my command, and the road to Verdevale open, what could I do but come?"

"We are very glad to see you," answers the girl, smiling. As yet she is so fancy-free that the words come easy and lightly from her lips. She is really glad to see him, and her bright, clear glance tells him so as well as her words. He is young, handsome, entertaining, ready with graceful compliments and glances full of homage—what girl would *not* be glad to see such a cavalier, especially in the monotony of a country life, where any fresh element is desirable?

"The ride alone would be a sufficient inducement for going out to-day," she adds, as they sit down. "What a beautiful day it is!—and what a lovely road from Clifton here! The views of the valley from the bluffs are so fine. By the bye, Mr. Lovelace, have you seen yet the one lion of our neighborhood, the falls of the river?"

"I have not seen them," Lovelace answers, "but I think I have heard them; at least, at night, when all other sounds are hushed, there comes into my window a sound suggestive of some distant Niagara."

"That is the falls. It is a beautiful place, for the hills close in upon the river, which cuts its way through them in a series of splendid rapids."

"I must see it," says Lovelace, with an appearance of the deepest interest. "Will you be my guide? can we not ride there? I should like it very much."

"So should I," answers Roslyn; "but it is rather far for a ride. We usually make the excursion as a pic nic, and spend the day on the rocks. We have not been there at all this year; why should we not go to-morrow, mamma?"

"There is no reason why we should not," Mrs. Vardray answers, "if you can make the necessary preparations."

"We do not need to make many preparations," says Roslyn. "I am tired of pic nics in which the whole neighborhood joins. Do you not think"—she looks at Lovelace—"that it would be pleasanter if we just went ourselves?"

"Very much pleasanter," he answered eagerly. "I suppose you mean just you and I."

"O, by no means," she answers, laughing. "Setting aside Mrs. Grundy—or mamma there, who personates her at present—I could not think of subjecting either of us to the test of a whole day's *tete-a-tete*. When I said 'just ourselves,' I meant mamma if she will go—you will, mamma, won't you?—and you and I and Lettice and Geoffrey and Colonel Duncan and the children—they will never be satisfied to be left."

"I think it is a very good idea," says Mrs. Vardray, "and if I cannot go, Miss Mills will take care of the children and look after the lunch."

"It is settled, then," says Roslyn gaily. "I hope you do not feel dismayed, Mr. Lovelace—a rural pic nic is sometimes a very formidable affair."

"Do I look dismayed?" asks Lovelace. "I assure you I feel delighted. An attempted rural pic nic, with a mob of people, is indeed one of the most formidable things with which I am acquainted; but a day of gypsying in the woods with charming companions, I consider delicious. But," he adds, as Mrs. Vardray is at this moment opportunely called from the room, "I cannot refrain from wishing that *my* original programme was to be carried out."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GRANDMA SNOW'S VALENTINES.

AN OLD FASHIONED LOVE STORY.

BY G. DE B.

It was St. Valentine's eve, and a cold, blustering, windy night; there had not, as yet, been the faintest suspicion of spring-time in the atmosphere; indeed, there was every indication of a long and heavy winter, lingering in the lap of spring instead, and the bleak wind whistled and blew furiously as Ralph Wayland quickly opened and closed the door of No. 20 Winthrop Square, and strode down the street with rapid steps. The wind might be cold, but his temper was hot enough, and he rather enjoyed the keen nipping air, that fanned his heated brow as he paced the square. Behind that same closed door, there was hidden another pair of hot flushed cheeks, and a feminine temper quite as warm prompted the angry words that fell from Bertha Warren's pretty lips.

"He may just go! He is ridiculously jealous, and unreasonable, and unjust; I will not be dictated to and controlled in this manner, and I don't care; so there, sir!" and with a flounce of silken frills and fringes, and a toss of the brown puffs and braids that adorned the saucy little head, Bertha Warren slammed the parlor door and ran up-stairs into the sitting-room. It was only nine o'clock, but there was no one up but Grandma Snow, and she was very busy sorting over and reading some old papers at her secretary; so Bertha threw herself down upon the lounge, and pretending to take a little nap, enjoyed a quiet little cry to herself, bemoaning the cruelty and unreasonableness of lovers in general, and hers in particular. It was such a bare trifle, this quarrel, so thought Bertha; all about a simple little paper-cutter. Charley Bennet had brought it to her from abroad, and she had accepted it, of course, as from a friend. Why not? She and Charley had been acquainted long before she ever knew Ralph Wayland; to be sure there was a time, before Charley went away, that he wanted to be more than a friend; but to that she had not consented, and so they had bade one another good-bye as old friends, no more. During his absence, she had said "yes" to Ralph Wayland's same importuning, and had promised to one day vow to "love, honor, and obey" him; but she was not ready, just yet, to submit to his authority, and so she rebelled against his jealous protests concerning Charley Bennet's renewed attentions, and her acceptance of his gift. Love with her did not mean subjection, and she would show Ralph Wayland that she had a spirit of her own, that would not brook a curb—and she "didn't care if he was angry, and went home without kissing her good-night, and slammed the door"—and just here a choking sob put an eloquent end to her brave determination not to care.

"What is it, Bertie?" asked grandma, looking up from her letters with a scrutinizing gaze at the flushed face, hid down among the sofa pillows.

"Nothing, I've—I've got a cough," gasped Bertha, in a choking tone.

"Has Ralph gone home so early? on Valentine's eve, too?—why, what is the trouble, dear? on such a night lovers should be happy together. See, I am with mine, in memory, to-night," and Grandma pointed to a little pile of papers by her side.

Bertha lifted her head, and seeing grandma's secret drawer open, rose and came over beside the old lady, and knelt down beside the secretary. There appeared to be a heap of old notes and letters, all written in the same hand, but with different inks and apparent improvement and difference in the style of penmanship.

"All Valentines, my dear—every one; and written many years ago," said grandma, with a sigh.

"May I read them?" asked Bertha, taking up a little faded yellow paper, on which was printed in a childish, sprawling hand:

"If you love me as I love you.

No knife can cut our love in two."

"That surely was from a little boy sweetheart, grandma," said Bertha, laughingly. "Now let me see some of the others," and taking up another, she read in a bolder, firmer hand, the same lines:

"If you love me as I love you,

No knife can cut our love in two,"

and again another, and another paper, all containing the same refrain.

"Why, grandma!" cried Bertha in a somewhat puzzled tone, but with an amused look upon her face.

"Yes dear," replied grandma, nodding her head and looking serious. "Yes, they are all alike. I had one every year, from the time when your grandfather and I used to go to school together, little boy and girl, and sit on opposite sides of the old school house, up to the time we sat side by side in church, young man and maiden; and—yes dear, it is a fact, way on into our married life, and our old days as well; here is the last one he sent me, the Valentine's day before he—before he was taken and I left—and you see it was always the same

"If you love me as I love you,

No knife can cut our love in two."

—and I *did* love him, just so dearly, and no knife, no trouble, nor sorrow, nor care, ever separated us, not even death; for I am still his love, as he is mine!" and Grandma Snow's white head was bent down over the little pile of papers, and her face hidden.

The lines had a new sound to Bertha's ears. "No *knife* can cut *our* love in two." Was a foolish little wooden paper-knife going to separate

Ralph and her? was love so tender a thing, then? was *her* love so weak and frail that it could not pardon a lover's reasonable jealousy?

A new light shone upon the affair now; she began to look at Charley Bennet's renewed attention through Ralph's eyes, and she was sorry; but she had refused to promise her lover to receive neither attention or gifts.

"He *never* forgot the day," continued grandma, after a little silence. "There was always a Valentine for mother. Sometimes it was a pretty new silk that I had admired, or a ticket for some lecture or concert, or a book I wanted; but with St. Valentine's day, there always came my lover's lines accompanying some gift,

'If you love me as I love you,
No knife can cut our love in two.'

"That was old-fashioned love, grandma. I don't believe the love of to-day is so lasting or so true; is it, do you think?" asked Bertha, timidly.

"Fashioned? there is no fashion in love, my dear; it is worn always in one spot—next the heart; and when once truly adopted, *never* wears out."

Bertha was silent for a moment, then she asked, gravely:

"Did you and grandpa ever quarrel, when you were lovers? was he ever jealous, and were you ever hateful?"

Grandma smiled as she glanced at the blushing, conscious face, and answered:

"Oh yes, we had our little differences of opinion, to be sure; but love always came to the rescue and smoothed out the wrinkles, and made the crooked places straight; sometimes it was he who was wrong, but as often it was I; but 'no knife' of distrust or jealousy, or petulant temper, could 'cut our love in two;' and thus it is always with pure, true, fond affection; it overlooks and makes allowances, and forgives and forgets every little strain upon its tender spots."

"Thank you grandma, dear. Your Valentine has been just what I needed to-night. Ralph and I have quarrelled, but I was to blame the most; and I am very sorry, and I will be the first to make amends," and kissing the old lady, Bertha hurriedly ran up to her room, where she wrote the following little note, which was received by Mr. Ralph Wayland the next morning:

"If you love me as I love you,
No *knife* can cut our love in two.'

I do not mean to keep Charley Bennet's present—I am sorry for all I said last night—and I am your true, loving Valentine."

St. Valentine's day dawned bright and beautiful. The high, wild winds had died away in the night, and with the sunshine there came soft promising spring airs that whispered of the new life down in the earth's heart. Sparrows chirped in the park, and blue-birds and robins flew over the

city housetops singing of "spring, spring, beautiful spring."

At breakfast time a messenger boy brought for "Miss Bertha Warren," a great bouquet of roses and violets; and peeping over her shoulder, grandma read on the pretty card attached:

"The rose is red, the violet's blue,
Nothing can alter my love for you."

"See, grandma," cries Bertha, with a rosy, blushing face. "Here is some real old-fashioned love."

"The lines, perhaps, but not the love, dear; that is always the same, new and fresh, and if true, ever lasting."

Bertha put the flowers to her lips and sang out loud and merrily:

"If you love me as I love you,
No knife *can* cut *our* love in two."

A ROMANCE OF HARD TIMES.

BY MARIAN GARWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

LADY BECHTOLD.

Mr. and Mrs. Bechtold had but one child, a son, who had finished his college course, and was taking a foreign tour preparatory to settling down and reading law, when Baby Helen came to brighten their days. When he returned, baby was eighteen months old, an only sister, and a perfect jewel; so dainty and lady-like was she in all her ways, that the great brother called her "Lady;" and so well did the pet title suit her, that all her friends adopted it, and later, few people knew what her real name was.

Mr. Bechtold and his wife, not being society people, lived at their country seat the whole year round. Mr. Bechtold devoted his entire time and attention to his business, which was remarkably prosperous in consequence. And Mrs. Bechtold devoted her entire time and attention to the perfect education of her daughter—who was nearly perfect in consequence. Her tutors found it a pleasure to teach her, for her character was most amiable; and that she might develop mentally and physically alike, not developing the mind at the expense of the body, she was taught to excel in many out-door exercises, such as croquet, ball, archery, and horsemanship. Of this last she was extravagantly fond, if such a well regulated young lady could be extravagant in anything. She had a horse called Frisco, which embraced all the virtues of horse-flesh, together with an intelligence almost human. Her father, being a veritable merchant prince, left nothing wanting to her happiness which money could procure.

Lady reached the age of fourteen, having passed thus far a most uneventful life; more's the

pity—for careful as it had been, her training was but illy adapted to prepare her for what now occurred.

A terrible panic swept over the business world, and among the first, the firm of Hermon Bechtold & Co., went under, making a very bad failure. This was their misfortune, not their fault; and honestly enough they surrendered all their possessions, to make good, as far as possible, the affairs of their creditors. Of course, Linwood, Mr. Bechtold's lovely home, was sold at public sale, with all within and without pertaining to it. While this dreadful scattering and shattering of household goods, by the auctioneer's hammer, was taking place, Mrs. Bechtold, her mother, and a sister who lived with her, Lady, and a couple of servants, were to go to a small house which had been the lodge to their estate. When they gathered together there, Lady was missed.

"Where is Lady?" asked the grandmother.

"Didn't she come with you?" asked the aunt, in tones of anxiety.

"No. She started with me, but said she must go back, and would follow shortly."

"She will probably come with Betty or Jane," said Mrs. Bechtold. "Poor child, on her this falls heavier than on us."

But where was she? I will tell you, reader, although she wishes no one to know. In the stable at Linwood, fondly caressing and bidding Frisco farewell; her fair hair mingled with his mane, and tears upon her fresh, round cheek.

CHAPTER II.

ALEXANDER STERLING.

Sandy Sterling was one of the brightest boys at — College, in the year —.

When he entered, his father had been considered a rich man; but the panic in which so many had fallen, in its merciless sweep had carried him with the rest. And Sandy, whose heart was set upon becoming a minister, feared it would now be necessary to abandon his studies without graduating in a theological course. About this time, many of the students felt the necessity of exercise and a change of air, and resolved to enter the mountain hotels as waiters, during vacation. To Sandy this opened a way to earn something, with which to pursue the following year's studies, and he determined to go with them.

In the same house with others of his class, he received the position of clerk. But that would not long answer for one who bade so fair to become a rare specimen of muscular Christianity, even though, from unremitting study, he now looked somewhat pale; so he soon arranged to

take charge of and drive the coach belonging to the house.

If Sandy had a strong characteristic that discovered the human nature within him, it was a love of horses; so he took to this position more kindly, and soon the color came back, and the chest filled out, and the arms grew ready, quick, and strong. Then—in spite of the blouse and overalls—he was a very attractive specimen of mankind.

He was very much interested in botany, and the afternoons being mostly at his disposal, he took long walks, returning each day with a case of leaves, etc. It was his custom to change his dress for the expedition to that of the student. One day, as he was about putting up his horses, a gentleman accosted him with:

"Young man, can you take me over to Linwood? There is a sale there that I am anxious to attend, and cannot obtain conveyance."

Sterling replied that he would ask, and went to the house. Returning, Sandy said:

"Get in," and off they drove.

The stranger being a cultivated gentleman, soon brought Sandy to chatting about college, his prospects, and his present occupations; and suggested that a saddle horse would enable him to take much longer excursions in the afternoons.

True; but Sandy did not feel at all sure that he ought to part with his money in such a way, however reasonably he might be able to get one. After arriving at Linwood, Sterling went with the gentleman, who was curious in rare things, through part of the house, then left him. The stables were to be sold out last, and he thought he would look through them. He found them all closed, and was about turning back when he noticed a door partly open, and thinking, doubtless, there was some one there to serve him as guide, entered. He had passed several stalls when he heard a sweet voice saying:

"My precious Frisco, what happy hours we have had together."

There were tears in the voice, and surely something like a sob at the end of the sentence. He looked ahead, and in the very next stall was a sight that held him spell-bound. What was it?—woman, child, or angel? White arms in chiseled perfection folded round the neck of the noble animal before him. Such a picture opened a new world to the vision of the young student. Sandy was an only child; his books and his sports had been his only companions; his mother the only woman in whom he had felt any interest. Many ladies he had met, but as one meets a crowd on the street, or beholds the worlds of the heavens on a starlight night, utterly without interest in any particular one. Not so now. This sight was not to be forgotten in a life-time. Hesitating, he turned to go, when Lady, for 'twas she, raised her head, and catching sight of him, started with fear.

This would never do. The mere thought of having frightened her was too much; he could not go without making some explanation, and taking off his hat as he stood in attitude of reverence, he said:

"I beg your pardon, if I have all unwittingly intruded."

Seeing that he was only a driver, Lady took courage, and spoke to him as she never could have done had he been in his student's dress.

"You were looking at him," said she, still nervously caressing the favorite's neck. "Does your master want to buy him?"

"Yes, miss," answered Sandy, appreciating at once the advantage his costume gave him.

By this time, Lady, seeing the fine brow and eyes, the noble mouth and countenance, lost her fear, and felt only a mingling of confidence and timidity—the natural evidences of the childhood and womanhood now contending in her. Then anxiously:

"Will you have the care of him?"

"Yes, miss," again answered Sandy.

Then, almost pleadingly, she cried:

"You will be kind to him, won't you? He has been so happy with me. I know you will be kind to him, if your master will only keep him."

"I promise you, miss, wherever he goes I will keep sight of him," answered Sandy, ready by this time to give his last cent if need be for the horse.

"Oh, I'm so thankful," said Lady, and her head went down upon her horse's neck, and tears of thankfulness flowed at will. For the poor child had been even more excited over parting with her favorite than she had realized; fears for its welfare swelling to such magnitude as to entirely blot from her mind the discomforts awaiting herself.

Sterling slowly turned and left the building, wholly unable to withstand the flood of tears. He pondered as he walked; he was young, but he had seen a sight which he would never grow old enough to forget.

When the stables were sold out, he bought that horse; and true to his resolve, he never parted with it. Yet one day he gave it away. How was this? I will tell you.

CHAPTER III.

SYNTHESIS.

After his reverses, Mr. Bechtold and his family went to New York, where he and his son commenced business again. But the shock had been too much for him, and in a year he died. The son struggled along for some time, but the embarrassments were too much for him, and he made a second failure. Thus everything was gone. Then

Lady began to teach and her mother to sew, obtaining between them but a pittance.

Sandy, the summer being ended, returned to his studies, and pursued them with true Scottish perseverance. At length the consummation was reached, when with a number of fellow students he was licensed to preach the gospel, and ordained. He began his work immediately by supplying a vacancy in the pulpit of a celebrated minister. With true modesty, Sandy hesitated to appear in the place of such a light, for few lived who could fill it.

But this man was one whose public character had won his love and esteem, in whose judgment he trusted, and whom he delighted to serve. This was the way it came about.

The Rev. Philip Erwin, being one of the lights of the Church, was present at the ordination taking place in his own city, and there met the young candidates. During a short conversation with Sandy, he thought he saw great ability in him, and took measures to learn something of him and his college life. The information obtained convinced him that Sandy was the very man for the chapel which his congregation had just built in the suburbs of the city, and presented the idea at once to the elders of his church. While awaiting their views, he encouraged Sandy's acquaintance, offering him the use of his library, a most flattering courtesy. Sandy naturally availed himself of every opportunity for such an association. One day while calling upon Dr. Erwin, a telegram arrived for that gentleman, who read it with evident embarrassment. Then, glancing up quickly and questioningly at Sandy, he said:

"Will you take my pulpit next Sunday?"

Sandy would not have been more amazed if he had said, "Will you go to China for me, at once?" and consequently turned quite pale, as a view of the great church and its crowded congregation rose before him.

Dr. Erwin saw this, and added, before there was time for an answer:

"This demands my absence from the city on Sunday; be advised by me, take my pulpit. It is a most desirable opportunity, and may help you to an immediate call. Don't doubt yourself; I have confidence in you. Besides, it will really be a favor to me."

Of course, Sandy could not refuse this. With earnest prayer for guidance and support, he chose his text and studied diligently during the few hours before him, determining, as his time was so short, to make notes, and rely upon his ability to extemporize for the amplification of his subject. The result of all this was that his first sermon was delivered to one of the most cultivated and influential congregations in the country. He had studied his subject thoroughly and his whole heart was in his work. The first sermon was a success. When Dr. Erwin returned, he found, as he anti-

cipated, that Sandy had justified his estimation of him, and made a favorable impression.

Shortly after this, Sandy received and accepted a call to the chapel, whereby he became pastor to a most desirable congregation, and received for his services a fair salary and a furnished parsonage—a very little cottage, 'tis true, but delightfully situated in the suburbs of Boston.

These matters settled, his next purpose was to find the original of his first and only romance—the lovely child who had lived in his thoughts, the picture of young grief, the vision that had dwelt within him, that had urged him on in his most trying and despondent hours, with a hope of brightening that matchless face with a look of happiness.

The General Assembly was to meet in Philadelphia; Dr. Erwin had been appointed to attend, and considering it a most desirable opportunity for Sandy to hear and learn of many things pertaining to the Church, invited him to accompany him.

Here was a way opened, it seemed, by Providence itself. As a visitor, it would not be necessary for Sandy to be on time, so he would start with Dr. Erwin and stop over a day at New York, where, he had learned by the papers, Mr. Bechtold had re-commenced business in company with his son, and rejoin Dr. Erwin in Philadelphia.

Once in New York, he intended to find Mr. Bechtold, tell him of his possession of Frisco, present credentials, and ask permission to make his daughter's acquaintance, when the father would take him home at once. This seemed perfectly feasible, and he started accordingly in what seemed good time, to lay at the feet of her whose image he cherished the heart that had been hers so long.

On sped the train, as if bearing him to his greatest happiness. Bright and beaming looked field and fen, adorned with purest and crispest of of spring green, as though earth brought forth nothing but life and joy. Snorting and puffing the monster—that drew him as if instinct with malicious life to the realization of blank and bitter disappointment—rushed into the depot; and amidst the crowd of hurrying travelers, Sandy alighted in New York. He deposited the satchel he carried in the baggage-room, and like each one of the multitude around him, filled with his own affairs, reached the gate through which all passed, and from which each diverged toward his particular felicity or bitterness, success or failure. Then, with haste and an anxiety, that inexplicably crept upon him, he sought the firm, only to learn that Mr. Bechtold was dead and it no longer existed, that "possibly so and so could tell something of the family." The party was found, only to hear from them that really they "knew very little of them. The Bechtolds did

live in that street once, but moved about a year ago; believed the brother went west with his family, didn't know where the mother and daughter had gone." And so on, till the day was done and nothing learned.

That night, Sandy slept, or rather put up at a hotel, for sleep he did not. 'Twas as if the world had suddenly given way beneath him, and he had found himself standing upon a reef in the midst of space, as in an awful ocean of silence. But the reef was there, something actual, 'twas immaterial and material. 'Twas the other faith that was the foundation of his being. 'Twas himself. The only thing that could not, would not leave him, 'Twas the existence of which he was an atom. 'Twas God. He prayed. He worked to find her by day, he prayed for her during the night. He saw her driven from that first grief he had witnessed, to poverty, to sickness—she was so frail—to starvation; and cried with great sobs, "Oh God, spare her." He saw her through every suffering caring first for the mother who was with her, just as in her tender heart her own sorrows had been subject to her interest in her pet. Everything could he learn but her whereabouts; of this nothing.

On the third day he must go on. Wrought to actual sickness by this great disappointment, he arrived in Philadelphia. In what a different state he left this depot. With equal haste, and equally long strides, he leaves the gate; but this is the energy of desperation.

To-night he will lodge at the house of a brother minister, one who has been a fellow student. Once only on the way to this house is he conscious of anything about him; then he sees the form of a young woman, some distance ahead, halt for an instant before a church on the corner. Such a church! It compels his thoughts to leave himself. A building of purest Grecian form, set back from the street and surrounded by grass plots, railed in, as if the peace of the building was something apart from the world in which it was placed. The simple majesty of faultless architecture, the pure marble columns, and high steps, the dignity of unpretentious grandeur, the solidity of material and structure, suggesting the eternal stability of the Christianity it represented, and all sanctified as the house of God—in the midst of dirt, and turmoil, and vexation and anxious care—all this he saw and the woman who clasped her hands, and then, with bowed head and hurried step, passed out of sight. "More anguish, more misery," murmured Sandy, and then again his thoughts reverted to himself, then to his destination—and behold he was there.

This was the house before him. He rang, was admitted and ushered into the reception room, a small room on the right of the hall; as he entered the room, a little child scampered off, and a lady stooped in following to pick up a book it had

dropped. Sandy at the same instant recovered the book and handed it to her; she thanked him and passed on, leaving him bewildered—confused.

Dr. Burton entered and found him standing. Extending his hand he cried:

"How do you do, Sandy? How do you do? Sit down; sit down," and drew him to a seat; then continued: "It is awkward, Sandy, but after all, this long looked-for visit must be made out of the house. A couple of days ago, Mrs. Burton's mother came to town to see us, and as she was leaving the door, she fell on the step and fractured her thigh. We carried her in and sent for a physician, who pronounced the accident a serious one, and said she must not be moved. In the evening, Mrs. Burton said that as mother now occupied the spare room, and we had no other, she would ask the mother of our governess to accommodate you at her home. I thought the idea excellent, and the next day she completed arrangements with Mrs. Bechtold for you to stay at her house during your visit."

At the name of Bechtold, Sandy looked up, as yet scarce having heard a word his impetuous friend had spoken, and but half-comprehending that fate or chance, or who shall say what, had made him an inmate of the very family he was seeking, and of which he desired to become a member.

"But you must spend your time with us," continued Dr. Burton, "and forget what may seem like unhospitality in quartering you elsewhere, for an overruling Providence has doubtless guided all."

Sandy passed his hand over his eyes, as if brushing away some illusion, or endeavouring to recall himself, and said:

"Arthur, as the Lord liveth, He hath brought me here. Who is the lady that just left this room?"

"My little Betty's governess, Miss Helen Bechtold," answered Dr. Burton.

As he spoke, his companion paled, and great tears filled his upturned eyes, as with white lips he murmured his thankfulness to the Father who protects even the sparrows.

An hour later he emerged from the Doctor's study. During this time his old friend had been taken into his confidence, and had informed him in return that the Bechtolds, mother and daughter, had been reduced to the extremest poverty; that in this state he had found them, placed them in a little house, obtained some pupils for Miss Helen and given her the position of visiting governess to his little Betty, in order to assist them.

Then he gave Sandy a letter of introduction to Mrs. Bechtold, and advised him to present it as once, as the lady was expecting him; enjoining upon him at the same time, that he should return for dinner at four o'clock. Sandy enclosed his

own card, bearing the dignified name which so well befitted the man, "Alexander Sterling, D.D." within the letter, and set forth.

Dr. Burton meanwhile sought his wife and made her party to the affair.

Mrs. Burton, with true womanly weakness, was delighted at having a hand in a love affair, and proposed commencing operations at once, by keeping Miss Helen to dinner, and making her acquainted with Mr. Sterling.

"The idea," said she, "of the man being in love with her all these years, and she not having even heard of him." And off she started to inform Miss Helen that Mr. Sterling, the gentleman who was to stop with her mother while he attended the Synod, had arrived and would dine with them. "And Miss Helen," added Mrs. Burton, "you must remain and become acquainted with him here; it will not then seem so strange to have him in your own home."

Helen said her mother would be anxious about her, if she was late, and begged Mrs. Burton to excuse her. But Mrs. Burton volunteered at once to send Mrs. Bechtold word that Helen was with her. Whereupon Helen, all unconscious of her fate, consented to stay.

CHAPTER IV.

UNITY.

At dinner, Sandy proved that had he not been entered for the pulpit, he might have won for himself a name upon the stage. Completely master of himself, now that Helen was before him, he chatted with her so easily and freely, that she quite forgot he was a stranger, and made some allusion to Linwood, a thing she had never done even to her kind friends the Burtons. That was just what Sandy wanted, and he said at once:

"If you are Miss Bechtold of Linwood, we have a mutual friend, from whom you will like to hear."

"Indeed," replied Lady. "Pray tell me who it is?"

"Guess," answered Sandy, almost playfully, for the favorable turn his affairs had taken, made him a boy again.

"Truly I can't," said Lady; "I was so young when we left Linwood, that I had scarcely any acquaintances. I remember well that my greatest grief was parting with my horse. Till you just spoke I didn't know I left a friend."

"To the horse I alluded," slowly said Sterling, looking down.

"Oh, Mr. Sterling, do you own him?" cried Lady in tones which plainly showed that time had not lessened her affection for her pet.

Dr. and Mrs. Burton were at this moment engaged, Mrs. Burton in giving some quiet instruc-

tion to the maid, and the Doctor in attending to some fancied wants of wee Betty. Sandy availed himself of the opportunity, and said earnestly :

"Yes, Miss Helen ; and the intelligent creature has indeed been a friend and companion to me. In our long trips I have patted his neck and talked to him, often asking him if he thought we should ever find you, and he always neighed in the most encouraging manner. Once, too, he saved my life—I must tell you all about it, some time. Yes, he always understood me, I assure you, and so we often had long talks about you. You see, I had heard how fond you were of him."

Helen's part in this conversation had been taken in silence by a most expressive countenance. Now she spoke, saying :

"I suppose your groom told you of the scene ;" then added apologetically, "I was such a child."

Sandy escaped from answering this, by being completely occupied in helping himself to some mashed potatoes, which the merciful maid passed between him and Lady just at this disconcerting juncture. Then he drew Dr. and Mrs. Burton into the conversation, and kept it general till they left the table. After dinner he retired with his friend into the study, while the ladies had a little quiet chat in the sitting-room.

After awhile the gentlemen joined them, and Sandy proposed that as he and Miss Helen must arrive at the same destination that night, he should be allowed to escort her, adding, that as he was a stranger in a strange land, it would devolve upon her to lead him in the darkness.

"Yes, and take him in, too, Helen," chimed in Dr. Burton.

As they left the house, Mrs. Burton turned to her husband enthusiastically, saying :

"Arthur, I've been studying that girl for the last half hour, and I know just what kind of a wedding-dress would make her a perfect bride. May I give it to her ?"

"Be just, then generous, my dear," replied Dr. Burton. "If your judgment counsels it, do so." But though his words were cold, practical, his face beamed with love of the impulsive little wife, whose very faults were on the right side, and made her, in his eyes, more dear.

Sandy and Lady meantime walked quietly towards home. Frisco again became the subject of conversation, and Lady begged to know how Mr. Sterling learned about her. He teased her a little, putting her off in all kinds of ways, and at length promising to tell her another time.

Matters progressed well. Sandy became very much at home at Mrs. Bechtold's. The old lady greatly admired the strong, healthy man, and almost loved the frank, noble face. Lady, who had been her mother's sole companion and dependence, found a young friend upon whose judgment she could rely, and on whose gentle thoughtfulness

ness she unconsciously depended, a treasure all the more precious for being previously unknown.

Several weeks had passed, when one evening, Mrs. Bechtold feeling weary, retired quite early, leaving Helen and Sandy sitting at the round table in the parlor. After a few moment's silence, Sandy raised his eyes and laughingly looking at Helen across the table, said :

"Shall I tell you to-night, Miss Helen, who told me ?"

Lady knew well what he meant, for she had asked him so often.

"Oh, do. If I did not know it was untrue, I should call you cruel, for the suspense you have kept me in," replied Helen.

"Cruel to you ! I acknowledge that is an accusation I could not endure," cried Sandy. "So I will tell you at once. It was a little girl, with the face of an angel in distress, whose name was —"

Lady's face grew blank and horrified, as the knowledge dawned upon her that this was the driver. Instantly she knew why that face had been so familiar, why it had haunted her as one seen in a dream. Many times had she tried to place it and failed, but now a flood of recollection rushed over her, and she was conscious that in her first hour of trouble she had turned to this man for assistance ; and realized that during these long years, the promise he then offered had been faithfully fulfilled.

"Now don't be so horrified, Miss Helen, it all came about this way ;" and here Sandy, under the pretext of getting his back to the light, and not disturbing her mother in the next room, arose and placed his chair next to hers, with its back to the table, then seated himself so that they sat face to face, and proceeded to narrate to her the circumstance of his attending the sale and its result for him. Before he ended, he had taken her unresisting hand, and then said : "Would you like to see, him ?"

This brought a grateful look into Lady's eyes, for this unselfishness touched her greatly, not being the side of humanity which she had been brought into contact with during the last few years—to which look he answered :

"And own him, Helen dear ?"

This was not resented, so in lighter tones Sandy added :

"But you know I cannot part with him, for I have promised that. So darling, there is but one way, and that is—give me your precious self, in which case I, and all that is mine, become yours. Take me to get Frisco, sweet one, won't you ?"

He was now leaning before her. The great tears fell from her closed eyes. That was answer enough for Sandy ; in an instant she was folded in his strong arms, and in token of betrothal he kissed the tears from off her blushing cheeks.

In a short time, Sandy took Lady, and her

mother too, to see the horse and the little parsonage as well, in which they spent several years cosily and happily. Then Mrs. Bechtold yielded to the ravages made upon her health by those years of anxiety and privations. Sterling's father, who had entirely recovered his fortune before his son was married, welcomed Lady with true affection to the heart that had never known a daughter. While attending her mother in her illness, Lady's health had given way, and Mr. Sterling induced Sandy to use a little of his money for a foreign tour, saying:

"Hout lad—dinna bide until I dee till be cheerie," which in our English means—don't wait till I die to be happy.

Sandy looked at Lady, and the memory of the day he saw her, when the face so young and fresh expressed its first grief, decided him to restore its youthful coloring, if foreign air and his devotion could do it. Frisco, now grown old, was put out to grass with a kind farmer, where he may be grazing yet, for all we know.

They sailed from Boston, and Mr. Sterling with them; for when the parting came, his great heart could not stand it, and he quietly walked on board. At last advices they were doing the Scottish lakes, and intended to spend the winter in Rome.

WINTER AND SPRING.

BY ESTELLE THOMSON.

I shall be old while you are young, Elaine,
 Wrinkled and old and gray,
 For the roses that bloomed in the cheek of youth,
 Are fading too swiftly away,
 The locks once so brown o'er my boyhood's
 brow, alas!
 Are changed to a silvery hue,
 And the thoughts that are springing to-day in
 my heart,
 The heart of my youth never knew.

While you—oh, Elaine! you are dainty and fair,
 as fair
 As the bud blooming out in the May,
 And the love you have awakened, the hopes you
 have stirred,
 Can never be banished away.
 You are dearer by far than aught else beside,
 sweet one,
 And no blessing could brighten my life,
 Like the right to unfold this love never told,
 To call you my darling, my wife.

But I shall be old while you are young, Elaine,
 Wrinkled and old and gray,
 And this secret so dear you never can hear,
 In my heart I must hide it away;
 For it never will be that the Winter and Spring,
 ah me!
 Can mate and be happy for aye;
 But still all the same I love you, Elaine,
 I love you, I love you, good bye!

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN

OF OUR OWN AND OTHER LANDS.

NO. 15.

MARGARET OF BURGUNDY.

BY H. G. ROWE.

When Edward IV., finding his long-contested seat upon the throne of England secured at last, established his brilliant court at London, among the proud, high-born beauties that lent grace and refinement to the almost barbaric magnificence with which the splendor-loving monarch delighted to surround himself, none could boast of a fairer face or more beautiful form than his own lovely sister, the Princess Margaret, who, however enviable her lot might now seem, had, young as she was, passed through some of the saddest vicissitudes that human life can show.

Even in her cradle, the innocent daughter of York had had her infant slumbers disturbed by the ominous mutterings of that gathering storm, that, for twenty long years, deluged England with the blood of her bravest, as with ever-varying fortunes the rival houses of York and Lancaster measured their strength upon home battlefields, or in the council chambers of neighboring princes, tried by less violent but by more wily means to secure the glittering prize of England's crown.

Of the personal character of Margaret's father, the great Duke of York, all historians, even those most friendly to the House of Lancaster, speak in the highest terms. Moderate, wise, and merciful, it would seem that something higher and nobler than mere private ambition prompted him to grasp in his own strong, capable hand, the sceptre that his imbecile cousin, Henry VI. swayed with neither wisdom nor vigor, while his ambitious queen and her minister rode roughshod over the noblest heads in the land, setting up or throwing down at their pleasure whomsoever and howsoever they saw fit, with an arrogant scorn of consequences that, to a sagacious, prudent man like York must have awakened the keenest apprehensions in regard to the future, not only of his own royal house, but of the nobility of England generally, with a majority of whom the haughty queen had, by her overbearing manners, become decidedly unpopular.

Following her sire's varying fortunes, the little Margaret was now the inmate of a palace, cradled in silks and down, and again a friendless fugitive, sheltered from the victorious Lancastrians only by the sacred walls of a monastery, her only refuge from the violence, that in those days of bloodshed and cruelty fell alike upon helpless infancy and undefended manhood.

But the crowning misfortune of all that befel her young maidenhood, occurred at the disastrous

battle of Wakefield, where her noble father, scorn-
ing the advice of his more timid and prudent
counsellors, to entrench himself behind the strong
walls of Sandal Castle until the expected arrival
of reinforcements from his son Edward would
enable him to meet the foe at equal odds, marched
forth to meet in open field a force far outnumber-
ing his own, and after a desperate conflict, fell
pierced with wounds upon a lost battle-field.

His gray head was carried upon the point of a
pike to Queen Margaret, with the triumphant an-
nouncement :

"There, madam, is your king's ransom," and
affixed by her orders upon the gates of York,
crowned with a paper coronet in derision of his
claim upon the crown of England.

His youngest son, too, a noble youth of seven-
teen, was murdered in cold blood by the barbar-
ian Clifford, who acted thus in revenge for the
death of his father a short time before, at the bat-
tle of St. Albans.

Terrible news this must have been for the wait-
ing wife and daughters of the unfortunate prince,
but there was little time for lamentations over
their dead, before the news of young Edward's
victorious entry into London amidst the acclama-
tions of the citizens, and his bold assumption of
the crown, as the eldest son and heir of the house
of York, made it necessary for them to lay aside
their private sorrows, and receive the joyful con-
gratulations that their delighted friends and parti-
sans hastened to offer.

Once fairly established upon the English throne,
Edward cast his eyes about him with a view
to securing, after the favorite fashion of the
times, the alliances of neighboring princes, by
shrewd matrimonial contracts; and as he had
rendered himself ineligible—much to the discon-
tent of his subjects—by marrying for love a sim-
ple gentlewoman, one of his own subjects, he was
more than ever anxious to make the marriages of
his family conduce to his own political advan-
tage.

With this object in view, the arrival of an en-
voy from Charles, the powerful Duke of Burgundy,
to demand the hand of the Princess Margaret in
marriage, was regarded with great favor by Ed-
ward and his ministers, and a favorable answer
returned, with little or no deference to the private
wishes and inclinations of the destined bride,
who, however she might have shrunk from
a union with the most violent-tempered and ob-
stinate prince in all Europe, was forced to play
an entirely passive part in the matrimonial drama
arranged for her by her brother and his political
council.

And yet, as the sequel proved, Charles, in spite
of the roughness and violence that had procured
for him from his contemporaries the title of the
"Bold" or "Rash," really turned out to be a very
comfortable, easy-going spouse, and by his amia-

ble domestic qualities succeeded in winning the
love and respect of his young wife, whom he
seems ever to have treated with the tenderest
consideration.

To the English people the idea of an alliance
with Burgundy was especially pleasing, as the
commercial interests of the two countries had
long been identical; while their common hatred
of the French King, Louis XI., served as a no less
powerful bond of union between them.

Having sent his brother with a magnificent
retinue to conduct the fair bride to her new
home, Charles waited impatiently at Bruges for
their coming, where he had assembled about him
a great multitude of all nations, who had been at-
tracted thither to see and join in the splendid fes-
tivities attendant upon the nuptials of one of the
most ostentatious princes of his day.

With a savage whimsicality, characteristic of
the man, Charles took occasion during his waiting
to make a display of his justice and power by be-
heading without even the form of trial a young
nobleman guilty of murder. In vain the highest
magnates of the duchy interposed; he resolutely
persisted in carrying out the severe sentence upon
the very eve of his own bridal.

When Margaret's guard of English archers laid
down her litter upon the threshold of the Hotel
de Bourgogne, she was received by the duchess
dowager Isabella, the mother of the duke, with
every demonstration of affection and respect, and
escorted to her own apartments amidst shouts of
welcome from the enthusiastic populace.

Two cardinals were present at this wedding—
Balue, the French king's spy, and a legate who
came on behalf of the impoverished citizens of
Liege, to implore Charles to wait for the payment
of their annual tax; declaring that in order to
meet the first installment they had been forced to
despoil their wives and daughters of their rings
and girdles, and that they could not at present
meet his demand without reducing themselves and
families to actual starvation.

If they had hoped to find their hard master, in
his character of a gay bridegroom, more placable
and lenient than was his wont, the citizens of
Liege were doomed to a woeful disappoint-
ment, for he remained inflexible, sternly demand-
ing every penny of the cruel and arbitrary tax to
be paid immediately.

Knowing this, it is scarcely surprising that the
superstitious populace should have ascribed to the
direct vengeance of heaven, a fire that the very
night of his marriage broke out in the duke's
palace, and raged with such violence that the
newly-wedded pair narrowly escaped with their
lives.

Charles had been twice married before, and his
only child and heiress Mary, stood sadly in need
of a mother's guiding and protecting hand in the
midst of her father's splendid but illy regulated

court. In the cultured and warm-hearted Englishwoman the motherless girl found her needed friend, confidant, and adviser.

Of Margaret's private character, a contemporaneous writer has remarked :

"Her mind was of that firm and equable, though gentle tone, which feels every misfortune intensely but bears it with unshaken resolution."

With an intellect of no ordinary power and keenness, and a taste for literary pursuits rare in females of that age, it was natural that the young duchess should soon have attracted to her court men of letters from all the different countries of Europe, who found in her not only a liberal, but a discriminating and wise friend and patroness, while her affability and womanly kindness were the means of bringing into notice one to whom the English-speaking world can never ascribe too great praise and honor—the printer of the first English book that was ever put in type, William Caxton.

Born and bred in a retired Kentish farmhouse, young Caxton was apprenticed at an early age to a rich London mercer, where he grew to manhood, a thoughtful, unnoted youth, attentive and regular to his business, yet snatching every leisure moment to pore over the few rich and costly manuscripts that sometimes found their way to England among the bales of silks and woollens from Holland and Flanders.

It was here, probably, that the youth's thirst for learning was awakened, and when, after succeeding to his master's business, the now prosperous merchant was sent by King Edward as an envoy to Burgundy, to negotiate a treaty of commerce between the two countries, it is more than probable that he laid aside his ell-wand without a sigh, and joyfully availed himself of the unwonted leisure now afforded him to try his hand at the translation into English of a French book written by the duke's chaplain, and entitled a "History of Troy."

Like many another literary amateur, however, Caxton soon grew dissatisfied with his work, and threw it aside, where for two years it lay unregarded among his scattered papers, while in common with all the rest of the Burgundian court, his attention was entirely engrossed with the bewitching gayeties and more refined pursuits inaugurated under the reign of its English mistress. It was to this august lady, however, that the book owed its tardy resurrection, and its author his world-wide fame in future years.

Talking one day with her "trusty servant," as she graciously styled him, the young duchess chanced to get a hint of this literary pastime, and immediately expressed a desire to see the manuscript, and judge of its merit for herself. Upon reading it she declared herself much pleased with the grace and correctness of the translation, and earnestly urged the author to complete it, which,

cheered by her praise and sympathy, he was not long in accomplishing, and a year afterward it was printed at Cologne—the first English book that ever came from any press.

Proud of his success, the duchess bountifully rewarded her protégé, and warmly encouraged him to a continuance of his literary labors.

From Cologne, Caxton took his press and types to England, and set them up in Westminster, where during the remaining years of his life, he not only printed but composed, bound, and sold sixty-five different works, translated and original, thus planting in English soil the seed from which has sprung that wonderful outgrowth of civil and religious liberty that makes the England of today the best governed and most prosperous country in all Europe.

While Margaret in the security of her own palace, thus encouraged and aided her gifted countryman in his great work, refined, elevated, and simplified the rude, barbaric magnificence that had hitherto characterized the Burgundian court, and with motherly love and patience watched over and guided the steps of her young step-daughter, her belligerent lord employed his time as best suited his warlike tastes, in the rough amusement of the chase, or in the sterner pursuit of an unrelenting warfare—sometimes with neighboring princes, but oftener still with his own rebellious subjects, who found his oppressive and tyrannical exactions too heavy for their fiery, martial tempers to endure.

That Margaret, dear as she undoubtedly was to him, ever ventured to interfere in his management of public matters, is not at all probable. No man ever lived who could less brook such interference, and the young duchess evidently confined her influence, during her husband's life, to the social and domestic circles over which she presided with such dignity and grace, and upon which he seldom cared to intrude.

This turbulent prince met his death at last in the battle of Nanci, in conflict with the Swiss—a people whom he had hitherto affected to despise as a nation of peasants and herdsmen, but whose steady valor now prevailed over the impetuous but less determined Burgundians who were driven in wild tumult from the field strewn with the dead bodies of their fallen comrades.

Charles himself was among the slain, and on the following day his dead body was discovered, stripped of its armor and frozen into a pool of water where he had fallen exhausted, and died of his wounds.

This sudden and unexpected death of its duke, left Burgundy in a terribly unsettled and dangerous situation. Surrounded by enemies, many and strong, all eager to take advantage of its misfortunes, and containing within itself all the elements of strife and insurrection that only needed a breath to fan into a flame, this powerful and op-

ulent duchy seemed literally at the mercy of the first red-handed spoiler strong and daring enough to seize it.

Mary, the heiress of the dukedom, was with her step mother at Ghent, when the terrible news of her father's defeat and death reached them, and the turbulent citizens lost no time in taking possession of her person, re-establishing all their ancient privileges in her name, and preparing to rule, not their own city alone, but all the other provinces after their wish and fashion.

Mary, naturally indignant at this unceremonious treatment, and apprehensive, perhaps, of further violence, wrote privately to Louis of France, offering to marry the young dauphin Charles if France would interfere in her behalf, and force her rebellious subjects to restore to her her liberty and rights.

This letter the treacherous Louis immediately forwarded to the Burgundian chiefs, thereby exciting their anger to such a pitch against their duchess, that in reprisal they caused two of her most trusted counselors to be put to death in the market-place of Ghent, although the poor girl herself and her widowed mother followed them to the scaffold, and with piteous tears and cries vainly interceded in their behalf.

At this dreadful crisis, Margaret contrived to send a messenger to England, with a proposal to unite her favorite brother Clarence, who was then a widower, to her young step-daughter, thus placing the government of Burgundy in the hands of an English prince, and giving to the daughter of her love a protector strong enough to shield her from the indignities to which her present helplessness had exposed her. Strangely enough, this proposal, so advantageous to England, was not accepted by Edward, whose jealousy of his brother proved even more powerful in this case than his political ambition.

Meanwhile, Louis, whose hatred of Burgundy had prompted him to secure that powerful fief by conquest rather than by a peaceful alliance with its heiress, led his troops into the dukedom, devastating and destroying all before them, in spite of the resistance of the inhabitants, who, at feud with each other, and without a competent leader, found their much-prized reputation as a brave and invincible people fast deserting them, as the victorious French troops pushed boldly forward into the very heart of the duchy.

Here Margaret again ventured to interpose, and wrote so urgently to her brother Edward for succor, reminding him that the French king had already taken possession of several of her dower cities, thus insulting her dignity as an English princess, that he felt himself bound in honor to interfere, and sending a large body of English archers under the brave Lord Hastings to her relief, they repulsed the invaders and helped to restore something like tranquillity to the distracted

realm; while the marriage soon after of their young duchess to the Archduke Maximilian, son of the Emperor of Austria, put an end to the matrimonial intrigues and conspiracies of her restless subjects.

After the marriage of her step-daughter, Margaret, as duchess-dowager, still held her court at the capital; and when, after a few years of married life, the archduchess died, leaving two infant children, the duchess took the motherless little ones into her own care, rearing them with the greatest love and tenderness, and carefully instilling into the mind of Philip, the prospective heir of the duchy, those principles of moderation and justice that would fit him to be a wise and prudent ruler over his capricious and fiery-tempered people.

Margaret's part in that strange political intrigue by which a low-born, unknown adventurer succeeds in imposing himself, not only upon a great portion of the English people, but upon several important foreign courts, as the second son of Edward IV., the little Duke of York, who was said to have been murdered with his brother, the young king in the Tower, by the order of their cruel uncle of Gloucester, is strangely inconsistent with her general character and life. We can only account for it by her inherited and long-cherished hatred of the rival House of Lancaster, that made her regard Henry as a vile usurper, for whose downfall any means, however objectionable in themselves, might fairly be employed. Hume says in extenuation of her conduct in this affair :

"The resentments of this princess were no less warm than her friendships; and that spirit of faction, which is so difficult for a social and sanguine nature to guard against, had taken strong possession of her heart and entrenched somewhat on the probity which shone forth in the other parts of her character."

Determined to disturb, if she could not overturn, the government that had been built upon the downfall of her own family, Margaret cunningly circulated, by means of her emissaries in England and elsewhere, a rumor that the second son of Edward had not shared the fate of his murdered brother, but had escaped from the Tower, and was now living in seclusion and obscurity somewhere in Flanders, where he only waited a favorable opportunity to assert his right to the English crown.

Finding this improbable tale eagerly received by the wonder-loving populace, who were already greatly disgusted at Henry's avaricious exactions, she cast about her for some young man suitable in person and character to personate the unfortunate prince. Fate seemed to favor her design, by throwing in her way a youth of low birth, but of such a princely presence and bearing that no Plantagenet of them all need have blushed to hear his resemblance to that handsome and stately race commented upon.

This Perkin Warbeck, as he was called, was the reputed son of a Jewish merchant who had lived in London during the reign of Edward, had had dealings with the king, and when his son was born, had been so highly honored by that affable monarch that he had consented to stand god father to the little Peterkin, or Perkin, as the Flemings afterward called the name.

Handsome and gallant in person and behavior, and so quick of apprehension that he readily learned the lessons necessary to be taught in order to his successful personation of the character for which he was designed, he seemed especially fitted by nature for the strange farce that when played was to set all England in a blaze.

Secretly equipped and directed by the duchess, the young adventurer sailed for Cork, Ireland, that country always having shown itself staunchly loyal to the House of York, and immediately upon landing boldly proclaimed himself as Richard Plantagenet, drawing to his standard great numbers of that credulous people, who even went so far as to proclaim him king under the title of Richard IV.

The strange story spread like wildfire from court to court all over Europe, and those monarchs who were too wary and sharp-sighted to be imposed upon by it, did not hesitate to acknowledge his claim, simply from a desire to annoy and mortify the grasping and unpopular Henry. Among these was the King of France, who, delighted with an opportunity to humble his great rival, and secretly instigated by the duchess, received the young man at his court with royal honors and appointed him a suitable provision and retinue to sustain his pretensions to royal birth.

The Duchess Margaret publicly acknowledged him as her nephew, lavishing upon him every mark of affection and favor; while the king of Scotland, who was noted for his romantic chivalry, seems actually to have believed in him, treating him as a friend and equal, and bestowing upon him in marriage the hand of his own beautiful cousin, the Lady Catherine Gordon.

By the aid of these powerful allies, the young Pretender was enabled to carry war into England, and had it not been for Henry's sagacity and wit, he might actually have succeeded in seating himself upon the English throne.

With little stir, but much care and pains, the king succeeded in tracing Perkin's life from his cradle upward; and this true version, after being printed, was scattered far and wide all over England, thus opening men's eyes to the utter futility of a claim that it might otherwise have cost them thousands of lives to settle effectually.

Deserted by his English friends, the mock prince surrendered at discretion, and was compelled by the king to read the humiliating record of his own life to the people at Westminster and Cheapside, a mortifying, but by no means severe

penance, when we remember the unrelenting temper of the times, and the audacity of the offender's claim and conduct.

Although Henry's regard to decency made him suppress the name of the Duchess Margaret as the instigator and abettor of this wild project, it was no less understood by the English people to be her work, and she was applauded or reprobated according to the partisan prejudices of each.

Like many another who, by some fatal mistake, has marred an otherwise spotless reputation, and gone down to the grave blamed rather than honored, so hundreds of to-day know of Margaret of Burgundy simply and solely as the instigator of the Perkin Warbeck Rebellion, have never even heard of her generous patronage of Caxton, or of the sweet womanly virtues that adorned her private life, and made her, in an age of turmoil and ignorance, the munificent patroness of art and letters, and the willing aider in every reform, social and political, so far as her power extended.

NO. 16.

FRANCES M. HILL.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

For nearly fifty years, a quiet work of education and evangelization has been going on in the very heart of that ancient land which was once the proudest boast of the scholar and the artist; and in the time-honored city of Athens, as it was written a quarter of a century ago, Divine Providence is thus surely working out, through the special influence of the female sex, a wonderful system for regenerating the Eastern world. That such a change of sentiment should occur respecting the capacity of women to acquire knowledge and become the teachers of national schools in a country where, until twenty years ago, all learning was confined to the other sex, seems little short of a miracle.

The honored names of Dr. and Mrs. Hill are so inseparably connected with this great work—and more especially that of Mrs. Hill with the girls' school—that some account of the latter and her long labor of love will not be out of place here.

Frances Mulligan was born some eighty years ago, in the city of New York, and was the daughter of Mr. John W. Mulligan, one of the oldest and most highly respected lawyers of that city. Miss Mulligan and the two sisters who were afterward associated with her in the Greek mission-school, grew to womanhood amid the influences of a refined Christian home—their noble life-work being the best commentary on the education they received.

The marriage of the eldest sister to the Rev. John H. Hill proved a union "all of sweet ac-

cord;" and hand in hand and heart to heart, they entered cheerfully upon the path of rugged duty that was ever softened by mutual love and sympathy. They were sent by the Protestant Episcopal Church in America to Athens, "to found and superintend such seminaries of learning and Christian morals as they might find practicable and useful."

The early days of the Greek Mission were days of much self-denial and patient endurance; and Mrs. Hill speaks of the strong contrast with their present condition of "the night of the seventh of December, 1830, when Dr. Hill and I were passing over from Syra, where we had arrived that day, to the island of Penos, to which we were destined, in an open boat, alone and entire strangers to every one, and quite ignorant even of the spoken language."

Six months were spent on the island of Penos—Athens being then in the hands of the Turks, who would not allow the Christian missionaries to land there, nor could they have remained with either comfort or profit had they succeeded in entering the city. The sojourn at Penos, however, was not a record of wasted time, but proved a valuable preparation for future labors. It was an opportunity well-improved to learn the language and character of the people and the general state of things in the distracted country to which they had been sent.

"It led us, too," says Mrs. Hill, "in the good providence of God, to form an intimate and lasting acquaintance with some families who had taken up their temporary residence in that quiet and safe resting-place; families whose names are distinguished in their country's renovation. They had been exposed to all the vengeance of their Turkish masters when the Revolutionary War of 1821 broke out; and during the whole of the seven years' struggle for independence, some of them held the highest rank under the Ottoman government, and had enjoyed all the elegance and refinement and luxuries of Oriental opulence. All these had been wrested from them in a moment, and they had escaped with their lives from dangers worse than imprisonment—worse than death—after seeing fathers, husbands, wives, daughters, massacred and tortured. The thrilling narratives they gave us of their sufferings and their patient endurance of such calamities, excited our deepest sympathy and led us to inquire into the nature of that support which we attribute to trust in God; and this led us again to see the energy of that principle of faith which is of the operation of the Holy Spirit, and which, however it may be obscured by outward circumstances, and though it be only 'as a grain of mustard seed,' will operate in the heart of the true believer, affording the required aid."

The friendships then formed have lasted unimpaired for nearly fifty years, and influenced in

many subtle and unexpected ways the progress of the work to which these associations were a most important preface.

The toils and sufferings recorded by Mrs. Hill had roused among civilized nations the strongest feelings of sympathy for unfortunate Greece; and the prevalence of these feelings in America, whose own political freedom was just an event of the past, had culminated in the Mission to Athens, that was destined to effect so important a change in its inner life.

When Athens was finally reached, it presented a picture of ruin and desolation. The walls were crumbling, and all its glory marred by the devastating traces of recent war. The missionary teachers had to pick their pathless way as best they could over piles of stones and rubbish, and their entrance to the city was wonderfully emblematic of the beginning of the work before them.

Not a hospitable house was to be found, for the Turks had left nothing standing, but under the Acropolis was finally discovered an old, almost ruined Italian tower. A portion of it was fitted up as a rude shelter from storm and heat, and the missionary school at Athens began its infancy.

"On the 18th of July, 1832, Mrs. Hill opened a female school in the magazine, or cellar, of the house in which they resided. The first day there were twenty pupils. Two months afterwards, the number had increased to one hundred and sixty-seven. They were of all ages, from three to eighteen. Of the first ninety-six who entered the seminary, not more than six could read at all, and that only in a very stammering manner, and not more than ten or twelve knew a letter. Every Sunday morning they were assembled to read and repeat from memory passages of the New Testament. The Bible subsequently became the textbook of the school. Not on Sundays only, but on every day, it was taught, until the proficiency of the children in the sacred Book became so great that it excited the delight and astonishment of all who heard them."

Dr. Hill's school for Greek boys, which was opened at the same time, was also highly successful; but this was not so much of a marvel as the school for girls, which was in direct opposition to all established precedent.

Where such ignorance prevailed, it was necessary to go back to the very beginning of things, and commence literally with the alphabet—advancing cautiously from elementary instruction to that of a higher order. Meanwhile, letters were conveying to interested friends in America accounts of every step of progress and encouragement; and the contents of these letters being communicated to others, so general an interest was awakened in Mrs. Hill's work, that a society of ladies was formed under the direction of Mrs. Emma Willard for the purpose of educating female teachers in Greece under the immediate

care and superintendence of this devoted missionary. This new department of instruction was successfully carried on from 1834 to 1842.

During this period a great change had been taking place in the condition of Greece—Athens was freed from Turkish rule, and was now the capital of the renovated kingdom, while the families of those who were in government employ came to reside there.

"No provision having been made in any quarter for the education of the daughters of these families," says Mrs. Hill, "an appeal to us on the part of the parents of such to permit their daughters to enjoy those privileges of education which we were affording to the native females of Athens exclusively, could not be put aside; and in this manner the daughters of the most influential and best educated families in Greece were added to those who were already with us, and who were destined to be employed in extending the same benefits to their fellow-countrywomen."

About the same time, applications were made to the Mission from wealthy families in Smyrna, Constantinople, Jassy, and Bucharest in the North and East, as well as from the Ionian Islands in the West; and pupils from all those places were gathered under the roof at one time. Sixty boarding-pupils, and five or six hundred day-scholars were no slight responsibility; but from the very beginning, Mrs. Hill's unflinching tact and sweetness, and her peculiar gifts for imparting knowledge and administering affairs, combined with her beautiful Christian life, were invariably acknowledged and appreciated, and no jarring elements ever seemed to mar the fruits of her faithful labors.

The Greeks themselves became thoroughly interested in the great work of female education; and not wishing to receive everything from their benefactress, they formed a society among themselves for the training of native female teachers. The boarding-school department was taken in charge by this society in 1842, thus relieving the American teachers of a most laborious branch of their work. Abundant funds were provided by wealthy Greeks residing at a distance, and the society flourished from the beginning.

Not long after the establishment of the school at Athens, Dr. Hill wrote to the friends at home, "We had a visit from the ex-secretary Rigos, an estimable man, and well known in Europe and in our own country as an accomplished scholar. He was greatly affected at the appearance of the female school; and after attentively surveying the scene for some moments, he turned to Mrs. Hill and observed, 'Lady, you are erecting in Athens a monument more enduring and more noble than yonder temple,' pointing to the Parthenon."

The school was very soon transferred from the ruined tower under the Acropolis to a large stone

building erected specially for the purpose; and here several hundred pupils were daily instructed by Mrs. Hill and her sister, Miss Mulligan. One of their greatest drawbacks was the need of suitable assistants, as not a native woman could be found at first who was capable of teaching. This made them resolve to *create* teachers; and their success in this attempt is evident from the announcement made in 1844: "The Mission School is now entirely conducted by those who were educated in it."

These teachers were noted for their conscientious devotion to duty; so that even the enemies of the Mission unwillingly acknowledged that they were far superior to the Government teachers. "One of these girls, named Paulina, wished to conduct the school with which she was entrusted on the same plan put into operation by Mrs. Hill, viz., making Bible study the foundation. Many opposed her scheme, she was much persecuted, but held firm to her purpose; and was finally rewarded by being allowed to follow the course she had marked out for herself."

Such a school could not but prosper, and its influence gradually extended through all ranks of society. But no difference was made between rich and poor; there were no high seats for the daughters of those in authority, and humble places for the charity scholars; but "the daughter of the Prime Minister received instruction side by side with the daughters of the poor." All bore testimony to the progress, the order, and intelligence of the numerous pupils; and English visitors to Athens reported, on their return home, what a great work was being done by these American laborers.

Mrs. Hill's modest narrative speaks of their great encouragement, the satisfying reward of their earnest work:

"The effect of female education here has been most gratifying. We have had the pleasure of observing many of our early pupils in domestic life as wives and mothers at the heads of their families, discharging the high trust reposed in them with a care and assiduity most exemplary and praiseworthy. We know of many instances where the mother, who had been educated under our eye, has waited with anxiety for the period when she could place her children under the salutary influence of our system of instruction. We have seen the powerful effect of a good and virtuous education, overcoming the custom of ages and the power of *Mammon*. Many parents who have had no other dowry to bestow upon their daughters but this—that they have been educated in our schools—have married their daughters to men of education and good sense, able to support them well; and we have seen their mothers coming to us with tears of gratitude, acknowledging the lasting benefits conferred by education, when they found that an instructed

mind was prized by men of sense more than money or lands."

The girls profited far more by their advantages than the boys; and this thoroughly overthrew the time-honored idea that female education was a hopeless waste. Murray's hand-book mentions that all the Greek ladies of honor who have been, and who still are, maids of honor to the Queen of Greece, were educated in Mrs. Hill's school.

At the time of the Cretan sufferings in 1866, thousands of refugees flocked to Athens, and three hundred were instructed in the mission schools. Through them, the poor families were visited, and a great number of garments were made, and hundreds of pairs of stockings knit by the pupils of the school, for the relief of the sufferers, showing "how these schools were a centre for all good and charitable influences; how from them radiated the pure light of God's Word, not only impressed indelibly on the memory of scholars, but scattered through the country by means of the Testaments taken away as prizes—how the scholars were taught to minister to the needs of the poor amongst them, and not only those close at hand."

The great missionary work among the Indians under the persevering guidance of Bishop Whipple, interested these Greek girls to such an extent, when set before them by Mrs. Hill, that many beautiful things were made by them, and sent to this country to be sold for the benefit of the Indian Missions. One of the girls, named Euphrasia, wrote a beautiful letter to Minnehaha, a Yankton maiden, and after reading it, could any one doubt the influence of these Christian schools? But alas! Minnehaha never saw the letter which her sister in Greece wrote her; before it reached her, she had gone to her heavenly rest, and found the paradise of God.

Mrs. Hill's unflagging missionary spirit has not been satisfied with mere schools, but has kept pace with the progress and needs of those about her; and in 1872 we find her earnestly interested in an institution for the training of nurses—having, as she so feelingly says, "had much painful experience of loss of valuable life for want of proper nursing. The art," she adds, "as we understand it, is altogether unknown; and I do not think a greater benefit could be conferred than by furthering this plan."

An industrial school for women was established, and has been productive of much good. This was the result of personal inquiries by a band of benevolent ladies into the needs of the poor, with an especial view to the improvement of females of the lower classes, and to the proper training of female domestics—"a class of laboring women," it is added, "among whom there is much need of reform," and painfully announcing that even in classic Greece the wail of the house-keeper is heard in the land.

A letter written from the mission in 1874, by Miss Muir, who had been for the last few years the active director, gives a graphic description of the school so thoroughly planned and inaugurated by Dr. and Mrs. Hill, now too infirm for personal supervision:

"In ascending the steps leading up to the school, let me tell you that these very steps were the steps of the ancient Agora, and if you like, you may let your fancy carry you back to the days of St. Paul, and think of *him* treading over these very *stones* on which you are standing, when he was brought into the Areopagus to explain the new doctrine which he taught. Yes, these beautiful marble steps, if they could only speak, would bear testimony that the same truths which St. Paul taught in the infancy of the Christian era have been faithfully taught in these mission premises for the last forty-one years, and many who have there been taught the truth as it is in Jesus have left their testimony here, and gone to join the great assembly around the Father's throne above, continuing to sing the praises they were taught below. Let us enter and explore the interior of the building.

"First—let me lead you into the basement, a beautiful, large room with galleries all round; in the side gallery a number of infants are writing on slates, and on the opposite side are another set of infants learning to read. The centre of the room is occupied by those just advanced into the Psalms, Pentateuch, and New Testament classes.

"Secondly—we go up and take a peep into the large hall, where everything is going on much in the same way as in the basement.

"Thirdly—we go upstairs to the higher departments. Room No. 1 is occupied by the elementary classes; No. 2 by the highest classes; No. 3 the work-room. While engaged in examining the work, you are somewhat surprised to find, on turning round, that the children have disappeared. We pursue the little fugitives, and on our way downstairs, we learn that they are assembling in the large hall; we follow on, and there behold a sight (as many have said) worth crossing the Atlantic to see. On entering you are taken by surprise to hear 'Hail Columbia' sung by about five hundred little Greek children.

"The highest class repeat their Scripture lesson; then it is the turn of the little ones. You are surprised to find that they also know a great deal—Bible stories, secular lessons, and even geometry. The lesson on geometry is very attractive to both pupil and visitor—it is chanted and all the geometrical signs are made on the fingers. They can also sing for you a great many pretty little hymns, both in Greek and English. Now you must examine the work of the little ones, and you turn to a table covered with little model shirts, samplers, lint, paper rolled up, etc. The lint is made by the very smallest girls, those too

small to use a needle, and the paper by the little boys. The lint and paper are used for making pillows for the sick and the poor. Every one in our establishment must learn to be useful; drones are not known in our little hive. The old clock in the corner tells us that it is dinner hour.

"Two little monitors appear on the scene, loaded with little baskets, and all eyes are turned upon them with deep interest. Each basket is claimed by its owner by merely holding up the hand. When the little monitors have satisfied the claimants, the children all stand and repeat very reverentially the Lord's Prayer and the Creed in one voice; then they file off like little soldiers into the court to eat their dinner under the beautiful large mulberry tree planted by Dr. Hill, when the school was built. And there we leave them, while we thank you for your patience in making us this long imaginary visit."

The chaplain of the British Legation bore this testimony to the work of the Greek Mission:

"I have ample opportunity of testing the value of Dr. and Mrs. Hill's mission by *results*; and I find that if a servant be noted for steadiness, for honesty, or truth, she will say it was owing to her having been taught in their school. If a Greek lady is conspicuous for refusing to desecrate the Sabbath, it is at once explained by saying that she was taught by Mrs. Hill. And the mistress of one of the most important educational establishments in Greece, told me herself that she steadily refused to follow the universal custom of secular teaching on Sundays because she was taught by Mrs. Hill her religious obligations."

Long ago the instrument of so much good to a benighted country declared, in her sweet, womanly way, that if her name had become more known to the public than that of other female members of the mission, it was simply on account of her connection with him who was its head. The success of the work, she said, was owing to the combined labors of all who had been engaged in it.

Few lives can show so noble a record as that of our pioneer female missionary to Greece, upon whom and her husband the nation justly look as their benefactors.

CONSTANCY.

Not for one hour, not for one day,
Not for one year, love I thee.
But for all time, and through all space,
And for all eternity.

A GOOD PLAN.—Don't live for yourself, and do not be afraid of diminishing your own happiness by promoting that of others. He who labors wholly for the benefit of others, and, as it were, forgets himself, is far happier than the man who makes himself the sole object of all his affections and exertions.

FUN FOR THE FIRESIDE.

A HELP TO MOTHERS.

Playing at Art.—No. 14.

JESSIE E. RINGWALT.

Precision and dexterity of hand are as useful to the plowman as to the preacher, and the accuracy of a straight line may add as much charm to a pie as to a picture; therefore both boys and girls should be trained at an early age in those rudiments of art, which will be useful in any avocation which they afterwards chance to adopt.

Children usually are prompted by their own activity and vigor to industry, and they need only careful guidance to direct their powers into a proper direction. Fortunately a few hours devoted to instruction will serve the double purpose of furnishing employment to the active little heads and hands, with the additional pleasant result of securing some necessary rest and comfort to their anxious guardians. The enforced quiet of a stormy day in winter, and the wholesome rest compelled by the sultry hours of summer, are regarded as equally unnecessary evils by the majority of the children; and an amusing employment should be provided for them, which can serve to beguile the irksomeness of the time. Almost before it can speak, the infant is frequently prompted by its natural taste to the imitation of external objects; and this instinctive love of art can be turned to the advantage of the child, and also of the mother, who needs freedom for her other avocations, or craves that blessed boon of a sultry day—the dear delight of an afternoon nap. The hints here given are expressly intended for home use, and their utility has been thoroughly tested. It will also be observed that no previous knowledge of drawing is required in the instructor.

For the earliest lessons, a slate and pencil are all that is necessary, but the occasional use of paper and lead-pencil from the very first is apt to insure greater care and neatness in practice, for the reason that faulty marks are not so easily erased.

Drawing-books prepared expressly for the purpose cannot always be obtained, and are, in fact, not necessary, as excellent substitutes can be manufactured at home. Any common writing-paper can be made to serve the purpose, but an unsized surface is much to be preferred. The paper used by printers can be purchased in large sheets, and folded to the desired size, the cheapest qualities being sufficiently good for the preliminary lessons. Any smooth wrapping-paper may also be used if convenient, some of the light tints furnishing an excellent relief to the lines in black

lead, and not being as severe upon the eyes as a dazzling white surface.

As almost all children, for some inexplicable reason, seem to delight in small things, the drawing-book can be made small. A page of eight inches in length by six inches in width has been found to be both convenient and attractive. As the mishaps of the young artist are numerous in the way of torn margins and dog-eared corners, it is usually better to make up the books of only a few sheets, stitched together into a paper cover. A new book or a new cover can be readily made in case of disaster.

With a very young child it is sometimes well to restrict the daily lesson to the slate, and keep the book for occasional use as a reward of diligence, as well as a record of progress. The mere addition of the date to the page of drawing will add great zest to the work, when used as a sign of approval, and often makes the book a favorite treasure for future reference. To stimulate progress and assure neatness, a successful lesson can be marked with some sign of approbation, such as a star, while a careless lesson should be stigmatized with a cross or cypher. The advancement of the pupil will repay the few minutes expended in this examination, and the child should be asked to assist at pointing out his own failures and successes as a part of the necessary training of the eye.

In a family where the plan here described was pursued, the little books were carefully laid away when filled, and at convenient intervals, such as a birthday or Christmas, they were produced, the dog-ears ironed out neatly, the books arranged by dates, and then sewed into fancy paper covers, adorned with a few colored pictures. These volumes were considered as a triumph of industry, and the baby-art in its gay binding was displayed with much rejoicing, and long preserved with interest as a means of judging the comparative attainments of the young artists.

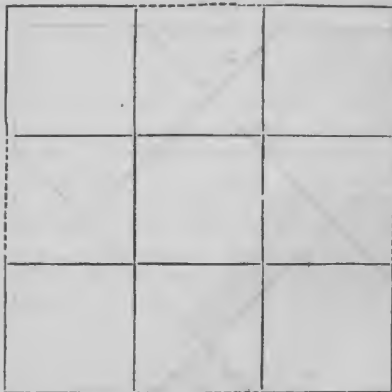
For the first lesson, rule the slate or paper into lateral bands an inch wide, leaving a space of about a third of an inch between the bands. Require the pupil to fill these compartments with vertical lines, which must not over-run the boundaries. There is a decided practical advantage in restricting these divisions to one inch, as the child is unconsciously familiarized to that measure, and the line is so short as to be easily drawn. Before the pupil is wearied by the repetition of this exercise, let columns of the same width be arranged downwards, giving the child opportunity of making horizontal lines in the same manner. The pupil should also be required to draw the lines in different directions, to gain additional facility; thus, the horizontals should be frequently drawn from the right as well as the left, and the vertical lines upwards as well as downwards. To stimulate interest and industry

in these early lessons, they should be varied as much as possible. The columns can be increased in width to one and one-half inches; then to two inches, and even to three. To sustain the interest, the guiding lines may occasionally be drawn in colored crayons to beautify the page, and the young artist can be rewarded by being permitted to draw in colors, or even to block out the page according to his own fancy.

As a first step towards composition, the child can next be shown the formation of a square, and induced to draw a few small ones of various sizes. A page of the drawing-book may now be subdivided into blocks of three inches square. By dividing each side of these squares into three parts, the points can be obtained from which the child can himself draw the lines which will divide each square into nine smaller ones.

At this stage, the first idea of original design can be introduced, and it may be explained that all the figures given in this article are produced from this single measurement. Thus, if the figure already mentioned—that is, a square subdivided into nine lesser ones—be drawn in faint lines, it can readily be altered into the picture presented in Figure 1. By darkening the lines according to

Fig. 1.



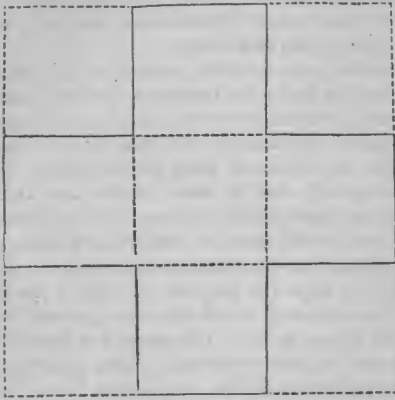
the copy, and then carefully rubbing out the unnecessary portions of the original outline, a picture will be produced exhibiting one square, surrounded by four others. A young artist was so delighted by this first idea of design that he drew the figure again and again with various colored crayons; then proceeded to vary his effects by painting the blocks in water-colors in different styles; and finally cut this favorite design in gilt paper, and hung it by one corner to his Christmas tree, where it was much admired.

The pupil should be induced if possible to discover, by his own observation, that the design in the second diagram is only the reverse of that in the first figure. The four outer squares, which formed the speciality of the first design, are here omitted, as well as the central one, and the result

is a cross, that can be more fully brought out by erasing the dotted lines.

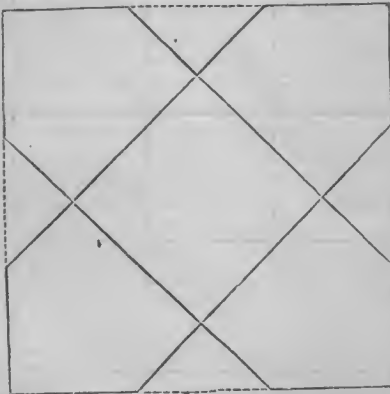
The very different order of design in figures 3 and 4 is produced by simply varying the direction of the straight lines. The pupil can be made

Fig. 2.



to observe that the effect in figure 1 is produced by two vertical and two horizontal lines crossing the square and uniting with the corners of the design. These corners are identical in Figure 3,

Fig. 3.

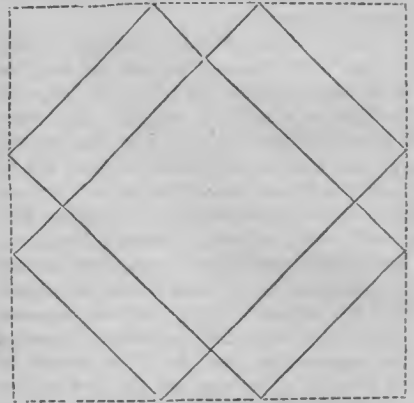


and the entire variation is produced by the four straight lines being directed across the square in a slanting direction. Figure 4 can also be shown to be formed by the mere omission of the corners of figure 3, the other lines remaining the same. By erasing entirely the dotted lines in these latter figures, the designs will be more fully understood.

A very useful knowledge of the effect of various measurements can be impressed upon a child by inducing him to draw for himself these designs in different sizes. By exercising his own taste, he may make the block either in a square of one, two, or three inches, and observe the difference in the result. He may also be permitted to exert his fancy in drawing the figures in various colors, or by painting the compartments, and examining the peculiar effect of his own designs.

By allowing the child to make a play of this work as a means of awakening his taste, he will probably soon learn to consider drawing as a pleasing occupation of his leisure. The attention of the teacher should be, therefore, mainly directed to instilling gradually habits of accuracy and care, by frequent criticism and assistance. The diagrams here given, and others of a similar character, should be frequently drawn with the ruler and the most careful measurements, so as to correct

Fig. 4.



any habitual inaccuracies, and cultivate a precision of observation and neatness of touch. When a child is too young to use compasses with safety, he can be taught to measure his square upon a narrow strip of paper, and then fold the strip into thirds or any other division required. A piece of card marked in inches is also useful, or the inches may be marked on a small ruler.

"ONE SHALL BE TAKEN AND THE OTHER LEFT."

BY GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

There comes a day, God grant 'tis far away,
When one of us must go and one must stay;
When, face to face, to one no face appears—
One with eyes closed, the other's dimmed with tears;

When one, the other's form forever hid,
Must hear the earth fall on the coffin-lid;
When one must turn away with anguish moan,
And wander through the rest of life alone,
And feel in agony of dumb despair,
Where'er it be, the loved one is not there;
While yet each joy and sorrow and regret,
That once we knew we never can forget,
We know not whether 'twill be you or I
That shall be called to be the first to die;
We only know, whiche'er it be, dear wife,
Must from the living take the best of life.

SELF-PRAISE depreciates.

THE TURNPIKE HOUSE.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

Nell Cleverack's home was not a romantic place, but she had been born and bred in the house, and she loved it. It stood on Grey's turnpike—was a square, modest, unpainted building, without blinds, and with a wide stoop. There was a great tree of black oak in front, on the space before the door, but no vines, no garden, no pleasant rustic look about the house, and yet it was a mile from any other. Nell's father did not like flowers; her mother had been an invalid all her life and unable to cultivate them; and as a child, Nell was rather lacking in confidence and enterprise, and it had never entered her head to make a border garden under the windows as she might have done. She was her father's pet—he would not have objected. But Nell Cleverack lived to be eighteen years old and never was the solitary, old, unhomelike house enlivened by a single flower, excepting the little, sweet, white wayside clover, which starred faintly the stout grass under the massive old oak.

Nellie sat at the window of her mother's room sewing, one day. The invalid lady lay among the pillows of her bed, as patient and sweet as the most beautiful saint ever worshiped. The room was large and cool and comfortable. Nellie's lap was full of pretty white cambric, as she sat in a dimity covered chair by the window, the unsteady shadows of the sunlit oak leaves playing over her slight hands, silver thimble, pink dress, and sweet fair face, banded in nun-like simplicity by nut-brown hair. The girl was pure and beautiful as a white, solitary lily, which had blossomed by the brookside that morning and stood all day in its loveliness unseen only by the wild birds. Nellie Cleverack had never in her life been told that she was pretty. It is true that the girl found a pleasure in her face when she made those smooth bands of rich hair, every day—but she had no girl friends with whose faces to compare it, no lovers to flatter it, and she lived to womanhood rarely simple and sweet. She knew nothing of any life beyond the simple one she lived, excepting a few books; it never occurred to her to wish for any other. The one desire of her life was that her mother was well—her one fear that she would die. That invalid mother had been the one companion of her lifetime.

It would be a long story to tell how John Cleverack came to marry an invalid. He was not a generous and tender man. Hester Lee was wealthy, and loved him as the fancied personification of her ideal. He was poor and ambitious, and they were married. In a year the young wife discovered that she had nothing to make life sweet to her but the little daughter, which fortunately was born and saved her from despair.

At the time of his marriage, John Cleverack was a medical student. Gradually he became entirely devoted to his profession, and the wealth he had married for was spent in expensive chemical experiments. Thousands of dollars would be lavished upon a favorite theory, which, when exploded, was succeeded by another as unsatisfactory. The money was all gone at last. Nothing was left of Hester Lee's fortune but the old turnpike house which had once in the days of her father, been an inn. It was still her own. There the child was born—there the deserted wife lived with the little girl and two domestics for nearly eighteen years. John Cleverack did not pretend to call the place his home. He came up from the city to see the child often, when she was small—bringing with him toys and books; but Hester well knew that but for the little one, he would never come at all. Gradually, as Nellie grew out of childhood, her father became dissipated, and in time ceased to visit her. At last he died at the home of his brother, and from there he was buried, and no one of his acquaintances dreamed that a wife and child of his existed.

Nellie was thirteen then. At fourteen she was a wonderful little woman, able to take charge of the house and dismiss one of the domestics, thereby eking out the moderate income derived from the sale of an extensive timber land which had been part of the estate.

I wish I could tell you what a vivid life the girl made of her own—how thoroughly her mind was in the present. She was not naturally in the least dreamy and speculative. Every moment was alive and definite to her. To have the house perfectly neat and tasteful, to manufacture exquisite dishes for her mother's fastidious appetite, to make for the sweet-faced invalid certain becoming wrappers and caps, to pile beautiful embroideries in the drawers of her wardrobe, to study the wishes of Chrome, her canary, to educate Dolly, the maid, to read her Bible reverently, daily, and to keep a diary which she read and discussed with her mother every three months, were objects of her daily life. She read history and French with her mother, sang without accompaniment, knew Milton by heart, and drew a little from nature. She found these resources sufficient, was aware of no reaching beyond them until the day of which I write.

"Mother," she said, suddenly. "Do husbands and wives love each other better than they do anybody else in the world?"

Mrs. Cleverack started. "They should, my daughter," she answered.

"The Bible says a man shall leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife," said Nellie, letting her work drop in her lap, and looking thoughtfully out among the masses of green oak foliage.

"Yes, dear."

"I wonder if I ever could love any one enough

to be willing to leave you," mused the girl, aloud.

Mrs. Cleverack looked silently at the fair face and pretty youthful figure. Nellie knew so little of life! While most girls of her age were adepts in romance and coquetry, Nell approached the subject with the frankness of one to whom love and marriage are yet a vague and distant matter.

"No mother," she said, turning her pure, earnest face towards the bed. "I am sure that I never could."

"Because you would not care for a husband and little children of your own, Nellie?"

"No." The girl paused—it was evident that she did not know herself, and was not familiar with her subject. "But I have loved *you* all my life—I know you so well—it seems to me that it would take eighteen more years to be willing to devote myself to any one else as I do to you."

Mrs. Cleverack smiled.

"The rose which blossoms in an hour, is as perfect as the tree which reaches its height only by the slow growth of years, Nellie."

All that long afternoon the girl sat silent over her sewing. The shadows that played over her were not more restless than her thoughts; and all through the sunny summer hours Mrs. Cleverack thought of her life—her young love and its ending worse than death. God keep her child from such a fate!

Only a week more, and the quiet domestic peace of the old house was uprooted as a flower bed by a hurricane. Mrs. Cleverack's long-standing disease took a sudden violent turn. There was a short, passionate parting between mother and daughter—then came death, and the girl stood alone in life.

The family had had no familiar friend but the old village physician.

"My child," he said to Nell, "your uncle must take care of you. It is his duty."

"I don't know him," answered Nell, indifferently, passive and meek with despair, weeping.

"But I know him, and it is his duty," he repeated.

After the funeral, Dr. Pennington directed her to pack her wardrobe, and be in readiness to accompany him into the city on the following day.

The doctor's own housekeeper was there and put her to bed. All night she lay awake in the moonlight, thinking how strange it was that her mother was not in the next room, and wishing that she could go to sleep and never wake up again. But she could not sleep; she had not slept for three nights. It was not until the next day that, in the chamber which had been her mother's, a violent paroxysm of passionate crying came over her, from which she sank down exhausted and worn out, to sleep all day and all

night without moving—the honest, affectionate maid watching beside her, keeping perfectly silent as ordered, but terrified nearly out of her wits for fear her young mistress was never going to awake. When the girl did awake, late the next morning, and was refreshed by food, the good doctor instantly whirled her off cityward.

She went apathetically through the journey. The new sights and sounds confused and wearied her. She was worn in body and hopeless in mind, and never heeded where she was going until she found herself standing on the high stone steps of a handsome granite house, the doctor energetically pulling the silver bell-handle.

A negro boy answered the summons. She did not hear what was said, the carriages rattled so in the street, but she was ushered into a room, sumptuous in color and grace. The doctor darted swift glances around. Crossing the apartment, he opened the door of a room adjoining.

"Your uncle is at dinner with company, my dear; perhaps you had better come in here and sit, if you don't feel like seeing strangers."

Nell saw that the room in which she sat had been recently occupied. Some chairs were grouped together, a sofa was strewn with newspapers, a pack of cards were flung upon a slab of rose-colored marble upheld by a bronze cupid. The other apartment was smaller—a music room, softly carpeted and hung with drapery of heavy purple silk, containing a grand piano and a harp.

She sat down on a little tabouret as her friend closed the door, and looked around her with dim, wearied eyes. A magnificent great Wyck looked down above her on the wall—the masses of green sea utterly unlike anything she had ever before seen. Everything from the small lounge of Utrecht velvet in the bow window to the silken cord which held the picture to the frescoed walls was costly and beautiful. Her uncle must be wealthy: she wondered if he would love her.

The house was very quiet. Suddenly she heard a door opened below, and the sound of voices. They came nearer, yet there was hardly any sound of footsteps on the softly carpeted stairs. Then came a laugh, low, merry, pleasant, and she heard the door open into the drawing room. The voices were all those of gentlemen; she wondered which might be her uncle's. She waited and listened to the talking. The fragments of sentences ran together strangely as she caught them:

"No, Hamilton, upon my word—if the lady tells the truth—which we are bound to believe—in any case—a joke, ha, ha!—but the effect of distance is very good in Parker's pictures, always—the best Braganza I ever drank. Revere—and the fellow made his fortune in a dirty way—it was Smith's chance, then, sure—but I played last, and Durand—Miss Granger was the best dressed woman in the room," etc., etc.

It seemed to her that there must be twenty gentlemen in the next room. She did not know the effects of good port and champagne upon the tongues of half a dozen fashionable men—what a clamor was the result when unrestrained by ladies. As she listened she heard an oath. Her eyes dilated in surprise, but at that moment her attention was attracted by the voice of Dr. Pennington with another in an opposite direction. The first words she heard were :

"I brought her to you because she has no other claim in the world. She is young, pretty, and entirely ignorant of the world—utterly unfitted to take care of herself; and—"

"That's exactly the objection that I have to having anything to do with her," said a petulant voice, interrupting the doctor. "Pretty, of course. I've brought up four pretty daughters now, sir, and have hardly been able to keep a roof over my head."

"Nellie has not been brought up expensively," answered the doctor. He was interrupted:

"Hang all unpractical men!" exclaimed the other. "Why did John waste his days with herbs and caustics? If he had been sensible and become a merchant instead of a doctor, he might have turned out differently, and taken care of his own children."

Nellie heard the doctor laugh.

"I never before heard that my profession was unpractical," he said.

"You a doctor? I beg your pardon. But John never practiced—that is different; he married for money, and spent it in expensive chemicals to burn up. But where is the girl? She is a young lady, I suppose."

A door on the south side of the room was opened. The doctor appeared, and with him advanced a tall, nervous, bright-eyed man, so like her father that Nellie stood petrified. But the manner was different—easy and more gracious than she had been impressed from the voice that it would be. In truth, the small, sweet, childish-looking girl was not exactly the person the irate merchant had been expecting to see.

"So you are my niece, my dear?" he said, taking her hand.

"Yes, sir."

"Well we'll have a talk to-morrow. You look very tired." He rang a bell. "How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"Indeed! you look much younger." A servant appeared. "Go with this woman to your room and get rested. Mrs. Cleverack is out. I will send her up to you when she returns."

Dr. Pennington bade her good-bye as she went out—following the servant up the long mossy stairs to a beautiful chamber. There was a low French bedstead with a white silken coverlid. She lay down upon it and closed her eyes.

She had no idea how long she had lain there when there came a rap at the door. She started up.

"Come in," she cried, half asleep.

The figure of a lady, graceful and sprightly, though belonging to a woman forty-five years old, advanced to the bedside.

"Why, my dear," says Mrs. Cleverack, "have you been lying down in your hat and shawl?"

"I was so tired I did not think," stammered Nellie, inadvertently falling into the position of a child to be directed and reproved, which she ever after retained with her aunt.

"Why, I never heard of such a thing. I dare say you are tired, but your uncle wants to meet you at tea. Get ready as quickly as you can. Why you are very pretty, only so pale. Haven't you some kind of a rose-colored dress? O, child! don't wear your hair so—it's so old-fashioned. Here, sit down and let me dress it. You have fine shoulders, and what nice embroidery! Did you do it yourself?"

So the little lady chatted on while she assisted Nellie to make the most elaborate toilette the child had ever made in her life. Not a word of her recent sorrow—Mrs. Cleverack made it a point to avoid disagreeable subjects. To the pink dress Nellie strenuously objected. It seemed a duty to her mother—the simple black she wore—and nothing could induce her to modify it beyond the wearing of a white ribbon.

She was not worldly-wise enough to know that the matter of her staying with her uncle was settled that first evening. Her beauty and simplicity charmed them. Vernon Cleverack, her cousin, could hardly keep his eyes off her all the evening.

The family consisted of her aunt and uncle and this one son. He was the youngest. Four daughters had married and settled. All were very wealthy and fashionable.

Mrs. Cleverack instantly became anxious to cultivate what she called "a manner" in Nellie.

"Why, my dear," she would say, "you are a young lady, and you must have the style of a young lady. Appear more confident and assured. One would think you were a governess by the way in which you slipped into a corner yesterday when I had callers. The young gentlemen will never discover how pretty you are, unless you are more showy."

Nellie had been in Boston three weeks when her aunt made this appeal, and was not as unsophisticated as she had been in the ways of the world when she had had that last conversation with her mother, but the knowledge served chiefly to intimidate and unsettle her. No one won her favor or invited her confidence, large as was her aunt's visiting list. People confused and repelled her by the ceremony of their manner and the coldness of their expression. The young ladies

seemed to her to be inanimate, wonderfully accomplished, and unfeeling. Gentlemen she was instinctively shy of, besides being noways attracted by their compliments and dashing gallantries. Only one of them aroused her respect and admiration. This was Donald Cary, a handsome young Scotchman, who came often to the house. His laugh won her first. She had heard it before she saw him, the first day that she came to her uncle's house. It was peculiarly frank and merry—the very perfection of a laugh.

Cary never frightened her as the others did. His salutation, so natural and pleasant, his merry blue eyes, his easy confidence and good-nature, always affected her pleasantly. But she saw him only occasionally and momentarily, though he often spent his evenings in her uncle's private room, a precinct she seldom ventured into; its odor of cigar smoke made her sick. Her chief retreat was the library. There she was seldom disturbed. The beautiful room with its stuffed arm-chairs, shaded light, and rosewood shelves of books was the least visited of any in the house. There the girl formed her manner with her mind. There she read Shakespeare and Bacon, Bronte and Browning, Hugh Miller, and Emerson, Carlyle, Dickens, and Montaigne. Her instincts guided her choice, helped her discrimination, and reconciled the different premises of authors. She grew as wise as a little owl, sitting among the manuscripts of the sages. Her aunt and cousin missing her, would find her out and call her below stairs, sometimes, but in the main she lived much as she would for a year.

Then came a reaction. The demands of her youth suddenly awoke in her. She wanted in reality what she had read of—people, things, places. She woke up to the interest of life, gave herself to the demands of society, because she at last found pleasure in it. Below, its surface was that result of enigmas, human nature, which gave her work for a life-time.

Mrs. Cleverack was delighted that Nellie had "become a little more like people." The face and figure of the girl had developed very beautifully, and artistic toilettes set off her natural charms to great advantage. She went "into society" at last. To the happiness of her aunt, she attended concerts, operas, soirees, and matinees with the zeal of the gayest butterfly of her set. Her cousin, very much in love with her, was exceedingly proud of her. To do Nell justice, she did not know that Vernon loved her. She never dreamed that his devotion meant more than the relationship suggested and warranted. He was young and undeveloped, and while it was a credit to him to have fallen in love with Nellie Cleverack, he could have no possible fortune with her as a lover.

Before she was twenty, Nellie's life was vivid and active, and full of warm human interests in its wide scope. There was not a more beautiful

woman in all Boston, nor one more universally known, admired, and beloved.

She was in the Athenæum gallery one day with Vernon. The young man judged pictures by the standing of the artist, and was pointing out to her the beauties of a piece by a celebrated artist, when she interrupted him:

"Dear Vernon, I'm very sorry to disappoint you, but I can't like it at all. It looks like a magnified fire-board—the very pretty one your father has in his smoking-room—full of mountains and blue sky."

"That," cried Vernon, in horror, "was painted by a German sign painter!"

"Are you sure his name wasn't Bierstadt?" asked Nellie.

Vernon looked mystified, but Nellie heard a low laugh behind her. She turned. Donald Cary and a stranger stood near.

"So you have turned critic, Miss Nellie."

"Only an amateur, and as self-complacent and bigoted as amateurs usually are."

Cary presented his friend—Mr. Castlemain, of London.

The Englishman was very handsome, a Byron without the defective foot; indeed, he had the form and grace of an Apollo. An enthusiastic admiration seized upon Nellie. The perfectly handsome physique intoxicated her sense of beauty.

"Mr. Castlemain is my ideal of a god," she said to Cary.

The latter smiled:

"Has the aloe blossomed, or is Miss Cleverack in love, at last?" he answered.

Nellie laughed scornfully, but the glance of Castlemain's beautiful eyes, and the tones of his voice as he spoke to her, thrilled her heart strangely. When he parted with her, begging leave to call, an exquisite scarlet tinged her pure cheek. When he had gone, the charming pictures turned to dead canvas too. Ah! Nellie was in love.

How rosy and charming her life grew! The soft, sweet sensations of love were so new to her. No one, before this handsome Englishman, had ever stirred her heart in the least. He said he loved her, and it was not strange. To be more true, and noble, and sweet than Nellie Cleverack, was impossible for mortal woman.

She sat alone in her chamber one winter day. The room was shaded by warm dark curtains; the coals lay yellow and glowing in the burnished grate. Turning a diamond ring round and round on her white right hand, Nellie Cleverack sat in the luxurious silence, the sweetest of smiles on her ripe red mouth. Suddenly she broke into a low song, and did not hear through her singing a knock at the door. The servant who entered startled her by the sound of his voice.

"A note for you, if you please, Miss."

She looked at it eagerly, thinking it was from Castlemain—but it was from Donald Cary, and ran as follows:

"Dear Miss Nellie. A very sad case of poverty came under my notice yesterday. A young girl is lying sick and destitute in a basement at No. 10 C— street. Will your kind heart not prompt you to go and see her? I have helped her all I know how, but she needs a woman's compassion and aid. Your friend,

"DONALD CARY."

Nellie Cleverack was gratified. The pleasant familiarity of the note, and the confident appeal to her generosity, pleased her. Cary was always cordial and friendly, but she had thought, sometimes, that he only considered her a careless pleasure seeker. The smile was bright on her face as she prepared to go out, even though it was snowing fast. An hour later, and the smile was dead on her lip and in her heart.

She found the girl desolate and wretched enough, and evidently dying of consumption. The place was miserable in the extreme—a damp cellar, the water from the sidewalk oozing over the rough stone walls. The bed was little more than a heap of rags, though some warm, new blankets were flung over them, and a flickering fire was snapping in the damp atmosphere, both showing Donald Cary's charity. Yet it was a wretched place enough.

"My poor girl," said Nellie, "have you no friends to take care of you in your sickness?"

Her first act on entering had been to replenish and revive the struggling fire. Then, drawing the blankets over the girl's thin, bare arms, she asked this question. The girl did not answer, only started, as if aroused from a stupor, and looked up at Nellie with two wild, beautiful eyes. The poor girl had been very pretty once. Her pinched face showed signs of beauty, lying among tangled curls of golden-colored hair, one thin cheek lying in a hand small and exquisite.

"Are you Miss Cleverack?" the girl asked.

"Yes."

"Are you going to marry Hunt Castlemain?"

Such a question, from such a source, startled Nellie.

"What do you mean?" she asked, a vague alarm swelling her heart. "I am to marry Mr. Castlemain—yes."

The girl raised herself in the bed, and resting on her elbow, whispered, for her voice was failing her—so near was she to her end:

"I sent for you because I want to tell you that a year ago he promised to marry me."

"You?" syllabled Nellie, bewildered.

"I was in the steerage of the ship in which he sailed from England. I had no friends—my mother had just died—and I was coming to America to earn my living. Mr. Castlemain saw me one day, and told me when we got to New

York to come to him. I knew he was a gentleman and could help me to work, as he promised; and when we were landed I followed him to the house where he lived. He was kind—my only friend.

"I loved him, and he made me believe he loved me. When he took me to a clergyman and married me, I never suspected treachery, but was insanely happy as his wife—until he wearied of me, and one day told me that the man who married us was his own servant, paid to deceive me. I left him then, but I could find no work, and my health gave way. When I crawled here to die, I sent one letter to him, begging a little money, and he sent me back a message cursing me for importunity.

"This is all I have in proof of my story," she said, drawing a miniature case from beneath her pillow. "Here is an ambrotype of him, taken when I first came to New York. See."

Nellie looked at the picture. It was Castlemain's bewilderingly beautiful face, indisputably—but this new development was so unlooked for, so strange, so incredible to her that she was bewildered and stunned for a time. She sat holding the picture in her hand, thinking of Castlemain, forgetting the girl, trying to make herself equal to the circumstances, while she dared not face the bitter truth. For, somehow, from the first instant, she felt that the story *was* true. She covered her face with her hands, and tried to think. The instincts of love and trust were strong in her heart. After a moment she looked up.

"Girl, that picture is no proof that what you have told me is not a fabrication to gain money," she said. "You may have come by it by many ways but through him. Tell me the truth. I will give you all you need. I will be your friend—I will forgive you this deception—if you will only confess that you were driven to it through need. I will not even blame you—only tell me it is not true."

The poor girl looked at the beautiful young lady mournfully.

"You love him, and it is not strange," she said, with the calmness of death on her face. "But I cannot take back what I have just said; it is God's truth. I am sorry for you; I am sorry I told you, but I thought I ought. But you can forgive him, you know. He will never desert you—a lady, educated, wealthy, beautiful. I was only a poor, friendless girl."

Nellie sprang to her feet.

"Never!" she cried. Then with a rush of compassion for the terribly-wronged young creature before her, she fell on her knees beside the bedside, crying: "It was so cruel, so cruel! He is false and bad, and I loved him so!"

For she thought she could cast him out of her heart at will—that she had already done so when

she accepted the proof of his unworthiness. But after the girl was dead—for she died that night, though furnished with all that might help her sad state—and Nellie had written to Castlemain, explaining the circumstance which made her return his ring, she did not realize her position, the hope that he would somehow refute the accusation clung so to her heart. But in a week she knew that he had sailed for Europe. The newspaper in which she read the notice of his departure among the list of passengers on board the *Africa*, dropped from her hand. Her face grew deathly pale. A terrible passion of despair swept over her. She rose from her seat, trying to speak and smile as usual, for she was in company, when the words died on her lips, the room grew dark, and she fell forward to the floor, senseless.

Her cousin Vernon snatched her up and carried her to her room. She was ill with a low, nervous fever for a fortnight. Only the practiced eye of the old physician saw how much she suffered—they did not think her illness important in itself, nor dreamed of its cause—and Nellie was very glad and greatly relieved when she could rise and go about the house, and keep her secret by a show of cheerfulness. She thought of Donald Cary. He knew all, she suspected, and she was grateful for the consideration that left her the dignity of reserve in her bereavement.

But at last he came. He was shocked at the alteration which he saw in her; those who were with her daily did not observe it so much. Yet Cary made no comment. He merely asked her to drive with him. She promised to go down to Nahant with him the next day.

He was so good, and tender, and manly! She was wishing he was her brother when Vernon came into the room. From the time of her engagement to Castlemain, Nellie had surmised that her cousin loved her. She made the discovery not only from his manner, but from the too evident regret of his parents. The days of her love-dream had had their dark cloud in the disapproval of her uncle and aunt. But she had thought they did not appreciate Castlemain, and never swerved in her preference—her affections were not turned one jot from the channel in which they ran.

Now Vernon's watchful eye had at last divined her secret. She could no longer elude him. She hardly knew what he said, but she knew that he was confessing his love for her, and beseeching her to become his wife.

"Vernon, I cannot."

"But I will teach you to love me, Nellie," he pleaded. "I will make you happy and contented in spite of yourself. You would love me by and by—I can wait."

"No, Vernon, you must—you must give up this thought. I cannot marry you—oh, if you only knew how useless it was for you to plead with me."

But she never was at peace in the house again. Vernon pressed his suit beyond all forbearance; she grew indignant and disgusted by his utter want of consideration for her, and his lack of pride and self-respect. It was evident that his parents sympathized with him to a degree which made their presence painful to her. The atmosphere of constant disapproval and censure which surrounded her, oppressed her to a degree that rendered her half ill. The bitter injustice made her cold and silent in return, and the house was so gloomy that, with the addition of her secret sorrow, it seemed to Nellie Cleverack, sometimes, that she should go mad. Nervous and sensitive as she had grown, her life seemed a nightmare from which she could not awake. Half the night she would weep, wishing that she was dead.

One day Donald Cary came to dinner. Since the day he had brought a little color into her pale cheeks by the drive to Nahant, he had been out of town.

With the usual desire to conceal the family skeleton, Mrs. Cleverack endeavored to be agreeable, but Cary was not to be deceived.

He came to where Nellie was sitting by a window, before he went away, and affecting to be conversing of the window plants, for the family were present, said:

"Nellie, what's the matter here? Those deathly pauses at the table have given me the dyspepsia, and they had the effect of inspiring me with such awe that I blushed my ears nearly off every time I dared to intrude upon them with a remark. Why, I should think you all had the crime of murder upon your consciences."

Nellie tried to laugh with him, though a hysterical feeling and a passionate impulse to confess what she was enduring, nearly overmastered her composure. She checked herself with the morbid thought that she might be to blame for it all. Indeed, thinking how long her uncle had been her benefactor, she had at last grown to think herself guilty of ingratitude, that she made them unhappy for any reason. Perhaps she ought to marry Vernon; at any rate she knew they thought so—and perhaps Donald Cary would think so, too, and she could not bear to evoke his blame. So she only flushed and paled and tried to laugh, and said they were all growing stupid for want of his visits, which were not as frequent as they had been.

But that night she made a resolve. She would go away from the place that was no longer a home to her.

Rising at daylight, she wrote a note to her uncle, expressing her gratitude for the kindness he had shown her, and regretting that she thought it best to seek another home; she left it in her chamber. Packing her trunks, and sending her maid for a hack, she was out of the city before her uncle and aunt had left their chamber.

She went to the old turnpike house. There was no one to welcome her, and no one to prevent her ingress; the old building was her own inheritance. This, and the accumulation of the little income which had once supported her mother and herself, were her only possessions.

Procuring a servant from the village, here Nellie Cleverack made herself a home. She rendered the place beautiful in a few months. The lawn under the old oak was fenced in, and at last, flowers brightened the gray old house. Vines of jessamine clung to its weather-beaten sides, and leaves of clematis shaded its rough stoop. A trellis ran down to the wicket gate, making a walk covered with a rare southern ivy, which blossomed like stars overhead. Beds of pansies and daisies, and heliotrope, lay under the windows—and before summer was over an ambitious trumpet-flower had climbed half up the trunk of the old black oak. Nellie, weary of life, made her rooms sweet with her flowers, and went back to her old habit of books, able, for a time, to think of nothing beyond them.

But Nellie Cleverack was not yet twenty-five, and when winter came and the garden lay dead under the snow, and the wind whistled wailingly about the house, she would drop her book and sit looking sadly into the fire, wondering if all her days were to be like these. She was not old or cold enough to willingly give up warm human love and living interests, for metaphysical speculations and dreamy fancies. Though perfectly comfortable, she realized that she was not happy.

"If I had not been so unfortunate in loving," she would murmur bitterly to herself; "if I had married happily and had laughing little children to break the lonely silence, what a beautiful life it would be! What have I ever done to have lost this?"

Nearly a year had passed, and one cold March evening there came a knock at the door. This was unusual, and Nellie learned with surprise that a man begged permission to take lodging there for the night.

"What sort of a person is he, Johanna?" she asked the maid.

"A tall, fine-dressed, well-spoken gentleman," answered the girl; "but I did not see his face. He's muffled from the cold in a cloak."

"Did he come in?"

"He's a-horseback."

Nellie went down. The stranger stood at the side door, the only one which had a path through the snow; he was not as tall as she supposed, and spoke so thickly through the folds of his cloak that Nellie wondered how Johanna made the discovery that he was "well-spoken."

"It is snowing fast," said the stranger, "and I have missed my road to the village. If you could give me shelter for the night it would be a great accommodation."

"Yes," said Nellie. "Your horse you will have to put up yourself. Johanna, get a hot supper."

The gentleman thanked her courteously, and led his horse away towards the barn.

"Lord love you, miss! two lone women—" began Johanna.

"Nonsense!" laughed Nellie; "I couldn't turn the man out to wander about in the storm, this dark night. Get him a good supper and put him in the guest chamber."

"Shall I lock him in, miss? He might be a thief, miss, and the spoons are right in the parlor closet. I've read of nice-looking gentlemen—"

"I have yet to decide that he is a nice-looking gentleman, Johanna. I will come down and turn out his tea for him, and if he looks too respectable, we will make him sleep in the barn."

When Nellie came down stairs, half an hour afterwards, she heard a laugh which made her pause in astonishment.

"Nonsense," said she, and opened the dining-room door.

The stranger sat before the fire. Johanna was putting his supper on the table. The face and figure established on her hearth transfixed Nellie. Then she sprang forward to meet her visitor.

"Donald!" she cried.

Johanna had been keeping a close eye on the stranger, jealous of her mistress' interests, so she afterwards said; she had suspicions of him, and no sooner did she behold him suddenly rise and approach Nellie, than she took frantic alarm, and rushed to the door crying at the top of her voice: "Murder! murder!"

"What, for heaven's sake, ails the girl?" asked Donald Cary, in astonishment.

"She is afraid of you," laughed Nellie, "but it won't do the least harm for her to shout there all night. There's nobody within a mile."

But she exerted herself to pacify and reassure the trembling girl, who was white with fear and excitement, and at last supper was served—cosy and comfortable.

And yet more comfortable was the old parlor, the light flashing and trembling, and the shadows running races over the walls. Donald Cary sat in a big old-fashioned rocker on the hearth, and somehow it seemed perfectly natural and proper for Nellie to sit on a little footstool close beside him, with the firelight making her soft beauty unutterably more beautiful.

"Nellie, I lost my fortune just after you went away, and I hesitated about seeking you and asking the right to take care of you; and though I have retrieved it but little, and am still comparatively a poor man, somehow I can't help asking you to-night."

Nellie's answer was very indirect:

"O, Donald, let us live here. This is my house, you know."

They did live there, and little children, rosier than any flowers, played in the old garden many summers. There, where Nellie Cleverack spent her youth, Nellie Cary lived the happy days of her old age.

[Written expressly for Godey's Lady's Book.]

A ROSEBUD GARDEN OF GIRLS.*

BY MARIAN C. L. REEVES AND EMILY READ.

Authors of "Ingremisco," "Wearthorne," "Old Martin Boscawen's Jest," "Aytoun," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Oh aching time! O moments big as years!"

The next day, Mahlon saw rather ruefully that there were some drawbacks to his life as he had depicted it during that walk home from Delphine's door. Had he gained more headway in his profession, it would have been different; but now he felt that his poor little sign would only be a virtual declaration that he did not care to be dependent upon his wife, or rather on Mr. Burger's fortune. He had his fears, too, whether Delphine would make the sort of wife he had always looked forward to owning—something no doubt impossible to find, yet he had a belief that such were to be had for the seeking. Perhaps he had seen just such women a few times in a sick-room, and thought they spent their life in that awed, hushed state in which they went through their duties there. Delphine's ways were very different; but it was too late to remember that, save in as far as he could improve them.

What he had to do, was to ask Delphine to be his wife. He wished she had let him speak the night before, when it would have been easier. It seemed more of a business transaction now. But perhaps when it came to the point, Delphine helped him out a little—for she was a quick-witted little woman, and disliked an awkward position—or it may have been that she expected serious, odd ways in this lover of hers, and was not disappointed.

As for Delphine, love had come to her after more experience of life than to many women, and she was therefore the more inclined to give herself up to the feeling. To her, just then, to love was better than to be loved. Every one said Dr. Mackenzie's influence over her was unbounded. She gave up cards and dancing, because he disliked them; and would have dispensed with her Thursday evening receptions if he had asked her, though she might have yawned through those hours he considered wasted. She always tucked away her novel under the sofa-pillow when he came, to escape a lecture on solid reading.

"Your home must have been very nice," she says, once, when Mahlon has been descanting on

the days of his youth. "But what did you do on a rainy day or a winter evening? When I was a girl, we used to wheel back the chairs and tables to the wall, and dance; or we would have a round game of cards, or even a romp. For I was one of six girls," she adds, apologetically; "and we were poor before I married, and not intellectual; though we managed to make as much out of the shreds of life, as some do out of a whole pattern."

Delphine says this, as the two are walking together one sunny, spring morning, some weeks after their engagement. There is nothing in the gayly thronged streets, in the sunshine, and the glad and bustling stir of all living things in it, to suggest clouds and darkness, unless it were a flitting shade upon the April face beside him, which reminds him, almost with a start of surprise, that this blithe little creature is indeed the same woman whose wet eyes had gazed up at him out of a troubled dream, that night when he first knew that she belonged to him. Of what is she dreaming now? for there is a tender, troubled wistfulness in her eyes again.

"I wish we had met in that long-ago time, Mahlon; I wish you knew my sisters—Kate is the only one you have ever seen. But our old life you never can know—that is all over. Everything is changed at home, and will be changed still more, now that Dr. Kearney is to take Kate out of it. It is not only papa's state of health but Elliot—"

"Elliot?" he repeats, in some surprise. "Is there a brother, then?"

He has not stopped to count over the six girls of whom Delphine spoke, when she takes up the name tenderly:

"Elliot, my twin sister, Elliot. Mahlon, I have been trying to tell you—I long to know what you will think."

They have by this time passed into a quiet, suburban street, and she slips her hand into his arm, and watching his face wistfully, tells him the story of Elliot's disappearance.

"They managed to keep it from me, all the time I was abroad," she adds. "Elliot begged this in her farewell note, and Margaret would not have her wish crossed. I wonder now how I was so blind as to suspect nothing, from just the meager mention, at long intervals, that she was well. Yet what could I suspect? Elliot was always a strange, dreamy child—I hardly expected her to be anything of a correspondent. When I came home, I found that she had written to Margaret every six months—she had been gone two years, it is three now—and her letters, though they told nothing but that she was well, had the one clue of the Baltimore postmark. It was that which decided me upon settling in the house which belonged to me here—the hope that one day I might meet the child face to face in the

street. I have tried to find her by every means which money could give, and have failed."

She ends, looking up to him for encouragement in her hope. She does not find it; only a grave disapproval—is it of her course or Elliot's?

She does not quite know which, when he says something about his surprise at hearing that so sad a burden rests upon her thoughts—how then can she be so light-hearted? he is asking himself—when she says, glowing and brightening all at once, with one of her sudden smiles:

"Oh, just think what it will be! If I should see a figure strolling on before me, perhaps—a little taller it may be, for she was only seventeen when we parted, and she is nearly twenty-one now—but I shall know the figure at once, and I shall run after it, and lay my hand upon her arm, and she will turn—. O, Elliot!"

There is such a thrill of intense joy in her voice, such a shining light of hope in her face, that Mahlon has not the heart to utter a word to cloud it, vain as he believes that hope to be. He does not ask himself again "How can she be so light-hearted?" and he comes nearer to understanding her sunny nature than he ever has before, or perhaps will easily again.

They have walked by this time almost to where the straggling street loses itself in the ragged-looking open lots that fringe the borders of the city. Yonder, in the most ragged-looking space of all, stands Mahlon's hospital, where he has brought Delphine to judge of the effect of one of her decorative designs. This hospital has been Mahlon's great hope for Delphine—perhaps it is because it is their one interest in common. True, it is only for the outside decorations of the building that she cares; but if permitted to beautify that, she may find something to interest her within.

To-day Mahlon has chosen the hour for coming while the workmen have dispersed for dinner, so that the two just now are quite alone. There is an air of desolation, at which Delphine shudders, about the huge, unfinished granite structure, with its skeleton scaffolding, and the barren ground around covered with uncut stone. Delphine mounts one of these blocks, her dress sweeping over the rough mass as she shades her eyes with her dainty parasol, and criticises the skill of the stone-cutters. Mahlon, standing near and listening, is struck by the contrast she makes—this dot of bright color—with the sombre gray building. And of both he is to be master. In the hospital, he will carry hope or despair to many a poor soul, the verdict of life or death. But this little woman at his side, will he fail to influence?

Delphine is flushed and radiant. Though the scaffolding ribs the front of the building, and spoils the effect of the cornices over the windows, yet enough can be seen to delight her with her

success. It is a triumph on her part, this embellishing of Mahlon's hobby, and she is full of fresh designs.

Mahlon still listens silently, only half approvingly. Suddenly he leaves her side.

"I do not like the appearance of the scaffolding," he says. "It is horrible how careless men are of their lives."

"You do not want the first man killed *outside* of your hospital," laughed Delphine.

She sees the slight frown gathering, the disapproval in his face, which one of her flippant speeches always brings there; but she has not time to notice it.

"Surely, Mahlon, you are not going up that ladder," she cries.

"Why not? The scaffolding is meant to bear five men, besides the weight of the cornice; so it will bear me—" he calls back.

"But if it should not? For my sake, Mahlon, be careful."

"There is not the slightest danger," he says, almost coldly. "I am not one to run foolish risks."

Delphine stands watching him silently, even admiringly, notwithstanding her terror, as a woman will admire strength and agility in a man—for to ascend the light, swaying ladder, is a feat in her inexperienced eyes. She breathes more freely when he reaches the scaffolding—to mount the ladder, has been to her the real danger.

"Ah, how high you are above me!" she calls out, half sorrowfully, half laughingly. "Can I ever hope to reach you?" And she holds up her hands in supplication.

Mahlon pauses for a moment, looking down on her—on the smiling, upturned face, the pretty gesture of humility. Then he turns away to inspect the scaffolding.

A few seconds later, before Delphine has moved, he is conscious of a low, cracking sound, and then he is falling—falling so slowly, he thinks, because he has time to compute the number of feet he has to fall; to recall how closely strewn are the blocks of stone; to remember Delphine's laughing face, upturned as she stood calling to him.

By one of those marvelous escapes which lead one to put faith in the doctrine of guardian angels, Mahlon does not fall on the granite, but on mother earth. She, however, by no means treats this son of hers as she is fabled to have treated Autæus. Indeed, she takes all strength from him, even the power of speech, though he is perfectly conscious, and sees Delphine's white face bending over him. Delphine's, earnest and quiet enough now. Perhaps that same white face, with the awed look in it, had bent over old Mr. Burger's death-bed. Even this thought comes dreamily and painlessly.

Mahlon hears Delphine cry out to some of the

returning workmen. Her voice has no terror in it, but sounds to him low and mournful, unlike the gay voice calling up to him a minute or two ago. Mahlon has a sense of disappointment; for if he has made a woman of this little Delphine, why is he to die? Mr. Burger has made her a rich, and he an earnest woman—yet some one else would only love her the better for both their labor.

Just then, some one begins to lift him, and an unconsciousness black as the grave comes over him.

How long he had been in that unconsciousness which is neither life nor death, Mahlon could not tell. His impression is that he has merely closed his eyes and opened them—yet now he is in bed in a strange room, though his last recollection was of the hard ground and the blue sky above. And here is Delphine bending over him—the same white, earnest face. Yet she no longer wears the gay colors that brightened in the sunshine, but a soft gray on which his eyes like to rest.

"Has the doctor come?" he asks.

"Not yet," she answers. "He is not to come for an hour."

He seems to be a little while pondering Delphine's information, and then asks:

"Where am I?"

"At my house, Mahlon." There is something beseeching in her eyes, as she adds: "I could not have nursed you so well anywhere else."

"How long?" he asks.

"Ten days. You have been very ill, Mahlon."

"And you have nursed me. It is odd to lose ten days out of one's life," he adds, half dreamily.

"They have not been lost to me," returned Delphine, gently.

"They were long to you, I fear. But I shall get well now—you need not shut yourself up much longer."

Is this her reward? Her face may have asked the question, for he stretches out his hand, feebly enough; and Delphine, laying hers in the open palm, bends her head and rests it lightly there. There is a quiet movement in the shadow of the window-curtains, and a little old lady who has been standing unobserved and forgotten there, crosses the floor softly, and so out of the room.

"It was a wonderful escape," Mahlon says, presently. "If the scaffold had fallen with the workmen, some of them must have been killed. Would you have been very sorry to lose me, dear?"

"Very sorry," she says, quietly, and he feels truly—and yet he misses the little rapture of words which she wasted on many a trifle in by-gone days.

Meantime, Miss Alethea—for she it was, who

had come on to help Delphine in her task of nursing—had gone down-stairs, and in passing through the lower hall was attracted by a voice at the door, enquiring for Dr. Mackenzie. She went forward and found a poorly-clad, shrewd-looking boy, who said he had been sent by Miss Ellis, who lived in the same lodging-house, to find Dr. Mackenzie, and to tell him that he must please come to her as soon as he could, for the girl Gretel she was nursing, was dying, she was afraid. And here, in confirmation of his message, he held out a folded note, addressed to Dr. Mackenzie at his office, where the boy said he had been, and had been told that Dr. Mackenzie was here.

Miss Alethea took the note, and was putting on her glasses to decipher it, or at least its superscription, when she bethought herself, and gave it back.

"It would be useless to leave it; he could not attend to it for many a long day. They told you at the office that Dr. Mackenzie was here; but they did not tell you he is very ill himself? I thought not. So your best plan is to go straight back to the office and ask for Dr. Heston, his partner—or the office-boy will direct you to some other physician if Dr. Heston is out. You will lose no time, there's a good lad—and take this for your pains—" putting a coin into his hand. "And be sure you tell the young woman how it is Dr. Mackenzie does not come. If I could myself—"

But of course she cannot—poor little Delphine will need her, for the nursing is by no means over, although convalescence has begun. And so Miss Alethea presently goes up-stairs again, in cheerful ignorance of how very near she has been to finding Elliot by means of the clue she so quietly gave back out of her hand.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth."

Mahlon's recovery was slow, and it was decided that he should go away, and try what a long rest and change of scene would do for him. He would fain have proposed to Delphine that they should marry and she go with him; but he saw that she, too, needed rest, which she would not take in his sick-room; and he had to content himself with her promise that the marriage should be on the day following his return.

But the change was not of the anticipated benefit. Mahlon missed Delphine, and thought much more of his return to her than of growing strong. Her face haunted him—that pale face, which had lost not a little of its beauty from anxiety and watching, but which had gained a hundred-fold in Mahlon's eyes. He was restless

and uneasy until the day was fixed which would recall him to her.

He was not yet strong, and had still much of the fastidiousness of a convalescent, so that it was a little trial to him to alight at the late Mr. Burger's house, with the feeling that next day he would be master there. But one thought comforted him: the Delphine he was going to meet was totally unlike the girl Mr. Burger had married, or even the woman who had bought his first visit with a few bottles of wine. As totally unlike as were his feelings the night he stood on the hearth-rug and watched her weeping, to the almost feverish impatience with which he stood in the same place and listened for her foot-fall. Would she never come? Then there was an ominous rustle of silk, a gay flutter of ribands, and Delphine, the gay, saucy, brilliant Delphine of old, stood before him, her whole face radiant with happiness; for had he not come back to her as from the grave itself?

Ah well, if the leopard cannot change his spots, neither can a woman her nature; and Mahlon had to take his wife as God made her, not as he would unmake her.

There was no doubt of Delphine's generosity. As soon as she was married, she insisted upon dismissing her business-agent, and giving the whole management of her property into Mahlon's hands. Mahlon accepted the trust unwillingly enough, but as part of his duty as Delphine's husband. But he took very little trouble about it; so that the income was placed in bank for Delphine's use, he thought no more of it than he could possibly avoid. He would not touch a dollar for his own uses; and as to managing old Mr. Burger's money, it would have been like watching a nightmare.

Delphine and Mahlon drifted farther apart after their marriage—drifted farther apart, because Mahlon had learned to love the woman who had nursed him, and he was jealous of the old Delphine who had robbed him of her, and whom he had given up now in despair of ever improving.

And Delphine could not take up again the life she had led during those terrible, anxious days, when she was uncertain whether Mahlon would live. She had no desire to take it up. In the sunshine, passed away the shadow; and perhaps the sun was even more brilliant, because of the cloudy days gone by.

Mahlon's profession engrossed him. The hospital was organized, and his patients had increased instead of falling off as he had feared. One patient, however, he had lost—the girl whom Miss Ellis had nursed, and who, he learned on calling at the lodging-house, had died during his illness, Miss Ellis removing immediately out of his ken—so that the whole episode connected with her became as a parenthesis in his life. Mahlon thought that since it was his profession which absorbed

him, Delphine could not complain—if he had sought his pleasures away from her, she might find fault. Besides, he never interfered with her mode of life, which could be as before her marriage, only her grave husband was too busy to take part in her amusements. Occasionally a slight consciousness did come to him that Delphine had some claim upon his time—when he would manage to spend an evening with her, and Delphine would do her best to hide her surprise and fall into his mood; and if he did not thrust all his own worries and anxieties into some corner closet which reticent natures are apt to find conveniently near, it was no fault of hers.

"I wonder if he makes much money, and what he does with it?" she would say to herself. "Perhaps he spends it all on his beloved hospital. If he would only buy me a riband—no, not a riband, that he would not do—a bit of sackcloth, I would wear it for his sake. I would willingly be ill, just to see if I would be as much worth his trouble as his pauper patients."

Poor little Delphine, she laughed, but she could have cried far more easily.

One day there came startling news to Mahlon. Go where he would, he heard of but little else than failures, railroad disasters, money panics. The papers had no other news. It was not difficult, indeed, it was but a half hour's labor, to find that Delphine's money had gone, vanished like a ghost, leaving no sign. It was only surprising that Mahlon was surprised that such was the fate of stocks not looked after. But he was annoyed, astounded; and, stranger still, he regretted this money, which he had not thought it worth while to take care of. He regretted it, because of his carelessness, for he might have saved part, at least; and then, what would Delphine feel? This poor little woman who had so enjoyed wealth, what would she do without it? Could he leave her pretty home and its surroundings, and be content on the moderate income which was all that he for many a year must expect to make? How would she take this loss? Of course she would blame him—that she had a right to do. But would it have a permanent effect, and leave her discontented and fretful? It is difficult to think of Delphine as either; but heretofore she has always had her own way, so Mahlon says, and no doubt believes.

Delphine has to be told of her loss, and Mahlon knows he must break it to her. But he, who has often nerved himself to speak the saddest of all tidings, breaks down utterly when he has only to tell of a mere worldly loss, upon which he himself would have laid little stress. Twice or thrice he has tried to speak, but Delphine's bright face checked him. He remembers the change that came over it once; and whatever he may have felt before, Mahlon now wishes to keep her just as she is. He does not care to play the ne-

cromancer, and by a few words, to him almost meaningless, to transform this gay, brilliant little Delphine into something very different—his pretty Cinderella, decked out for the King's ball, to shrink away in her tatters to her ash-heap.

To-day he has been lingering most unnecessarily over the sick beds of two or three of his patients: at least, he has done nothing to cheer them, if that was his object; for he has been silent and abstracted. He is still early when he reaches home. He stops an instant in the hall, to discover whether Delphine has any guests; and even looks into the empty drawing-rooms, before he goes to her own especial morning room. The blaze of light there almost blinds Mahlon; and then he catches sight of Delphine sitting alone, and his heart smites him, and he quite forgives her the novel she is reading, though he may wish she had not so quickly put it out of sight.

"Is it you, Mahlon? Is it late, or are you earlier than usual?"

"It is early. I was half afraid you were out, when I found the parlors empty; and I wished especially to see you."

"Did you want to speak to me?" asks Delphine, brightening. "But you look dreadfully tired, Mahlon. Let me ring for some coffee."

She rises and rings the bell, standing beside him, by the fire, as she waits to give her order to the servant. They are strangely silent, these two: Mahlon thinking how he may best break his tidings to her; Delphine knowing there is something wrong, and wondering if he means to tell her. Any confidence has become a pleasure to Delphine; anything hinting to her that she has some part in his life, in his thoughts.

Silently they stand almost side by side, until the servant has returned with the coffee. Then Delphine motions him to leave, and goes herself and pours out the cup which she brings to Mahlon. But he does not offer to take it from her.

"Have you read the papers for the last week, Delphine?" he asks, abruptly.

"I? No, I seldom do," she answers, with a little blush, as for a fault. "Is there anything particular in them?"

"Has no one told you of the failure of Brewster?"

"Brewster!" Delphine gives a start, though not enough to endanger the cup in her hand. "Have you lost anything by him, Mahlon?"

"You have, Delphine, and very heavily."

He had not intended to be so abrupt; indeed, had proposed to himself to tell her very guardedly, not to shock her. But he has lost his self-control, and his hand trembles so that he cannot even reach out to take the cup of coffee from her.

"But there is something still left of other stocks?" she asked, anxiously.

"Not a dollar, Delphine; everything has gone. I have been unpardonably careless."

He cannot look at her as he speaks, and for a moment there is silence.

"Do you mind it so very much, Mahlon?" she asks, presently.

"I? Of course I do. I have been so much to blame. The very trust you put in me should have made me doubly careful."

"But you do not mind the money? That is what I mean."

"I mind it for you, my poor child."

"Only for me?"

"How could I for myself? I never have touched a dollar of it," Mahlon says, hastily, and then regrets his words.

"I know." And then she adds: "Will it be very hard on you to have to take care of me?"

"Hard on me, Delphine? I don't think you have been quite my wife, just because I have not taken care of you. I think I am a little glad to have you forced upon me. The whole blow falls on you, poor child. You have so long been used to all that money can buy, that it will be hard for you to be a poor man's wife."

Delphine has turned to put the coffee-cup on the mantel. He sees a little shiver run through her as he speaks, a shudder at the mere thought of poverty. It is so natural she should feel so, that he cannot even be hurt, only sorry for this poor little Delphine who has so long reveled in prosperity. So he is startled to see the gay, saucy face she turns on him.

"And I will have to come to you for everything; and you will scold if the butcher's bill is too large; and will prohibit sweetmeats as too expensive, just as papa used when his six daughters kept house for him by turns. But you cannot get rid of me as papa did, by advising me to marry a rich man. After all, Mahlon, I am most sorry for the hospital, of which I confess to having often been jealous."

"Why?" asks Mahlon, absently. He is looking at her with an absorbed expression in his eyes, as if they suddenly beheld a blessed revelation. Delphine—this is Delphine; and he has not known her all this while!

"Why not?" she is replying. "Has not the hospital taken from me all your leisure? And did it not nearly cause your death?" asks Delphine, softly.

Mahlon thinks of the pale face bent over him that day—the face he has long mourned for as lost. He is not sorry to miss it now; to learn that Delphine could have a greater shock than the loss of her fortune. Hereafter he could never find fault with the woman who takes all troubles lightly, so that he is spared to her; and who is inclined to bask in the sunshine, rather than to mope in the shadow. It is worth all of old Mr. Burger's money, such a discovery; and Mahlon

tells her so. And Delphine always declares she lost nothing in the great failure of 18—.

And something more she gained. It was on this wise:

The day on which the inevitable move is to take place, out of the great Burger mansion, to Dr. Mackenzie's little house around the corner, Delphine is sitting over the fire in her dismantled morning-room, waiting for Mahlon to come for her when the last load of furniture should be gone. The place is desolate enough, with the firelight making strange gleams and shades about the empty, uncurtained, rain-swept windows, the bare floor, the walls where all the pictures are displaced, and only Delphine's shadow "glowers about," a huge, misshapen, hunchback sort of thing, very different from the pretty little figure leant forward in the low chair, with hands clasped on her knee, and eyes gazing with a bright, half-smiling and half-dreaming look, into the very heart of the cheerful blaze.

The dream is not broken by the light tap that comes to the door. Perhaps it is so light that she does not hear it. And then, the door opens.

In the well-ordered Burger house, doors know better than to creak; and this one swings back quite noiselessly. But somehow, after one more dreamy moment—perhaps it is at some slight stir, some rustle on the threshold—Delphine turns.

She turns, and stares in a bewildered, breathless sort of way; then, with a low, glad cry, starts to her feet.

"Elliot—Elliot!"

The slim, dark figure in the long, dripping waterproof cloak, comes in slowly, hesitatingly; is met more than half-way, and caught in the embrace of the bright-eyed, eager little woman, a very April sunshine of smiles and tears.

"Elliot!" when she had recovered her breath, putting her hands against Elliot's sobbing breast, holding herself off from her thus a little between her kisses, looking up at her half chidingly—"Elliot! How could you treat us so?"

But Elliot's flushed cheek pales.

"You will not ask me, Delphine. You will let the past rest. I can not speak of it."

"But surely, Nell, you are a little unreasonable—"

Elliot's gesture is so full of pain, that Delphine stops short. She adds, however, after an instant's pause:

"You must let me say this much about the past, dear Elliot—that if you have been fancying you had anything to do with that attack of poor papa's, the doctors know that is all a mistake. The stroke was inevitable; it had been coming upon him for some time. If it is that which has been keeping you away from us all, all these four years, poor child—"

But Elliot does not answer that. Indeed, she could have answered nothing. She has caught

Delphine's arm, gazing searchingly into her eyes for the truth of the assertion. Innocent of that—of that, at least?

She sees that Delphine speaks the truth. She heaves the deep, slow sigh of a death-heavy burthen lifted; then, after a pause, says timidly:

"And how is he? I know he is not—dead. I have been watching, and you have never put on mourning for him."

"He is always the same, Nell. There is no change to look for—until the last great one," the answer comes in a low voice of awe.

Delphine has drawn the girl forward to her own chair, and pushes her gently down into it, kneeling beside her, and unfastening the wet cloak, letting it fall back, and taking off the cheap little brown hat, which she tosses aside in a sort of scornful impatience. Delphine will never lose her love for pretty, tasteful things. Elliot has reached out for the hat, but Delphine only catches her hands, and laughs at her, with tears in her voice, however, and in the bright eyes taking their fill of gazing at her.

"Never mind the ugly thing. You always would be a dowdy, Nell, without me to look after you. Do you remember the dear old days when I used to trim your hats for you?"

At that, as if there were a pathos in the memory of those old hats, the two sisters clasp each other again, and laugh, and cry; until Delphine, brushing away the tears, says in that gay little quivering voice of hers:

"We shall have just such works of art again, I promise you. For what do you think, Nell; we are just moving, Mahlon and I, out of this grand establishment, to the cosiest little box in the next street. I have lost every dollar of poor Mr. Burger's fortune—"

Her arms close about Elliot; she feels the shiver that goes through the girl, at those last words. But how should she understand? She says, deprecatingly:

"Yes, we shan't be at all well off, I suppose. Now, if you had only come before, when I could have given you so much to enjoy! But still, Nell, we can make merry without the fatted calf."

It is not at this comparison of herself to the Prodigal, that Elliot's color brightens in such a burning flush. She breaks in, hastily:

"No, if you still had that man's money, I could never have come to you"—and there stops short.

Delphine, looks at her, puzzled.

"Nell, could that have had anything to do with your going away from home?—that you disliked that marriage so? I knew you did not like it, but"—coloring a little—"if he bought me in my childish ignorance of what I was doing, he used his purchase well, and kindly, and generously. Mr. Burger was a good man, Elliot."

"Good!" The girl can not help that half-ut-

tered sound, a mere gasp rather than a word. But Delphine catches it. She throws back her head with a proud little movement, and repeats it.

"Good—yes, good, Elliot. What have you to say against it?"

Elliot glances round her in a frightened way, and puts out her hand, catching at her wet cloak as if she would draw it round her, and begone. But Delphine understands the gesture, and lays her hand gently but authoritatively upon Elliot's shoulder. Gay little Delphine always had a strange control over the more earnest sister; and she has it still.

"Dear Elliot, if you knew! Yes, you shall know. I will tell you what I have never told to any one, what Mr. Burger never told to any one, save me. Then you will understand why I say he was a good man.

"It was long ago, in his old home, Elliot—he had a nephew, a brother's only son, who had been left from a child to his care, and whom he brought up as if he were his own son indeed. And it hurt him as if it had been his own son, when the young man went wrong. For he did go terribly wrong. He forged his uncle's signature two or three times on the bank with which Mr. Burger was connected, for sums which it ruined Mr. Burger to pay. But he did pay them, and managed so that not a breath of suspicion tainted the guilty one, and when he disappeared, as he did just then—"

Elliot is looking at her in a strange, breathless manner. She breaks in, just there:

"Friedrich! Is the nephew, too, named Friedrich Burger? And was he married?"

"He *was* named so; he is dead. He died just after we went abroad. Mr. Burger had always been trying to trace him, and found him at last ending his life in a Paris garret. There was a letter or two discovered, which led Mr. Burger to think he might have married; but nothing more could ever be learned. I am afraid he died as he had lived," she adds, sadly, a shade crossing her bright face at the remembrance; "for Mr. Burger came back to me at the hotel, broken down with the grief, and it was then he told me all this story. He had made his sacrifice for nothing, the good old man; he had come over to this country, and begun the struggle of life all over again, past middle age; and it had not availed. I suppose that is often the way with sacrifices."

Elliot does not answer; and when Delphine turns round from gazing retrospectively into the firelight, she sees that the girl is shivering and trembling from head to foot, her head bowed down upon her hands.

"Elliot, my dear!"

And then the girl lifts up her face, and catches her sister's two hands fast in hers, and pours out

the whole story of her guilty self-sacrifice, which too, like the righteous one, has not availed.

It takes longer in the telling than old Mr. Burger's, for Delphine will have an account of all the ups and downs, and they were many, of Elliot's hidden life. And she must tell of her two stolen night journeys to Little Medlington, when she had grown desperate for news of home, before Delphine's return to Baltimore; after which, Elliot had taken to keeping up a watch upon her house, discovered through the directory, and thus knew all was well with her loved ones at home. She had had a glimpse of Kate, too, with Dr. Kearney, through the windows of the conservatory one night, and—yes, she had not been surprised when she saw their marriage in the papers. She had seen Ambrose's first. And Charlotte, is she always buried in that country place, poor Charlotte! except so very seldom when she comes up to visit Delphine? And does Delphine think she is happy with that stern-looking Mr. Forbes, whom Elliot has seen once or twice at Delphine's? Indeed, Delphine is surprised to discover how much Elliot has seen, until she learns that the girl's sole happiness has lain in evening loiterings past her windows when the gas was lighted within, and the lace curtains only half drawn, as the cheery manner is in B——.

Just then comes a quick, light step outside the door, which Delphine, even in her pre-occupation, hears.

Mahlon is duly astonished to find his poor little lost friend, Miss Ellis, seated before his fireside, his wife upon her knees beside her, leaning on her lap, Delphine's fair face all sunshine, as he had not seen it in those brightest days when she was a rich, envied woman, and had not lost—

Lost! What has she not gained? Her blue eyes answer for her as she puts Elliot's hand in Mahlon's.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

—○— EVENING.

BY KATE CROSBY.

The day was drawing to an end;
The sun, fast sinking in the west,
Cast its bright beauty o'er the earth;
The clouds in mystic colors blend,
As if the Gates of Pearl thrown wide,
Revealed the glorious light within,
Thus giving earth a glimpse of Heaven.
The shadows lay athwart the hills,
The wind soft rustled through the trees,
The birds flew homeward to their nests,
Man, wearied, rested from his toil;
The bells rang out the even hour,
For the night impatient stood,
To fling her mantle o'er the earth.

MRS. FAHNESTOCK'S GHOST.

BY SPHINX.

In traveling through England my brother and self had resolved to rent a house out of London for a period of six months before wintering in France, and we were told that a country-seat called Shadowbrook, owned by a Mr. Fahnestock, was ready for a tenant, as he was going to Australia. It was consequently in the spring of 186—that I saw the owner of the large and lonely spot, and for the first time. His wife—of whose death we had heard two years before—had been an intimate friend of my mother. I had a small miniature of her, a delicate looking woman, with soft brown eyes and dark hair. I had merely learned from my mother that this lady had fallen into possession of a large property secured to her in her own right, and that it had been the cause of marital unhappiness, but mother would add, with a sigh:

"The world regards them as one of the happiest couples upon earth."

Next came the news of Mrs. Fahnestock's death, quickly followed by that of my mother. So upon a fair day in May about two years later, when Mr. Fahnestock walked into our private hotel parlor, I was sorry my brother had just stepped out upon business. I glanced up from my magazine as he entered, and responded to his low bow with one equally profound.

"Miss Ashurst, I presume," presenting his card.

"Yes; will you be seated, Mr. Fahnestock? I regret that my brother is out."

He vouchsafed no remark to this, but coolly drew off his gloves, and gazed reflectively out the window, affording me an opportunity to scan the tall, powerfully-built figure, the yellow pallor of the long, narrow face, with its light, drooping mustache, rather handsome nose, and light gray eyes, surmounted by a high, contracted forehead, over which the hair was brushed slightly downward, almost meeting a slight contraction of the eyebrows.

"I have just made arrangements with Mr. Ashurst for the disposal of my home, and only called here to say you can move there a week earlier than I told him." He held his thin hands over the blaze of a wood-fire as he said this, and looked carefully around the room.

"Is it a lonely place, Mr. Fahnestock?"

A peculiar smile crossed his features.

"Not for those who would have others unacquainted with their affairs."

"Oh! as for *that*," I said, proudly; "we have nothing to conceal."

"Ah?" he replied with a curious elevation of the eyebrows; "you are fortunate!" taking up his gloves and hat and bowing himself out almost immediately.

"I *hate* that man," I observed to my brother upon his entrance.

"Hate *me*!" he ejaculated, in mock deprecation.

"Oh nonsense! *You*—no."

"Well, I don't see any other man about."

"Oh Ned! don't be absurd; I mean Mr. Fahnestock, of course!"

"And why of *course*?" asked my brother, lightly.

"That he has been here—"

"I know; but—"

"You know? Well that man must be a regular Figaro; he is everywhere at once; I went to say that I regretted your absence, and he calmly intimated he had just seen you."

"What a prejudiced little woman you are, Helen; here is a man who accommodates us in every way, and here you are abusing him, a thorough innocent!"

"I *doubt* if he is a thorough innocent. He has too collected an eye (which, by the way, rests upon everything but one's self), and too cruel a mouth."

"Maybe your presence embarrassed him?"

"Oh pshaw! Ned, now *do* you like him!"

"My dear little sister, I don't know the man at all."

I retreated in pouting silence. The following week we had moved to Shadowbrook, and as we had rented it furnished, had only to add a few accessories of our own.

"The house is *very* large for such a small family," I heard my brother's valet remark to my maid: "Oui, tres grand, mais chacun vit à sa mode!"

"I for one don't live after my own manner," I thought; "or I should be in Paris *now*, instead of in the winter," I thought, as I heard her answer. We spent several days in going over the house and scanning the furnishings. There seemed to have been direct opposition in tastes; for one-half the house was furnished in gloomy grandeur, and the other with light simplicity.

"I shall take possession of this half," said I, pointing toward the latter, as my brother stood in the hall one morning.

"They are just appropriate for summer rooms, and for a lady occupant," he added, pleasantly.

"Dear, shall we drive out this afternoon?"

"Yes indeed; I am exceedingly anxious to make a tour of this country, and discover our neighbors."

"I fancy we shall not be troubled with neighbors, from what Fahnestock said."

"Oh Ned! shall we be buried alive in this country place?"

"My dear sister, that was the sole objection to the locality, but the rent was so cheap—too cheap almost—but you know we have to study a little economy this summer."

"Oh yes; how thoughtless I am!"

Between three and four that afternoon, Mr. Fahnestock's coachman (the only servant of his we retained) drove us down the long, shaded avenue, and turned to the right, out upon a narrow lane. It was a perfect day—a blithe, sunny afternoon. Brother and I chatted unreservedly, and at the end of the first quarter of a mile, we discerned far up among the trees a brick building.

"Perhaps we have happened upon some neighbors," I said, leaning out to look at it. "Robert, who owns that house?"

"It belongs to the Fahnestock estate, ma'am; but the master hasn't much luck renting it; he has had a man and his wife keeping it this three years."

"I only see one window front that is opened."

"Yes ma'am. Well, ye see, they live in the back of it. I know the man: a clever fellow; his name is Thorne."

"Helen, look over to the left; did you ever see such verdure; look at the sunlight shining upon the young grass; it seems as if each particular blade stands out!" exclaimed my brother enthusiastically.

"Oh Ned! we must ride along these lanes," I answered.

"Mr. Fahnestock has two excellent saddle-horses, ma'am, he said were at your service."

"That's good news. Ned, shall we try them soon?"

"Certainly."

It was two or three weeks later, however, that we found the opportunity; for the weather was rainy, and then my brother had to run up to London.

At last, however, one rare day in June we mounted, and set off gaily. Near the gate, my brother discovered he had forgotten his whip, and returned for it.

"I shall explore the place while you are gone, and you can whistle at the gate for me." So saying, I wheeled my horse around and galloped over the lawn toward a high knoll, crowned by a circle of sombre evergreens. From this point there was a superb view, and I reined up abruptly to take it in, fascinated with the perfect loveliness. As my eyes traveled leisurely over the beauteous landscape, I thought I heard a faint rustling in the trees. Turning my head over my shoulder, I saw a woman's face protruding from the circle of evergreens about five yards distant, and as hastily withdrawn. I was startled, but hearing my brother's whistle, bounded over the lawn to meet him. Where had I seen that face before? and whom could it have been? We rode out of the stone gateway, slowly, and started into a canter, I with a confusion of thoughts in my brain.

"Why so pensive, fair lady?" asked Ned, lightly.

I stopped suddenly, a terrible faintness creeping over me.

He wheeled his horse around inquiringly in front of me.

"Oh, Ned! I have seen Mrs. Fahnestock. Just seen her! and Ned, I am ill! take me home—"

"Why, Helen!" he sprang from the saddle and supported me with his arm. I sat cowering on my horse, and covered my face with my hands. At length I recovered a little, but was trembling violently. "What is the matter? you are white as a sheet—white as the ghost of Mrs. Fahnestock, I should say!"

"Oh hush!" I exclaimed, for near us, looking over a high hedge, was a man's face, and above him the red house on the hill. My brother turned and addressed him:

"Could you get this young lady a drink of water, my good man?"

He looked at us sullenly and shook his head. "There is no spring nearer than Shadowbrook."

"Could you not get some at that house up yonder?"

"No—they wouldn't give a drop of anything to save a man's life—or woman's either," he added; then he bounded over the hedge and walked down the road.

"Never mind, I am feeling better now; let us ride on."

"You are nervous, sister; what *did* you see, and where did you see it?"

"Don't say 'it,' Ned. *She* was Mrs. Fahnestock."

"Nonsense! I believe you are ill, and half delirious! Mrs. Fahnestock has reposed in her grave these two years."

"So he told you," I said, scornfully.

"Oh Helen! Helen! it is really wicked to be prejudiced so strongly against him."

"Ned, did you ever see our mother's picture of his wife?"

"Never."

"Well, you shall see it."

"Perhaps I shall have the pleasure of meeting the original on the way," he returned, ironically.

"Oh Ned, don't. You would not trifle so if you had seen the likeness in a human face."

"When was mother's picture of her taken, Helen?"

"About a year before she—"

"Before she *died*," he finished, calmly.

I was silent. The ride had not been a pleasant one—our horses' heads were turned homeward. A cold chill passed over me, as we turned into the moss-grown gateway of Shadowbrook. I went immediately to my room, changed my habit for a soft cashmere, completed my toilet, unlocked a cabinet and took from it the miniature. As I was passing down the broad stairway, I heard my brother interrogating the servants as to the ap-

pearance of any one within the grounds that afternoon, but the answers were all in the negative.

"You did not ask Robert," I said, as he entered the library.

"Oh, he would have told us, I am assured."

"I like that man," I said, reflectively.

"Well, I am glad he is not to wear the cloak of his master's shortcomings—"

"Here is her picture," said I, leaning over him, and presenting it open.

He took it and looked at it carefully.

"One of the horses is a little lame, sir—I think he was shod badly; is it too late to take him over to the blacksmith now, sir?"

We both looked up. Robert stood respectfully in the doorway, cap in hand.

"Yes, better take him to-morrow morning. Robert, come here. Do you recognize this picture, or were you not living here then?"

The man looked, turned deathly pale, then glanced hurriedly from one to the other of us.

"You know it?" asked my brother.

"I do, sir."

"Did it resemble her, as you last saw her—that is, if you lived here?"

"It resembles her as I last saw her, when I lived here." He straightened a little—but again that questioning glance from one to the other.

"My mother was a friend to Mrs. Fahnestock—this picture belonged to her."

"Oh—" there seemed a deep breath of relief in the man—he turned toward me, "thank you, Mr. Ashurst, for showing it to me," but it was at me the man looked, and passed out of the library.

My brother had a field-glass that he had used when he was in the late American war. He valued it highly. He went up in the tower one afternoon near sunset, taking it with him. When he came down he seemed strangely excited. Soon after I heard him order his horse, and saw him dash out of the place. It was a sultry July twilight. The windows were all thrown open in the "summer rooms," as we called them, the sky was clouding over; I had not been out all day, and thought before a threatening shower came up, I would take a turn in the garden. I went down a back stairway and out a back door, walking about the terraces twenty minutes or so; then turned a corner of the house, and saw Robert leaning near one of the parlor windows. He looked rather startled when he saw me, and said:

"I thought you and your brother went riding, ma'am?"

"Why, you generally saddle our horses, Robert."

"Yes ma'am, but he did it for himself, this afternoon, I understand. I had just come back with the corn, ma'am," then he turned toward

the back of the house, I thought somewhat hastily.

Stepping lightly upon the long piazza, I was about going through one of the long open windows into the parlor, when I was arrested by the figure of a woman standing before a portrait of Mr. Fahnestock over the mantel-piece. She stepped back and forward as if viewing it from all sides; then she walked over to the piano—as she did so, her profile was clearly revealed, and I recognized the face which had so startled me the afternoon of our ride. She wore some light gray dress, and there was a marked disorder about the whole attire, and I noticed as she walked across the floor she wore a slipper and a shoe. A slight noise at one of the back windows attracted her attention; then she fled towards it, as I gave one prolonged scream and fell senseless. Hours later I awakened in my room. My maid, a physician, and my brother stood by the bed.

"Can you remember," asked the doctor, kindly, "what feeling came over you, just before you fell?"

I shuddered, but answered, brokenly:

"The assurance that I was seeing Mrs. Fahnestock."

The doctor recoiled hastily.

"Helen, be careful!" whispered Ned, hastily.

"I saw her *again*," I said, firmly.

The doctor drew my brother aside and whispered something. Then they gave a soothing dose and left the room. The rain fell in torrents.

CHAPTER II.

It was fully three weeks before I was enabled to go out doors, and the very first person I saw was the man of whom we had asked a drink of water, the day of our ride. Upon seeing me, he hastily walked off in another direction.

In the evening Ned and I were sitting in the library; I, reflecting upon the cause of my recent illness, but making no allusion to it, as it had previously annoyed my brother so much. Now, to my surprise, he introduced the subject himself by saying:

"Helen, did Mrs. Fahnestock—I mean the person you supposed to have been that lady—wear a shoe and a slipper?"

"Yes," said I, startled.

He smoked awhile reflectively, then asked:

"And her dress, was it of light gray material?"

"Yes, oh yes! Ned, you have seen her! I know you have."

"Don't get so excited, little sister."

"Oh Ned, why *won't* you clear up this mys-

tery? Who ever heard of ghosts in the nineteenth century?"

"Listen," said he, laying down his cigar; "about ten days ago, I was in the ticket office of L—, which adjoins the telegraph office. I was attracted by the name of Fahnestock. Peering through the opening, I saw the man who refused us water the day of our ride, and heard him dictate a telegram to Mr. Fahnestock. The clerk repeated the message after him, 'Come immediately, H. Thorne.' To-day I received this—" opening a note:

"Dear Mr. Ashurst: Sudden business will bring me to London, and I will drop down at Shadowbrook Saturday next, to see that my tenants are thoroughly comfortable.

"Yours, etc.

"LEONARD FAHNESTOCK."

"Drop down!" said I, with a shudder, "to make us thoroughly uncomfortable, if he did but know it."

The bell rang in an uncertain, fumbling way. A servant announced that a man would speak to the master.

"Show him in," said Ned, abruptly, putting the note in his pocket.

I was startled at the sight of Thorne.

"Good evening, sir; I was thinking you might need an assistant gardener, sir, and come over from the next place. I'd like to get some work at Shadowbrook."

"You occupy the brick house on the hill?"

"Yes, sir."

"What part of it do you occupy?"

"The back part of it, sir."

"You were the person who said 'they wouldn't give a drop of water to save a man's life, or a woman's either,' I believe; are there other occupants beside your wife?"

The man colored a deep, dull red. "I did not know I was speaking to Mr. Ashurst and his sister. You were new here then, sir."

"But why should you make believe you didn't live there?"

"I suppose I was too lazy to return to the house, sir, for the water."

"But I don't suppose anything of the kind," said my brother, rising suddenly in a heat of passion that then seemed to me strangely unreasonable. "No, I have no work for you of any kind—I won't have you skulking about the place at all. You've almost lived here this past week, and I advise you to confine yourself to your own acres."

"Oh, Ned!" said I expostulating.

"I mean every word—now go!"

The man turned savagely upon him. "I'll not forget this answer to a civil question," he returned threateningly.

"Well, remember it then, to your advantage."

The door banged, he was gone.

"How strong are you to-night, Helen?"

"I feel as well as ever I did."

"Good." He stepped to the bell, pulled the cord violently, Annette appeared. "Annette, send Robert up."

"Oui, monsieur."

A few minutes and Robert entered, cap in hand.

"Robert," said Ned, "Mr. Fahnestock will be home Saturday."

The man turned to a deathly pallor, and said:

"Home Saturday," mechanically.

"Sit down, Robert," my brother added, with a new and kind intonation in his voice.

The man sank trembling into a chair.

"Thorne has just left here," Ned went on.

"And what did he want, sir?" faintly.

"He said work."

"And you did not give it to him, sir?"

"I did not; I turned him away roughly."

"I'm sorry almost for that, sir; he's a revengeful man."

"I'm not afraid," said my brother, coolly.

"Well, Robert, what can you imagine brings Mr. Fahnestock home so suddenly?"

"Didn't he tell you, sir?"

"He said business," was the reply.

"Well, sir?" Robert now arose and stood looking into my brother's eyes, as if seeking to read his inmost soul; then he said, slowly:

"I shall have to leave you, Mr. Ashurst, either Thursday or Friday, sir, if that is the case."

"Oh, I don't suppose he will take up his abode in the vicinity; he is merely going to drop down upon us to see that we are comfortable."

A strange look of derision came into Robert's face. "Well, be it so, sir, he will not find me here; I shall never be in his employ again."

"But you are in mine, now."

"Yes, sir—but so soon as you go, he'll want me to remain as before."

"And you have a good reason for desiring to leave?"

"Oh, yes sir!" but the man trembled again and looked steadily at me.

"Tell us your reason, Robert," said my brother, reassuringly, and closing the library door.

"Oh that I dared, sir—"

I pitied the man as he sat flushing and paling. "Have no fear, Robert, we trust you; I always did."

"God bless you, ma'am. If it were only my own secret, ma'am, you should have it in a minute, but—"

"Robert, I have known your secret for some time," said Ned, quietly.

"Oh, my God, sir—my poor lady! my poor lady!"

"Never fear, my good man; it is to give you assistance that I called you up to-night and told you of Mr. Fahnestock's expected visit."

"Oh sir, you are sure—you will not betray me?"

"Never."

"Oh, my poor lady!" said the man, bursting into a flood of tears.

"Helen," said Ned, abruptly. "You were a sight; Mrs. Fahnestock lives. Her husband reported her death in Australia; produced a will leaving all her money to him—forged, of course—brought her here; shut her up in a private asylum. With joy she discovered (but with great difficulty) Robert was still living at Shadowbrook. After a year's imprisonment she succeeded in revealing her identity and place of abode to him. He has ever since been planning her escape. By certain contrivances he managed to get a rope and a hook to her, by which she was letting herself out of a window the afternoon I was in the tower looking through my field-glass. Suspecting something wrong about that house, I rode over, but only to see her gliding through the woods to Shadowbrook, which she supposed untenanted."

"You see, I could not write a line, ma'am, to tell her not to come here, and was afeared to get any one else to do it."

"Poor woman! Oh Robert, why didn't you tell us at once?"

"You forget, ma'am, you were strangers to me, and, I feared, firm friends of the master; but now, sir, what *am* I to do? She is in this very house, sir, in one of the empty rooms in the left wing, and Thorne and his wife are looking high and low for her. She never returned after the day Miss Helen saw her, and she was as frightened as this lady herself. It's Thorne, sir, who must have recalled the master. He is paid well for his work, and I believe will be out of the way himself before he'll brook Mr. Fahnestock's presence; ah sir, it was my lady's life alone that kept me here; he is a fiend, sir!"

Hours of consultation were passed, and it was decided that the new servants should be imposed upon by the arrival of a visitor, so that before taking wing to Paris, Mrs. Fahnestock (who was weakened by imprisonment and ill-treatment) might get a little accustomed to her liberty, and her departure would be likely to create no more excitement than that of any other guest. I announced next day to Annette a friend had arrived very late the night before, whom I should not arouse before dinner.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in broken English. "That was what Robert was called up for and that—"

I interrupted my curious maid, and sent her down to help the cook shell peas. Then I knocked softly upon a door in the left wing (under which a note had been slipped the night before), and folded in my arms a little figure in gray, who was sobbing so she could not speak. I took her down to my room and just let her sleep peacefully till dinner. Her mind was

certainly somewhat impaired, and she was afraid to trust even those who were her friends. Her face was emaciated with grief, and her walk like that of a child learning. It was decided that I had best accompany her Friday night, with Robert as protector, and Annette would consequently have to go with me. Once in Paris, I could leave the latter with Mrs. Fahnestock, and shortly return. Letters to Ned's lawyer were written; and all our arrangements completed, we left London in the dusk of evening, and my mother's poor friend slept upon my shoulder during most of the journey. From Ned I gained the following later:

"Saturday, while I was at dinner, about four in the afternoon, Mr. Fahnestock was announced. A friend was dining with me that day whom I had been telling that I discovered the real existence of the former mistress of the house through the whining of a dog, and tracked him to her apartment, and later through a whispered conversation between the occupant and Robert, when the door opened, and Mr. Fahnestock was greeting us. We invited him to dine. He had dined, earlier in the day, but would drink a glass of wine to my 'very good health, and that of my friend.'

Here the 'friend' arose, saying, '*I drink to the health of Mr. and Mrs. Fahnestock.*' The blow was sudden, but the criminal's face did not blanch. He regarded his wine-glass steadily, then said,

"The first is enabled to thank you cordially; the second is—in heaven."

"Are you certain of that?" I asked, nonchalantly.

"Surely"—and his eyes were now lighted with a wild fear—"you would not have me consign her to—a less pleasant clime?" he inquired, with an effort at sarcasm.

"No; neither can it ever be said that you never provided her with 'a local habitation and a name,' the *name* was Martin, I believe."

"Gentlemen!" exclaimed he, rising suddenly, and turned a hurried look toward the door.

"One minute, sir!" said the friend. "Drink with me to the health of Mrs. Fahnestock—now do! because you couldn't very conveniently after these go on (producing hand cuffs), now *could* you?"

"One spring—one struggle, and the master of Shadowbrook lay bound, hand and foot. His own carriage and pair drove him to the station, and only his dog, a splendid St. Bernard, mourned him as the train steamed away toward London. The animal lifted his head with one prolonged howl of grief.

"I've heard," said Fahnestock, as he looked back at him, "that the howl of a dog betokens woe to its owner. *Aye, verily!*" and his head sunk heavily upon his breast."

HOW SHE GAVE HIM THE MITTEN.

BY M. R. MACKENZIE.

"Like the buzzing of bumble-bees on the hottest day in August."

"Like Monkey Jim exercising the trombone in his individual style."

"Like Pat McGinnis' accompaniment to his wood-sawing."

"Like Wolf, snarling over a bone."

"Girls, stop!" Poor mamma was wrought to the last verge of desperation between our language and the cause of it. The cause of it was Cousin Cicely (who was making her autumnal visit), performing her Sunday chant in the parlor across the hall.

Cousin Cicely was a large, angular person, with a big intellectual head, and gray straggling curls ranging up and down on each side of her face. She was papa's cousin, and a great religious devotee. A great portion of Sunday was reserved for this exercise, for which we exerted the inventive genius of the united family in seeking comparisons. Cousin Cicely had never been able to sing, but nevertheless, she wished to "Praise the Lord by note," and literally by note it was. She took her place before the instrument, opened the church hymnal at one particular hymn, and hammered the alto on the piano, with all the startlingness of the single-digit action, without the remotest reference to time, accompanying these thumps by a deep, pectoral, sustained tone of voice—if tone it must be called, which bore no more resemblance to what commonly comes under that term, than the resonance which might be effected by a creature strangling in a large cylinder—the voice always at pleasing variance with the note. This ear-torture, some person or persons were subject to every Sunday in the calendar year. Always the same hymn, in always the same way—but then, Cousin Cicely had always been eccentric.

We ceased our harangue when we found mamma tired, and asked the question we had asked every year, during Cousin Cicely's visit, as far back as we could remember:

"What makes Cousin Cicely so peculiar, mamma?" and received the usual reply:

"I don't know, children; she was always so."

Then we diverged into general family matters, and mamma told us a little incident in connection with her teen-hood, when she used to have lovers. For our mothers used to have more lovers than girls have now. The hero of the story was a certain Captain Neal Fannow, whom she had met while enjoying a gay visit at W—. The young officers rowed over from Fort I—almost every evening, and mamma, I think, must have been quite a belle among them.

"Though it was evident that I was honored with his preference, I did not feel Neal Fannow's an exceptional case," said mamma. "And fully aware that he saw others equally favored by society, and that I treated all impartially, I continued my friendship with him unsuspectingly and gayly, and was quite unprepared for the proposal of marriage which he suddenly made me. He had a singularly controlled manner, and that had deceived me; for he showed himself so intensely in love with me, that had I not met your father previously, and felt my heart belonged to him, I should doubtless have yielded to such entreaties. As it was, he acted very gentlemanly throughout, and when he found the case was hopeless, left me. I have always thought of him as a noble man, and have wept many times when recalling that one desolate expression he wore when we parted."

"Did he have mournful eyes? How did he look, mamma?" asked Delle. Little goose! that was always her first question, as if Apollos were as thick now as in the time of Alexander the Great.

I said:

"I'll tell you, Delle. He had a pugilistic jaw and looked balky—those military men always do—a squat nose and staring black eyes."

Mamma tried to look at me severely, as she always did when I talked nonsense, but gave me up as a hopeless case, as she also generally did.

"He had steady, dark blue eyes, Delle," said mamma. "He was tall, and distingué, and graceful, but not strictly handsome."

"Did you never see him again?"

"No; I afterwards heard that he married a young lady who nursed him while he was suffering from wounds received at a battle in Mexico, in the war of '45."

"Mummie," had taken her own 'cute way to make us forget Cousin Cicely, who presently ceased her lugubrious performance.

"How many more Sundays, Mum, will she stay?"

"Two," we groaned in chorus, as final to the preceding Cicely solo.

The next afternoon, I was in Central Park with my friend Alexe. While feeding some swans, I pulled off one of my gloves. I did not replace it immediately, and after I had walked intricately over enough ground to make it impossible for me to accurately retrace my steps, discovered I had dropped it.

"Well," I laughed, "I've given somebody my mitten," and never observed until almost home, that in pulling it off I had taken with it a little ruby ring I wore. The stone was of some value, in an old-time style of setting, for it had belonged to my Aunt Agatha, who was now dead, and for whom I was named. She had given it to me, and I valued it above everything I had. For she

had been our favorite aunt, and we loved her next to mamma.

"Advertise for a nurse, immediately, mummie, Agatha would lose her eyes out, if nature hadn't bequeathed her unusually tight sockets to prevent their wobbling off while she is looking for things."

Mildred was oldest, and provokingly superior when she tried to be, and merciless upon my heedlessness.

"I'll advertise for the ring," I said.

"Nonsense," said Mildred. "You'll never see it again."

"Were there many people about?" asked mamma.

"Yes," I sighed.

Papa clinched the decision. "The only way you can recover it, will be by advertising the full value of the ring as a reward. I'll insert an advertisement in to-morrow's issue."

So the advertisement appeared in due time and form:

"Lost. Near the — Lake, Central Park, a lady's ring, inside of glove, with small ruby in old-fashioned setting. The finder will be rewarded with full value of ring by returning to 26 W — street."

Of course I watched from the windows, and listened for the door-bell with rapt attention all the day following, and part of the next. My vigilance was rewarded the next day, by the appearance of one individual. Now there was a remarkably low tête-à-tête in the reception-room, with a remarkably feeble set of springs in possession. We kept it in a corner and did not banish it entirely, because really it was a comfort to such of us feminines as did not chance to be very ample or lengthy. But I will not deny that we petite femmes were aware certain individuals were victimized for our preference. An awkward person invariably finds his way to a remote corner—and awkward persons showed to least advantage on that sofa. It had become a private—a very private—source of amusement to me, to watch the expression of the victim's face, as he gradually sank into its deceptive embrace, until the last atom of the upper and more important part of the human structure was lost to view.

This afternoon, then, after quickly observing that no prominent occupiable seat presented the expected human presence, I was not unprepared to find my visitor entrapped, and making frantic struggles to emerge as I advanced. The first impression I received, was what a remarkable length of limb the person presented below the knee, for I had accustomed myself to measure the height of the individual by this snare, and either that the person was remarkably short above the knees, or had dropped suddenly to sleep. My first impression was correct. The person was remarkably brief above the hips, and presented, when he finally got himself erect, a very ambitious pair of shoul-

ders, topped by a flat closely-shaven head, whose eyes and forehead seemed subservient to a very pronounced red moustache, extending along the line of a straight expanse of mouth. Altogether, he served very well my idea of a Chatham street rogue.

He showed me a ring with a large ruby stone of quite modern setting. I said:

"That is not my ring," and wished mamma would come in, as I did not like the aspect of my visitor, and if he did not leave me now I should be afraid of him.

"Why ain't it yours? Found it, 'm, near the — Lake."

"Mine has an old-fashioned setting—this is new. Besides, it is too large."

"Fine ring, 'm," rubbing it on his trowsers and scanning me the while.

No reply.

"Valuable stone, 'm," looking at the ormolu clock on the mantle-piece.

I shivered. "May be he's a thief," I thought. Mamma entered at this juncture, and the man began the same rigmarole. She glanced at the man and the ring, cleared her throat, and cut him short saying:

"That is not the ring for which we advertised. I believe that is all that is necessary."

He looked at her, took up his hat and advanced to the door, propelling his heavy shoulders as if they were distinct from his body.

"He'll enter the house this week with another villain, and steal the silver," I said to mamma, when the door had closed on him. "I saw thief stamped all over his moustache, and where his eyes ought to be."

"He has a rather suggestive appearance," laughed she.

"We shall be murdered in our beds," said Mildred, when we told her.

"I shall ask papa for a pistol," said Delle, who enjoyed pirate stories.

"Well, girls," said papa, at supper-time. "I'll send home an alarm, and engage a squad of police at once," when Mildred again distinguished herself by suggesting that we should engage Cousin Cicely's services for nocturnal concerts.

At ten o'clock the next morning, mamma and I descended to attend another person in waiting. This time it was a gentleman, dignified, quiet and fine looking. Moreover, he had brought my ring. I observed that mamma's face wore a rather surprised and puzzled expression when her glance fell upon our visitor, who was quite young, and who might have been an elegant of the first society if one judged from his ease of manner, or in very modest circumstances if from his unobtrusive dress. He smiled at my delight at the recovery of my property, and said:

"I did not notice the advertisement until too late last evening to return the ring, which I had

not imagined in my possession till then. When I picked up the little glove"—here he slightly colored, as though he had made use of a phrase he hadn't intended—"I did not think there was anything more valuable inside of it. But I immediately searched it on reading the advertisement, and found the ring." Here, again, before saying the last word he half paused.

Though there was nothing abrupt about him, he did not hesitate after explaining, but quietly rose to depart. I could see mamma was for once at a loss. The bearing of the man made it a delicate matter to make mention of the stipulated reward—indeed, almost forbade it. However, mamma was beginning to make reference to that part of the business, in her own lady-like manner, when he quietly interrupted her with light ease which seemed to come very naturally to him.

"Pardon me, madam; but allow me in this instance, if you please, the privilege of forestalling your reference. Believe me, to be able to restore to your daughter that which she values so highly, gives me great pleasure."

"May I inquire, then," said mamma, "to whom she is so greatly indebted for this courtesy?"

He presented his card.

Mamma started. "It cannot be possible!" she murmured. "Excuse me, but this is certainly curious. Your name is the name of an old friend of my youth, and I have been puzzling over the resemblance your face bears to his ever since you came in."

"Indeed," said the young man. "I have my father's name."

Mamma passed me the card. I remembered the name, "Neal Fannow," which I read.

"My father was Colonel of the —th regiment, and went through the war with Mexico. He died some years ago," he added with a sigh.

"I knew Captain Neal Fannow at Fort I——, where he was stationed in 1839," replied mamma, gravely.

"Then it was he," exclaimed the young man, delightedly. "He was stationed there at that time; and you?" with a quick, light uplifting of the eyebrows.

"I was Adele Ward. I regret that your father is dead, and that he should have died so early."

"His death was sudden—of heart disease. O, he was a grand man," exclaimed the young man with enthusiasm. "He spoke of you once to me, and I cannot say how charmed I am to meet you, madam."

"I married Mr. Nelson Crail, whom I think your father would remember," said mamma, flushing slightly. "I had known him a long time. This is my daughter Agatha, whose heedlessness has, for once, resulted very pleasantly. Will you tell me of your family?" said mamma.

They were living in Brooklyn, Mr. Fannow

told her—his mother, and brother, and married sister—and they would be delighted to meet mamma. We parted with cordial invitations on both sides.

"Mummie, you ought to be put in a novel—such a romance," said Delle. "S'posing Mrs. Fannow had died, and papa had died when we were all infants; then Colonel Fannow and you might have met and got married—wouldn't that have been nice?"

"Nice! *Very!*" said I. "For the sake of that novel of yours—which you'll never write if you don't revise your intellectuals—nice! to have had us all made orphans. You must prize papa, to be wishing for another one in his place."

"Papa's a king. But we might have had to be the other man's children, if it hadn't been for mummie."

After which original and brilliant observation, we were advised by the subject of our discussion to retire to our respective occupations.

Spring came on apace. Brother Hess came home from school—Russel for a short vacation from Chicago. Mildred's "intended" was on hand, and as our acquaintance with the Fannows had progressed, we joined forces, and went to our favorite resort down on the New Jersey coast. One day was appointed for a visit to an old light-house. We rowed a mile to the point, climbed a half mile of sand and rock, and another altitude of one hundred and fifty feet, and found ourselves at the top of the crumbling old tower.

I could never remember just how it happened, but the spiral steps leading to what had once formed the great, bright beacon, were tottering and worn in places, and great care was required in the ascent. I was what old ladies call "spry," and my agility had made me heedless, I suppose, for I lost foothold and fell, striking myself in the descent, to a landing below. I thought I was only bruised and stunned, but in attempting to move, a sickening pain shot through one of my arms, and I became unconscious. Neal Fannow had been assisting me, and frequently extending his hand, which I in my willfulness as constantly waved off. We were the last in the ascent—for Neal had kept me loitering, as he was apt to do—and we had not left our resting-place on the rocks below, until the others had been gone long enough to reach the top. I heard Neal's exclamation, "She has fallen," and the next instant he was gathering me in his arms and looking into my eyes with a pain beyond my own suffering in his own. Then, for the first time, I knew Neal Fannow loved me—that certain things, which had rather puzzled me for a few weeks, were made plain. But the pleasure I felt at such a discovery could not counteract the effect of the physical suffering I was undergoing, and I fainted as he lifted me. I awoke to sensibility on the top of the light-house, the wind blowing wildly about

me, and all with shocked faces watching over me. I said :

"Don't look as though you'd heard the last trump. What's the matter with my arm?"

They told me it was broken.

"I suppose we shouldn't be as likely to find a professional surgeon among the feathered inhabitants of this cheerful dwelling as a professional singer, so hadn't we better go home?"

Neal carried me down to the beach, and I managed to divert my companions by a repetition of my first weakness twice before we had reached home. My arm was "set," and I became convalescent as rapidly and decidedly as a healthy young person is apt to.

Neal sat by me for the first time after the accident. He took the hand that wore the ring he had found, and said :

"Agatha, do you know you are very much like your mother?"

"Do you think so?" I exclaimed in surprise. "Nobody ever said so before. Mamma is so good and patient ; I fear I can never resemble her in those particulars."

"But you know you look like her, and have the same warmth of temperament and generosity. The patience will grow," he added, smiling.

I felt a little uncertain about the "properness" of his holding my hand, calling me "Agatha," (though he *did* speak the name in a sweeter tone than I had ever heard it before,) and talking in that admiring style. I flushed slightly and tried to withdraw my hand. He held it, however, and said :

"Don't, please. Listen. My father once said to me when he told me of his friendship for your mother, 'Adele Ward was an exceptionally sweet woman. If you succeed, Neal, in getting a wife half as good, you will be a fortunate man.' Now Agatha—you love me, do you not, dear one?" and as I raised my eyes with what must have been full assent in them, to his, he bent and kissed me. "I wish so much at this moment that my father was living—how happy would it make him, could he know I have won the child of her he loved and lost so long ago."

"But Neal, we are all vixens compared to mamma, and I am one of the worst."

"Should I believe your own erroneous assertion, and conclude that you were the most spiteful of little shrews, I fear I should still love you, my own—love you, my darling."

It is easy to pick holes in other people's work, but it is far more profitable to do better work yourself. Is there a fool in all the world who cannot criticise? Those who can themselves do good service are but as one to a thousand compared with those who can see faults in the labor of others.

THE OLD CHURCH-BELL

BY ROCKWOOD.

A hundred years have passed away,
A century has fled and gone,
Since yonder tower so tall and gray
Was pointed towards the sun.

A hundred years! and that loud bell
Above the world has solemn hung;
And daily over hill and vale
Its varied tones have rung.

O what a record it has kept
Of life's tumultuous, troubled wave!
When mortals joyed and when they wept,
The marriage and the grave!

To-day its voice rings through the vale,
Its echoes on the mountains dwell;
To-morrow, and with solemn wail,
Its doleful accents swell.

'Tis morn, and with the early light
The peal on peal so merrily
Starts up the sleepers of the night,
To freedom's jubilee.

'Tis night, and every sleeper starts;
Its larum on the rushing gale
Strikes terror to the boldest hearts,
And turns the stoutest pale.

The ship at sea in peril dire,
Tossed by the angry waves and wind,
The horrors of a night of fire,
Rush on the frightened mind.

How often when that bell has struck,
Amid the bustle of the day,
The thronging streets have paused to look,
And children stopped their play,

And wondered if another death,
A marriage, or a funeral,
A larum note, or glory's breath,
Its onward stroke would tell.

And if a death, as on its tone,
Measured and telegraphic, jars,
Fancy inquires what soul has gone
Among the quiet stars.

Quickly the sick are all thought o'er,
And on, on tolls the solemn knell.
Perchance a rich man is no more,
Perchance a stranger fell.

Perhaps a mother or a sire,
Perhaps an infant smiled and died;
A young man full of noble fire,
A bridegroom or a bride.

Thus rings that old and solemn bell;
Thus has it rung a hundred years;
Thus will it ring its chime and knell
In gladness and in tears.

PEOPLE are commonly so employed in pointing out faults in those before them as to forget that some one behind may at the same time be desecrating on their own.

✻WORK DEPARTMENT.✻

FIG. 1.—CHATELAINE BAG.

Crimson velvet, ornamented with pale blue embroidery, edged with gold cordonnet. The small cable cord bordering the bag is also gold. The

appliqué on which the initials are embroidered is blue satin. The lining matches the appliqué. The back of the bag is plain velvet.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



FIGS. 2 AND 3.—FANS.

Fig. 2.—Fan, hand painted upon écu-colored silk, and mounted in ebony.

Fig. 3.



Fig. 3.—Fan embroidered in colors upon old gold-colored satin, and mounted in ebony and gilt.

FIGS. 4, 5, 6, AND 7.—TABLE CLOTH (JAVA CANVAS).

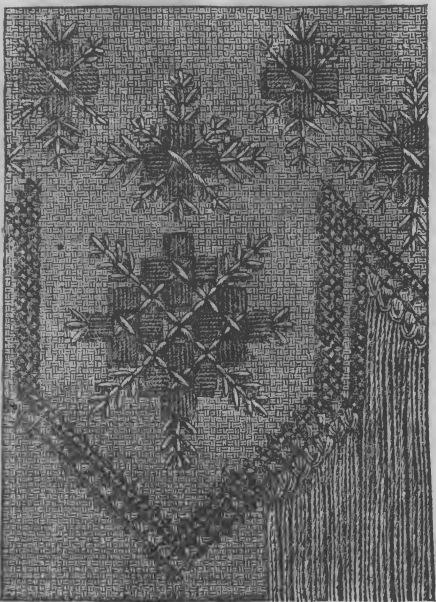
The material for this table cloth is coarse Java canvas, and the embroidery is worked with brown

Fig. 4.



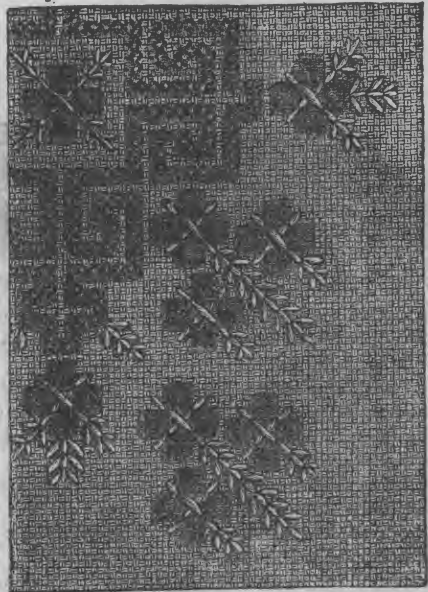
crewels and white filosele. A portion of the valance is given in Fig. 5, and the manner of

Fig. 5.



making the fringe also shown. Fig. 6 gives a quarter of the centre, full working size, while the border, with corner inclosing the centre, is given

Fig. 6.



in Fig. 7. The various fancy stitches used in the embroidery are clearly indicated in the various illustrations.

Fig. 7.

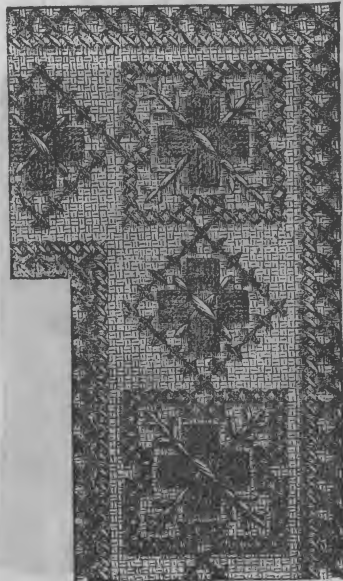
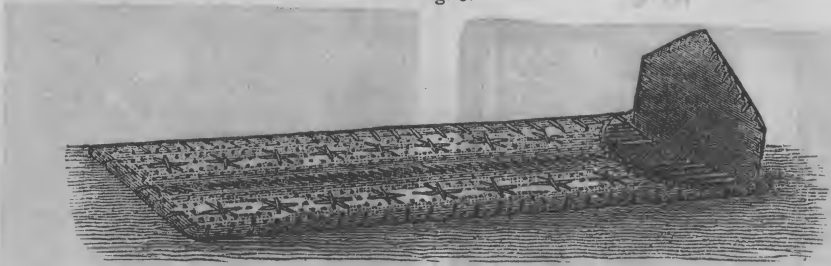


FIG. 8.—NEEDLE CASE (PERFORATED CARDBOARD).

This case is a small trifle, likely to sell well at a bazaar. It is made of silver canvas, worked with

stars of crimson silk. It opens in the centre, being lined with flannel leaves. The flap is in the form of an envelope cover.

Fig. 8.



FIGS. 9, 10, 11, AND 12.—TIDY; CROCHET.

MATERIALS REQUIRED: Écru and crimson crochet cotton, or two or more colors of Andalusian wool, and a crochet-hook No. 16.

The finished tidy is shown in Fig. 9 in miniature, and is worked in the design shown in illustration Fig. 10. Commence with three chain with scarlet cotton.

1st row: One double into each stitch of last row, three chain, turn.

2d row: One double into each chain, and into each double of last row, three chain, turn.

The 3d to the 9th rows are worked in the same way, increasing three stitches in each row by working three chain after the doubles until there are thirty stitches.

10th row: With écru cotton, one double into each stitch.

11th and following rows: One double into each stitch excepting the three last stitches of each row,

which remain unworked, so as to decrease in the proportion you increased.

Work another diamond like the first, join to the end of each row (see design) by working one single into the end stitch when working the corresponding stitch on next diamond.

To join four diamonds together, work one double into the end stitch of centre row, three

Fig. 10.

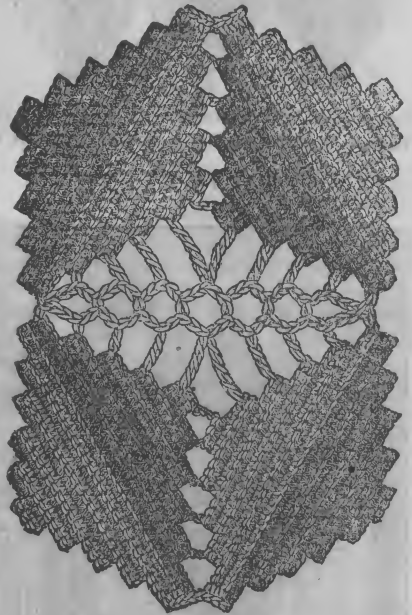


Fig. 9.

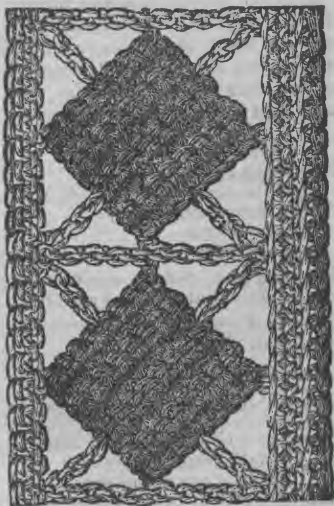


chain, one double into end stitch of next row, three chain, one treble into end stitch of next row, three chain, one double treble into end stitch of next row, three chain, one triple treble into end stitch of next row, one triple treble into the end stitch on first row of next diamond, three chain, one double treble into end stitch of next row,

three chain, one treble into end stitch of next row, three chain, one double into end stitch of next row, three chain, one double into end stitch of next row.

Work a similar row on two other diamonds, join to the first by working one single into second of three chain, when working corresponding chain in the second row.

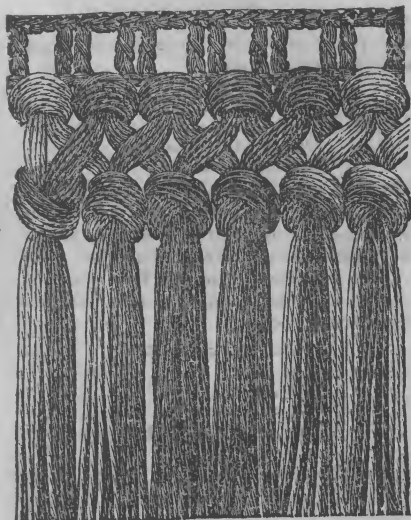
Fig. 11.



The plan of arranging the patterns is shown in illustration Fig. 9; they may be joined on the wrong side with a crochet hook and double-stitches, or with a needle and cotton.

For the border, shown in Fig. 11, work squares

Fig. 12.



VOL. C.—12.

with scarlet cotton as follows: eight chain, one double into each stitch, work eight rows.

To join the squares work:

1st row: With *écru* cotton, one double into a point of square, five chain, one double treble into the fifth stitch at the side, keep the top loop on the hook, take another square, and work a triple treble into the opposite points of first and second square together (see design), keep the top loop on the hook, one double treble into fourth stitch at the side of second square, draw through all the loops on the hook together, four chain. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

2d and 3d rows: One double into every stitch of preceding row.

4th row: Work with scarlet cotton one double into every stitch.

On the other side of square, work the 1st and 2d rows with *écru* cotton, join the tidy with a needle and cotton.

For the fringe, No. 12, which finishes the ends, make with *écru* cotton a row of chain-stitches the length required.

For the heading, work one treble into each of two successive stitches, two chain, pass over two stitches, and repeat.

For the fringe, take equal lengths of cotton and knot together in clusters of six lengths under each two chain, three clusters of *écru* and two of scarlet, divide each cluster in half, and knot it together with half the third cluster (see design).

Fig. 13.

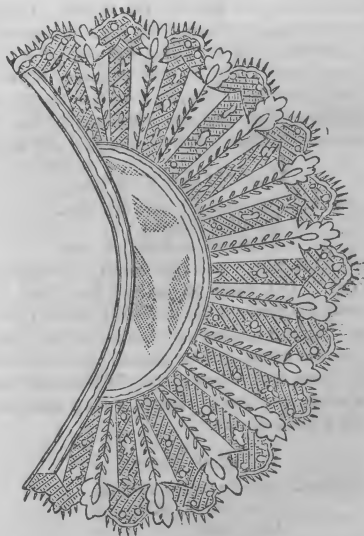


FIG. 13.—CHILD'S COLLAR.

Child's collar, made of linen and trimmed with torchon lace and insertion.

RECIPES.

BEEF SOUP.

Ingredients.—Beef stock,
Three onions,
Butter size of an egg,
Mace, pepper and salt,
Three carrots and turnips,
Stalk of celery,
One pint of string beans,
One pint of green peas,

Put the butter into your soup kettle and stir till melted, cut the onions and fry brown, add three quarts of beef stock, spices; let this boil one hour. Then add the vegetables and boil two hours. If not a bright, clear color when strained, add a little soy. This is a nice soup for summer.

VEGETABLE SOUP.

Ingredients.—Knuckle of veal,
Macaroni,
One onion,
Two large turnips,
Two carrots,
Pepper and salt,
Yolks of three eggs,
Three spoonfuls of cream.

Boil the veal and vegetables in six quarts of water for six hours. Beat the yolks of the eggs and cream together and put into the tureen, then strain the soup through a sieve on to it, beating the whole very hard.

ROAST CHICKENS.

Ingredients.—(For gravy.)
Gizzard, neck and liver,
Pepper and salt,
A little flour.

Dress and roast the same as for turkey. Chickens weighing six pounds require to roast one and a half hours. Serve with scalloped oysters. For gravy, boil in a quart of water the gizzards, necks and livers, with salt and pepper. When tender braid the liver very fine, add the drippings of the chickens and a little flour. Stir well, strain and serve.

HOG'S HEAD CHEESE.

Ingredients.—Hog's head, ears and feet,
Salt and pepper,
Sage and summer savory.

Take the head, ears and feet, clean thoroughly and wipe dry. Put them on to boil in a little water, boil them till you can pick all the meat from the bones. Season this with the herbs, salt and pepper. Put it into a round dish or cheese hoop and press it solid. Keep it in a cool place. When cold, can be cut in slices as wanted. Keeps a long time, and is nice for a relish at tea.

PUFF PASTE.

Ingredients.—Three pounds of flour,
Two pounds of butter,
Little salt.

Mix your paste soft, with iced water, rolling in the butter, part at a time, as the weather permits. Mix with a silver knife, and do not touch with the hands any more than is necessary.

BREAD SAUCE FOR PARTRIDGES.

Ingredients.—One onion,
Milk,
Stale bread crumbs,
Two ounces of butter,
Pepper, salt and mace.

Cut up the onion, and boil it in milk till quite soft, strain the milk into a cup of stale bread crumbs, and let it stand one hour; then put into a saucepan with the butter, pepper, salt, mace and onion. Boil all together, and serve in a sauce tureen. This sauce can also be used with grouse.

SALT FISH WITH EGGS.

Ingredients.—Salt cod-fish,
Two spoonfuls of boiling water,
Butter and pepper,
Four eggs.

Take a piece of tender cod-fish, pick it up fine and put into a frying pan; add the water, butter and a little pepper. Put on the fire and stir till the butter melts, break in the eggs, stirring constantly till the eggs are cooked. Serve very hot.

YANKEE BROWN BREAD.

Ingredients.—Two quarts of Indian meal,
Two quarts of rye meal,
One large spoonful of salt,
Half a teacup of yeast,
Half a cup of molasses.

Mix this all together in as hot water as the hands can bear. Wet the hands in cold water and put the mixture in deep pans well buttered; let it rise one hour. Bake in a hot oven four or five hours.

SWEET APPLE PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One quart of scalded milk,
Half pint of Indian meal,
Cup of molasses,
Spoonful of salt,
Sweet apples.

Mix these all together, and cut the apples (pared) in small pieces and stir in. Bake not less than three hours in a moderate oven.

SUET DUMPLINGS.

Ingredients.—Two pounds of flour,
One pound of beef suet,
Spoonful of salt.

Sift the flour, and put in the salt—mince the suet very fine, and rub it into the flour, making a stiff dough with a little ice water. Roll it out an inch thick, and cut into dumplings. Put them in boiling water, and cook them one hour and a half. Send them to the table hot, to be eaten with boiled mutton or roast beef.

ROLL JELLY CAKE.

Ingredients.—Four eggs,
One cup of sugar,
One cup of flour,
One teaspoonful of baking powder,
A pinch of salt,

Mix all well together and roll out on long tins. As soon as baked, spread over any jelly and roll up immediately.

QUAKING PLUM PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Slices of stale bread,
Five eggs,
Raisins,
Butter,
One quart of milk.

Spread the bread with butter; lay in the pudding-dish in layers, putting raisins between; fill the dish to within an inch of the top; then beat the eggs, mix in the milk, and pour over the bread; add spice, a little salt, and small bits of butter. Bake about half an hour and serve with sauce.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

Ingredients.—One ounce of gelatine,
One cup of milk,
Yolks of twelve eggs,
One pound of sugar,
One pint of cream.

Dissolve the gelatine in the milk; beat the yolks of the eggs and the sugar together, whip to a froth the cream, also the whites of the eggs. Strain the gelatine into the yolks, add the cream, then the whites of eggs, beat together. Flavor with vanilla; set it on the ice to stiffen. Line the mould with lady-finger sponge-cakes, turn in the cream, set it on the ice for several hours before serving.

PRINCE OF WALES PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of fresh butter,
Half a pound of powdered sugar,
Five eggs,
Quarter of a pound of cinnamon cut fine,
One pound of flour,
Half a pound of raisins.

Beat to a cream the butter and sugar. Beat the eggs, first the yolks and then the whites. Mix together all these ingredients, adding the flour to the butter and eggs very gradually. Stir in the raisins last. Tie the whole up in a thick pudding cloth, and boil three hours. Serve with sweet sauce.

SNOW PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One ounce of gelatine,
Three eggs,
One and a half pints of milk,
Three lemons,
Half pound of powdered sugar.

Soak one ounce of gelatine in one pint of cold water for an hour. Put it over the fire until wholly dissolved. When nearly cold, beat it to a stiff froth with an egg beater. Beat the white of the eggs to a stiff froth, and add to the gelatine with the sugar and juice of the lemons. Beat all well together, and put into a mould wet with the white of egg. With the milk, yolks of eggs, and sugar, and flavoring to taste, make a soft custard, and pour over the mould when taken out.

STEWED OYSTERS.

Ingredients.—Fifty oysters,
One pint of cream,
Two ounces of butter,
A very little flour.

Put the oysters, after straining, into a saucepan, and set over a hot fire. Beat the butter and flour together and add to them as soon as hot, with the cream. Let them come to a boil and serve immediately. Season to taste.

OATMEAL WITH JUICE OF FRESH BEEF.

Ingredients.—Liquor in which beef has been boiled.
Oatmeal.

Carefully skim off the fat from the liquor. Brown some oatmeal in a pan, pour it into the liquor when boiling hot and stir it carefully. If too thick add a little more liquor if too thin a little more meal.

PUDDING SAUCE.

Ingredients.—One pint of sugar,
Tablespoonful of vinegar,
Butter size of egg,
Tablespoonful of rosewater,
Nutmeg,
One pint of water,
Tablespoonful of flour.

Boil the sugar and water for fifteen minutes, add vinegar, butter, and flour mixed with the rose-water, lastly nutmeg.

ENGLISH POTATO BALLS.

Ingredients.—Potatoes,
Salt,
Pepper,
One ounce of butter to a pound of potatoes,
Cream—two tablespoonfuls to a pound of vermicelli or macaroni.

Boil some potatoes very dry. Mash them very smooth, and season with salt and pepper; add the butter and cream. When a little cool roll into balls and sprinkle over them either macaroni or vermicelli, powdered. Fry a light brown.

APPLE SHORT CAKE.

Ingredients.—One quart of sifted flour,
Two teaspoonfuls of baking powder,
Half a teaspoonful of salt,
Quarter of a pound of butter,
Sweet milk or cream enough to make a stiff batter.

Mix all well together. Roll out in one sheet. Bake it well; as soon as baked split the cake open, spread quickly with butter, cover with well-seasoned apple sauce, some cream and nutmeg. Place the other half of the cake on this with the crust side down. Butter the top and add the apple sauce and cream. Serve hot as possible.

FRENCH TOMATO SAUCE.

Ingredients.—Ten tomatoes,
Four onions, sliced,
Parsley,
Thyme,
One clove,
Quarter of a pound of butter.

Put all together in a saucepan, set on the fire. Stir occasionally for three quarters of an hour. Strain the sauce through a sieve, and serve with beef or mutton.

POTATO CAKES.

Ingredients.—Two ounces of butter,
Three ounces of potato flour,
Four ounces of powdered loaf sugar,
One egg,
One tablespoonful of cream,
Two tablespoonfuls of raisins,
Two tablespoonfuls of currants.

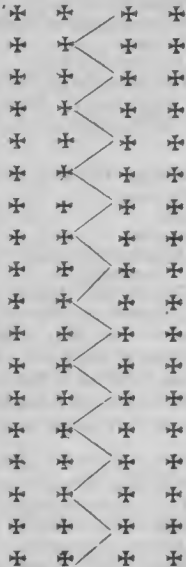
Beat the butter to a cream with the sugar; add the egg, well beaten. Chop the raisins very fine; beat all the ingredients well together, till very light. Bake fifteen minutes in small buttered tins. Eaten hot with butter, or cold without butter.

HOME AMUSEMENTS AND JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

PUZZLES. ETC.

CORKSCREW PUZZLE.

The points of the corkscrew, reading from the top to the bottom, indicate the letters which form the name of an annual festival devoted to fun and sentiment.



The first word means to throw; the second is an important part of a ship; the third is what the ship sails on; the fourth is a woman's name; the fifth is to tax; the sixth is a part of the day; the seventh is a measure of paper; the eighth is a woman's name; the ninth is a vegetable; the tenth means immediately; the eleventh is enmity; the twelfth is our best possession; the thirteenth is a woman's name; the fourteenth is to gather; the fifteenth is peace; the sixteenth was its blest abode; the seventeenth means not strong; and the last is a novice.

A GEOGRAPHICAL ELLIPSIS.

— — D — —
 — — D — —
 — — D — —
 — — D — —
 — — D — —

Supply the omissions in the above, and find :
 A city of Italy, once famous as the seat of science and learning.

The backbone of the continent of America.

A great river of Asia.

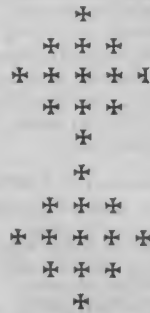
A town of France, which saw the death of a dynasty.

A famous European bathing place.

NAME PUZZLE.

Find the names of five little girls, each of which is composed of five letters, and the initial letters of which will compose the name of another little girl.

DOUBLE-DIAMOND PUZZLE.



First Diamond.

The first is found in sweets.
 The second is a measure of sweets.
 The third is sweetness itself.
 The fourth is treacherously sweet.
 The fifth is always in sugar.

Second Diamond.

The first is the very first of preserves.
 The second is often the result of preserves.
 The third are often preserved.
 The fourth is a sweet girl who eats preserves.
 The fifth ends preserves.
 The whole forms a sweetmeat.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

The first is in save, but not in kill.
 The second is in poster, but not in bill.
 The third is in catch, but not in hold.
 The fourth in brave, but not in bold.
 The fifth in construct, but not in build.
 The sixth in paint, but not in gild.
 The seventh in pigeon, but not in dove.
 The eighth in hand, but not in glove.
 The ninth in false, but not in true.
 The tenth in scarlet, but not in blue.
 The eleventh in priest, but not in pope.
 The twelfth in twine, but not in rope.
 The thirteenth in parcel, but not in trunk.
 The fourteenth in bed, but not in bunk.
 The last is in state, but not in nation.
 The whole is a glorious combination.

RIDDLE.

I have four letters in my name,
 With one less I would sound the same;
 When all complete I'm exceeding small,
 But when shortened I may be tall.
 Entire, I can only buzz and bite,
 But when diminished, I read and write,
 Being a man whose true name is long,
 And hates to hear my whole sing his song.

TRANSFORMATION.

I am a very graceful tree. Prefix but a single letter, and I am a grievous wound. Alter this head and I am very much cut up; change this initial, and I express the labor of the heathen Chinese; and when changed again, I am a most agreeable possession.

GAMES.

QUEER CORNERS.

This game may be recognized by many as an old friend in a new dress, but it will be in many cases approved as an improvement upon the well-known Blind Man's Buff, as being less dangerous both to the furniture of the room, and to the players who engage in that boisterous entertainment. The person who is chosen to begin the game takes his stand in the middle of the room, and is securely blindfolded. The rest of the players silently retreat into corners, or find situations of fancied security under tables or behind chairs. By the rules of the game, they must maintain these situations without moving, and at a given signal Buff commences his rounds. If blindfolded Buff finds any of his comrades in these Queer Corners, he may take any means to ascertain their identity, and when he pronounces the right name, that person must take his place and assume the duties of the Blind-Buff. It will readily be seen that this game is much less dangerous than the original Blind Man's Buff.

DON'T FOLLOW YOUR LEADER!

This game is especially suited to the entertainment of small children, but as a "catch" game often proves unexpectedly amusing among a circle of friends of mixed ages, where the inattention of the elder members will bring upon them the unexpected punishment of abundant forfeits. A table-cover, a large towel, sheet, cloak, or even a handkerchief, is all that is required. Each of the players must stand so as to take hold of this article, while the Leader of the game stands alone at a little distance. He may make some absurd introductory speech, as if assuming the character of a magician, and then in pompous manner pronounce the mandate: "Hold fast." At this order all those acquainted with the game promptly loosen their grasp. If he orders: "Let go!" they of course, hold fast, as the order goes by contraries, and those who blunder in this respect are immediately subjected to the penalties of forfeits.

BEASTS AND BIRDS.

This game is intended for young children, but may serve as an entertainment for the family circle, as the penalties are exacted upon inattention, which may occur to the old as well as to the young.

The players, with the exception of the Leader, all stand around a table, and rest the fore-finger of the right hand upon its surface. The Leader takes his stand outside the circle and exclaims: "Fly-away! Robin!" "Fly-away! Buffalo!" "Fly-away! Eagle!" "Fly-away! Salmon!" He exercises his ingenuity in bewildering his playmates, and those who raise their fingers at the mention of some object which cannot fly are subjected to the penalty of a forfeit. Much merriment is caused when the elephants, rhinoceroses, and camels all soar up, and then, convinced of this error, the same fingers remain steadily in place when the eagles and crows are commanded to fly. Young and old are alike confused if the orders are given rapidly.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

Answer to Maltese Cross.

N A N
M A A D
A A A
A N A
M A A D
P A P

Answer to Name Puzzle.

B E L L A
C E L I A
E L L E N
H E L E N
J U L I A

Answer to Geographical Ladder.

T B
H a c h A
E T
E g y p T
I L
G a s p E
H O
T a r i F
H N
O n o r E
F W
J e d d O
A R
N a t a L
U E
A c c r A
R N
Y p r e S

Charades.

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Fare-well.	Tea-table.	Bar-gain.

Decapitations.

1. Stone, tone, one.	2. Brace, race, ace.
3. Charm, harm, arm.	4. Spark, park, ark.

Word Squares.

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
O P A L	R I N G	V A S E
P I N E	I D E A	A R I D
A N N A	N E A T	S I D E
L E A K	G A T E	E D E N

Diamond Puzzle.

B
C U E
B U G L E
E L M
E

LITERARY NOTICES.

From LEE AND SHEPARD, Boston:—
THE VAGABONDS, by J. T. Trowbridge, with illustrations by F. O. C. Darley.

Both the poem and the artist are too well known to need commendation, but the little volume before us is beautifully printed, upon heavy paper, and handsomely bound. It will make a most appropriate gift book for the holiday season.

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS ON WOOD ENGRAVING, for the instruction of reviewers and the public, by W. J. Linton.

The best notice of the purpose of this book is given in the author's own language. He says: "The object of the following treatise is to help the general public towards some accuracy of judgment as to what is good and what bad in Engraving on Wood. What is said may also have an interest and be of advantage to engravers." The chapters are devoted to descriptions and criticisms of various styles of engraving, and the examples given are clearly printed upon heavy paper.

THE ISLAND OF CAPRI, by Ferdinand Gregorovius; translated from the German by Lillian Clarke.

The translator tells us that the little book, describing one summer spent on the Island of Capri, is a chapter from a charming work called "Wanderjahre in Italien." It is a prose poem that will be heartily enjoyed by all who love to wander in imagination or memory, through the sunny land so vividly described.

THE BREAKING WAVES DASHED HIGH (The Pilgrim Fathers), by Felicia Hemans, with designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey, engraved by Andrew.

A small volume of exquisite illustrations of Mrs. Hemans' well known hymn, beautifully bound.

CASTLE FOAM, or the Heir to Meerscham, by H. W. French.

A novel of Russian life, written in pleasing style, and with interesting plot and incidents.

From ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston:—
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MRS. DELANEY. Revised from Lady Llanover's edition, and edited by Sarah Chauncey Woolsey.

Mrs. Delaney's long life extended over nearly a century, and through the reigns of three English monarchs, and the volumes containing her life and letters are full of interest. Written in the quaint style of the last century, they give a private history of court life and vivid descriptions of the leading events of the times.

From S. W. TILTON & CO., Boston:—
ART NEEDLEWORK, No. 3. More stitches for decorative embroidery; containing, the Holbein, Prento Tirato (drawn work), Vienna Cross-stitch, Double Platt Stitch, and Cordonnet, and eighty illustrations and patterns, by Lucretia P. Hale.

From HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & CO., Boston:—
DRAMATIC PERSONS AND MOODS, with other new poems, by Mrs. Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

A volume of verses with the true poetic ring, delicate in sentiment and most gracefully written.

→*OUR ARM CHAIR.*←

FEBRUARY, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We do not answer correspondents through the BOOK. All communications requiring an answer must give name and address, and have a return stamp enclosed.

Mr. Darley's great genius for illustrating the most beautiful passages of the works of great authors, has been long known, and needs no comment to our readers. Already they have the exquisite set of designs for the "Waverly Novels," and this month we give an illustration of Longfellow's "Evangeline," one of the most beautiful poems in the English language, and whose spirit is happily conveyed in the picture. The love story that had so mournful an ending, opened happily, and there is no prophetic cloud upon the faces of the lovers standing with clasped hands and united hearts in the window seat, while the elders discuss their future life.

The mammoth colored fashion plate gives to our readers the latest styles of dress in Europe and New York, and in addition they will find the usual pages of patterns for all articles new and beautiful for the adornment of fair faces and graceful figures. There was never a time when fashion's devices were more numerous, and every style of beauty can find that to-be-desired article which "exactly suits" in the variety from which our readers can make their monthly selection.

The music, Dublin Bay, is a sprightly song, that will please all lovers of music.

Christian Reid's charming heroine, with her bewitching beauty and bright conversation, must have won our readers' interest, and her "fortune" will be followed in this number through several captivating pages. "The Rosebud Garden of Girls" is continued, Delphine being the heroine of the pages given in this number. The literary matter comprises the names of the most popular writers of the day: Augusta De Bubna, Ella Rodman Church, Marian Garwood, Esther Serle Kenneth, and others who contribute stories and poems.

In the Work Department will be found several novelties, inviting busy brains and active fingers to reproduce their beauties. We are constantly receiving letters thanking us for the beauty added to homes and rooms by this department of the LADY'S BOOK.

In the Home Adornment will be found directions for the manufacture of a book-case and desk, which, at trifling expense, gives an article of beauty and usefulness to any home.

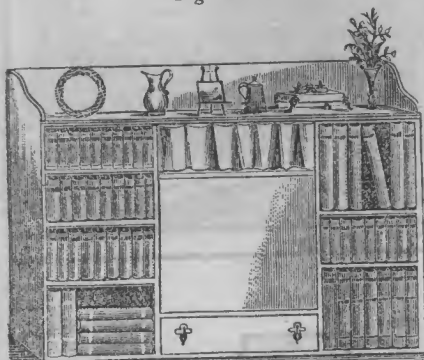
The diagram page is a pattern for an ulster for a child nine years old. There has never been a winter wrap so universally popular as this most convenient ulster. Perfectly comfortable, warm, and stylish, it combines all that is desirable in an out-door garment, and gentlemen, ladies, and children wear them in every variety and color of winter fabric. They are especially adapted to children's wear, as they are warm and a perfect protection, without muffling the limbs or preventing entire freedom of action.

Our recipes, games, puzzles, architecture, and other departments, will be found full of attraction this month.

HINTS ON HOME ADORNMENT. NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE.

Though the present quaint style of house furnishing has caused many queer old chairs, tables, etc., to descend from garrets and corners where they had been stored for years, the old-fashioned book-cases or "secretaries" are rarely to be found among these relics of the olden time, as the modern ones are generally more convenient and ornamental; and, in using them, it is not found necessary to call for a step ladder when a book from the top shelf is required. In this article, design No. 1 represents a combination book-case, etagère and writing-desk, which can be easily manufactured by an amateur carpenter, and decorated with its little curtain and leather strips by "the lady of the house."

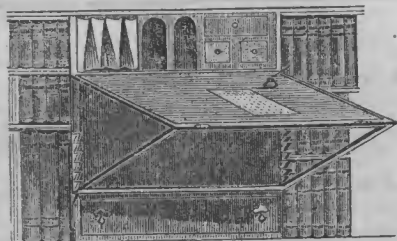
Fig. 1.



Ash is very handsome wood for the purpose, but common white pine, if well seasoned, will answer very well. If the latter is used, the book-case, when all put together, should receive two coats of linseed oil, allowing each coat to dry in thoroughly, and then be finished by a thin coat of shellac. Shellac dissolves readily in alcohol, and makes a fine delicate varnish, which is very generally used by cabinet makers in finishing nice wood-work.

The book-case should be 6 ft. long, 4½ ft. high, the shelves 1 inch thick, the sides 1 ft. deep. The back and side pieces should be made of thicker wood, to bear the strain of the shelves when the books are put on them. Just below the top shelf, in the middle of the book-case, "pigeon-holes" and little drawers form convenient receptacles for ink and paper, while below this division a hanging door makes a closet, and also when raised, (as shown in Fig. 2,) a writing-desk.

Fig. 2.



The supports of this door are hinged, so they fold back (and are held in place by little catches) when the door is let down. A narrow curtain,

which is hung by tiny brass rings on a wire and so slides easily, conceals the pigeon-holes and drawers when the desk is not in use. This curtain should match the wood in color, and be ornamented with some contrasting color which will accord with the prevailing hue of the furniture of the room. If ash or pine wood is used, the curtain may be made of fine crash with a double row of fine "feather stitching" of red, blue or green, one inch above the lower edge. If walnut is used for the book-case, the curtain may be made of brown Turkish toweling with a pin-edge of Turkey red. Below the desk a drawer is convenient for manuscripts or work, and the long shelf at the top of the book-case is a good place to show some of your pretty bits of china or ornaments of any kind.

On this shelf lay a strip of velvet wall paper of a rich garnet color, and tack another on the back, then when your plates, vases, cups, etc., are placed on the shelf, this sets them off surprisingly. The strips of leather which hang over the books from the shelves protect them from dust. These should be of red, green, blue, or black morocco or kid; about 1½ inches wide, pinked on the edges. A

Fig. 3.

1		
2	5	9
3	6	
4	7	
	8	

pinked iron can be bought for a small sum, and is often useful in a house for finishing the edges of cloth table-covers and various other things. Have a smooth block of oak, place it on something solid, lay a piece of thick wrapping paper on the block, then the strip of leather or whatever you wish to pink—hold the iron perpendicularly, and by one quick and strong blow with a hammer, a nice clearly cut scallop will be made. For persons who are obliged to move frequently, a convenient book-case can be made by piling boxes of different sizes, one above another. In these the books can be kept permanently, and when they have to be moved each box carried separately and set up again in its new place—thus preventing injury to the books by unnecessary handling. Sketch No. 3 shows such a case made of nine boxes, each 12 inches deep and of wood 1 inch thick, placed as indicated by the figures. Number 9 may have a hanging door, and be used as closet and writing desk like the central

Fig. 4.

division of design No. 1. When the boxes are in position, they are held firmly in place by strips of wood passing over top and sides and spliced at the corners, as shown by No. 4. These can easily be taken off when it is necessary to move the case.

E. B. C.

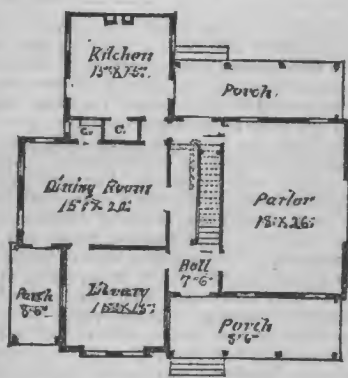
Children cry for Pitcher's Castoria, because it is sweet and stops their stomach-ache. Mothers like Castoria because it gives health to the child and rest to themselves, and physicians use Castoria because it contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

"Twenty-four years past the GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK has been a monthly visitor, and I cannot give it up.

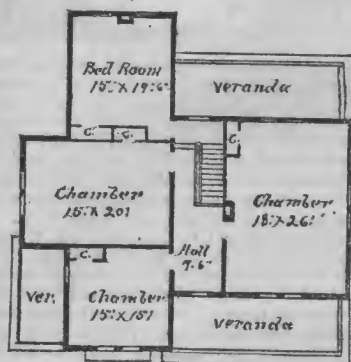
MRS. D. E. ALLEN,
"Portland, Michigan."



PERSPECTIVE * VIEW.



Plan of First Floor



Plan of Second Floor

GOTHIC COTTAGE.

DRAWN expressly for GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, by Isaac H. Hobbs & Son, Architects,
520 Walnut St., formerly 804 N. 8th St., Philadelphia.

The above design is for a one-story Gothic cottage; it was designed for and built by N. G. Collins, San Diego, Texas. The building can be built for \$2,000, of frame weather-board, in good style, and contain all modern conveniences, ample chambers, ventilated, heated, and gas pipes included. We are enabled by a new process to send to any address, drawings in full

for this house, without alterations, for fifteen dollars, including specifications.

The first story contains a 7 ft. 6 in. hall; sitting-room, 15x15 ft, 3 in.; dining-room, 15x22 ft.; parlor, 18x26; kitchen, 15x15 ft. Second story, four chambers of large and comfortable dimensions.

FASHIONS.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent application for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

The publishers of the *LADY'S BOOK* have no interest in this department, and know nothing of its transactions; and, whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the Fashion Editress does not know.

Orders accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, are to be addressed to the care of the Godey's Lady's Book Publishing Company (Limited).

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editors nor the Publishers will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Dinner dress of two shades of blue silk; the underskirt is of pale blue, with bouquets embroidered upon it, the edge trimmed with platings and leaves of the darker shade of silk. Overdress and panier basque of the darker silk trimmed with fringe and vest of the lighter silk, embroidered to correspond with underskirt.

Fig. 2.—Evening dress of plain white silk, and satin, brocaded with pink roses and leaves. The underskirt is of the plain silk trimmed up the front and around the edge with alternate platings of pink silk, and rows of Mechlin lace. The overdress and bodice are of the satin trimmed with lace and satin ribbon bows. The bodice is pointed, cut square at the neck, and elbow sleeves. White satin fan hand painted to match dress. Pink roses trimming front of dress, and arranged in hair.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress of navy blue cloth, made with two skirts, trimmed with satin striped in cashmere colors; two bands trim the front of skirt, one the underskirt, and one the overskirt in back. Jacket bodice with vest underneath, and two bands trimming the front of jacket, the sleeves are trimmed to correspond. Velvet bonnet to match the dress, trimmed with satin, feathers and gay colored flowers.

Fig. 4.—Carriage dress of two shades of olive green silk; the underskirt is of the light silk trimmed with two knife platings, and lengthwise puffs at the sides. The overdress is also of the light, with deep band of darker striped silk and velvet trimming it. Long coat bodice of the same, with vest of white silk, and jabot of lace down the front. Bonnet of the light shade of satin faced with the darker, trimmed with feathers and ribbon.

Fig. 5.—Visiting dress of black silk, and embroidered velvet. The skirts of dress are of the black silk, the edge of lower skirt trimmed with a box plaiting of silk headed with one of the velvet. The front of skirt is puffed, and has a lengthwise plaiting

going down the centre, growing smaller towards the plaiting. The overdress falls at the sides from under this, and is trimmed with a band of the velvet. Velvet jacket, with vest and cuffs of the plain velvet and white lace. Black velvet bonnet trimmed with satin and gay colored breast.

Fig. 6.—Dress for little girl of five years, made of gendarme blue cashmere; the underskirt is of the plain trimmed with plaited ruffles, the polonaise of figured. Felt hat of the same color as dress trimmed with velvet.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1 and 2.—Front and back view of walking dress of brown silk and camel's hair; the underskirt is of silk, trimmed with a narrow plaiting around the edge of skirt, and platings forming points above it in front. The overdress is of camel's hair, trimmed with loops of ribbon in front and sides. Jacket of figured cloth, with revers of velvet. Brown velvet and satin bonnet, trimmed with feathers, flowers inside of brim.

Fig. 3.—Fancy cap for young married lady, made of French muslin, and trimmed with platings of Breton lace and ribbon bows.

Fig. 4.—Hat of black felt trimmed with shirred satin inside the brim, and satin, long ostrich feather, and wing on outside.

Fig. 5.—Cap made of figured Brussels net, and trimmed with wide Brussels lace and ribbon bows.

Figs. 6 and 7.—Front and back view of dress for child of four years; the skirt is kilted, made of green and blue plaid cashmere. The jacket is of navy blue cloth, with vest and revers of corduroy, velvet on cuffs and pockets.

Fig. 8.—Walking dress of myrtle green cashmere; the underskirt is kilted, the overdress is plaited across the front and trimmed with Pekin satin, the jacket is trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 9.—Walking dress of black silk and damassee the underskirt is of silk kilted, the overdress is partly of silk and partly of damassee in front, entirely of damassee in the back. Jacket made of silk, with vest, cuffs, and collar of the damassee.

Fig. 10.—Bonnet made of figured satin of a dark plum color, trimmed with a long ostrich feather, bird, and satin ribbon bow; the inside of brim is lined with pale blue shirred satin, strings tying in the back under the hair.

Fig. 11.—Walking dress for girl of eleven years, made of navy blue camel's hair with shots of cashmere colors through it. The dress is made in the princess shape, the edge of skirt trimmed with two ruffles. Broad sash of navy blue soft silk, with heavy silk fringe on ends. Hat of écu felt trimmed with navy blue and cashmere colors.

Fig. 12.—Suit for girl of seven years, made of pale blue cashmere; it is gored and trimmed with Russian lace, collar also of the same lace. White felt hat trimmed with blue satin ribbon and feathers.

Fig. 13.—Suit for boy of four years made of black velvet; the skirt is kilted, jacket and vest edged with silk braid. Collar of linen edged with embroidery. Black velvet hat trimmed with a feather.

Fig. 14.—Suit for boy of three years, made of brown cloth; the skirt is kilted, the waist long and

worn with a sash of silk, trimmed on the edge with embroidered muslin, collar and cuffs of the same. Hat of brown felt trimmed with watered ribbon.

Figs. 15 and 17.—Fichu vest made of old gold satin and buttoned over to one side; the open part of neck is filled in with box-pleated ruches of lace or *crepe lisse*. Fig. 17 is the cuff to wear with same, made to match. They can be worn with a black or dark silk dress.

Figs. 16 and 18.—Fig. 16 is cuff to match fichu Fig. 18, which is made of black silk embroidered in gay colors, trimmed with bright colored ribbon bows, and Breton lace plaited.

Fig. 19.—Fan of satin painted and wooden sticks also ornamented; upon the first leaf of the fan, are scissors, needles, cotton, and pins, very useful for excursions where occasion may arise for use of any such articles.

Fig. 20.—Ladies' balmoral skirt made of figured satin to imitate quilting; the front is tightly gored, the back has a deep yoke, and is gathered. The skirt is trimmed with lace, and six rows of braid.

Fig. 21.—Lady's mantle, made of heavy corded silk, trimmed with fringe, lace, ribbon bows, and passementerie.

Fig. 22.—Balmoral skirt, made of striped cashmere; it is made double, each piece being pointed and bound with colored braid, the lower one edged with lace. It is finished with a yoke, deeper in front than back.

Fig. 23.—Infant's night dress, made of plaid muslin, laid in box plaits, finished around neck and sleeves with a narrow trimming.

Fig. 24.—Infant's dress, made of nansook muslin, the front *entablée* with rows of insertion, narrow embroidered ruffles down the sides of front and around the bottom of skirt.

Fig. 25.—Infant's bassinett, made of walnut, with quilt made of French muslin, with embroidered border around it and monogram, lined through with blue silk. Curtains of French muslin, lined also with blue silk, and finished all around with insertion and edging of antique lace, looped back with bows of satin ribbon.

Fig. 26.—Infant's flannel skirt, edged with silk embroidered scallop; the waist can be made of linen or flannel.

Fig. 27.—Infant's white muslin skirt, the edge trimmed with lace and bunches of tucks. Linen or muslin waist.

Fig. 28.—Dress for child of three years, made of pearl-color cashmere; the front is shirred all the way up from the two ruffles that trim the edge of skirt; antique lace trims the sides of the front, around the skirt, heading the ruffles, and the sleeves and neck.

Figs. 29 and 30.—Pocket handkerchiefs. Fig. 29 is of cambric, embroidered with blue; the centre one is of grass cloth, ornamented with embroidery, and edged with Breton lace. Fig. 30 is of cambric, embroidered in different colors.

Fig. 31.—Dress for girl of five years, made of figured wool goods; it is made with underskirt and polonaise, trimmed with plaited ruffles.

Fig. 32.—Boy's overcoat, made of gray beaver cloth, edged with silk braid, wood buttons.

Fig. 33.—Lady's silk apron, made with a yoke, the skirt gathered on to this; the skirt is trimmed with two rows of deep fringe; the yoke and sides are embroidered, and it is trimmed with ribbon bows.

Figs. 34 and 35.—Front and back view of cap of white French muslin, trimmed with pleatings of lace, ribbon loops and bows, and band of colored embroidery.

Fig. 36.—The colette fichu; this can be made of either India muslin or embroidered net. It forms a pelerine, trimmed with two lace flounces; the two long ends are knotted in front.

Fig. 37.—Lady's carriage dress, made of garnet-colored silk; the back breadths are plain, a narrow lace coming below the edge; the front breadths are trimmed with five narrow pleatings. Large mantle, trimmed with fringe, and border of feathers. Velvet bonnet of the same color as dress, trimmed with satin and feathers.

Fig. 38.—Walking dress of black silk and striped Pekin satin and velvet; the flounces upon the underskirt are alternate plain and striped; the over-dress entirely of the striped, trimmed with fringe. Long cloak of embossed satin and velvet, trimmed with fur. Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with satin and feathers.

Our diagram pattern is of an ulster for a girl nine years of age, suitable to be made up in plaid or plain cloth, or waterproof. These are the most useful wrap for children, warm and convenient. The pattern consists of six pieces, half of front, back, sleeve, cuff, pocket, and collar.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Never, perhaps, has there been a season when fur-lined garments, and entire fur garments, have been as popular and as much worn as this winter. Sealskin is shown in darker, richer shades this season than ever before, and remains the favorite fur for sacques and cloaks. The sacque is the popular garment, and is very little changed in shape from last season, although a really shorter sacque can be worn than last winter; the usual length is from thirty-seven to forty inches in length. They are of plain sealskin, or are bordered with a band of a different kind of fur.

The long cloaks of sealskin are even more luxurious garments than the sacque just described. They are long enough to reach almost to the edge of the dress skirt, and are shaped very much as many cloth and silk cloaks are, with two or three seams down the back, and dolman effects given on the sides by great sleeve-like pieces that fold over the arms. These garments are almost always bordered with a long fleeced fur border, such as the Argentine fox, the Grecian or the blue lynx, the black martin, and the natural 'coon. There are also beautiful wide borders of the silvery black beaver, with white hats sewed in the black fur, singly or in clusters, or of the natural beaver in its light brown shades, so soft and velvet-like, while for novelties the gold, brown, and black skins of the spotted leopard are used for deep collars, wide cuffs and a border.

Fur-lined cloaks are shown in all the shapes used for other garments, but the most popular fur-lined

wrap is the circular, which is easily put off and on, and does not crush the dress beneath it. These cloaks reach nearly to the edge of the short walking dress, and though used most with short suits, are particularly effective with demi-trained skirts of carriage toilettes. Squirrel fur is the most popular lining, and the outside is usually made of satin de Lyon, or small figured armure silks in tiny bird's-eye patterns, the thickly repped Messine, and also Sicilienne, though the latter is open to the same objection as gros-grain silk, that it soon loses its freshness and has a shiny greasy look.

Victorines with long wide ends have been introduced this winter, but they are not as pretty as the graceful short boas, and are not as yet popular. Muffs are as small as it is possible to make them when expected to cover both hands, and are almost perfectly plain; that is, without bows, fur tails, or tassels on the ends. A flat bag or reticule of fur is made to match fur sets, and is hooked to the side. The taste for fancy furs and odd ones still prevails, and is shown in the novel use of the rich, golden brown leopard and tiger sets made as above described. The new vicuna sets are of pale cream color, yellow and white, and there are sets of opossum, 'coon and wild cat among other fancy furs.

Fur trimming is also much used for trimming walking dresses; the border is usually from two and a half to four inches broad. Beaver fur is one of the most fashionable trimmings; chinchilla, blue fox, lynx. Toulitza is the name given a gray black fur, made by dusting with silver white paint the tips of black fur. Otter, sable, fishertail and Russian sable are the most expensive borders. The toque is the novelty in sealskin hats; it is a kind of turban with round crown—they are trimmed with the same kind of fur with which the wrap is bordered. Soft puffed crowns of black or brown velvet make pretty turbans, with bands of chinchilla or of silver beaver.

For ladies who do not care for fur-lined garments, there are a number of handsome wraps. We will describe three of these: The Mante, or mantelet, is the most dressy of these; it is made only of rich materials, such as brocaded or damassee silk, stamped or embossed velvet, or Indian cashmere covered with rich silk embroidery. It is beautifully trimmed with thick lace ruches beaded with jet, elaborate passementeries with tiny plush tassels, full *copeaux* fringes of waved silk braid, or of chenille with tiny satin balls and elegant network headings; silk embroidery and passementerie ornaments complete the trimmings. The Mante is lined throughout with quilted satin. It is the most elegant of all the mantles, curved at the back, clinging close over the shoulders, and falling in front in rather long lapels, which are either plain and square, or gathered at the ends and finished with satin bows or passementerie tassels.

The semi-fitting paletot is also semi-long, and is the mantle suitable for young ladies. It is made of black velvet or of cloth, plain seal brown or admiral blue cloth, or some of the pretty *armure* cloths which have tiny patterns woven in their texture. A pretty model is double-breasted and fastened shawl fashion at the top with deep revers of chinchilla fur, which have the appearance of a fur fichu crossed

over the chest. There is no other trimming, only deep cuffs of the same fur upon the sleeves. Other models are trimmed with sealskin, plain, stamped, or pékin velvet. The paletot is fastened on one side only with large buttons.

We must not forget to mention a novelty in suits that are made entirely of fur, and which we never remember to have been attempted before. Here are three models, first; a sealskin costume, the skirt cut as a *fousseau*, and bordered with a plaiting of seal brown satin; at the side the fur skirt opens over a deep satin plaiting, and is laced backwards and forwards with gold cord and aiguillettes. Seal bodice, opening in front over a satin plaiting, and laced with gold; the fur sleeves have plaited satin let in at the elbow, and a lacing above; small satin collar, and large seal cape.

An astrakhan costume worn over black satin: the bodice is satin, with an astrakhan collar; the sleeves are entirely of fur. The jacket is sleeveless, and the toque is astrakhan, with a bird at the side.

American rat, a fur used for the first time this season, is the third suit to describe; the skirt is made with a considerable number of skins, arranged so that the back and the stomach of the animal alternate, and describe dark and light stripes or bands; the rat bodice is trimmed with chinchilla; an Incroyable cape in chinchilla over the rat jacket; a rat toque, with a hawk's head at the side.

But the common brown owl's head is the fashion of the moment for trimming the side of hats, instead of the pompon, which has been so long popular; an owl's head is also fastened to the muff that is worn with the hat.

Three articles of dress are now worn to match, and very charming they look; a bonnet, an Incroyable cape, and a muff, and they are arranged to be worn with almost any dress. Thus the bonnet is in seal brown velvet, with a bow or wide Louis XII. galon, either of silver or gold, arranged over another bow of Alencon lace; an owl's head fastened at the back; velvet strings with galon at each side. The muff is seal brown velvet, lined with fur, and at each side a galon similar to that in the bonnet. The cape is seal brown velvet, with upright collar; but it does not reach below the shoulder, and is bordered with the same Louis XII. galon. White lace muffs are a great *mode* in Paris at present; of course these are only used for full dress carriage toilets.

Ruby gloves are a novelty, brought into vogue by the introduction of gay colors in out-door costumes. These are dark shades, deeper than wine or garnet colors, and not the glaring red tints that would shock fastidious tastes. They look especially well with black costumes, but are worn with almost any dark costumes that are trimmed with broché cashmeres of Oriental colors and design. Black gloves are considered very stylish when worn with toilettes of medium colors, though not with black dresses. Wood colors are popular in all the light shades of ash, oak, maple, and box. The greatest demand is for plain, simply-stitched, and bound gloves, with wrists long enough to be fastened by four or five buttons.

A new lace used at present in Paris instead of

Breton lace, which still continues so popular here, is called point Languedoc. Its special feature is its large figures, darned in with cord, and shaded on the edges with finer thread. It is imported in two kinds of meshes, one variety having square meshes like those of Valenciennes lace, and the other with the round, irregular meshes of thread lace. It has the appearance of soft old yellow lace, though new and strong, and is shown in four shades, white, ivory, cream, and écar.

Fichus are made of this new lace, box pleated in four very full rows, laid on *point d'esprit* net, that is shirred and gathered to add further to the full appearance given by the pleating. These fichus fit closely around the neck, and cover half the shoulders, then meet below the throat, and one side only extends to the waist line, where it is held by a satin bow to match that at the throat; this one-sided negligee appearance is seen in many articles of lingerie.

New handkerchiefs of sheer linen lawn have colored foulard hems with palm leaves in old gold and red, pale blue and olive colors, stamped on gendarme blue and black grounds, and edged with needlework, and are chosen to match dresses that have oriental colors in the trimmings. Black foulard hems with dots or rings of white are chosen by ladies in mourning.

The dark solid colors enlivened by gay oriental trimmings are used for children's and misses' dresses in precisely the same manner as described for ladies. Cashmere, camel's hair, and other woolen fabrics are chosen for the skirts of dresses, while gay broché goods in palm leaf designs make the basque or other overdress, and border the plain skirt. Gendarme blue, garnet, and deep green, are the favorite colors for the plain fabrics, while a great deal of old gold and red appear in the material combined with it. The favorite styles of making dresses for girls from twelve to sixteen years of age, is short panier polonaise with a plain skirt, or else a double-breasted coat with a pleated kilt skirt. The polonaise may fasten behind or in front, according to taste, and is very prettily trimmed with a point in front beginning at the neck and ending at the waist line. This point is made of shirred satin run crosswise in small tucks, or else of pleated plush in lengthwise pleatings; a revers of the satin or plush trims each side, and a long looped bow of satin ribbon is placed at the point. The fullness concealed under the bow spreads out to drape the hips, and is fastened behind by two Marguerite bows. The skirt to wear with this polonaise may be of the same material shirred down the middle of the front, and bordered with a shell flounce, or else it may be of corduroy, velveteen, silk or velvet, made perfectly plain, or else edged with a narrow box-pleating that puffs out from beneath the skirt braid.

For girls from eight to ten years of age, dresses are made usually in one piece. The fronts are, usually made to represent jackets and vests by arranging them to do so, while the back has some pleating set in below the waist line. A dark green cashmere princess dress is trimmed with three knife pleatings, and a gay India scarf with a square collar of the India goods. A seal brown cashmere

can be made in the same manner, and piped with pale blue, cream color, or bright red.

There is no change in the white dresses worn by children under four years of age; they have three box plaits in front and behind nearly the whole length of the garment, and a wide belt or sash

HINTS UPON THE DOINGS OF THE FASHION-ABLE WORLD.

Evening parties and Germans are very popular at this season of the year, and although by many they are not cared for, the majority of our young friends think there is no mode of entertainment so charming as a fashionable party. Invitations for a formal party usually are sent out from ten to twelve days before the entertainment occurs. The hour usually mentioned for the party to commence is from nine to half-past ten o'clock. Of course such an entertainment demands the fullest of toilettes which the season admits, for both ladies and gentlemen. Furniture is usually removed from the room so as to give ample room for dancing. Growing flowers are arranged wherever they can be effectively placed; garlands are hung picturesquely, and cut blossoms give forth their fragrance and add color and beauty as lavishly as the hostess chooses to provide. The supper room is arranged with choice articles of food, both cold and hot, and is usually opened at twelve or one o'clock. But there are light refreshments, also drinks to satisfy the varied tastes of a large company, such as coffee, chocolate, lemonade, and claret punch, accessible during the entire entertainment. Waltzing goes on at intervals during the evening until supper, when immediately after the German is dined. After entering the room and the usual greetings with the hostess, the guests walk about, find friends etc., until the young ladies have accepted partners for the dance. It is customary for a lady to visit the supper room with the gentleman with whom she has last been dancing. A lady can, of course, refuse to dance with a gentleman when invited, if he is not agreeable to her, but she must do this courteously and gently, but must be particular to remember that she cannot accept any other invitation for that dance. The German differs very little in its etiquette from that of the party. The leader of the dance is to be selected with discretion by the hostess; and the favors which are always provided for the dancers are to be selected with discretion and refined taste, always avoiding ostentatious display, no matter how exquisitely beautiful they may be. The hostess is attentive to the ladies, observing if any timid or unattractive guest receives a noticeably small number of these trifles. With tact she quietly provides her with dances that shall make all favors as nearly equal as is possible upon such occasions of competition. Of course nobody gives a "German" without being familiar with all the necessary and peculiar *etceteras*, which it is not possible to explain. The card of invitation is usually like that of a party, "The German" being engraved on the left hand corner, with the hour when the dance is to commence. This mention of the time for opening this peculiar dance will be appreciated by all who are familiar with its requirements. Calls to return thanks are made upon the hostess within ten days after the festivity.

FASHION.





She slowly, slowly ascending step by step beside her trembling
And the golden sword in hand



GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH 1880

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK NOVELTIES.



GENTS' TOBACCO POUCH.

Fig. 1



Fig. 2



Fig. 3



Fig. 4



Fig. 5



Fig. 6



Fig. 7





Fig. 8



Fig. 9



Fig. 10

Fig.12



Fig.11



Fig.13



Fig.14



Fig.15



Fig.17



Fig.16

Fig 18



Fig19



Fig.20



Fig.21



Fig. 22



Fig. 23



Fig. 24



Fig. 25



Fig. 26



Fig. 27



Fig.28

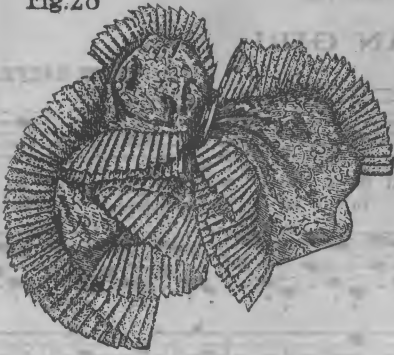


Fig.29

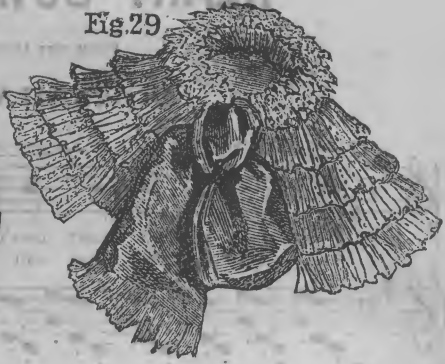


Fig.30

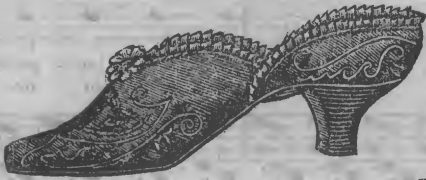


Fig.31



Fig.32



Fig.33



HEART BOWED DOWN.

FROM THE OPERA OF THE

BOHEMIAN GIRL.

M. W. BALFE.

Larghetto.

1. The heart bow'd down by weight of woe, To
2. The mind will in its worst despair, Still

weak - est hopes will cling; To thought and im - pulse
pon - der o'er the past, On mo - ments of de -

while they flow That can no com - - fort bring, that can, That
light that were Too beau - ti - ful..... to last, that were, Too

stringendo.

rall.

can no com - - fort bring. With those ex - ci - ting
beau - ti - ful too beau - ti - ful to last. To long de - part - ed

colla parte. *pp*

Published in sheet form, price 30 cts., by WM. H. BONER & CO., agts.,
No. 1102 Chestnut Street, Phila.

HEART BOWED DOWN.

scenes will blend, O'er pleas - ure's path - - way
 years ex - tend Its vis - ion's with them

th. own, But mem - 'ry is the on - ly friend That
 flown, For mem - 'ry, etc.

p.

grief can call its own, That grief can call its

stringendo.

own,..... That grief can call its own.

V

Fig. 34

Fig. 35

Fig. 37

Fig. 36

Fig. 38



GODEY'S

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VOLUME C. No. 597.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1880.

ROSLYN'S FORTUNE.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

Author of "A Gentle Belle," "Morton House," "Valerie Aylmer," "Nina's Atonement," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII. (CONTINUED.)

"Do you mean you wish that only you and I were going?" asks Roslyn, with her piquant smile. "Then to keep you in that mind, it is a fortunate thing that the programme is not to be carried out. One bit of wisdom my limited experience of life has taught me, and it is that if one does not want to grow tired of things or people one must not see too much of them."

"That bit of wisdom sounds as if your experience of life had *not* been very limited," says Lovelace. "Generally speaking it is a sad and disillusionizing truth—but there are some people of whom one feels instinctively that one could never tire."

"Are there?" says Roslyn, in a tone of slight incredulity. "But one's instincts are sometimes mistaken, you know; so it is well not to subject them to too severe a test. I am glad you like the idea of a day of gypsying," she adds, changing the subject, quickly; "and now do you not think it would be pleasanter to go in the garden and join Lettice and Geoffrey, than to sit here?"

"I am at your service and command," he answers, "only venturing to remark that it is pleasant to be anywhere with *you*."

"But outdoors on a summer day is better than indoors with anybody," she says, taking up her wide straw hat, "so come."

He rises, and leaving the house, they stroll side by side, as on the first evening of their meeting, across the wide lawn into the pleasant old garden. Here, under a spreading tree, they find the rustic seat, the impression of a figure on the turf, and an open novel, but Lettice and Geoffrey have van-

ished. Roslyn strongly suspects the truth—that seeing Lovelace and herself issue from the house, they, by mutual consent, doubled around the thick-set hedge and made away—but she only smiles, and says, lightly:

"I left them here, but it seems they are gone. Lettice perhaps went home, and Geoffrey accompanied her—it is a pleasant walk through the woods over to Mr. Stanhope's place."

"Where I saw you first," says Lovelace, in a tone that gives a good deal of meaning to the words. "I never imagined that I should have reason to congratulate myself upon possessing the acquaintance of Mr. Stanhope—but I did that night when I saw you in the moonlight. Will you forgive me if I add that but for having seen you, and desiring to know you, I should hardly have remembered that I had a distant cousin living in this neighborhood."

Considering that this statement is purely an inspiration of the moment, it is one which does credit to Mr. Lovelace's inventive power. Roslyn flushes a little, for although she has a steady head, this is very subtle flattery.

"I have no doubt you are indebted to the chance which turned your thoughts in that direction, then," she says; "for whether or not I am worth knowing—no, Mr. Lovelace, please don't say that I am, for really the opportunity for a compliment was too obvious, and really, also, you don't know—there can be no doubt that Colonel Duncan emphatically *is*."

"He is a very fine fellow, indeed," says Lovelace, with the least possible tinge of patronage in his tone. "I am glad to know him; but if you fancy *that* pleasure would detain me—" A slight shrug of the shoulders completes the sentence, expressively.

"If it does not, it ought to do so," says Roslyn, decidedly. "Colonel Duncan is my hero, my chevalier, my type of a noble, gallant gentleman."

"Happy Colonel Duncan!" says Lovelace, letting his dark, brilliant eyes, full of expression, rest on the bright, young face—while to himself he says: "She cares nothing about him, or she could not talk of him in this manner."

"He ought to be happy if the admiration of every one who knows him can make him so," says Roslyn.

"I am inclined to think that the knowledge of *your* admiration would go farther to do that, than the good opinions of every one else," says Lovelace, thinking that he will sound her a little.

She blushes like a rose, but no change of expression comes into the frank, clear eyes.

"Colonel Duncan has always been very kind to me," she says; "but I have too good an opinion of his sense to fancy that he rates my judgment at any such absurd valuation."

"There are some valuations with which wisdom has nothing to do," Lovelace replies, "though I am far from meaning to imply that any possibly high valuation of your opinion would be absurd."

"In other words you are trying to see how many graceful things you can say to me," she answers gayly, "but please don't say any more, for I assure you I am not accustomed to compliments, and they might have a very bad effect, if taken in too great a quantity. Since we have not found Lettice and Geoffrey, shall we return to the house?"

"On the contrary, if you will allow me to make a suggestion, can we not explore those shadowy-looking woods which it was too late to enter the other evening? I am sure there are many delightful nooks of shade and coolness in their depths."

"Indeed, yes," replies the girl. "I do not think there could be more beautiful places anywhere than in those woods; but—" she pauses, hesitates—"it is rather warm, I fear, to walk this morning."

"Now, Miss Vardray," says her companion seriously, "I call this most cruel and unkind. It was too late the other evening, and now it is too warm! Are you determined that I shall not enter your enchanted forest?"

"No—if you really care to go, I shall be glad to show you all my favorite places. I only thought that another time might be pleasanter—and with Lettice and Geoffrey."

"There is no time like the present," he says, "and as for Miss Stanhope and Mr. Thorne—well you must forgive me if I say that I think we do admirably without them. Will you come?"

He holds the open gate in his hand, and his eyes plead more strongly than his words.

Roslyn hesitates an instant longer—but the woman who hesitates is lost. She goes.

CHAPTER VIII.

"ON YONDER ROCK RECLINING."

The next morning finds a very merry party starting from the door of Verdevale. In an uncovered waggonette the children with their governess, Miss Mills, and the lunch-basket, are packed; while Roslyn, Lettice and Geoffrey are on horseback. Neither Lovelace nor Colonel Duncan appear in the cavalcade, for the road leads past Clifton, and they will join the party there.

"I hope you will have a pleasant day," says Mrs. Vardray, standing on the veranda steps, as they prepare to start; and Roslyn answers, gayly:

"I am sure we will."

Geoffrey is not so sure, but he holds his peace, and prepares to make the best of things. "You can never win a woman's heart by being sulky and cross," Lettice has said to him, and he has determined to bear her counsel in mind and endeavor to mend his manners, which of late have certainly tended toward the decidedly sulky and the objectionably cross.

In fiction, as in actual life, a man in such a position obtains but little sympathy, his suffering—which is most real—seems to those who are not enduring like pangs, very fanciful; and our good wishes are likely to go with the successful rival from the mere fact that he *is* successful. Yet, in truth, there is no more miserable creature on earth than the lover who recognizes that the heart on which all his hopes of happiness are set, is either beyond his reach or hopelessly drifting away from him. Geoffrey has never from his early boyhood, made any plan of life in which Roslyn did not bear a part, and when he tries now to brace his courage to the thought of a life without her, a sense of bitter desolation comes over him, which can hardly be expressed in words. To temper this, however, some such wisdom as that contained in the proverb, "*Les malheurs des malheurs sont ceux qui n'arrivent jamais*," occurs to him, for even in a love affair he has much of the sound sense which we call practical. "A wise man does not cross his bridges till he comes to them," he says to himself. "Why should I go to meet what may never occur? What everybody expects Roslyn to do, is hardly the thing she is likely to do. If she does, I must bear it like a man, I suppose; but there is no good in being miserable by anticipation."

Fortifying himself with these reflections, he consented to join the pic-nic, and now prepares to endure a day in the companionship of the two men whom out of all the world he, at this time, most heartily detests. Of which of the two he is most jealous, it is hard to tell. What good reason he has to fear Colonel Duncan as a rival, he is

well aware: while his distrust of Lovelace is as strong as it is instinctive. But for the present, neither of them are here to share or to monopolize Roslyn's attention. As he rides by her side, her eyes, her voice, her smile, are all his own, and so sweet and blithe are they that he is beguiled into forgetfulness of the disturbing element ahead, until Lettice, looking down the shade-arched, shadow-flecked road, says:

"Yonder are Colonel Duncan and Mr. Lovelace waiting for us. How punctual they are!"

"Very punctual, indeed," says Geoffrey as he, also, looks forward and perceives two horsemen waiting at a point where the road divides—one fork leading into Clifton, the other continuing along the river. "They must be anxious to start. I hope we have kept them waiting."

"For shame, Geoffrey!" says Roslyn. "I cannot imagine what is the matter with you of late—you are so bad tempered! To think of *hoping* that you have kept people waiting—the very most disagreeable thing in the world! I hope that you have not waited for us long," she adds with a charming smile as the two gentlemen ride forward to meet them.

"Not at all," answers Colonel Duncan. "You have forgotten what an extended view there is from Clifton. We saw you half a mile away, and so rode down to meet you. I am glad we have so fine a day for the excursion," he goes on, as he turns and takes his place by her side.

"And I am glad you have been tempted to join us," says Roslyn, looking up at him with frank, sunshiny eyes. "I was half afraid that you would scorn the whole affair."

"Why?" he asks, smiling. "Do you think me so old, or so grave, or so what, that I should be indifferent to a day of summer gypsying?"

"Certainly neither old or grave," she answers with a laugh, "but dignified, perhaps—and then the falls are not new to you, as they are to Mr. Lovelace. But I am very glad you have come," she repeats quickly, fearing that he may think otherwise; "and I am sure we shall have a very pleasant day."

"I am sure that *you* are enjoying it," says Colonel Duncan, looking at the joyousness of her face, which seems to reflect all the sparkling brightness of the summer morning, the glad sunshine on the hills, the glancing lights and lovely shadows of the river.

"Of course, I am enjoying it," she answers. "How could one fail to do so? I cannot understand how people can go through life, taking it in a quiet, undemonstrative way—like Lettice, for instance. What I enjoy, I enjoy with my whole heart, and soul, and strength."

"It is a great gift, that of being able to feel so intensely," says her companion. "The only drawback is that you suffer as keenly as you enjoy."

"I suppose I would if I had anything to suffer," she answers, "but I have never had a grief in my life, I don't know what sadness is. I sometimes think that I must be a very shallow creature to be able to say that, but it is true."

"I do not think it follows at all, that you are shallow," says Colonel Duncan. "Such a nature is rare, but it is a priceless gift—not only to yourself, but to others. Why, it is like going into sunshine, just to be where you are."

"It is kind of you to say so," she replies glancing at him with a smile; and in doing so, she meets the expression of his eyes, an expression of admiration and tenderness which no one could mistake. All the passionate love of his heart is clearly revealed at that instant; and the girl—who, standing on the threshold of this strange mystery of feeling, unconsciously shrinks from it, flushes to the roots of her hair, and adds, hastily: "What a fine road this is just here! Do let us have a good, stretching canter."

She touches her horse with the whip as she speaks, and while they are galloping over the smooth, white, shadow-dappled road, Duncan has time to wonder what that sudden blush and confusion meant. He has some knowledge of women and it seems to him that it is a good sign—a sign of hope for him. It is the first, the very first token the girl has ever given of recognizing his devotion; and he feels for the first time as if he trod on something like assured ground. At least she knows, she understands—"and it shall not be my fault if she does not understand more," he thinks.

Meanwhile Lovelace, who has no mind to excite his cousin's suspicion or jealousy by any attempt to engross Roslyn's attention, has been riding with Lettice and Geoffrey, making himself agreeable in his pleasant, *insouciant* way, and impressing them both with a realization of his powers of attraction. "I don't think that even I could resist him, if he were to make love and look at me in the dangerous way he looks at Roslyn!" thinks Lettice; while Geoffrey admits to himself with grim disdain that this is "the kind of fellow" to play havoc with women's hearts.

Roslyn's canter lasts with little intermission until the place of their destination is reached—a wild and beautiful gorge, where the river in a rushing, turbulent flood, cuts its way through the hills that tower abruptly above it, and falls in a series of beautiful cascades.

The party dismount and fasten their horses some distance from the river bank, then on foot follow a winding path that leads around the base of the hills to the margin of the rushing water. What words can describe the beauty of such a spot as this, so "lovely, lonesome, cool and green," that it almost seems as if one might be refreshed to think of it amid the burning sands of a desert! The reposeful charm of the great

heights, clad in green from base to crest, is intensified by contrast with the whirling, surging water, lashing itself to foam around masses of gray rock, and sending clouds of spray heavenward from the feet of its cataracts.

Roslyn has hurried forward, while Colonel Duncan was fastening her horse and his own, and Lovelace finds her on the margin of the stream, balancing herself in an apparently precarious position on a shelving rock.

"What do you think of it?" she asks as he reaches her side. "Is it not splendid?"

"The gorge, do you mean?" he says. "It seems to be very fine; but I must ask you to show me its beauties—and I beg most earnestly that you will find a safer position."

"Than this?" she asks, laughing. "Why, I was just about to ask if you do not want to follow me out to the middle of the river? I have often gone to that large boulder which you see yonder, by springing from rock to rock."

"I admire such wonderful agility," says Lovelace, measuring with his eye the distance from point to point, "but I do not think I can possibly venture to imitate it. If there was any danger to brave, it would be a different matter; but consider how very uncomfortable and how very ridiculous one would be if one fell into the water, and had to wade ashore!"

"Geoffrey can tell you how one feels under those circumstances," says Roslyn, turning to Geoffrey, who, with the rest, has now come up. "It was his unhappy fate once to test the depth and coldness of the water in just that way."

"You don't add that you were the cause of it," says Geoffrey, "but Lettice will bear witness that you were."

"Yes, she was the cause," says Lettice, "for she insisted that you could take a leap which you could not. It was so foolish of you to try, that I think you deserved your wetting."

"How severe you are, Miss Stanhope," says Lovelace. "Have you no sympathy for the follies into which masculine humanity is beguiled by the powerful influence of your own sex?"

"Not any at all," answers Lettice decidedly. "If men are so weak as to be influenced to folly by women, I do not pity them—especially since in nine cases out of ten, I am sure that their own want of sense is the cause of their folly."

"Thank you, Lettice," says Geoffrey. "I call it uncommonly kind to stand by a fellow in this unbecoming way."

"As if you thought that I meant you!" says Lettice, with a smile. "You were only a boy then, and Roslyn—well, Roslyn was always a tyrant."

"I shall certainly not come to you for a character, Lettice," says Roslyn.

Lovelace looks up at her as she stands still balancing on the rock, somewhat above him.

"*Ma reine*," he says, softly—so softly that no other ear catches the words—"who would not bow to *your* tyranny?"

"Come then," she says, with a mischievous light in her eyes—and before any one can interfere to prevent or expostulate, she is springing from rock to rock toward the centre of the river.

Lovelace hesitates an instant—it is rather a dismaying prospect, that of missing some slippery rock, and finding himself in the surging, eddying water—but he feels that having embarked on a career of gallantry, and being, as it were, put upon his mettle, he cannot decline the challenge. He follows, therefore, with commendable courage, and soon finds himself standing safely by Roslyn on a large boulder in the middle of the stream.

"Now," she says, turning to him, "are you not repaid for coming? Look up the stream—what a fine view we have of the two falls! I think I like them better as seen from here than from any other point."

"It is a beautiful spot," says Lovelace, "and the view is superb of all that body of water sweeping down upon us. But it does not need the view to make me feel repaid for coming," he adds, with a direct look in her eyes—"for," he thinks, "since I have been forced to run this absurd risk, I will make the most of the opportunity."

"I am afraid that you are not a lover of nature, Mr. Lovelace," she says. "At least I observe that whenever I direct your attention to a beautiful scene, you manage to imply something complimentary to *me*, who am insignificant beyond measure when compared to it."

"That is a statement open to question," replies Lovelace. "It is not that I love nature less, but that I love—forgive me!" he says, abruptly changing his tone of *badinage* to one of serious meaning. "Some subjects should be held apart from jest—though jest may sometimes border so close on earnest that it is rather a veil than a flippancy."

"Yes," says Roslyn, somewhat unmeaningly. She has thrown a stick into the water, and is apparently engaged in watching its gyrations on the tossing current, while thinking that this is going a little farther than she likes—or, at least, a little faster. It is not to be denied that her fancy is enlisted in Lovelace's favor, but despite this fact, she is conscious, she has been conscious from the first, of an instinctive distrust of him, an instinctive sense that his words of homage do not ring wholly true. She suspects him of desiring to flirt with her, and she has decided to meet him at his own game. "Perhaps I may make it earnest for him before he knows what he is about," she thinks, with a little thrill of anticipative triumph. "It would serve him right."

But these were the reflections of reason and coolness in solitude. Now, alone with him, exposed

to all the fascination of his poetic face, his eloquent eyes, his modulated tones, she feels that her best safety lies perhaps in retreat, although she does not part with her armor of nonchalance.

"Excuse me," she says, with a slight start, "I answered at random, I fear, for the water makes so much noise that it is difficult to hear distinctly—and then I was so much engaged in watching my stick. See, there it goes! Fancy if it was you or I being tossed about like that! It may be our fate really, if we should miss our footing."

"It is already my fate—in a typical sense," says Lovelace, readily accepting the diversion, and thinking that she has more *savoir-faire* than he would have given her credit for. "Have you ever thought what it must be, Miss Vardray, to be tossed from one wave of circumstances to another, to be the plaything of the currents of life, as that stick is of these waters?"

"Why should I?" asks Roslyn. "A human being is not an inanimate stick—a man ought to be able to guide himself, and not be the plaything of waves and currents."

"Ought!" he repeats, with a smile half-sad, half-bitter. "Yes, I grant you, he ought—but do many of us do what we ought to? I, at least, am a striking example of the contrary. I have frittered away my time, my talents, my opportunities, until now that stick typifies my life only too accurately."

"I hope you are too severe on yourself," says Roslyn—he has gained his point and interested her, as the expression of her mobile face plainly shows. "Even if you have done all this, you are not a stick, and you can do better yet."

"Perhaps," he says, with meditative mournfulness; "if I had an object, an aim, something to nerve my purpose—but this is what I lack. Life has never seemed to me to hold anything worth striving for. Now you know to bring out whatever is good in him, a man *must* have something for which to strive—some object above and beyond him, to be at once inspiration and reward."

"Yes, I suppose so," says Roslyn; "but is not this to be found?"

"Many people find it easily," he says, with a slight accent of contempt; "but they are people readily satisfied. I do not find it—I mean that my life heretofore has not found it—because the aims that satisfy most men do not satisfy *me*. I search for Egeria, perhaps—do you know where she is to be found?"

The look that accompanies this question says more than a volume of speech, and Roslyn thrills with that mingled sense of danger and pleasure which gives a subtle zest to episodes of this kind. It is not a vulgar flirtation, but a playing lightly with issues which may be fraught with gravity, a warding off seriousness because feeling that the time for it has not yet come.

"No," she answers, shaking her head. "I do not number any nymphs among my acquaintances. But they are generally found in wildwood haunts, I believe, so this might be a good place to look for her."

"Perhaps I have found her," he says, smiling.

"Then in that case there is no need to look," she replies. "But now I think that we had better go back to the shore, for it is a laborious climb to the upper fall, and I see the others have started."

"Let them start," says Lovelace. "Why can we not stay here? We see the fall without the trouble of climbing to it."

"You may stay if you like," says Roslyn. "You will make a very picturesque object alone on this rock in the middle of the river. I will tell you how you look from the upper fall."

With a laugh she turns away, and before he can answer, is half way across the river, springing lightly from rock to rock. He has no alternative but to follow—his vexation tempered by amusement, and a dawning sense that there is to be even more piquancy in the affair than he had reckoned upon.

They rejoin the rest of the party at the upper fall, and an hour or two is spent in climbing over rocks, being wet by spray, gathering ferns, rescuing children from perilous positions, and all the other amusements of a day of gypsying. Finally Miss Mills proposes luncheon, and with somewhat exhausted energies and very good appetites, the party assemble in a romantic spot by the side of the brawling stream. Here they are discussing, with much relish, sandwiches and cold chicken, jellies and cakes, when a sound is heard which carries consternation with it—a long, low, distant roll of thunder.

CHAPTER IX.

"ON THE SAME SPOT."

Knives and forks are laid down, and the party gaze at each other in dismay. A thunder-storm out in the woods is no trifle, and shelter near by there is none. Miss Mills looked up appealingly to the blue sky overhead.

"Do you think there *can* be a storm at hand?" she asks, vaguely and generally, of the company.

"I'll take an observation," says Geoffrey, rising.

Colonel Duncan goes with him, and they climb the hill which overshadows them, so as to obtain a wider view of the sky. On gaining the eminence they at once perceive great, cumulous masses of white clouds in the southwest, at sight of which Geoffrey shakes his head.

"There is certainly a heavy storm coming," he says. "The sooner we start for home the better."

"Yes," says Colonel Duncan, "but you will not be able to reach Verdevale before the storm bursts. We *may* reach Clifton, however, if we ride fast; so let us get off as soon as possible."

Their report ends the feast summarily, and preparations for departure are vigorously made. The children, with their mouths still full, clamber into the waggonette, where Miss Mills is exhorting, entreating, and commanding to haste—being one of the people whom the mere thought of lightning fills with nervous terror—and the equestrians mount their horses as soon as the latter can be saddled. Meanwhile, the cloud is moving close, while louder and more loud the roll of thunder comes.

"We must ride *very* fast," says Colonel Duncan, as he lifts Roslyn to her saddle. "A cloud of this kind advances rapidly."

"So will we!" she answers, gaily. "If it can catch us, it may wet us—now for a breathless gallop."

It is a very breathless gallop, and by the time they reach the gates of Clifton, the heavens are obscured by darkness, lightning is flashing around, and thunder roaring above them. But they accomplish the distance well, for the first heavy drops of rain are falling on the leaves of the trees as they ride up the avenue. They dismount as hurriedly as they mounted, the waggonette is unloaded, and the horses have hardly been led away, when the storm bursts in all its fury.

It is a fury which makes them truly grateful to be sheltered from it, as they watch the descending torrents of rain, and see the trees tossing and swaying in the wind. "How fortunate that we reached here just in time," they are saying to each other. Roslyn, alone, does not join in the congratulations, having walked to a window, where she stands looking silently out.

"What fascinates you,?" asks Colonel Duncan, going to her side. "Are you thinking how wet you would be if we had been ten minutes later in starting, or the rain ten minutes earlier in coming over?"

"No," she answers, turning her bright eyes on him. "I was thinking that I shall probably never have as good an opportunity again to be out in such a tempest as this—and I have always wanted to be!"

"Why? You don't suppose that it would be pleasant, do you?"

"Not in the sense you mean, perhaps—but it would be exhilarating. Don't you want to test *everything*? What is the good of living, if one does not taste every possible sensation?"

He smiles as one might at a child.

"I confess that ambition has never occurred to me," he says. "Where did you learn such ideas?"

"Are they strange?" she asks. "It seems to me the most natural thing imaginable—to desire to extract from life *all* that it holds. But," she goes on, with a quick change of subject, "do you know that I have never been at Clifton before, except once, when I was a very little girl, and papa brought me here with him?"

"I remember it well," says Duncan. "It was soon after I returned from the army, and your father called to see me. He had you with him; you were so pretty—such a fairy rather than a child—that I think I lost my heart to you then. That was ten years ago. I have been very constant, have I not?"

"Very," she answers lightly. "I remember that you were as kind to me then as you have been since. We went into the garden and you feasted me on grapes. Can we not go into that garden again?"

"I wish it were possible—perhaps it may be when the rain ceases, if you do not mind getting your feet wet. Meanwhile, look around my bachelor's quarters, and tell me if you do not think them fairly comfortable."

"Much more than that," she answers, glancing over the spacious, handsome room—then catching sight of her own picture, she blushes quickly.

"You see that I have at least your shadow here," he says.

While this conversation is taking place at the window, Lovelace has been endeavoring to console the nervousness of Miss Mills, who has retreated to a remote corner, and assures him that she always retires to a dark room, and if possible to a feather-bed, when a thunder-storm is abroad; while Lettice and Geoffrey are trying to restrain the restlessness of the children. But the latter detects presently a smile on Lettice's face as she glances at the window *tete-a-tete*, and he forthwith demands to know the cause of it.

"You are a very inquisitive person," she says. "Cannot one smile without being called upon to render an account of the why and wherefore thereof? Well, if you must know, I only smiled because I wondered how Roslyn feels with the consciousness that the attention of every man here is centered on her, that she is the supreme object of interest to each one of you, and that you each regard with jealous envy whoever happens to engross her for the time being! Yonder is Mr. Lovelace, fidgeting while Miss Mills describes to him minutely how her great-grand-aunt was struck by lightning—and here are you dying to go and challenge Colonel Duncan! There is too much monotony in the matter—there ought to be a rival introduced for the sake of picturesque and dramatic effect—I ought to be one of the bewitching *intriguanes*, who, in novels, come in to cross the path and distract the admirers of the heroine."

"What nonsense," says Geoffrey, smiling in spite of himself. "Do you know I think you

are very well calculated to be a bewitching intriguante," he adds, looking at the girl for the first time in his life as a stranger might look. "There is something about you very attractive, and then one feels that you don't lie altogether on the surface, as so many women do—and that is a great thing."

"It is my turn to say 'nonsense,' now," replies Lettice, flushing a little. "Don't be so personal, Geoff. Do you know—pray don't murder me—that I think if I were Roslyn, I would marry Colonel Duncan. He is a splendid creature! Look at him now as he stands talking to her; how much homage and deference, together with simplicity, his manner expresses!"

"You see wonderful things, Lettice," says Geoffrey. "I think the half of them are in your own imagination. Heigho! will this confounded rain never stop, I wonder? I don't like being shut up in this place, at all. I think I would rather have been drenched."

"The rain is too violent to last long," says Lettice. "I have no doubt it will be clear in an hour."

She proves a true prophet. In an hour the clouds have dispersed, and the whole drenched world is bathed in golden sunshine again. Since the woodland dinner was cut short in so unsatisfactory a manner, Colonel Duncan as soon as they entered the house, ordered a collation to be served and so it is that they are lingering in the dining-room around the table, playing with their wine-glasses and talking lightly, when the sudden burst of glory comes, which transforms the dripping, glittering earth to fairy-land. Through the French windows they look out on the garden, and as the sunlight falls upon it, Roslyn utters an exclamation of delight.

"O, how beautiful, how wonderfully beautiful!" she cries. "What a lovely place! It looks as if it was enchanted. Colonel Duncan, you promised that when the rain ceased, I should go out there—now I claim your promise."

"I am really afraid it is too wet," says Colonel Duncan, doubtfully—divided between his desire to gratify her, and his fear of the imprudence.

"My dear Roslyn, you must not *think* of such a thing!" cries Miss Mills.

"The idea is absurd," says Geoffrey, shortly. "You might as well have staid out in the storm."

Roslyn rises from the table with a smile that from her childhood has always meant a serene and immovable intention of having her own way.

"I am very much obliged to you all," she says. "I do not insist upon anybody else being drenched; but I do not mind it—and I am going."

She moves toward one of the windows as she speaks, and Colonel Duncan follows her. No

one else stirs, and Lovelace smiles as he watches them—a quiet, rather pleased smile—so Lettice curiously notes—as he lifts a glass of wine to his lips.

"Well, this is certainly damp," says Roslyn to her companion, as they walk along the wet gravel paths, and receive a shower of rain-drops from every shrub which they unguardedly touch in passing. "I feel as if I were very selfish in having brought you out to be made uncomfortable, just to gratify my caprice."

"You did not bring me out," he answers. "I came of my own free will and pleasure; and as for my being a little wet, it is a matter of no importance. But I am concerned about *you*."

"There is no need to be, I assure you. I do what I like—I have always done what I liked—and I never take cold. Besides, I love water, and I would not miss rambling through this garden just now for anything. It is like Aladdin's magic garden, every tree and shrub hung with precious stones. Only Aladdin's garden had no such delicious odors in it."

He smiles, well pleased with her delight, and so, unheeding the dampness, they wander on, he pointing out what he has done and what he yet hopes to do in the way of improvement, she listening with interest and making suggestions. Finally, pausing at a large grape-arbor, he says:

"Do you remember this?"

"Oh yes, I remember it well," she replies, looking around. "This is where you brought me when I was here as a child. What a feast of grapes I had, to be sure—and there is the very seat on which I sat, is it not?"

She indicates a roughly twisted rustic bench under the shadow of the arbor, and he answers, quietly:

"It is the very seat—I have never let it fall to decay. I would ask you to sit down on it again, but it is too wet. I should like to ask you the same question which I asked when we sat on it before."

"Must I necessarily be sitting on the bench for you to do that?" she asks, with utter unconsciousness of his meaning. "If that is the case, I think I can venture to sit down long enough to hear the question, at least. Now"—she sits down and looks up at him—"was it 'Do you like grapes?'"

"No," he answers, smiling, yet with a certain gravity of tone. "It was not that. You had finished the grapes, and we were sitting here talking when I said to you 'Will you be my wife?'"

Like a flash, a tide of scarlet comes to Roslyn's face, and she springs to her feet as if he had stung her. Her first instinctive feeling is that of resentment—a dim sense that he has taken unfair advantage of her.

"I was a child then," she says, abruptly, "so

I suppose there was no harm in such a jest—but I am not a child now."

She would walk away and end the matter—but he stands in her path and looks at her with serious, astonished eyes.

"Surely you do not think I meant the question as a jest?" he says, with a controlled power, a depth and meaning in his tone, which at once asserts its influence over her. "Surely you know better than that. Women are not blind to the fact that a man loves—as you know, you must know how long and how well I have loved you. The question I have just asked, has trembled on my lips for many a day—but I should not have asked it now if the chance to speak *here* had not seemed so propitious. The past seemed to link itself with the present; and the child to whom I lost my heart is the woman I love. Tell me, is there any hope that you will be my wife?"

As his voice trembles over the last words—too eager, too earnest for an unnecessary phrase—the girl realizes as she has never realized before, the power which rests in her hands, and the value of that which is offered her. She feels awed and humbled by this consciousness, touched by the knowledge of the devotion which has so long followed her careless footsteps, and more than sorry for the pain she must inflict. She looks at him with eyes that express all this before she speaks.

"Why do you ask me," she says, in a low voice. "I cannot—you must know that I cannot."

"Why cannot you?" he asks, quietly—hardly a sign betraying the pain that wrings his heart. "Is it because you do not love me?"

"Not in *that* way," she answers, hurriedly. "I cannot think of such a thing"—half unconsciously, she shrinks as she speaks—"Please forget it—please do not talk of it again."

"You need not fear," he answers. "I only wanted certainty, and now I have it. No, I will not talk of it again. Here, where the hope had birth, I will bury it."

"I am sorry—I am very sorry!" she says, looking wistfully into his face.

"So am I," he answers, with a strange, half-sad smile; "but we cannot help it, either of us, so we will say no more about it. Now I think we had better return to the house, for I fear you are very damp."

"It does not matter," she answers. "I have only myself to blame, you know. O, I wish, I *wish* this had not happened!" she says, clasping her hands. "But you must see yourself that I don't suit you in the least."

She speaks with an air of appealing argument that almost makes him smile again. But he only replies, quietly:

"Not in the least, my dear—since you don't think so, certainly not in the least."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A WINTER MADRIGAL.

BY CAROLINE A. MERIGHI.

Out of the winter's mournfulness

And the sad wind's sighs,

The chill snow's pallor and the day's distress

And the storm's wild cries,

Come up the accents of a low, sweet voice—

For beneath snows the flower but slumbereth!

That saith, "Oh world, rejoice!

All waiteth patiently the sweet spring's breath.

The bird, though still, shall in its beauty wake

To a remembered sun's so soft caress,

And answering to its love for the earth's sake

Bright and enchanting hues the eye shall bless.

Beneath the sod the leaves refuse to die,

Earth waiteth patiently.

But sad, oh sad! the dull and sodden earth,

And sad, oh sad! the little lifeless bird

That woke so gladly at its hapless birth

And frozen fell ere yet its song was heard!

Shall the spring wake—ah, no—that song again?—

That unheard song that none can yet forget,

Shall the sun soothe its mate's remembered pain,

When buds the thorn against its bosom set?

Nothing shall wake it from its sleep again,

Nor bid it live to greet

The thorn-buds that shall blossom to the rain,

The rose to greet.

Its fate was but to breathe and swift to die

Like Love's impatient sigh!

But other birds shall sing on lovelier trees,

Another mate shall build as fair a nest,

Roses of joy shall scent the balmy breeze

And lilies raise the marvel of their crest.

What time the kingfisher shall spread his wing,

The deer shall speed upon the tufted lawn,

The many-voiced stream its song shall sing

From evening until dawn.

The rabbit shall in silent dell arouse

The hare, his comrade, for the furtive flight,

And merry dormice shall in fields carouse

Where dragon-flies delight.

Each living thing awakened then shall be

To being's ecstasy.

Take comfort, heart, that, fainting in the blast,

Thinkest the winter's day so chill and drear.

Soon shall its darkest storm be spent and past,

Soon shall the change be near.

The flower long-hidden shall be doubly fair,

The song as yet unheard be doubly dear,

The cloud o'erpast shall leave nor dole nor care,

The winter's grief no fear.

Earth shall shake off the trammel of its snow

And throb and shine.

Glorious shall be renewal of its glow

By Hand Divine.

Though we inconstant grow in thrall of death

Our God remembereth!

A TRIP TO JERUSALEM.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

"The road leading from Jericho to Jerusalem is full of peril and danger; it winds through passes or leads along the rugged edges of cliffs and precipices, and even to-day, as in the time of the parable of the Good Samaritan, the traveler runs the risk of falling among thieves, or at least being beset by bandits and ruffians, who hide themselves among the rocks and crags to rush out from their haunts upon their unwary victims. A trip to Jerusalem, therefore—"

"Oh, Doctor, please stop one moment; I have an idea."

It was a fresh, girlish voice which interrupted the reader just here, and a pair of plump white hands dropped needle and wools as Ray Merrill's bright eyes and rosy cheeks lifted themselves from the work over which they were growing dull, to say nothing of the weariness the listener felt on the dry sort of entertainment with which Dr. Lacey was endeavoring to while away the tedious hours of a rainy morning, in a summer country-house.

"Pray obey the peremptory command, Doctor Lacey; we all pause at the extraordinary announcement—an idea from Miss Merrill, ladies!" and Miss Emerson's cool, sarcastic voice, sounded colder and crueller than usual as she turned to her companions with a smile accompanying her speech.

The young girl colored, but stopped short on the quick reply upon her lips. Most people found Miss Emerson a person of whom one hardly dared to make an enemy; her friendship was painful to the possessor—what would her enmity be?

"What were you about to remark, Miss Ray?" asked the doctor, kindly, looking down at the confused face below him.

"I beg pardon, doctor, and everybody," with a blushing, deprecatory little glance around the circle, "but I didn't think for a moment—I was not following the reading, and only caught the word 'Jerusalem,' and I immediately recalled a little game I used to play when I was a little girl, and I thought how nice it would be to call the children down in the parlor this dreary morning for a romp. 'A Trip to Jerusalem,' you know, it is such fun," with an appealing look at the half dozen other girls of her age, who were already yawning behind their fans, over Dr. Lacey's book of eastern travels.

"A capital suggestion, Miss Ray," promptly replied the doctor, closing the volume and looking relieved. "I really think, as a physician I speak now, ladies, that a little wholesome exercise would be of infinitely more benefit to us all, this chilly morning, than any account of the Holy Land I could read to you. A romping game with the

little ones will act upon us all like a burst of sunshine, and I think we owe a vote of thanks to this bright Ray for her really brilliant idea."

"Is that a compliment to Miss Merrill, or a covert allusion to the dullness you find in the society present?" asked Miss Emerson, with a curious emphasis in her tone.

"Not the latter, surely—one could scarcely call a society 'dull' where Spencer, Darwin, and Huxley are companions," replies the doctor, pointing to those volumes lying beside Miss Emerson. "One's diet should not consist of strong food altogether, however; variety is the spice of life—I prescribe therefore, after an aromatic eastern dish, a little mild western game. What do you all say? shall we accept this happy thought of Miss Merrill's and take a 'trip to Jerusalem?' The children would vote favorably on a visit, I am sure."

"As would the children's governess, no doubt," said Miss Emerson, aside to her companion; then aloud, she continued, "We might compromise in the question, Dr. Lacey; let all those who fancy nursery amusements and companionships, go seek them there, while we who prefer entertainment above that order, can remain in our proper spheres, where we now are; I for one was greatly interested in the travels of your friend, and would like to continue them."

Doctor Lacey immediately handed the book to Miss Emerson, saying:

"You are quite welcome to the loan of the work, Miss Emerson; I am sure my friend will feel flattered when I tell him his book has been appreciated and enjoyed by a lady of taste and culture. I think, with Miss Ray, that I shall prefer 'a trip to Jerusalem,' with the little ones this morning, however," and he rose with these words.

Miss Emerson received the volume from his hand with a cool acknowledgment of thanks, adding in a low tone—

"Chaque un a son gout. I wish you joy of your journey and your compagnons du voyage!"

Her expression of countenance certainly belied her words, for it was not a friendly, pleased face that accompanied this "God speed," but a bitter, scornful one, rather.

Esther Emerson was one strangers called "a curious woman;" her friends said she was "eccentric;" her foes declared she was "crazy and cruel:" the first wondered at her; the second humored her; the third reviled and hated her.

No longer young, having reached that "corner" where girlhood's sunny ways diverge into womanhood's shady paths, she was yet possessed of a certain youthful beauty, and, being talented, fascinating and wealthy, Miss Emerson was a leader in her set, and influential in society. Suitors she had had in numbers during her youth, and still they came, attracted by her position and fortune; but there had never been one unto whom she had

felt she could yield herself, until fate sent one day this young and handsome physician to minister unto some trifling ailments of the body, and her heart was touched at last.

She loved this young man, and she determined to marry him. All her life she had obtained what she most desired, and until now, this summer, she had felt very sure that he, too, would be hers, along with all else she had ever coveted, and all ways gained.

He had been markedly attentive through the winter; society lifted up its eyebrows and whispered in the spring; and, when summer came, and he followed her up to the mountains—although it was at her urgent bidding, and in the company of a gay party of mutual friends—there was much gossip afloat concerning the fact.

There had never been a word of love spoken between the two; there was not even so much as an "understanding"—that little word large with so much meaning in love's phraseology; but upon Dr. Lacey's arrival at Crowcrest, Miss Emerson boldly asserted such a proprietorship over the gentleman, that the matrons were provoked to smile, and the young girls laughed among themselves at her selfish desire to keep "the handsomest fellow there" out of reach of their fascinations.

To tell the truth, the man had been so valiantly besieged by the woman, during their brief acquaintance, that he felt his courage ebb in the resenting of her flattering and uncommon courtesies. Hers was the nature—masculine—before which all the tender womanliness of his own grew weak, and bowed.

Leonard Lacey had never been in love; it is not strange, then, that when this elegant and much-sought-for woman gave him her preference above all other men of her set, that he should at least believe his heart touched, as well as his head.

Notwithstanding Miss Emerson was several years his senior, Leonard Lacey would very likely have asked her to marry him this eventful summer up in the mountains, if——

"Tell Miss Hildreth to come down with the children, will you, Ray, please? it will give her a change as well as us, and she will, no doubt, help us in the game." Mrs. Ward had called this message after Ray Merrill, as she ran up the stairs gaily on her errand of mercy. Miss Hildreth is so frail," she added, turning to her companions; "they kept her too confined in the convent. I hope, however, the freedom of this mountain life will bring some strength and color to her delicate body."

"Lowly weeds do not bear transplanting to higher heights than those to which they naturally belong, Mrs. Ward," answered Miss Emerson, as she took up the book of travels, and retired to the library adjoining.

One or two of the ladies exchanged glances at this remark, but Mrs. Ward went on with her needlework, making no sign of having heard the sneer.

A patter, a clatter, and chatter of little feet and shrill childish voices soon made the quiet rooms ring, as the little ones came bounding down the stairs, wild in their merriment over their unexpected half holiday. A busy, noisy arrangement of chairs placed *dos-à-dos*, followed as preparation for the old-fashioned game, and each one in the parlor, old and young, was importuned to join: then, as the music played, fast or slow, loud or low there was a laughing, joyous rush and tumble for seats.

"A trip to Jerusalem is full of peril and danger to the traveler; indeed," laughingly quoted Doctor Lacey, as he ran round the room with the little ones, banging his long legs, and catching up some mite of a 'traveler' on his way, and tossing her high up in the air.

He had a look for the player of the piano, however, as well as for the players in the game. There was not much to attract one in her appearance either; a pale, slender girl, in a faded gray grenadine dress, with great masses of fair brown hair wound round her little head, and a delicate, sensitive nose and trembling lips shown in profile; but his quick eye took in every changing expression that flitted over the pallid face, and he whispered to Ray Merrill as he passed her in the game—

"Change places with Miss Hildreth, won't you? she needs some exercise too," and Ray immediately went over to the piano, and without breaking a bar of the music, slipped her hands under Miss Hildreth's and took up the tune, pushing the surprised girl aside with a whisper—

"Please take my place—I am out of breath."

"Yeth, yeth, tum, Mith Hildreth," shouted Dottie Ward, one of her little pupils, as Miss Hildreth made a motion of refusal, and a full chorus of lisps from the rest of the children, soon succeeded in bringing their teacher among them.

"But I do not know the game, children, and I shall spoil all your pleasure in it; let us go back to the school-room, now, and play the 'rat-trap' or 'pigeon-house.' Come," she coaxed, looking shy and embarrassed among the circle of ladies.

"No, no, no! We want you to play here with uth, a trip to Jeruthalem; Doctor Lathey will take care of you, won't you doctor?" urged Dottie.

"With all my heart," quickly replied the doctor.

Miss Hildreth took her place with no more urging, and Ray went on with the merry tune; in the *melee* which followed, in some way the doctor's feet became entangled in Miss Hildreth's dress, and a pull, a rent, a rip, and great trails of ragged ruffling and raveled ends of grenadine

hung from her waist and wrapped themselves about his legs.

"I beg a thousand pardons for my awkwardness, Miss Hildreth," exclaimed the doctor, as he knelt down in order to extricate himself; the ladies laughingly declared he was served right for his antics, and Miss Emerson, who made her appearance in the doorway, now looked on with a scornful smile upon her lips.

"What, another change in the programme?" she asked, elevating her eyebrows. "Ah, tableaux, I see, and you are 'King Cophetua,' Doctor Lacey; or is it a new rendition of 'Flies in the Web?'" Her voice was as cold and hard as an icicle, and she looked as white and sharp as one for the moment.

Miss Hildreth appeared to understand the covert sneer, for a painful blush overspread her pale face, as she stooped lower to rid herself of the entanglement and make her escape.

"You read wrong, Miss Emerson," came the doctor's reply quickly. "It is 'Love's Labor Lost,' I fear, that you behold before you; I—we all—asked Miss Hildreth, out of our good hearts and humor, to play this game with us for our and her pleasure, and you see it has proved her destruction."

"Hers, or yours? You seem out of your proper sphere, and in difficulty. One usually gets into trouble, I find, if one stoops in any way, mentally, morally, socially." There was pointed emphasis in the last word.

"There was no greater height, however, Miss Emerson, than that one finds kneeling at the feet of a woman sometimes," replied Doctor Lacey, rising, and putting the tangled pieces of her torn robe into Miss Hildreth's hands.

"*Cela depend*, of course," laughed Mrs. Ward, who felt annoyed at the turn the conversation had taken.

"Will you kindly excuse me, Mrs. Ward," asked Miss Hildreth, hurrying from the room now.

"Certainly, it is time you disappeared, my dear Cinderella; you will keep a sharp look out for the tubs, and mice, and pumpkin!"

"—And slipper," added the doctor in a low tone.

"Do beggarth only have one dreth to their bakths, Doctor Lathey?"

It was Dottie's busy little tongue that questioned. She and her sister Bell, the two *enfants terribles* of the house, had been given holiday the morning following their "trip to Jerusalem," Miss Hildreth being confined to her room with sick headache, and they had followed Doctor Lacey out into the lawn, and sat playing beside his hammock.

"Not being acquainted with the wardrobe of that peculiar class of the brotherhood, Dottie, I can not conscientiously say," replied the doctor

lazily, between the puffs of his pipe, and swinging himself slowly back and forth in the hammock. "Why, what do you ask that question for, Dottie?" he said suddenly, and turning so quickly as to very nearly land himself upon the soft pine needle bed beneath the swinging hammock.

"Cauth, I heard that croth Mith Emerthon thay thomebody with a beggar with only one dreth to her back."

"Well, Dottie, I don't tare, Miss Hildreth aint a beggar any way; and I dess she's only dot that old drenadine dress Doctor Lacey all tared yesterday; but she's mended it all up with nice tourt-plaster and horizontal pieces of dray silk, beyewtifully!"

"Belle, twathent 'horihontal,' twath triangular biths of berège," corrected Dottie, who took every opportunity to bring in her knowledge of the Frœbel system of teaching, and was quite learned in Kindergarten phrases.

"It was an nawful bother anyhow to mend it; tause Miss Hildreth tried while she was a-sewing it, all the time; I saw the tears roll down, and she said she was 'unhappy,' I asked her, didn't I, Dottie?"

The hammock swung back and forth violently now.

"How much would a new dress tost, Doctor Lacey? not an ugly faded one, but a pretty new one, a——"

"If I could have the buying, Dottie—dear, it should be the most beautiful and exquisite of robes in all the world——"

"What tolor?" "What thort?" interrupted these two little mites of femininity, throwing down their dolls, and coming closer, all their interest roused at once in the construction of a *costume*.

"Ah, Dottie," said the doctor, dreamily, as though he had already beheld the vision in his mind. "Ah Dottie, and Belle, it should be a robe of soft, lustreless, shimmering white, with trails of orange blossoms here and there, and a misty veil which should hide yet only half conceal——"

"Dottie, Belle! come in now, luncheon is ready," came a cry from the house; and childish appetite conquering female love of dress, the little ones scampered off directly.

"Is it possible that one woman can be so heartlessly cruel to another?" soliloquized the doctor, as he thought over the probable origin of this bit of news which his prattling little companions had so innocently imparted.

It was time, he decided, that an end was put to this uncomfortable state of affairs. That Miss Emerson disapproved of his attentions to Miss Hildreth was plain to be seen; she had evinced her displeasure towards him in a number of ways of late, and now it appeared she was making the girl unhappy. He felt a warm indignation

roused within him at this assumption of authority and proprietorship over him by one who had no right to exercise it. Miss Emerson had been his friend, as such he admired and liked her, but he had given her no right nor reason to imagine she could interfere with any fancy or admiration he might feel for another woman. As he lay there thinking these thoughts, it suddenly dawned upon him that it was not only a passing interest or fancy he felt for this tender, delicate girl, who had been the recipient of Miss Emerson's sneers and sarcasms, but a warm, passionate love; and he decided then and there that he would win her heart if possible, and proclaim himself her knight.

In the few weeks of his sojourn at Crowcrest, Dr. Lacey had seen a great deal of Miss Hildreth, more even than Miss Emerson ever dreamed, for when the ladies in the house took their siestas in the long, warm summer afternoons, or read their last budget of new books and magazines from the city in the cool, quiet of their rooms, he had lighted his cigar and followed the children and their governess in their daily walks, to the woods down by the mill dam, or up the mountain side. In all the sweet wild places in which nature hides and adorns herself for summer seekers of her loveliness, Dr. Lacey had been their companion. And alone, with only these little ones and her, and the birds, under the soft, rustling trees, beneath the bright summer sky, he had unconsciously grown to love this pale little girl in her faded gray gown.

What to him now, were Miss Emerson's wealth, position, influence! Ah, would he not be proud indeed, like King Cophetua, to wed this lowly maiden! And like that monarch, before he left his hammock that day, Leonard Lacey "swore a royal oath, this beggar maid shall be my queen." He determined to ask Miss Hildreth to be his wife.

Katherine Hildreth was nineteen, an orphan, and alone in the world. Until Mrs. Ward had kindly offered her the position of governess to her little girls, Katherine had passed most of her life in a convent, where she had been placed at school when a child. When the time drew near for her to bid adieu to girl life, and go out to battle for a woman's right in the world of work, her frail health failed her. It was just then that Mrs. Ward recollected that she had promised Katherine's father, when he died, while abroad with them some years before, that she would take a motherly interest and care in his little daughter when she should leave school. Mr. Ward was guardian of her scanty little fortune, she would be guardian of her delicate self, and now that the hour had come for Katherine to leave behind the convent walls which had sheltered her so long, and go out into the wide waste of world that lies beyond their narrow limits, she redeemed her promise to

Katherine's father, and took her to her own home.

"If you will teach Dottie and Belle something—anything—this summer, dear," she said to Katherine, who wished to find a position at once, "I will be very grateful to you. Come up to the mountains with me this summer, as my guest, and practice on the children in the meanwhile; and if you are not satisfied with them as pupils, we will look up something better for you in the fall."

And so Katherine accompanied them to Crowcrest. The little ones took to their governess at once; she had a gentle firmness, a tender strength of will, under which these rebellious little natures bowed submissively. Mrs. Ward watched her pretty, easy mode of teaching, and congratulated herself that her bread was returning, before it had been cast many days upon the waters.

It was not only the little ones who "took" to Miss Hildreth, however; for all the young girls in the house, as well as the old ladies who were spending the summer there, liked her and loved to be with her. There were only a few who did not see Miss Hildreth, save when they asked her to post a letter for them in her walks with the children, or wanted a quadrille played, or a new sketch shown them; Miss Emerson was one of these few; but Ethel Emerson was known to be "very peculiar and exclusive," and no one wondered that she never addressed a word to Mrs. Ward's governess, although some began to notice at last that she appeared to dislike the girl.

Unused to the ways of society, and totally unaccustomed to be among gentlemen, Katherine was very shy of the few who were summering at Crowcrest; after some fruitless attempts on their part to win more than the simple "no" and "yes," unaccompanied by even a lift of eyelashes, or flutter or smile, as the monosyllables were, they finally gave up Miss Hildreth as "an uninteresting bit of propriety."

There was not the shadow of a suspicion in Katherine's mind that Dr. Lacey joined the children so frequently in their afternoon walks because of their governess; she knew that he was their physician, and devotedly attached to the children, and so she nodded pleasantly when he met them in the grove, or they found him reading in the little pavilion down by the mill dam, or discovered him sometimes in their retreat at the top of the mountain.

She had been a quaint little study to him at first, she was so unlike all the other women he had ever met. He would listen to her talk, as innocent and pure as Dottie's and Belle's, and think:

"Oh, little maid, shut in by nunnery walls, what knowest thou of the world and all its lights and shadows; all the wealth and all the woe." And as the days ran on, the study grew more and more interesting, and finally absorbed his whole mind and thoughts.

The day following the children's bit of gossip out on the lawn, offered Dr. Lacey an opportunity to make known to the "beggar maid," King Cophetua's royal determination. He had seen the trio start out with their baskets for moss and leaves shortly after their early dinner, and knowing their haunts, he took a short cut up the mountain side, and was already at the tryst when they came slowly up the path. When Miss Hildreth saw him, she started and would have turned, but he called the children to him, and she followed them.

It was a warm day in early autumn; the hot sun burned on the high hills, and the spicy wood winds heavy with the fragrance of nut burrs and pines, and soft, sweet pungent whiffs of wild grape, blew breezes from the South; the whistling whirr of the locust filled the air with trembling thrills of tremelo; up on high the sleepy birds piped a lazy note, and the buzzing bees and floating butterflies skimmed over the meadows that lay like a green sea down below the mountain—a redolent break of sleeping summer seemed to come from the full breasts of the country hills around.

"The world seemed hushed in a drowsy swoon, In the maze of the hot midsummer noon."

Miss Hildreth seated herself upon a rock a little apart, and began to weave a wreath of leaves for Dottie, who had clamored for one, while Belle trudged back and forth with her little basket, bringing great trails of wintergreen with its scarlet berries, and branches of sumac already purpling, for the making of the chaplet.

Doctor Lacey watched the trembling fingers in their work for some time, then he came nearer and threw himself upon the ground at Katherine's feet, and pulled his hat down over his eyes.

"Put it on, and be a tween, Dottie," said Belle, when Miss Hildreth held up the wreath completed. Dottie obeyed.

"Now make one for Doctor Lathey, Mith Hildreth," said Dottie, "and he will be my king, and I will be hith queen, won't I, Doctor Lathey?"

He pushed back his hat, and did not speak for a moment, then he answered, looking up in Katherine's eyes—

"There is but one woman crowned in my heart, I am at her feet, and her name is——"

"What ith her name?" interrupted Dottie, who had dropped her wreath now and was sitting both elbows on her knees, eyes, ears, and mouth open, drinking in every word.

He stopped short, watching the while a dawn of color in the pale pallor of Katherine's cheek.

"She is a namesake of her of Arragon, Dottie; Miss Hildreth knows which queen I faint would swear allegiance to."

Dottie and Belle both screamed because Miss Hildreth suddenly dropped all their hoard of nuts and leaves and berries from her lap, as she rose abruptly and said:

"We must go home; I am afraid there is a storm coming, let us go," and taking each one by the hand, without a word or look toward Dr. Lacey, she gathered the baskets and the shawls and led them down the path homeward.

Miss Hildreth was holding her Kindergarten out on the piazza, next day, teaching the children botany over some flowers they had gathered, when the red village wagon came winding up the long, dusty, white road and stopping at the gate the driver threw out an express package marked "Miss Hildreth." She looked surprised at its receipt, and at the urgent request of Dottie and Belle opened it at once. In the folds of white tissue paper beneath the wrapper, there lay a dress pattern of delicate gray striped silk.

"Why, what can this mean; I have ordered no such article, there is some mistake," she said.

"No, no, it's all right, Mith Hildreth," cried Dottie, clapping her hands with glee; "it's from Dr. Lathey, he thaid he'd buy you a new one, tauth I told him you cried about the tored one, didn't he, Belle?"

"Yes, but he said it would be *white*, don't you reccommender, Dottie? Tum, look here, Miss Emerson, at Miss Hildreth's pretty new dress that Dr. Lacey baughted her!" and Miss Emerson who had come down the steps leisurely during the colloquy, looked indeed; from the crown of Katherine's blushing, burning head, down to the little heap of silk at her feet, Miss Emerson's cold, gray eyes traveled slowly.

"Indeed!"

It was the only word she uttered, but the tone was a whole harsh sentence of surprise, suspicion, condemnation, and she swept on down the walk.

What did it mean? Did Dr. Lacey dare to offer her such a gift? and she had thought him such a true, tender-hearted gentleman; she had endowed him with all the virtues and noble qualities with which every maiden unconsciously crowns her hero, knight, and king. Catching up the package quickly, Miss Hildreth suddenly left her charges to their own devices, and rushed up to her room to fling herself down, and hide her face, and stifle the bitter sobs that came from her shamed, bruised heart.

"Where *was* Miss Hildreth?" was the inquiry after tea that evening, when there was music wanted. "Miss Hildreth was not well, and begged to be excused," was the answer that came to the requests for her presence in the parlor; she was still unable to leave her room next morning, when Ray Merrill asked for her, upon her arrival from the city, where she had been spending several days.

"I will go see her in her room, may I not, Mrs. Ward? I have something particular to say," importuned Ray. Mrs. Ward assented, looking a trifle anxious, some of the ladies thought, over her governess' illness.

"I hope it is nothing serious, Mrs. Ward," said one.

"No, it is a passing weakness; the weather has prostrated her."

"Has Dr. Lacey attended her?" asked another.

"I spoke of sending him up, but she begged so piteously to be left alone to-day, that I consented to wait until to-morrow about consulting a physician. I hope none of you are afraid of any contagious disease," said Mrs. Ward, looking troubled.

"Not in the least, I assure you, Mrs. Ward; Miss Hildreth is suffering from nothing that can affect us in the least," replied Miss Emerson, with emphasis.

Doctor Lacey was pacing up and down the long hall outside. He looked pale and troubled also; was it the weather too, that caused his ill looks?

Presently Ray Merrill came rushing down the stairs two at a time:

"Ladies, Dr. Lacey, please come here a moment," she began breathlessly. "I wish to correct at once an impression which I fear you are all laboring under," with a look at Miss Emerson. "This letter," showing a crumpled dirty little note, "I have just found in Dottie Ward's apron pocket. She says she picked it up on the piazza steps yesterday, and kept it for the pretty picture, the crest. It reads thus—'Will Miss Hildreth please accept from a few of her young girl friends at Crowcrest, this dress, as restitution of the one torn to tatters while taking 'A Trip to Jerusalem' for their pleasure? Ray Merrill and half-a-dozen other girls. What I desire to say to you all is this," continued Ray in her long speech, "from some ridiculous childish nonsense of Dottie's and Belle's, I fear there is an impression among you all, that *you*, Dr. Lacey, presented Miss Hildreth with the garment in question?"

"I!" echoed the doctor, starting. "I! surely Miss Hildreth——"

She came timidly into the parlor as her name was pronounced; the dress pattern was in her hand.

"I thank you all, girls, very much," she began, looking round at the half dozen or so who came forward to meet her. "I thank you all so very much, I—" and she broke completely down.

Dottie and Belle came running in after her.

"Don't cry, Mith Hildreth," said Dottie, hanging on to her dress. "Don't cry, betault it ithent white, with orange blothomth and a veil; Doctor Lathey thaid he'd buy you one like that thome day."

Doctor Lacey colored and looked confused. Miss Emerson gave him an intense long gaze, and rose as though she would speak to him; he strode over toward Miss Hildreth, and said in a blunt, bold manner:

"This is certainly a most peculiar way in which to propose to a young lady; but, Miss Hildreth, Dottie speaks truly; I would like to see you wear white and orange blossoms, as my bride. I love you: will you be my wife?"

Miss Emerson looked as though she had been turned to stone, and slowly walked out of the room. Every one was dumbfounded for a moment. Miss Hildreth swayed to and fro like a flower in the wind; the doctor held out his arms, and she fell on his breast and was folded to his heart.

There was a quiet little wedding in Mrs. Ward's parlors the following winter, at which Dottie and Belle, as well as Ray Merrill and several other young ladies, were bridesmaids, and although the bride was lovely in "a robe of lustreless shimmering white, with trails of orange blossoms here and there, and a veil that half hid, yet half concealed" her pale, sweet face, the groom stoutly contended that he would fain have had her come to him like Enid, in a certain faded, torn gray gown,

"Remembering how first he came on her, Drest in that dress; and how he loved her in it."

The happy couple made no wedding journey, but went straight to their little home not far from Mrs. Ward's. When asked why they went on no bridal tour, they laughed and said they took theirs before they were married in "a trip to Jerusalem."

Miss Emerson was not at the wedding; she sailed for Europe immediately after her return from the mountains.

People wondered why Miss Emerson's card was not among the beautiful presents received by Doctor Lacey and his bride; but those who knew her best, were not surprised that she sent no wedding gift, and were glad for her sake, that she refrained from doing something wicked and spiteful at the last toward the girl who had won from her the man she loved.

Esther Emerson will remain single all her life, no doubt: perhaps, when she grows to be an old woman she will tell the girls of the many lovers she "sent to Jericho." If she ever speaks of the one she truly loved, it will surely be of one who took "a trip to Jerusalem"—and never came back!

LOST OPPORTUNITY.—Opportunity is a swift runner. Those men who are always waiting for a more favorable season than the present to engage in any enterprise, or postponing any effort until the time when they imagine they will be best qualified for the successful exertion, will probably die without accomplishing any valuable purpose, and waste their lives in procrastination. A Spanish proverb says, "The road of By-and-bye leads to the town of Never."

JOHN FLEMING'S DOLL WIFE.

BY HARRIET B. MCKEEVER.

The dearest little Amy! but only a pretty toy. But John Fleming had been fascinated by her winsome ways, and sensible as he was, he was over head and ears in love with Amy Forester—quite a common thing for men of a practical order—how is it?

She had the loveliest dark blue eyes beaming with affection, the sweetest little mouth nestled in dimples, the rose and lily blended in her complexion, a profusion of blonde curls, a graceful little form that had danced through life thus far upon flowers, and who could help being bewitched with this singing bird, this dancing fairy?

John could not; and there was no use in talking about the folly of his choice.

His sister Sarah had told him over and over again that he wanted something more than a singing bird, a household fairy, if he expected to be happy in his married life.

"She is more than a singing bird, sister, I know that," argued John; "a heart overflowing with love, and I know that with my patience, and her womanly tenderness, she'll be all that I desire."

John thought everything she did was charming; she sang like a nightingale, danced like a sylph—the most common tones of her voice were music to him. He loved to watch the dainty fingers at her pretty crochet-work, making such lovely things.

It was true she had been sadly petted, but she must have a fine nature, that in spite of all mamma's indulgence, spread its sweet atmosphere of sisterly love among her little brothers and sisters. For didn't he hear them calling out for sister Amy in all their little vexations? and wasn't she always ready, her sweet voice answering, "I'm coming." This is the way John Fleming talked to himself about his darling; he wasn't afraid to take Amy Forester "for better, for worse"—not he! Wouldn't he carry her through life in his strong arms, and help her bear its burdens? Twenty-eight, and she twenty, but she only seemed seventeen, so girlish, so guileless. To Amy, life seemed all sunshine, and she chattered away like a happy child with John and dear mamma about housekeeping in a manner that caused many a hearty laugh, as the little lady talked about "*my house, my servants, my accounts.*"

What did she know about these weighty things? poor little innocent dove! Was it right that on the eve of marriage, she should know so little?

John spends all his evenings with Amy, and is greatly amused at the sweet prattle about the wedding gifts which are coming in now for the bride elect.

"This is for you, John dear," she said, as she led him to a handsome shaving stand, "and this,

too," showing an elegant writing desk, "and here is my watch-case, John; it is such a little thing, but I worked it all myself."

"The most precious gift here, Amy, just because your little fingers worked it."

But it is the wedding day, the little lady blushing through her veil, as Amy Forester gave her hand to John Fleming, believing that he was the best man in the world; and he, that never was man so blessed in possessing such a treasure as his wedded wife.

Smiles and tears chased each other over Amy's face as she bade farewell to the home of her youth, waving smiling adieus to sweet girlhood, as she passed with a trembling step over the boundary that led to the new life of young womanhood.

After the reception, the young pair set off on a wedding trip to the mountains.

"I don't care for the sea-shore, John," said the young wife, "where there are so many people; it is so much more delightful where we can be alone with nature and each other."

The sky never smiled so brightly, the grand old trees never looked so green, the birds never sang so sweetly, the bosom of the lakes never so placid, and the lovely wild flowers of the mountains so charming, as Amy often kissed what John gathered. Will the pair ever forget these two blessed weeks in their young lives?

But their faces were turned homeward, at last and their modest home was ready for them.

Amy was charmed with everything in the convenient and pretty house, where papa and mamma were waiting to receive her.

But she was very tired, and after an hour's rest, appeared for the first time at her own table, a smiling little creature beaming with undisguised pleasure as she looked upon her own home, such a proud little lady!

"This is mine, mamma," she said, "and what a lovely dining-room! Who chose this carpet? it's just the colors that I like!"

"Sister Sarah arranged all this room, Amy," said John; "you know I had a way of finding out what you like."

"And I guess I knew, John, what you were about, and maybe I dropped a few cunning hints."

Next morning, Amy took the head of the table, and with such a pretty air of consequence, that John laughed at the pretty picture in the neat morning wrapper, her hair so beautifully dressed, just as John liked it.

Mamma had provided a good girl for the young pair, but Molly set a high value upon her services, and did not by any means feel as if she were a fixture in the establishment.

On this morning she had made delightful coffee, the nicest muffins, and most delicate omelet, and the two sat at their own table, the most supremely

contented pair that could be seen in all that great city.

After breakfast, they went over their neat, comfortable home, and well might Amy be pleased, for everything was so pretty.

"Isn't it all lovely, John?" she said, as she sat down on the sofa in her parlor, and looked around upon all its dainty ornaments.

Receiving calls occupied the next month, and then Amy settled down to the cares of her house.

But there were threatening signs in the kitchen atmosphere—Molly was becoming indolent, and sometimes insolent—John wouldn't stand that, and warned Molly of the consequences.

One morning she gave Amy notice that she had an offer of a place for higher wages, and couldn't stay for less.

She was soon informed that three dollars was all that they would give, and highly offended, Molly said that "the lady wanted her to come at once, and sure, ma'am, you couldn't ax me to lose the chance."

With no more words, she packed up her clothes, and was off as soon as her tea-things were put away, and poor Amy was left without a girl.

"What shall I do, John? I don't know how to cook, or to do anything right."

John laughed just a little, but he said, "Don't worry, darling, I'll help till we get a girl."

"You help! oh, John, do you think I'd let you do that?"

"Now the first thing is to look after the fire," said the husband, and so he piled on a load of coal upon a bed of red-hot ashes.

But when Amy came down in the morning the fire was out, and she hurried back to tell the bad news to John.

"I'll be down in a minute," he said, "and we'll soon have it all right."

When he came down, he found that his poor little wife had piled wood on the top of the coals, without disturbing the ashes below.

So the stove must be cleared out, and John went to work, and after a long while, he heard the coal cracking.

"Now go up stairs, dear," said Amy, "I can get along."

While the fire was burning up, she set the table very neatly, and returned to see if the kettle was boiling.

"Now I must make the coffee," she said to herself; "I don't know how, I'm sure, but I'll try."

Guessing the quantity, as soon as the kettle boiled, she added the coffee, but forgot the egg.

"It's boiling now," she said; "it smells nice, I guess it's all right."

Then she cut the bread, and as soon as the coffee was done, she hurried in the eggs, but knowing nothing about time, she left them in too long

Placing some cold chicken on the table, break-

fast was ready, and she rang the bell for John to come down.

Amy looked very proud as she sat down to the first meal she had ever prepared, trembling a little, however.

Pouring out the coffee, she saw that was thick, and not fit to drink.

"What is the matter with it?" asked the poor little wife.

"Did you put any egg in, dear?" asked John.

"I didn't know that we had to use egg; and now it isn't fit to drink."

"Never mind, Amy; here's a pitcher of good milk, I can drink that."

When they broke the eggs, they were hard enough for salad, and so Amy saw that she had cooked a miserable breakfast. John was just as kind as ever he could be, but poor Amy's lips quivered, and the tears would come, although she tried so hard to smile at her blunders.

She didn't eat much, poor child! and John saw that she hurried out of the room.

Following her to the kitchen, he found her sobbing as if her little heart would break.

"Only think, John, of knowing how to crochet, and embroider, and draw, how to speak French, to dance and play on the piano, and not to know how to make a cup of coffee for my husband, and for mamma to let me become a wife to one like you, John; I am so ashamed; call me a wife, indeed! I'm only a doll, just good for nothing."

"Don't fret so, dear, you'll learn after awhile; it just needs a little patience and perseverance, and it will all be right, little wife."

"I did try, John; I did my very best," and the pretty lips quivered as she looked up in her husband's face.

"I know you did, darling; now don't cry and spoil your sweet eyes," and John kissed the rosy lips, saying, "We'll soon have a girl, dear."

"That isn't what I was thinking of, John; I must learn to do these things myself, and then I can teach others—but now just be off, and see if I don't have a grand dinner."

As soon as John had gone, Amy went to market and bought a tender chicken and some vegetables, determined to make up for her failure in the morning.

She remembered something about cleaning a chicken, and so she went to work. Little did the doll-wife know about cleaning a chicken or cooking vegetables. She burnt her pretty hand and scorched her cheeks, but she labored in the dark.

She had roasted her chicken and made gravy of some of the giblets, but was puzzled about the gizzard.

"What shall I do with it?" she asked, "it didn't look this way at home; I guess I'll roast it in the chicken."

John came home full of concern for his little

wife, but dinner was soon on the table, and really looked inviting; but when he came to carve the chicken, he asked about the gizzard, and found that it had been cooked whole.

"This ought to have been opened, dear," he said, "suppose we put it aside for the present," and he laid it away on a plate.

The potatoes were water-soaked, the peas were hard, and when the dessert came on, the cup-custards were only whey and tough curd.

Not a word of complaint from John's lips; but after dinner they went out to the kitchen, and when John opened the gizzard, the two burst into a hearty laugh at the sight of the gravel and corn that Amy had cooked for her husband.

"I won't be conquered, John, and I'll win at last," said Amy.

Next day there was another failure, for she forgot to settle the coffee, and the tender beefsteak was burnt black and miserably smoked; and as to the gravy—well, we won't say anything about that.

After the second failure, Amy was thoroughly disheartened, and went to bed as soon as the house was put to rights. She was an impulsive young creature, and as she lay there, she sobbed out her vexations in a passionate storm of mortification and grief.

"How could mamma bring me up in this way?" she said, looking at her likeness that hung by the side of John's dressing bureau, "what are you good for, you little goose? I won't look at you. I never darned my own stockings, mamma did all that; and what do I know about house-keeping? John calls me his queen, sometimes—a pretty queen I am to be sure! such a poor little helpless thing, not fit to sit on the throne of such a heart as John Fleming's—he pets me just as kindly as ever, but I don't want to be petted; I won't be a doll, I'll be a woman, yes, a woman! and then he'll respect his little wife. I'll never bring up my daughters in this miserable way—no indeed, they shall be taught everything that a woman ought to know," and then there was another fit of sobbing, "but I won't lie here—I'll be a woman; yes, I will, and then I'll sit upon the throne of John Fleming's heart."

Up sprang the doll-wife, tossing her pretty head and throwing out her hand as if casting something away—she left the last remnant of the doll behind, and the true woman budded in that stormy hour.

Going to the bath-room, she washed her face and bathed her eyes, then dressed herself hurriedly, and like a brave little woman, she flew out of the door, taking the key with her, and returned with a dust-cap, neat kitchen apron, and a cook-book.

Dressed in her kitchen garb, she went to the glass and laughed heartily at the little figure—but the laugh did her good, and she flew round busy as a bee, for it was sweeping day.

At twelve o'clock there was a sound of steps in the hall, and John's voice called out:

"Where are you, Amy?"

Merry as a cricket, downstairs she flew to meet John in the entry.

"What does this mean?" said husband, as he looked at the comical figure.

"This is a duster," pointing to her cap; "and this is the belle of the kitchen," pointing to her apron, "and Amy is somebody else—not a doll wife any longer."

"You were never a doll-wife to me, darling," said John, "always the dearest little woman."

He had come home for an account-book, and hurried off after a sweet kiss on the rosy cheek.

"Don't come home before three to-day, John," said Amy. "It is a busy day, and dinner will not be ready until then."

With cook-book in hand, which she followed carefully, Amy rejoiced over her first successful meal, for she knew that all was right.

And when John sat down to a dinner of fried oysters and coffee, Amy's face brightened as he praised her cooking.

"Delmonico couldn't beat this, darling; how in the world did you manage?"

"I have a splendid cook-book, and I followed that, John; just look at it—it tells about everything, and I don't want a girl for a month yet; I'll put out our clothes to wash and iron, and I'll beat all the cooks that can come here at the end of that time."

John looked upon his little wife with a proud, happy smile, and after dinner, took her on his lap, and smoothing her beautiful hair, he pressed fond kisses on her rosy lips.

"I wish you could have heard me this morning, John, when I was desperate; I said I wouldn't be petted, I wouldn't be a doll, for I'm a woman now."

"My own queen of hearts! that's what you are, Amy; but you are tired, darling—rest till I come home."

She was glad to lay her head upon her pillow, with such a glad feeling of perfect content, for she was sure to win in the race that she was running.

At six o'clock, a nice supper came from Delmonico's, but John said it didn't beat Amy's dinner.

There were some slips, some few failures; but Amy's perseverance never flagged, and John's patience never tired.

And so, although she came to her husband only a doll-wife, by John's patient tenderness and Amy's true womanliness, notwithstanding the folly of a silly mother, she was not only the singing bird of her home, but the pride and joy of her husband. So we cannot bring our story to a pathetic close, for Amy did not die like Dickens' Little Dora, for she said that "she would conquer," and she did.

AN OLD STORY.

I sing of a knight who to battle departed;
 His plume danced over his helmet gay!
 And brave was the knight, and his lady true-hearted,
 And bright was the morn in May.
 Over the sky, over the sky,
 The soft clouds floated, the birds flew by,
 And the knight rode onward singing.

thing of a lady fair, wandering lonely;
 Her hair gave largess of gold to the breeze;
 ate thought of him whom her heart held only,
 so and sighed with the sighing trees.

Over the sky, over the sky,
 She saw but cloud, through the mist in her eye,
 For ever her tears were springing.

I sing of a knight who made noblest endeavor,
 No lance was strong to withstand his might;
 Till he fell where he fought, with his heart stilled
 forever,

And his face upturned to the light!
 Over the sky, over the sky.
 He saw the death-dark gathering nigh,
 And he slept, and knew no morrow.

Now what is left for my song's relating?
 The knight's young life is over and past,
 But alas, for the lady's long, long waiting,
 With a grief for its crown at last!
 Under the sky, under the sky,
 There still be some who must strive and die.
 And some who watch and sorrow!

[Written expressly for Godey's Lady's Book.]

A ROSEBUD GARDEN OF GIRLS.*

BY MARIAN C. L. REEVES AND EMILY READ,

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 Boscawen's Jest," "Aytoun," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Through the pass of By-and-by
 You go to the valley of Never."

Day is over; twilight darkens in the windows,
 gray and blank.

Margaret lets her book fall in her lap. The
 dusk has blurred the lines to her—but yet that
 last paragraph she has been reading, seems to lie
 clear and distinct under her eyes. Perhaps it is
 because she has had to strain them a little, to
 make out the last words, and so those have come
 slowly and impressively; at any rate, the senten-
 ces are these:

"There are women who live all their lives long
 in the cold, white moonlight of other people's re-
 flected joy. It is not a bad kind of light to live
 in, after all. It may leave some dark, ghostly
 corners of the heart unwarmed; but like the
 other moonlight, it lets a great deal be seen over-
 head that sunshine hides."

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Margaret has nearly let the book slide from her
 knee, with the shiver that goes through her; she
 puts out her hand hurriedly to arrest the fall, but
 she thrusts the volume from her, on the window-
 sill, as if something in it jarred on her. It is
 like the thought of chilly blasts creeping in at un-
 defended doorways, while the balmy spring
 breathes about her. And it is spring—spring in
 every sense; and to-night Roger is coming
 home.

After eight years.

But how the moments drag out now—those
 years hardly seemed longer in passing. There is
 the shrill wailing scream of the engine now, the
 heavy panting as the long train labors in. With
 the breadth of the village between, Margaret
 seems to herself to see how it draws up to the
 station—some one tears open a car-door—

Of course it is far too early yet to look for him;
 other eyes would be upon the watch—old, faded
 eyes, weary of watching, which had the right, no
 doubt, to the first glimpse. The telegram had been
 for Miss Alethea, but she had mentioned to Kate
 that no doubt Roger would have her bring him
 down that very night to see his old friends at the
 Burnley house.

Of course it is far too early yet, Margaret reit-
 erates; yet she has dressed in a tremor of haste—
 he always liked her in white—and then, to calm
 her restlessness, took up that book, which she
 thrusts from her now, and leans both arms upon
 the sill, and looks down blankly on the rose-
 garden below. There is the light roll of wheels
 now and then over the graveled path, the flutter
 of another white dress through the greenery.
 Usually, it is Margaret's part to wheel the garden-
 chair up and down there—but this evening she
 has not even heeded that some one took her
 place.

For, after eight years—

When Rip Van Winkle awoke out of his en-
 charmed sleep upon the mountain-side, and once
 more trod the familiar village street, it was with
 no more bewildered sense of having last trodden
 it yesterday, than is just now making confusion
 in the heart of a man sauntering in the late spring
 twilight through Little Medlington, down toward
 the river. He has separated himself from the
 evening stream of passengers from the railway
 station on the edge of town, and with a keen
 glance here and there from under the slouched
 rim of his hat, has been striding rapidly along the
 shortest way, until he is in sight of the quaint old
 weather-beaten brick house that fronts upon its
 garden upon the river's brim, and turns its many-
 windowed gable on the street. When he sees
 that, he slackens his pace and comes slowly on.

Has the house-door been standing open thus,
 all these long years, within its bowed Venetian
 blinds? The man feels like one moving in a
 dream of the past, as he goes by, with a glance

up at the embowered porch, as if he expected to find some one there.

There is no one, however. But as he looks under the Greville rose that trails about the latticed archway of the porch, and catches a glimpse of the tangled garden beyond, he seems to see a flutter of white which is not the mere stirring of the the tall seringa, or the bridal-wreath that flings its garlanded boughs to the soft beeeze. And so he passes on, along the somewhat rickety vine-patched fence, with a feeling that eight years are effaced with one sweep of time's wing which has wafted him here this evening.

Yes; and there she goes, among the roses—white and rosy as themselves, in her white dress, and with her fluttering grace.

"Blossom——"

Was ever fairer one trailed by the twilight breeze across the garden path? The name is on the man's lips as he pauses at the fence; yet after all it is not spoken by him, but in a childishly impatient tone, by some one whom till now he does not see. Some one in a garden-chair, which the girl has been pushing up and down the path, and on the back of which one hand of hers is resting, while the other puts aside a trespassing branch.

"Blossom," the querulous voice says again; "there is some one there. See what he wants, child—send him away—we'll have no tramps here."

The girl turns round, and looks; and then she hurries across to the gate under the great apple-tree. The petals of the apple blossoms come floating down, flushed and hurried, to claim her as akin to them, as they nestle in the shining braids of hair, and on the pretty shoulder.

"Blossom!"

Two "flower-soft hands" flutter down over the gate, at the call, and are taken into the man's grasp as he comes up.

"Is it you, Roger? But of course I know it is; even if we had not been expecting you this evening, I should still have known you anywhere."

"And I you, Blossom."

There is something in the man's voice which is not in her frank greeting; something in his intent gray eyes which they do not find in hers, for all their searching into them. Roger Gillespie stifles back a sigh.

"Yet time does bring his changes, Blossom, after all. When we parted eight years ago, it was not after this cool fashion."

Even in the twilight, he can see her vivid blush, which shows she understands his meaning, though she answers:

"Eight years! you can't expect me to remember. But we are not parting now, Roger; when we do, it will be quite soon enough to compare times and fashions."

"When we do? Blossom I used to think, when once I came back from my exile, we would never part again."

There is a startled air about her as she listens; evidently the words are new and strange to her. But she has not time to wonder at them; an interruption comes:

"Blossom, send the fellow away. It is not safe to stand talking to tramps."

As the thick, uncertain utterance reaches her, the girl glances over her shoulder with a troubled gesture. "Dear papa, it is no tramp. We are coming presently. Roger, you won't mind—it is papa—and you know—"

"I know." He gently stops the apologetic tone. "You must not think I could rest ignorant of anything that has befallen you in all these years. I never wrote to you, because I could not, without saying what was in my heart. Do not suppose I did not hear of you. All that I heard, went to make of the boyish romance a man's hope. But the life of a struggling engineer in South America was not one to ask a girl to share; therefore, I did not write. The struggle is over now——"

He breaks off. Her startled attitude, as she stands half-turned from him, glancing over her shoulder up the garden path, as if she fain would follow it to the house, where a just-kindled lamp beckons through the trees, does not encourage him to ask anything just now. In his pause, she falters:

"I don't think I understand. So young as——"

"I have said, it was a boyish romance. Let the past go then, Blossom, though I *had* hoped to bring some faintest influence out of it, to help me now. But it shall go hard if the present can't be made to serve my turn," he says, under his breath. "At least, no one has plucked the Blossom yet?"

"It is such an ordinary little Blossom, Roger," she says, half laughing, half embarrassed; "no one has wanted it."

He reaches up, and breaks off a fragrant spray overhead.

"The sweetest things bloom at our doors in the old home. I have missed just these, among all the tropical splendors over the sea there. Let us go halves, little friend; fasten these in for me, will you?"

A slight friendly office, which she cannot refuse, when he makes it such a mere matter of course. She puts his part of the divided spray into his button-hole, and tucks her half away amidst her golden braids, where the other petals placed themselves. She would have done the same, had she known any one was watching. As for Roger Gillespie, his eyes follow the pretty movements of her fingers with a strange intentness, as if he were learning them and her by heart. Eight

years—has he been thinking of her all that while, and yet not known her until now? and yet not loved her until now? For he is conscious of a new thrill, which had not been in his calmer thoughts of her. The boyish romance, the man's hope, are, as it were, faint smouldering embers kindling into full warmth as she breathes upon them near. The wind has loosened a bit of the apple-blossom from her hair, and it comes floating down against his hand, and he catches it and puts it to his lips while she is not looking. Would he have done the same, had he known some one was watching?

Some one standing at an upper window of the house, who has been observing the whole scene. Some one who has not moved until now, except, as he came up, to clasp her hands with a gesture which was almost a thanksgiving.

Now, they fall apart, in a slow, hopeless way; and she moves back from the window in her white dress, too.

One moment; then the hands begin, in a sort of desperate impatience, to tear off the white dress, and to put on a dull gray, which, awhile ago, she had flung off disdainfully across that chair. She needs no light to do it, the gloaming still lends her some, and she is putting on no ornaments save the brooch that fastens the linen collar. But after she has finished, she does light her candle, and carries it shaded to her mirror, and looks in.

Twilight draws one picture of her; candlelight another.

That by twilight might almost be taken, at a first glance, for the portrait of the young girl yonder at the gate. There is the same general contour, though the cheek has lost its roundness and the mouth its dimple; and the temples are sunken just a little, less beneath the weight of years than of care and thought. But candlelight puts sharper touches to the picture: marks some weary curves of unforgotten griefs about the mouth, a troubled line upon the brow, and pales the blush-rose tint to white, takes all the merry glint from the blue eyes, and traces here and there a silvery thread amidst the hair, the gold of which is dulled to brown, and waves less thickly from the temples than it used. One looking at this candlelight portrait, set in the mirror's frame, would have no thought of tender blossoms, but of a woman who has borne the burden and heat of the day. And if a calmer time had followed, as if life's twilight were already closing in—neutral-tinted, chilly perhaps—

For one long moment the face in the mirror has a sadder meaning than that—the grayness, the ghastliness of despair—in it. But she forces herself to look on steadily, there on her knees, until that bitterness of death is past, and she can smile into the unexpected, faded face of every day. Who but she need ever know that for one breathing-

space her life had seemed to bloom into a second blossoming? She smiles at the vain expectation now; the second blossoming is always evanescent, bare of fruitage. But—they need not know.

They! Is it any wonder that as she rises from her knees, she is drawn to the window again, and stands there watching them? The girl is opening the gate at last to let him through—their hands meet on the latch, and he keeps hers in his an instant longer than he need, then draws it in his arm with a quiet air of possession which the woman up there at the window understands, though the girl at his side does not. Then the two come sauntering arm in arm up the short path, to the invalid's chair, apparently in no haste to reach it. There is a stop there—a hesitating introduction of:

"Roger, papa—Roger Gillespie, you know, who used to be here so long ago."

A dazed uplifting of the gray old face which has lost its eager look, a sort of fumbling after the old habit of courtesy, as the palsied hand reaches out for the young man's.

"Roger—Roger," the quavering voice says, vaguely, "yes, yes, I know—it is you have brought him, Blossom."

How much of conscious meaning the words have in them, the girl cannot tell—Roger's swift glance at her has laid a stress on them, which deepens the color in her face, and makes her lashes fall. And then he comes to her side, and together they wheel the chair up to the porch steps.

It is as they pass directly under that upper window that the girl says:

"I must take papa in out of the night air; you won't mind going into the drawing-room, and waiting—oh—" she interrupts herself with a touch of self-reproach in her happy young voice—"how could I have forgotten? You have not yet seen my sister. I wonder if she is expecting you by this time? And she will be wondering where I am."

"She'll not be thinking of us," the man answers carelessly. "If *you* had half forgotten me, I can't expect *her* to remember. I'll wait here until you come back; I won't go in until then. Only one moment first—tell me, were you waiting at the gate for me, Blossom?"

Blossom! At the word, the woman's hands loose their clutching hold upon that window-sill above and go up to the throat of her dull gray gown, trembling upon the brooch as if they would unfasten it. She half stoops, reaching out after the white dress which lies crumpled together on the floor at her feet. But she draws herself up with a faint, self-disdainful smile. Blossom! Was there ever one who fits the name so fairly as that young creature at his side?

When, after comfortably depositing the old man in his easy chair, in the library, for his customary twilight nap, the girl returns for her visitor,

and the two make their appearance together in the drawing-room, through the white curtains of the window opening down upon the porch, they find the elder sister leaning back in her chair, under the lamp-light, a square of embroidery in her hands, and the colored wools laid out in piles in her lap and on the table at her elbow.

"Oh, Margaret, here is Roger," cries the girl, breathlessly, entering.

Margaret lifts her head, a calm contrast to the other's eagerness—lifts her head slowly, and sees the figure standing behind the girl in the dark background of the window. The eyes of the man and woman meet for the first time since that evening, eight long years ago, when they two parted just here.

Margaret keeps that memory bravely out of her eyes now; and it is not in Roger's as he looks across at her. For it is not the blooming, glowing girl he left, whom he sees; but a grave woman, something cold and still, on whom the lamp-light shines, and spares no altered line, no faded tint, as she must have known it would not. She shows every day of her twenty-eight years, lengthened by all the griefs with which the last eight have been doubled. The man yonder, eager, impetuous, full of vigorous life that ran warmly enough through his veins a moment since, stands chilled in her cool presence, and as one in a confused dream gazes across at her. Or is he dreaming? Has he not been dreaming all these years, and only just awakes?

It is no ghost of his old love that looks out upon Roger Gillespie through her quiet eyes. A ghost might have brought him back to her, with piteous appeal in its white face—but this calm woman simply looks at him as if there were no past, as if there never had been any other life for her more vivid than the stillness in which she sits, and lays down her embroidery—first sticking in her needle—and puts out her hand to him.

"Roger knows I am very glad to see him. He won't mind my not rising, for I have just sorted all these treacherous blue and green wools."

And Roger crosses the floor as if it were swaying dizzily with him; and goes and takes her hand in his. While it yet lies there, she is speaking to the little sister:

"Blossom, dear, if you would ring for tea—I hope Roger has not been so long away in foreign parts, that he has forgotten the old home customs, but will take a cup of tea with us."

"Blossom—"

It is Roger's voice that repeats the word, hoarse and low. Not to the young girl—she does not hear it, for she is moving toward the door.

"Perhaps Hussy can give us something better than just a cup of tea to-night, in honor of Roger's arrival," she is saying. "I'll go and inquire into her resources."

The door shuts upon her, and the two are alone

together. Well, what matter? It is a thing that may often happen; Margaret knows she must bear it without flinching, first as well as last.

"Blossom—"

Whether he has absently let her hand fall, or whether it has withdrawn itself, it is busying itself now among the tinted wools, laying one skein against another, as if intent upon the grouping of their hues. She does not look up, as she answers:

"You are wondering how little May got that old forgotten name of mine? It is quite hers, now; every one forgets I ever had it, as well as the 'Daisy,' from which mamma first gave it me, you know. The child does not know I ever had it, nor how she gained it. But since papa's stroke, after a long interval his memory came back, just a little—not enough to recognize me, I had changed so much; but to recognize the likeness in the child to me before I had changed. And papa took her for me—he has called her his Blossom ever since—"

If there is a break in her clear voice, it is just at the last, over her father's name. That is so natural; how is Roger to know the double pang that catches her breath, in that she has outlived her bloom for father and for lover both?

"She is wonderfully like you," he says, after a pause, filled with the thought of whom that first pronoun shows.

"Like me as I was, not am. Like me when I was young."

With an effort Roger lifts his eyes from the floor and looks at her in a troubled way. *She* is not troubled—she is drawing the thread through the needle with steady fingers.

"When you were young!" he says, with an uneasy laugh. "Have you forgotten you are just my age?"

"Am I? No, not quite—I am seven weeks younger. But, Roger, change those weeks into as many years, and give them to me instead of to yourself, and you will come nearer to our comparative ages. Women age more rapidly than men, perhaps. You are young still; you are climbing up, and are not tired of the climb. While I—my way of life slopes down the other side; slopes slowly, it may be, but at the end is rest."

She keeps all sadness from her voice, as she says this; every tone which might hint to him that just to-night—to-night, when she stood at the height of all her hopes—she has begun to descend upon the other side. She has let her work fall in her lap, folding her hands over it, and gazing before her with the calm outlook which the old have when they speak of rest. Roger sees, and his heart smites him with that pity with which he never dreams her whole soul and body are aching for herself.

"You are wrong—wrong; you are too young

to put life from you so," he cries, and falters on that last word.

For one breathing-space, she wonders why; then she hears a merry, lilting voice coming this way along the hall—a voice his ear has been the first to catch. At that, she looks straight up at him, and sees his eyes turn in confusion from her face. He says, in a hurried way, still listening to that voice, even while he speaks:

"I forgot—I had but a moment this evening, just to announce myself. I have not been to Aunt Alethea yet. I will come again, and I must see Kate, and you will tell me of Delphine and all—but to-night you will excuse me, you and May."

He is holding out his hand, and Margaret puts hers into it, as he ends his stammering speech.

"Blossom," she corrects his last word. "Stay. I am not shaking hands with you, for I don't intend to let you go, just yet."

"You are very kind, but—"

"Roger, answer me one word." She is standing now, her other hand laid on his with a detaining clasp. "If I am wrong, you will forget it—but are you fleeing from my darling out there? Roger, are you trying to hold yourself bound by some shadowy, unspoken vow to the Blossom faded long ago, which this other Blossom, fairer than she ever was, has made you forget?"

He does not answer the still voice in words; it is his face speaks for him—his face, with that dark flush of pain in it. His eyes are on the ground again; hers dare soften just an instant, as she says;

"I never held you bound; and Roger, do you think that I, whose youth and love-time are well over, as I said, can grudge youth and love to her? There is but one last Blossom left on the old stem; if you can gather it—"

"Heigho! daisies and buttercups—" lilts the careless voice outside the door, sinking low as it draws near. A slight clatter of china and glass sounds the accompaniment, and the girl holds the door open for a servant to pass in with a tray.

"You see, Aunt Hussy and I have been putting our heads together to ward off starvation, Roger."

There she stops short, for somehow there is a ghost of a scene still lingering in the room. Margaret is the one to exorcise it with a smile.

"You are just in time, my Blossom. Roger was trying to say good-by, fearing starvation in some shape, perhaps. He will not fear it now. Here, child, come gather up these worsteds I've let fall, and Roger may help you, while I pour out tea and take papa his cup."

Is not life made up so of trifles? The hours come and the hours go, thrusting their trivial tasks into hands which weakly let them fall, or steadily take hold of them one by one. And the cup we

pour to others need not be a bitter one, because that which some heedless hand holds to our own lips may be full of wormwood, and we drain it to the dregs.

THE END.

OUR MOONLIT WALK.

AUGUSTA MOORE.

Beneath the winter sky I walk with May,
Within the mighty circle of the hills,
Where purple splendors drape departing day,
While peace and patience the pure air distills.

How beautiful is Earth, all robed in white!
How sweetly solemn is the river's psalm!
Not even morning's gracious, holy light,
Hath in it such a finished, perfect calm.

In the far North, the golden, full-orbed moon
Mounts joyfully the sacred heights of heaven;
About her face a misty veil, that soon
By the full glory of her smile, is riven.

Glad moon! she sees along the crimson West,
The banners of her royal lover stream;
And him she sees, just sinking to his rest,
Where all the glories of the sunset gleam.

But following on in all her queenly grace,
Reflecting, generously, the light he gives,
She hastes, still gazing on his ardent face,
In whose great light and warmth alone she lives

Glad moon! so fair! so beautiful! so bright!
Beholding *him* how large she grows, how free!
How full of power! She hath *abolished* night;
And shares her joy with lovely May and me.

READING ALOUD.—Reading aloud has its physical advantages, while contributing to the cultivation of the voice. The lungs are thus expanded, and their healthy action is promoted in a degree which does not occur in mere conversational utterance. The use of the voice in singing demonstrates the full capacity of the lungs, yet in no more practical sense than can be reached by elocutionary exercise. A distinguished physician says:

"Reading aloud, when properly done, has a great agency in inducing vocal power, on the same principle that muscles are strengthened by exercise, those of voice-making organs being no exception to the general rule. Hence, in many cases, absolute silence diminishes the vocal power, just as the protracted disuse of the arm of the Hindoo devotee at length paralyzes it for ever. The general plan in appropriate cases is to read aloud in a conversational tone thrice a day for a minute or two, or three, at a time, increasing a minute every day, which is to be continued until the desired object is accomplished. Managed thus, there is safety and efficiency as a uniform result."

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.

BY I. J. ROBERTS.

"So you have really come back to me after this year of silence. I imagined, Celia, that your love had died the death natural to such love."

"Oh, Hallie, how could you think such a thing? Cease to love you—never! I have been teaching in a country school since I last saw you, and although my duties were many and arduous, I should have written time and again, only I could not frame the kind friendly letter you demanded, and you positively forbade the love-letters."

"And so you really care for me yet, Celia; but not with the old, crazy school-girl love, which used to throw you into such hot and cold fits of passion?"

Celia bowed in silence; her great, shadowy gray eyes, which always seemed to hold in their depths a subdued passion, fixed with a strange shyness and pride on the face of her questioner.

"It is just as crazy as ever. I believe if you told me to stand on my head in that corner, I should do so."

"Silly girl! Out of compassion I'll spare your love that test."

Celia continued, warmly:

"There has never been a day—scarcely an hour—that I have not thought of you; and yet you always seem so unreal, more like a beautiful dream extending back into my past and forward into my future. Oh, Hallie, I love you so! Don't stop me—you won't let me write it, and I must say it; and don't tell me I am foolish, or that you are unworthy my worship—it is all useless!"

Celia was breathing hard and fast. Dropping her cool hand on that of the excited girl, Hallie said, quietly:

"Now tell me all you have been about, during this year."

In obedience, Celia recounted her little history; a year of the life of a young teacher in a district school—its trials, disappointments, and transient pleasures. "And oh, Hallie," she said in conclusion, "I had almost forgotten to tell you that I am engaged to be married."

"Engaged to be married, you—Celia! Why you seem a mere child. And how calmly you announce the momentous fact."

"I am nineteen," Celia said, a little indignantly, continuing gently: "Dear Hallie, I don't presume to ask your confidence, but may I not know something of your life during the past year?"

"I suppose you want to know if I am likewise blessed in regard to matrimonial prospects? No, Celia, ne'er a one have I, although your senior by two years."

"Hallie, you will never marry—you are in yourself complete."

"A prophecy!" Hallie exclaimed, laughingly. Holding fast the hand Hallie had accorded her, Celia went on, with a tremulous eagerness in her voice:

"I have ceased to wonder how it is that I love one of my own sex to such a degree. I feel an insane happiness in your presence—my life is glorified by my love for you, and the knowledge that you deserve it. At times you have been very cold and repellent to me, but now I feel as if you loved me a little—is it so?"

"Yes, Celia, I love you dearly," Hallie said, gravely, turning away her calm hazel eyes from the passionate gray, feeling pityingly that she could never make a commensurate return for this wealth of love and admiration, although she gave the girl a wise, sisterly affection.

"I know you don't like me to talk in this way—that it is indeed foolish and sentimental—but I am famishing for your love."

"But you have your betrothed now—does he not satisfy you?"

"Oh Hallie, how cruel you are! I remember you saying that when I found a man to love—the legitimate object of the passion in my heart—I should find you supernumerary. Know then, that when I compare the affection I bear Murray Wentworth to that which I cherish for you, I doubt if I love him."

"Tell me something more about Mr. Wentworth," was Hallie's response.

"I am afraid you would not like him; but he is good and kind, and loves me truly; and Hallie, although you would never choose him, he will be sure to fall in love with you."

Hallie laughed and said:

"Did you ever have a friend, male or female, whom you did not think would at once surrender to my charms? Rest assured he will not fall in love with me, unless he is some outlandish specimen of his kind, or some eccentric genius. If he is straight of limb and sound of mind, you have no occasion to fear," and she smiled, as she thought of the queer assortment of human moths her little light had attracted about her.

"Dearest, if ever you should meet Murray, you must not condemn my choice—it is for the best," Celia continued, pleadingly.

"Surely, you would not give him up if I should disapprove of him?"

"I don't know—I can't tell," Celia said, doubtfully.

"Oh, Celia, you do not love him then!" Hallie exclaimed, with almost horror.

"Yes I do, only I am disappointed. I had thought to give the man I marry a love like to that I bear you."

After another hour had passed in a mutual exchange of confidence, Celia went.

Celia's revelation concerning her engagement haunted Hallie. She felt that the girl had ac-

cepted Mr. Wentworth for the same reason that she had sought the position of school-teacher—to escape a home made miserable by a weak-minded step-mother and a set of unruly children. She desired of all things to be a true friend to her little admirer, and she felt that now was the time to assert her power, if thereby she could insure Celia's welfare. She longed for a personal acquaintance with Mr. Wentworth, whom from his betrothed's description she much distrusted, so as to decide to her own satisfaction whether he was worthy or not of her friend; but she saw no means of obtaining her wish, as Celia lived out of town.

Three years before, Celia Gardner and Hallie Stafford had first met at school. From the very beginning Celia had worshiped Hallie, and through the potency of her passion had succeeded in awakening in Hallie a reciprocal interest, which finally grew into a strong sisterly love, of which Celia was well worthy, for she was, in truth, a sweet, generous, and artless girl. All through her life Hallie had received a worshipful love from her own sex—rarely from the opposite. Her lovers had always been girls, and she thought it must be that she possessed some subtle masculine elements in her composition. In appearance she was undoubtedly fine-looking, but whatever beauty she possessed owed itself rather to the expression than to the material form of her features. There was a conscious power and uprightness in the refined face, and a dignity of address and deportment, that made familiarity a thing impossible, though it placed no bar to love.

She was an orphan and lived with her aunt, a wealthy, captious, ill-tempered invalid, whose interest had gradually narrowed down to her variable ailments and to the saving of money. Outside of these subjects her mind never strayed. A week after Celia's call, there came an invitation from her, pressing Hallie to pay the long-talked-of visit to Fernwood.

"I don't intend to let you go in less than a month, remember. If you love me, come," wrote Celia.

Hallie at once sent her acceptance, right glad to get away from the gloomy house in which she felt a complete nonentity. A day or two after, Hallie was welcomed to Fernwood, and it was with supreme content that she contemplated her surroundings, and the prospect of a month spent therein. On the evening of her arrival the girls seated themselves on the cool piazza in the star-light, and chatted softly, until a low, musical whistle broke on the air.

"It is Murray," Celia exclaimed, with evident trepidation, rising to meet her lover at the gate, and conducting him to Hallie, introduced them to each other with much impressiveness.

He made a laughing remark on the tantalizing darkness which hid from his sight the face of

Celia's goddess, and with this opening the conversation flowed freely and steadily, though Hallie contributed but little. Hallie liked his voice, his manner, his easy conversation; she admired his outline, softly defined against the dark blue sky, and felt that Celia had done him injustice. He helped Celia lay plans for her friend's diversion, offered happy suggestions for the best employment of the long holidays, revealing in all he said a master mind, a kindly heart, and a quiet, unobtrusive devotion to his little mistress.

"Oh Murray, you are truly an inventive genius," Celia exclaimed, with delight.

"Perhaps I ought to confess that my suggestions are not entirely disinterested. You know I have a three weeks' holiday on my hands, and you must help me put it in," he replied.

"Oh, most willingly!" Celia said, joyously; and thereupon made arrangements to spend tomorrow in the woods.

After Mr. Wentworth had gone, Celia asked, eagerly:

"Well, what do you think of him, Hallie?"

"I like him very much, and if he is all that I judge him, and you do not love him truly, you are not worthy of him."

Celia looked much pleased, and said:

"I was almost afraid to ask the verdict, for you were so quiet and reserved that I imagined you were thinking all sorts of uncomplimentary things about him."

"Not at all. I am naturally quiet in the presence of strangers."

The next morning, Celia, Hallie, and Mr. Wentworth, set out in all the gay paraphernalia of picnic costumes and well-laden baskets for a neighboring woods. The weather was lovely, the party in high spirits, and the prospect of an altogether charming day unclouded.

As was natural, Hallie and Murray underwent a mutual examination, which to the former resulted in an increased satisfaction in her friend's choice, but to the latter in keen disappointment, for he had expected from Celia's glowing accounts to find Hallie little less than "a daughter of the gods."

Celia was in a glow of ecstasy, and seemed fairly wild with the joy of having Hallie with her. It was her attention she called to this or that bit of scenery, her approval she demanded, her judgment to which she deferred. She brought flowers for her to botanize, introduced subjects for her to discourse on, and hung on her words with rapt attention, almost completely ignoring the presence of her affianced, who, before long, showed the effect of her treatment by his loss of humor and cordiality.

Hallie became uncomfortable under Celia's unflagging devotion; her efforts to draw Mr. Wentworth into the conversation had failed repeatedly she was acutely conscious of his coldness and

taciturnity, and she felt that somehow she had earned his disapprobation.

Celia was utterly unconscious of the mischief she had effected, and when it was time to go home, said it had been the happiest day of her life.

Hallie complained of a headache, and went to her room soon after the evening meal. She was thoroughly dissatisfied with the day—it had turned out so differently from what she expected. As she sat at the open window, thinking how she could prevent the reoccurrence of the day's discomfort, she heard voices in the garden beneath, which passed unheeded until there rose clear and distinct these words:

"Well, for my part, I think your Miss Stafford priggish and pedantic. You hang on her words as if she were a female Plato or Aristotle, and she receives your homage as if she were a veritable goddess. Believe me, you do not touch her heart—she tolerates your devotion through mere vanity."

"Murray!" The unspeakable anger and indignation expressed in that word are indescribable.

"I speak for your own good, Celia; I hate to see you deluded. She knows she has unbounded authority over you, and it is impossible to say to what use she may put her power. Upon my soul, I wish your friendship for her was at an end; she has already sown dissension between us."

"That's man's justice! It is not Hallie, but your jealousy, that has sown the dissension. Oh Murray, how could you so malign my dearest friend?"

Hallie drew back from the window aghast, a look of intense pain and mortification on her pale face. Her first impulse was to pack her trunk but she stopped to think.

"No, I will not go," she said, at length, with decision. "I will *prove* to him that Celia has bestowed her friendship worthily—I will make *him* acknowledge my worth, as well as his deluded little sweetheart. If I went now, my name would be an everlasting reproach to her, and when she married we would be utterly parted. Ah, that hurts me. I did not know I loved her so. Or, if I went now, it might be the means of separating them; for Celia is just impulsive and generous enough to espouse my cause, and thus through me lose one of the very best of men, for such I truly believe him, in spite of his poor opinion of me. For the sake of her good, let alone my pride, I must remain. And now, Mr. W., you shall see one of the uses to which I can put my power."

The next day Hallie had a talk with Celia, in which she told her that her attentions were too exclusive, and made her uncomfortable. "You will make everybody in the house jealous of me," Hallie said, with a smile.

Throwing her arms around her, Celia cried, passionately:

"Oh, my queen, who is worthy of love beside you? In you there is no fault or shadow of fault."

The programme for Hallie's entertainment, sketched out on the first evening of her visit, was rigorously carried out, but Mr. Wentworth absented himself whenever possible. He was ever polite, ever attentive to Hallie's comfort, but the cordiality with which he had greeted her had given place to a reserve which just escaped positive coldness. Hallie pursued the course she had marked out for herself, quietly and unflinchingly. She had confidence in her own integrity, and in his capability to recognize it, and she did not despair, although Celia was nearly heart-broken over the uncongeniality existing between her friend and lover. Hallie had never tried so hard to please anybody as she did Mr. Wentworth, and gradually he felt the power she exerted so subtly—he regarded her with more interest, listened to her conversation with undeniable pleasure, and found himself studying her whenever the occasion presented itself. When Hallie found he was awakening to her true character, she no longer intruded herself on his moods. Frequently she would leave Celia and him alone for hours on some excuse, and when sought, would be found with a book, or listening to Mrs. Gardner's troubles, or else amusing herself with the children, with whom, by reason of her wonderful stories and descriptive ballads, she had become a great favorite. When Mr. Wentworth began to seek her presence she did not repulse him, but welcomed his friendship with unfeigned gladness and reciprocity, and soon they were the best of friends. The new-found congeniality between Hallie and Murray made itself apparent in a hundred ways. He unconsciously borrowed much of Celia's manner toward Hallie, looking to her for appreciation of the passing views in their delightful excursions by land and water, appealing to her judgment and addressing his thoughts to her, rather than to his betrothed, and many a long evening was spent in talking on subjects beyond Celia's participation though within reach of her enjoyment. Those were the happiest days of Hallie's life, and she sighed when she thought of going home. The only drawback to her perfect happiness was Celia's manner, which daily grew more variable and incomprehensible. Sometimes she would fairly throw herself at Hallie's feet in excess of love, then again she would regard her with apparent distrust and freezing coldness, which last mood was generally followed by a burst of penitence and a passionate prayer for forgiveness of some unspoken fault.

One evening, as they sat on the porch in the moonlight, a silence of unusual length fell on all. Hallie was looking on the radiant clouds with a

dreamy smile on her lips, when suddenly the silence made itself apparent to her. She looked toward Murray—he too, was gazing at the moon, an expression of exceeding sweetness and dignity resting on his countenance. A sudden inexplicable pang shot through her heart; her eyes refused to leave his face, rendered almost radiant by the moonlight. Then a deep sigh rent her breast, and she looked up with an unspoken prayer for help. In that moment she knew that some dire misfortune had befallen her, but what, she scarcely realized as yet.

"What is it, dearest?" Celia asked, affectionately pressing Hallie's hand.

Hallie gravely studied the deep gray eyes uplifted to hers, sighed again, rose, and saying it was late, bade them good-night. She went to her room and endeavored to comprehend this unforeseen calamity, which like a pall had fallen on her happiness. Her brain was in a fever, and at last stretching up her arms in a gesture of inexpressible longing and weariness, she said passionately:

"I am tired of playing oak to Celia's vine. I long for something nobler, more masterful, more *real* than this sickly feminine passion. I am tired of woman's kisses! I know I shall be sorry and ashamed to-morrow for saying this, but to-night I feel reckless. What is this which thrills me through and through one minute and makes me feel like grinding my teeth the next? Am I wicked? Have I become demoralized? What is it that causes me this intolerable pain?" She rose, stood at the window, and looked up at the starry sky, for the moon had set. Almost as clearly as spoken, without her volition, her thoughts repeated the beautiful lines ascribed to Plato: "Lookest thou at the stars? Were I heaven, with all the stars of heaven, would I look down on *thee*!" And like a bird, her thoughts dropped from the clouds and alighted on Murray Wentworth. Falling on her knees she burst into tears. The cause of her trouble was explained; it was no surprise—it seemed as if she had always known it, and her heart closed over its acknowledged love and refused to give it up. "Celia does not love him," she thought. "She never could love him as I do—to give him up would not cost her half the pain the very thought inflicts on me. I know he does not love me now, but it is impossible to believe that my love would not win its 'precious meed.' Hallie Stafford, stop! Are you crazy that you give rein to such thoughts? You see clearly the only path, and you will take it though it should lead to the Valley of the Shadow of Death! Steal Celia's affianced, take vows plighted to another, rob her at one fell blow of both lover and friend, act the part of viper and sting the warm heart that has nourished you so fondly? Oh Hallie Stafford! Celia, thou hast raised to me an altar of trust—I will never prove unworthy of it."

Hallie never told how she passed that night;

the next morning her face was ashen pale and wore a strange expression of patient endurance. She told Celia that she was obliged abruptly to terminate her visit—that she must leave Fernwood the next day.

Celia received the news with consternation, and presently asked:

"Is it because of anything I have done?"

"No, little girl, no," and Hallie succeeded in putting her off with a spurious reason.

All that day, Celia's mood alternated between a wild gayety and a tearful sadness, and she lavished a thousand caresses on Hallie.

In the evening Hallie found herself alone on the porch with Murray. He said:

"It is not possible, Miss Hallie, that you are going to leave us to-morrow? I had forgotten that you and Celia must part. I have been trying to realize what we shall do without you, but my imagination fails—it is too dreadful."

Hallie blushed with pleasure and then asked, gravely:

"Mr. Wentworth, do you think I am worthy of being Celia's friend?"

"Miss Hallie!" he exclaimed, in surprise.

"You do not think then, I would put to uses vile the power I possess over her."

Something in her tone checked his impulsive denial. He seemed dimly to recognize his own words, but it could not be that he had ever applied them to Miss Hallie!

She saw that he was mystified, and said, with a smile:

"I had the advantage of overhearing your analysis of my character, on your first acquaintance with it. Now don't apologize—it is all forgiven."

But he was overwhelmed with shame, remorse, and disgust, and could not say enough to express his sorrow and mortification.

Extending her hand, she said, cordially:

"Say no more; hereafter I shall remember it only in contrast with what you have said to-night."

Thanking her warmly, and still retaining her hand, he said:

"Indeed, I wish you would not go—could any amount of coaxing change your mind?"

She shook her head and said:

"I must leave you now—I have some packing to finish. And now, good-by."

"Oh no, it is not good-by yet. You will let me drive you to the train, to-morrow?"

"Thank you, no. Celia is to take me in her pony-phæton. Won't you say good-by? I really must go."

Pressing her hand warmly, he said:

"I will only say good-night. I shall be at the depot to bid you good-by."

Hallie turned away, her eyes suffused with tears, her heart shaken with a paroxysm of grief.

The next day she bade good-bye to Fernwood, and seated beside Celia in the carriage, turned her face depot-ward. Suddenly Celia slackened the reins, and said, passionately:

"I can't stand it—I must confess! Oh, darling, can you ever forgive me? I have been *jealous* of you, at times almost *hating* you. I knew you were not trying to win Murray from me, but your charming manner, your beautiful conversation and speaking face, nearly set me crazy, for I thought he could not help loving you."

"Oh Celia!" Hallie exclaimed, feeling an inclination to cry.

"No one but God knows how I have striven to master my base-born feelings," Celia continued with passionate vehemence. "Oh Hallie, can you ever forgive me?"

"Yes, dear, most fully. And so you love him well enough to be jealous of him?"

Hiding her face on Hallie's shoulder, Celia half-sobbed:

"It would kill me to lose him."

At that moment the horse gave a sudden start, the reins slipped from Celia's relaxed grasp, became entangled in the beating hoofs, frightened the animal, and sent him flying at a reckless speed along the road the carriage following awhile in the mad race, then overturning and throwing the girls out on the roadside. Celia was unhurt, and rose with a frightened little laugh, but Hallie lay white and motionless. Celia thought she was dead, and her frantic cries summoned two or three men to the spot. After the usual restoratives had failed, some one offered a carriage, and Hallie was borne, apparently dead, back to Fernwood. The physician, on being summoned, looked very grave, said there was a great probability of internal injuries, and after he had succeeded in restoring Hallie to consciousness, pronounced his fears confirmed.

All night long Hallie suffered inexpressible agony. "Hold my hand, Celia, dear—hold it tightly, tighter yet," she would murmur, when the paroxysm seized her. Celia obeyed, though she looked as if she endured the torture of the rack. As morning dawned, Hallie became very tranquil, but the doctor's face was unpropitious, and reading there his foreboding she demanded the truth. He told her at the most she had but few hours to live, but that her suffering was at an end. For a while she lay very still, a great wonder in her eyes, but when Celia bent to kiss her, with awesome tenderness, she burst into tears, in which Celia's freely mingled.

Hallie was the first to regain composure. She said:

"I have been very happy the most of my days, especially during this visit, but life was beginning to grow too hard to bear. Perhaps God saw that the burden would be too heavy for my small strength, and called me hence to save my sinking under it.

Oh Celia, I was getting so desperately unhappy that anything would be better than living."

Celia greatly desired to ask Hallie to unravel the meaning of her words, but the invalid looked so wan and weary that she refrained.

In the afternoon, Celia begged to bring Murray to Hallie. "He does nothing but walk the floor, and only opens his lips to ask about you," she said.

With a delicate blush, Hallie answered:

"Yes, he may come; tell him I want to see him."

She had been laid on a couch by the open window, in order to catch what little air was stirring, and she looked strangely lovely amongst the snowy pillows. Her face lit up to absolute beauty when Murray entered, and with a smile of surpassing sweetness, she extended her hand, which he took with a tender reverence, his features working with the effort to restrain his emotion.

Hallie said, softly:

"We did not expect this, but it has come with exceeding gentleness—a precious gift from my Father. Oh Mr. Wentworth, I am glad you know me to be worthy Celia's love. Celia, dear, you never knew how hard I strove to keep the high place to which your love exalted me."

Celia flung herself on the floor, and for the first time gave full sway to her heart-breaking sorrow, praying passionately that she might die with her heart's chosen, the David of her soul.

The tears slid quietly down Hallie's face, and Murray rose to lift Celia from the floor, bidding her, almost harshly, to be more mindful of the invalid.

Pressing her handkerchief to her eyes, Celia left the room.

"Is there no one you would like us to send for?" Murray asked gently.

"No one; after it is over you may inform my aunt—she will tell you what to do. I am sorry that I have become such a trouble."

"Oh Hallie, you are killing me," he exclaimed, falling on his knees at her side. "When you depart my heart goes with you."

She read in his face and voice the love and pain unspeakable, and they were instantly reflected in hers, only the love was stronger than the pain. Laying her hand timidly upon his, she said, in a voice in which the spirit triumphed over the flesh:

"I thank God I die, now that I *know*. I can *die* true to my dearest principles, and Celia's love—who can say that I could have *lived* so? Oh Murray, it is for the best."

With a smothered groan he pressed a long kiss on the pale lips, which caused the life-blood to leap up once again to the marble cheeks, and the tears to spring to the hazel eyes. The bitterness of parting suddenly assailed her, and with a low sob, she said:

"It is hard that it should be necessary for me to die—but there is nothing else for me to do. Life might have been so beautiful."

That was her last and only murmur against her fate. Then, placing her hand with infinite tenderness on the bowed head at her side, she faltered:

"His will be done," and "God bless you, Murray."

Drawing down her fingers to his lips, he kissed them with passionate tenderness, and retained them in his close, warm grasp. When Celia re-entered, Hallie withdrew her hand from Murray's, and putting in its place the warm rosy hand of his betrothed, looked at him beseechingly. He hesitated, and then seeing that he caused her pain, bowed his head and said, solemnly:

"So be it."

With infinite content she then gave to each a hand, and no word was spoken. The moon rose and fell on the pale, serene face,

"but not from moon or star
Had shone the light that dwelt so deep within
Those lifted eyes."

Thus held by those she loved best on earth, she fell asleep, and from that sleep passed tranquilly into eternity.

* * * * *

It was not until a year after Hallie's death that Mr. Wentworth claimed Celia at the altar. One day shortly after their marriage, Celia asked, with a strange reverence in her voice:

"Murray, did you not love Hallie?"

A cloud passed over his face; he looked inexpressibly pained. After a slight hesitation, he answered:

"Celia, I love you. I love you as much as when I first asked you to be mine. Surely you do not doubt my affection?"

"No, but you have not answered my question," she said, with gentle persistence.

"Well then, yes, I loved Hallie. My love sprang to sudden life as she lay dying, or at least it was then I first woke to its existence; but when she died I uprooted the flower from my heart and gave it burial in her grave."

"But if she had lived, Murray?"

"Celia, I am yours—let the dead past bury its dead."

BANISH all malignant and revengeful thoughts. A spirit of revenge is a spirit of the devil, than which nothing makes a man more like him, and nothing can be more opposite to the temper which Christianity designs to promote. If your revenge be not satisfied it will give you torment now; if it be, it will give you greater hereafter. None is a greater self-tormentor than a malicious and a revengeful man, who turns the poison of his own temper in upon himself.

FUNERAL BLOSSOMS.

BY H. P. M.

I am gathering flowers for my dead;
The scattered and fugitive flowers,
Lone relics of those dear hours
When the roses of summer were red.

They are drooping, but beautiful yet,
Pale as the brow of the loss;
Torn by the storm, and tossed,
And wet as my cheeks are wet.

O sad, sweet ones, did you fear
The chill of the winter's snow?
Now, alas! you must go
To the snow-cold breast on the bier.

Soon you must moulder away.
Like that which must moulder beneath;
Only a withered wreath
Upon a handful of clay;

But all is not buried there,
And I fancy the one that I love
In the heavenly streets above,
With a flower-wreath binding her hair.

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN OF OUR OWN AND OTHER LANDS.

NO. 17.

A SECOND POCAHONTAS.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

There is a strange witchery about the story of Pocahontas, hackneyed as it is in the school histories—a witchery that the lapse of over two hundred and fifty years has not dimmed, although it has cast historical doubts on the existence of the heroine.

More than two and a half centuries later, the tragedy of the second Pocahontas was enacted—a story of far greater depth and sorrow than that of her prototype.

The noble acts of the daughter of Powhatan—her saving of Captain Smith's life, and the lives of the Jamestown Colony, by warning them of danger, and carrying them supplies of food—were performed by a *child*. For Smith plainly describes her as such, when he first saw her in 1607. "A girl," he says, "of ten or twelve years of age, who, not only for feature, countenance, and expression, much exceeded any of the rest of her people; but, for wit and spirit, was the only nonpareil of the country." Her successor, however, suffered as a woman; and Captain Smith, for whom Pocahontas probably entertained a filial affection, was replaced by a young soldier, who doubtless inspired a deeper feeling.

It was the period of the Seminole war, or rather of the second war with England, in which the Seminoles fought against the Americans; and the head chief of these Indians at that time was one of such wisdom and foresight, that he was

known as the Prophet Francis. He was a magnificent specimen of free, untrained manhood; tall and graceful, with a most commanding presence, and fine, regular features of the Indian type.

Francis was as famed for bravery as for wisdom; and it was the pride and boast of his followers that he had never lost a battle, and had never been taken captive. His war-cry, whenever heard, roused every warrior to action, and none hesitated to follow, however great the danger might be. His enemies feared him; his followers adored him; and when the British officers succeeded in securing him as an ally, they felt quite sure of victory.

It has been said, with too much truth, that, "from the landing at Jamestown, down to the last war with the Indians, the white man has invariably been the aggressor;" and these sentiments were instilled into the mind of the Seminole chief from his earliest years. Not only had he heard of the base and dishonest acts of the white settlers in driving the Indians from their hunting-grounds; but he had also witnessed conduct worthy of the most savage barbarians; and it is not to be wondered at, that, when the British announced their intention of driving the colonists from the country, he should look upon them as friends and deliverers.

The hatred of the Americans was a common bond of union; and it scarcely needed the promises and rewards held out to him to enlist the magnificent Seminole in their cause. His influence not only carried his nation with him, but other tribes also; and however hard-fought the battle, victory always followed the Prophet Francis. He was made much of by the British, and included in all their councils of war.

Meanwhile, the Southern Pocahontas, whose real name is not known, was growing up into beautiful womanhood among the flowers and everglades of her native soil; and of her, too, it might be said, that "for feature, countenance, and expression, she much exceeded any of the rest of her people."

The great chief had two daughters, both of whom inherited his beauty and grace; but the younger one was especially attractive. She was accomplished, too; could speak English with perfect ease, and was well acquainted with many books. She was the fairest and most accomplished of Seminole maidens, as her father was the bravest and wisest of Seminole warriors.

When the war was ended, Francis, the Prophet, was urged to make a visit to England on the return of the British officers and soldiers; and after the usual deliberation of his race on any matter of importance, he consented to go. His family, carefully provided for, were left behind, while the enterprising chief was borne triumphantly over the ocean in one of the British transports.

The first thing, after reaching London, was, of course, a military pageant; and one of the papers of the day had the following paragraph:

"The double sound of a trumpet announced the approach in the procession of the patriot chief Francis, who fought so gloriously in our cause in America. He was dressed in a uniform of red trimming, decorated with gold. In his sash he wore a tomahawk, with gold mountings."

Crowds flocked to gaze upon the Seminole hero, whose name and fame had preceded him long before; and his princely aspect and elegant manners were the wonder and admiration of all who saw him. Thanks and praise were showered upon him for his noble devotion to the British cause; and after sufficient adulation to turn any ordinary head, the chief returned, loaded with presents, to his native land.

Here he seems to have taken up his life again just where he had left it—except that his hostility to Americans was stronger than ever after his experience of British hospitality, and the flattering terms of equality on which they had met him.

He had vowed eternal vengeance against the enemies of his race, and the subject of his own and his ancestors' wrongs at the hands of the encroaching white men was agitated at every council fire. The thunder tones and burning words of the prophet sank into the hearts of his followers, until the united wish of the nation was to exterminate the hated intruders from the soil. No quarter, no kindness, was to be shown; and bloodthirsty as hungry wolves, they resolved to wreak their vengeance on all who fell into their power.

Attacks were constantly made by the savages on isolated and unprotected places, and it was necessary to establish military stations and forts through the south for the defence of the inhabitants. One of these was Fort Gadsden, and a soldier belonging to the fort was, one day, made prisoner by the chief and some of his followers, who were out on a scouting expedition.

The soldier had lost himself in the forest, while on a fishing excursion, and had thus fallen into the hands of the Indians. No mercy was to be expected; for he knew, and his enemies knew, that had an Indian been captured by the troops, he would have been shot down like a wild beast on the spot.

The prisoner was, however, allowed the respite of being taken into the camp; and as he was a warrior, a council of war was immediately called to consider what was to be done with him. There was but one voice in the matter: many Indians had been cruelly murdered by the whites, who looked upon them only as dangerous vermin, and blood must flow for blood. Repeated outrages and treachery on the part of the settlers had roused all the barbarity of the savage nature; and they now gloated over an opportunity of revenge.

The doom of the soldier was irrevocably sealed : death at the stake.

The prophet chief having calmly conducted all the proper ceremonials, and avoided undue haste in allowing his prisoner time to prepare for his sudden and terrible transition to another world, gave the order for him to be taken out and bound to a tree, around which were piled dry fagots, in readiness to be kindled, by the blazing torches.

An immense assembly of exulting savages were gathered to witness the scene of execution, women as well as men ; and among them stood the chief's youngest daughter. She had manifested no emotion at what was taking place ; for young as she was, she had become accustomed to such spectacles. The maiden had even attired herself as a young warrior, contradictory as this seems to the rest of her character, and fought in more than one battle, from which she bore off the scalps of her enemies.

This strange, and beautiful, and accomplished girl, the belle of the Seminole nation, shrank not from scenes like the present ; and waited now, apparently as indifferent as any, for her father to give the fatal word.

Everything was ready. The savages had closed around their victim, and even the torches were lighted at the council-fire, ready to be hurled upon the pile at the word of command. A young, fine-looking Indian, of the same age as the prisoner, stands in advance to throw the first brand ; and he is getting impatient at the delay. But the chief has not spoken, and no one dares to move.

They take their eyes from the victim, and turn them toward the Prophet. There, on the ground before him, kneels the beautiful girl, who is as dear to him as the apple of his eye, pleading earnestly for the life of the doomed soldier.

The chief sternly compressed his lips, as he remembered the wrongs of his people ; and the frown so terrible to his enemies came between his brows. He felt almost like spurning the suppliant before him, as he ordered her to rise, declaring that the prisoner should suffer the death all the settlers so richly deserved.

"Nay, father," argued the girl, "spare just this one as an act of mercy, and for my sake. I know that his nation have robbed and wronged us ; but he is young, and it may be that he has never done any harm. O let him live, my father !"

"Foolish and persistent girl ! have not the council condemned him to death ? How then can his life be spared ? He must die, and the signal shall no longer be delayed."

"Then, if I cannot save him, I will die with him !" exclaimed the maiden, with all her father's lofty spirit ; and springing to her feet, she ran to the astonished prisoner, and threw her arms around his neck, before the word of command could be given.

A scene of wild confusion followed. Torches

were brandished ; but no one dared to fire the pile ; some tried, without success, to loosen the girl's arms from the victim ; the Prophet Francis stood irresolute.

Presently the chief spoke, and ordered the prisoner to be unbound. His daughter's heroism had prevailed, and he loved and admired her more than ever ; although she had crossed his will, and left a rankling doubt in his mind. Why did she risk so much in behalf of this particular white man ?

The soldier was untied from the stake, and informed that his life had been spared at the intercession of the chief's daughter ; but he was still detained in captivity.

The maiden listened with downcast eyes and becoming meekness to her father's remonstrances ; but neither entreaties nor commands could induce her to reveal the secret of her strange interest in the white prisoner.

"Remember," said the chief sternly, "that you are the daughter of Francis the Prophet."

She bowed her head in acquiescence, and went her way. The subject was ended then and there.

The young soldier was very kindly treated, and allowed the largest possible liberty, for the sake of the chief's daughter, who had free access to him, and from whom he received many other proofs of the noble generosity which had saved his life at the risk of her own. The captive could easily have escaped, had he chosen to do so ; but as some slight return of gratitude to the girl who had rescued him from a dreadful death, he resolved to remain a prisoner until released by outside help.

He was finally seized by some of the Spaniards, while he was hunting in the woods ; but finding that he belonged to the American army, they conveyed him there ; and he resumed his duties again as if nothing had happened.

After these events, the American force became stronger, and they could afford to be aggressive. Amid the destruction of other Indian forts and towers along the frontiers, to insure their greater safety, it was resolved to demolish the garrison of St. Marks, the stronghold of the Prophet Francis and his followers.

They were too formidable, however, to attack openly and in daylight ; so, under cover of the darkness, and in the most stealthy manner, they crept upon the slumbering warriors. The fortress was easily stormed, and taken possession of ; and the chief, with his family, and all his men, were made prisoners. They were ignominiously bound, and led away to their death.

A single effort was made for their rescue. The chief's eldest daughter had escaped from the assailants, and being as fleet of foot as a deer, she distanced all her pursuers, and ran on into the darkness and solitude of the forest, where she was safe for the time from the enemies of her race.

But the dreadful thought that those whom she loved would certainly be put to death by their captors, drew her from her hiding-place, and she resolved to seek their destination and make an effort for their rescue.

Francis and his wife and younger daughter had been taken on board an American schooner, but the eldest daughter was told that they were on a British vessel. She took a light canoe, and sped with the swiftness of love over the waters, until she was within speaking distance of the vessel.

A bitter disappointment awaited her in the unwelcome sight of the Stars and Stripes at the mast-head, and in the information given by the hoarse, gruff voice that accosted her. In utter despair, she turned her frail bark homeward, feeling that the floating prison behind her was bearing to death those who were dearest to her on earth. Beseeching the aid of the Great Spirit, she made her way to the wilderness, where she hoped to find help from some of her own race.

But no time was allowed for rescue; for without even the show of a trial, the Prophet Francis and a chief taken with him, were hung like the vilest of criminals.

"It may be that he deserved death," says the historian, "but not the death of a felon or a traitor. He had, in defense of his own soil and race, spread death through many ranks, and many were made widows and orphans by his hand; but it was in what is denominated honorable war, and the justice of his cause, in comparison with that of his enemies, the white men, will appear when all nations shall be assembled at the last tribunal.

It is a wonder that the red man, who has witnessed such aggressions, and received such inhuman treatment from the white man, should look with suspicion and distrust upon his religion? It is said of Ninigret, the proud and noble chief of the Narragansetts, that he opposed the introduction of the white man's religion among his tribe, and that he was deaf to all the entreaties of the missionaries, who plead that their religion would infuse a greater benevolence, kindness of heart, and humanity, as well as raise his people in the scale of civilization and refinement.

"Nay," said he, "when the Gospel makes good white men, then come to Ninigret and his red brethren, and we will receive you."

When the great Seminole chief met his ignominious death, there stood among the band of American soldiers who surrounded the place of execution, the man who not long since had been rescued by the same chief's daughter from a death that at least had the merit of not being an ignominious one. At the foot of the scaffold, his deliverer was weeping heart-broken over the sorrow and disgrace of her father's death; but not a word of comfort or remonstrance was uttered by the ungrateful youth.

This man, whose daughter had saved his worth-

less life just as the thread was about to be snapped, was to him only an obnoxious Indian, worthy to die the death of a dog; and the world would be rid of one more pest when they had made an end of him.

So he spoke no word to stay the hand of those who tightened the rope around the neck of the princely chief, and he saw unmoved the fainting form of the brave girl borne from the dreadful scene.

But a sense of her beauty, and probably an over-confident remembrance of all that she had done for him, came over him as he recalled the scene, and going in quest of the injured girl, he had the effrontery to offer his hand, for heart he had none, as an atonement for the wrong he had done.

"Remember," said the chief sternly, "that you are the daughter of Francis the Prophet." These words were ringing in her ears, though they were uttered before a knowledge of his baseness had come to her; and with a whispered "Father! I will remember," the Indian maiden turned upon her craven-hearted wooer eyes of such lightning-like scorn, that he trembled and shrank from her.

"Do you dare," she exclaimed, "to ask the daughter of the murdered chief to become your wife? You, who could look on, silent and unmoved, at his shameful death, when his child had saved your worthless life at the risk of her own? Do you suppose, too, that I would ally myself to a nation who, besides their former injuries to our race, have just murdered my noble father in cold blood? Never! I should despise myself, and my people would justly abhor me; rather than accept such ignominy, I would place myself on the scaffold, and share my father's death."

Every word told, and the cowardly soldier felt as though he had been pierced with a hundred weapons. Even had she loved him in the past, the lofty spirit of the Seminole chief rose in her now to crush such unworthy weakness; and turning her back upon the presumptuous wooer, the Indian maiden took her mother's arm, and turned with her into the solitude of the wilderness.

From that day, the desolate family were never heard of more. Wild legends gradually sprang up of the Indian girl in her light canoe closely pursuing a phantom ship, until, with a wail of despair, she sped her frail bark over the rocks, and vanished from mortal sight; but the younger sister's fate has never appeared in story or tradition. In all probability, she soon died of grief and exposure—her inherited hatred of the white man deepened and intensified by her own sad experience.

Poor Pocahontas! (for she seems to have a right to the name) her tragical history was soon ended; and if she does not appear altogether so womanly and lovely as the heroine of Jamestown, much must be forgiven to her strange training,

and the wrongs and injuries which developed her character.

She was, at least, true to herself and her race; and buried in her own bosom the love for which she had dared so much—first, in obedience to her father's prejudice, and deeper, yet beyond all hope of resurrection, when she saw its object fallen from his pedestal, and groveling in the dust before her.

NO. 18.

ANNE OF BOHEMIA.

BY H. G. ROWE.

When Richard II., son of the valiant "Black Prince," and grandson of the renowned Edward III., ascended the English throne, the choice of a consort for him became an important question, and the wise heads of the kingdom deliberated long and anxiously upon the subject—not only in open council, but also in secret conclave, where intriguing politicians planned and labored to further their own private schemes under the guise of a laudable zeal for the public welfare.

In truth, there was need of more than ordinary caution and discernment in this case, for the young king's character was a curious mixture of frivolity and pride, accessible to flattery while scorning argument and reason; and filled with an overweening estimate of his own importance and dignity, which he had not the mental ability and strength to make good in the eyes of others. Just the man, in short, that a clever woman could, as the saying is, wind about her fingers at will, and it behooved those who had the good of the king and kingdom at heart, to make a wise and discreet choice in the matter.

One after another of the marriageable princesses of Europe was proposed; but in each case there appears to have been some important drawback to a matrimonial contract. Not that Richard himself seems to have been very difficult to please, but because his uncles, the joint protectors of the realm during his minority, found it impossible to agree upon the same person. The truth was that each dreaded a rival to himself in the young king's good graces, and looked with jealous eyes upon every candidate proposed by the other for so important a position.

At length, remembering the peace and prosperity that Philippa, of sweet and gracious memory, had brought to England during her long and beneficent reign, the councillors singled out as best worthy the honor of an alliance, her nearest female relative, the Princess Anne of Bohemia, eldest daughter of the Emperor Charles IV., to whom they immediately sent an embassy demanding her hand for their young king.

Although favorable to an alliance, the friends

of the lady objected to the immediate consummation of the marriage on account of her extreme youth; they also seem to have been rather puzzled and doubtful as to the state of civilization in this far-away island, for they despatched the Duke of Saxony on a voyage of discovery, to ascertain what sort of a country it was, and whether it was far enough advanced in the manners and usages of civilized life to render it a fit and comfortable residence for their young princess.

As the duke on his return brought with him magnificent gifts and jewels and rich apparel for the ladies who had charge of the princess' education, it is to be supposed that no further doubts were entertained of the ability of the English monarch to make suitable provision for a German princess.

About this time the insurrection of Wat Tyler broke out in England, and by the time that that calamitous uprising was fairly suppressed, the young princess had reached the age of fifteen, and was now supposed capable of taking upon herself the vows of matrimony, a fact which she signified by writing to the English council that she "was willing to become the wife of their king with full and free will"—an assertion that few of the royal brides of that day could conscientiously have made.

On her arrival in England, the Lady Anne was received with the greatest demonstrations of joy by all classes, and her entry into London was unsurpassed in magnificence by anything that had ever before been seen even in that city of pageants.

Among other quaint designs, we read that at the upper end of Chepe was erected a huge castle with towers, from the sides of which ran continual fountains of wine, while from the tops of the towers beautiful maidens blew bits of gold leaf in the faces of the royal pair as they rode by, and threw counterfeit golden florins under their horses' feet.

The young couple were married in the chapel royal of the palace of Westminster, and at the end of the week the king carried his bride to Windsor, where they kept open house, delighting themselves and others by exercising the most unbounded hospitality to all—peer and peasant alike shared in this grand marriage feast.

Immediately after her coronation—which ceremony followed close upon her marriage—the young queen gave token of the gentleness and humanity of her disposition, by pleading that a general pardon of all political offenders should be proclaimed in celebration of that event—a prayer that her enamoured husband readily granted.

To realize the great importance of this act of mercy, we must remember that, since the suppression of the Wat Tyler rebellion, the common people of England had lived, as it were, beneath the axe, thousands of the ignorant peasantry hav-

ing suffered upon the scaffold for their part in that ill-advised, yet terribly provoked insurrection.

No wonder, then, in view of their pitiful condition, that the grateful populace should have bestowed upon the gentle lady who had interceded for them, the title of "Good Queen Anne"—a title that, during all her after life in England, the English people never found cause to reverse.

Of her taste in dress—a matter of quite as much importance in those days as in our own—the "Good Queen" seems to have made a lamentable failure. The English ladies had hitherto contented themselves with the simple, modest coverchief as a head covering, but Anne introduced the hideous horned cap—a favorite with the ladies of Bohemia and Hungary—that with its immense proportions fairly put to shame the unpretending head-gear that dames of the highest degree had hitherto worn, in blessed unconsciousness of its antiquated simplicity.

These caps were at least two feet high, and as many wide. The frame was built of wire and pasteboard, like a wide spreading mitre, and over these horns was thrown a covering of glittering tissue or gauze.

To such an extreme was the fashion carried, that even the Church at length interposed, and vehemently denounced these absurd head-dresses as the "moving tires" mentioned by Ezekiel—a likely supposition, as they had in the beginning been brought from Syria by certain German crusaders, and adopted by their fair country women, probably for their novelty, as they certainly had neither beauty nor convenience to recommend them.

But, defiant of taste and reason, fashion had her way as usual, and soon every dame and damsel wore her towering head-gear complacently in the face both of outraged priest and grinning rustic, with a constancy and determination worthy of a better cause.

Nor was this fashionable fanaticism confined to the softer sex alone. With the advent of the Bohemian Princess and her train, appeared those ridiculously long-pointed shoes for gentlemen, called *Cracows*, from a town in Poland, which country was at that time under the dominion of Anne's father.

The toes of these shoes were so long that they were often attached to the wearer's knees by a gold or silver chain, while some of them were ingeniously twisted, like a ram's horn, to keep them from interfering with outside objects in walking.

As some atonement for the importation of these hideous fashions, the new queen is said to have introduced pins, such as are now in use—a great improvement upon the little ivory skewers with which ladies of fashion had hitherto been obliged to content themselves.

She also brought with her the first side-saddle ever seen in England. A clumsy affair, to be sure, being simply a bench with a hanging step upon which both feet were placed, thus necessitating the fair horsewoman to have a page or squire at her bridle rein, to lead the animal.

But it is to Anne of Bohemia, as the first Protestant queen of England, that we look back to-day with feelings of the deepest interest and sympathy.

Huss, the Bohemian reformer, tells us that—

"Our noble Queen of England, sister of the Cæsar, has the Gospel written in three languages, Bohemian, German and Latin."

And it is a well-known historical fact that, when the life of Wickliffe was in danger of the council of Lambeth, Anne used her influence with the king to save the great reformer from the stake.

The civil war, headed by the Duke of Gloucester, and young Henry of Bolingbroke, had for its ostensible purpose, the extirpation of Lollardism in the royal household—a convenient mask to hide the deep political schemes of its crafty and aspiring leaders—who, in their hour of triumph, instituted a parliament that was well termed the "Merciless," whose principal object was the destruction of the king's most faithful and trusted servants, under the convenient charge of heresy.

In vain the daughter of the Cæsars humbled herself to the very dust in hopes to save the lives of her faithful friends and servants. The powerful synod that was at that time keeping its sovereigns in a state of restraint little better than actual imprisonment, sternly refused her frantic prayers and entreaties.

For three hours, it is said, the gentle lady was on her knees before the Earl of Arundel, pleading with tears for the life of her favorite squire, John Calverly, a brave knight and faithful servant, whose life-long devotion to his ill-fated master had early marked him as a victim of the cruel cabal.

The only answer vouchsafed her by the haughty lord, was—

"Pray for yourself and your husband, that is all that you can do, and let this request alone."

For two years the royal pair were held in a species of restraint, most of their time being spent at the palaces of Eltham and Shene, the latter a favorite summer residence of the queen, so named, it is said, by Edward the Confessor, on account of the lovely landscape about it. It was here that the poet Chaucer paid his court to the young queen; and as some of her ladies took offence at the bard's satires upon woman, his royal mistress gave him as a penance the task of writing a poem in commendation of the many wives and maidens who had, throughout the world's history, showed themselves faithful even to faithless men.

From this hint of his fair patroness, the now

aged poet wrote his "Legend of Good Women," a mere unfinished fragment, but evidently designed for the beginning of an extended and elaborately wrought treatise upon the notable women of the earlier ages.

Upon attaining his twenty-second year, Richard boldly declared himself ready to assume the reins of government that had so long been withheld from him by an ambitious protectorate, and he was accordingly re-crowned in St. Stephen's chapel; and the nobility, tired of the stern rule of Gloucester and his compeers, willingly renewed their oaths of allegiance, although some at least of them must have foreboded a terrible hour of reckoning for themselves, when the king was once more fairly in possession of his rightful power and place.

It was in celebration of this important step in his life, that Richard—whose love for pomp and display was never forgotten, let his difficulties and dangers be what they would—appointed a grand tournament at Smithfield, where, under a magnificent canopy, surrounded by the great lords and ladies of her court, the youthful queen sat as judge of the combat and awarder of the prizes. These prizes were an elegant jeweled clasp and rich golden crown, to be bestowed upon the knights who, in their lady's estimation, bore themselves most gallantly in the lists. After the queen and her attendants were seated, the knights who were to enter the lists came in a grand cavalcade through the streets of London. There were sixty in all, each of whom was led by a silver chain in the hand of a lady mounted upon a snow-white palfrey, and wearing the queen's colors of green and white.

The tilting was on a grand scale, and after the tournament the Bishop of London invited the royal pair and their train to a grand banquet, where music and dancing, with other amusements of the day, served to entertain them until a late hour of the night.

These grand shows, however frivolous they may seem to our quieter tastes, really went a long way toward making the young king's rule popular, not only with the pleasure and pomp loving nobility, but especially with the citizens of London, who counted on all such occasions as their own harvest time; and the queen's encouragement and participation in them was taken as a strong proof of her kindly interest in their prosperity and advancement.

Indeed, in all their differences with the king, the Londoners seem ever to have counted upon Queen Anne as a friend and a mediatrix between themselves and offended royalty.

On one occasion, after a more than usually aggressive riot, the angry king declared that, as the city would not keep the peace, he would resume her charters—a threat so terrible that the frightened citizens, foreboding mercantile disasters and

ruin if he kept his word, humbly appealed in their distress to the queen, praying her, in words of the most piteous appeal, to make their peace with the king, who, it was well-known, would listen to her voice, even when deaf to that of mercy or even of policy.

It required, however, no little womanly tact to accomplish this, for Richard was in one of his most obstinate, not to say surly moods, and the riotous Londoners were old offenders, as they very well knew.

Being about to remove from Shene to Westminster, Anne succeeded in inducing her angry lord, much against his will, to pass through London, herself riding by his side in unusual splendor, her dress studded with precious gems, and a rich carcanet of diamonds about her neck—a politic concession to her husband's love of display and finery that shows her feminine tact and address when about to approach him as a petitioner—when her benign and gracious countenance, while it formed a striking contrast to the king's sullen unapproachability, served to reassure the anxious citizens, who waited with no little trepidation the result of her promised intercession.

All the principal thoroughfares through which the royal procession was to pass, were hung with gold and silver tissue; red and white wine ran free to all, and at a certain point in their progress an angel flew down in a cloud and presented each of the royal pair with an elegant golden circlet, while the Lord Mayor made a speech, full of humble protestations of the loyalty of the great metropolis, with numberless hints concerning the becomingness of mercy to great princes, and a plentiful sprinkling of the flatteries that Richard's weak mind was ever most easily influenced by.

To this speech, the queen replied in an *aside*: "Leave all to me," and when Richard was seated upon his throne in the great hall of Westminster, she entered, followed by her ladies, and knelt with them at his feet.

The king hastened to raise her from her lowly position, while he asked, with tender solicitude:

"What would you, my Anne? Ask, and your request shall surely be granted."

The queen's appeal in behalf of the distressed Londoners was garnished with so many honeyed and adulatory phrases, that one wonders how even so vain and silly a prince as Richard could have been pleased with it. But that he was pleased, is proved by his instant and gracious reception of her petition:

"Be satisfied, dearest wife," he replied. "Loth should we be to deny thee any reasonable request. Meantime, ascend and sit beside me on my throne, while I speak a few words to my people."

Then, with his gentle queen beside him, he harangued the citizens at considerable length, and at the close of his speech, graciously restored to them the key and sword—emblems of their special

privileges—with a broad hint that they would do well to look to their behaviour in future, as they might not find him so placable another time.

This was the last contention between the king and the Londoners that disturbed the tranquility of the realm during the life of Queen Anne, although the king's extravagance still called forth no little censure from his heavily taxed subjects. Nor can we wonder at their discontent, when we read the records of history in regard to the style of housekeeping affected by the young couple. Hume tells us that—

“ This prince lived in a more magnificent manner than any of his predecessors or successors. His household consisted of 10,000 persons. He had 300 in his kitchen, and all the other offices were furnished in proportion.”

With such an enormous train to support, it is not strange that the king's purveyors should often have resorted to cruel and unjust measures to wring money from the people wherewith to supply the royal coffers, or that the people should, in their turn, have rebelled against the unbearable tyranny of their exactions.

Had his queen, with her wise and pacific influence over him, been spared, it is very possible that the mistakes and misfortunes of Richard's after-life might have been averted, and this last of the kingly Plantagenets escaped the dethronement and bloody death that closed his ill-regulated and ill-starred life.

This faithful wife and good queen died suddenly after only a few days illness, at her favorite palace of Shene, where her funeral was celebrated with a pomp and parade never before seen in England. A long procession was formed to escort the body from Shene to Westminster, and the number of torch-bearers was so great that a large quantity of wax was imported from Flanders for the express purpose of doing honor to this much-lamented lady.

So great was Richard's sorrow at her loss, that he ordered the beautiful palace of Shene to be leveled to the ground, declaring that he could not endure the sight of a place where they had passed so many happy hours together.

This piece of vandalism was only partially carried into effect, the wing where she died being dismantled, but afterward restored by Henry V., who made it one of his favorite residences.

Unlike most of the English queens of that age Anne of Bohemia had no pretensions to beauty of face or figure; but the sweet, womanly virtues that characterized her life made her not only the beloved of her husband, but the idol of her people, who found, in her loving thoughtfulness for their advancement and welfare, something far better than mere personal attractiveness.

Many of the benefits conferred by this queen were, of course, temporary, and consequently soon forgotten; but her one great work, the introduc-

tion of the Bible into England, should secure her a place in the affections of every Christian man and woman throughout that kingdom to-day. It was the first step in that nation's religious progress—a step in which credit is due to the queen alone, for Richard took little or no interest in the religious education or progress of his people. He was simply a pleasure-loving, weak-minded, yet kindly-natured man, disposed to humor the fancies and forward the plans of those he loved, without troubling himself personally in the matter at all. To his mother, the dowager Princess of Wales, and his Bible-loving queen, belong alone the credit for whatever reforms were set on foot during his reign, and the protection afforded to the eminent reformers and scholars that sought a refuge in England from the persecutions that menaced them abroad.

SICK-ROOM FANCIES.

So tired! so tired! drop the snowy curtain,
And shape the pillow for my weary head,
Shut out the noises of the busy city,
And leave me, darling, as you would the dead.
For I am dead to all that makes your life sweet,
Excitement, business, pleasure, joy and fame;
They seem but far-off echoes from some dream-land
Haunting this feeble, wearied, stricken frame.

Here let me rest upon my cushions, idly
Watching the sunlight flicker through the vines;
Taking the keynote of my sick-room fancies
From the cool murmur of the rustling pines.

So tired! so weary! ever let me rest here,
Never disturbed by other sight or sound,
Till the tired soul drifts to the shadowy future,
And the tired body its own rest has found.

How the pines whisper! soft winds must be blowing
Drifting white clouds over the land and sea:
Would I were wrapped in one all bright and fleecy,
Floating forever, calmly, restfully.

How the cool waters to the breeze must ripple,
Reflecting cloud-land in its azure deep!
Would I were floating upon peaceful waters,
With tired eyes hidden in the last long sleep.

The last long sleep!—how sweet will be its coming!
Too tired am I to think of crowns and palms,
Too tired to think of angelic processions
Harping His praises with the voice of psalms.

But e'en for me His love has made provision,
Upon the shining river's starry sod—
Beneath the tree of healing for the nations,
A weary soul may find the peace of God.

HE is good that does good to others. If he suffers for the good he does, he is better still; and if he suffers from them to whom he did good, he is arriving to that height of goodness that nothing but an increase of his sufferings can add to it; if it prove his death, his virtue is at its summit; it is heroism complete.

A BLESSED BLUNDER.

People said that it was a little strange that Marion Ellis had never married. She had been a pretty girl; she was now, at thirty-five, a pretty woman. To tell the truth, she thought it strange herself, for she knew her own self well enough to be sure that she was really worth loving.

She had had lovers, it is true, but not *the* lover, and now had ceased to look for his coming. She was old now; men loved beauty, she knew, and youth only was beautiful.

So by degrees she had laid aside one and another of the ways of youth. She wore soft grays and browns: hesitated over wearing the delicate blue ribbons in which her soul, and her complexion also, delighted, and substituted lavers in their stead. She agreed with the witty Frenchman, who thought the two most disagreeable creatures in life were the girl who tried to be a woman, and the woman who tried to be a girl, and so went to a nun-like extreme in dress and manner.

It would be utter folly to say that she was entirely content. She had a warm, loving nature, a heart too strong and too true to be satisfied with the small demand upon it. She had money enough to lift her above any anxiety as to what she should eat, and drink, and wear. She owned a pleasant home that had been her father's before her, and his father's before him.

She was not one of those single women who devote themselves to Sunday-schools or sewing societies; was not on all the committees, nor did she go round gathering up lecture courses.

I do not mean by that, that she neglected her social or charitable duties, but simply that she did not try to feed her soul with any such perishable bread.

But like Solomon's model woman, she minded well the ways of her household, and when her brother Robert Ellis died, and left his daughter, now too wholly orphaned, to her care, she opened her doors and her arms to her namesake Marion, and felt that at last God had given her work to do. And he had; for Marion, the younger, was a wild, harum-scarum child, just the child to keep one on the alert, and wondering what she would find in the way of mischief to do next; and yet a sweet, lovable girl, her wildness just the overflow of happiness consequent upon perfect health and high spirits.

She brightened up the old house wonderfully; was the favorite among her schoolmates, at once the pet and torment of the servants, and the very light of Marion's eyes. She was twelve years old when she came, and was now seventeen. In these years she had probably climbed more fences than any other girl in the little town; had spent more hours rowing on the river, to which their garden sloped greenly down, than she had

over her embroidery, and was the better, mind and body, for it. A fair scholar, too, learning easily the things she liked, and trying conscientiously to like the right things "for Aunt Marion's sake."

Now at seventeen she was a light-hearted, unaffected girl, with a girl's romantic dreams, to be sure; but with no morbid sentimentalisms to destroy the fresh charm of her girlhood. Her home and training had been too sweet, and simple and wholesome for that. She had never developed a taste for chalk or slate-pencils, either physically or mentally.

Truly, Aunt Marion had put her hand to a good work when she took this fatherless and motherless girl, and made her her own by these years of love and care.

They had been very happy years to her, the maiden aunt. It had been a pleasant thing to see this gay girl grow up beside her. It was almost as if she had been her own. If she had felt her youth defrauded, the later years made amends in part. She had seen the girl softly through childhood, and now that she stood "where the brook and river meet," the elder Marion found her cares increasing.

Marion the younger was very pretty: with bright eyes and rosy cheeks and lips, and hair that crinkled and curled in the most bewitching and bewildering way imaginable. It just wouldn't stay smooth. It triumphed over a net, and set hairpins at defiance. So most of the time it had its own way, and a very sweet way it was, and lay upon her shoulders, and curled around her forehead, just as though it enjoyed it. Now where there is a pretty maid, there will, sooner or later, come a youth also. And so it was in this case; and so it was also, that for the reason that Marion the niece went here and there to parties and festivals and concerts, Marion the aunt emerged little by little from her seclusion, and went also. Invitations which heretofore Miss Ellis had declined, she accepted now because they included Miss Marion Ellis, also, and if Miss Ellis had, or thought she had, turned her back long ago upon gayety, Miss Marion's face set wistfully in that direction.

So she yielded to little Marion's entreaties, and went out into the world again—solely, as she said, for her sake.

She was perfectly positive that she had left her youth so far behind that she could find no pleasure in the things that belong to youth, and when she found that her capacity for enjoying was not utterly gone, she looked upon herself with some disapproval, as claiming that to which she had no right. In her fear that she should present that pitiful spectacle—a woman who is not young, and will not be old—she erred in the other direction.

But little Marion enjoyed it all so much—how could the elder Marion fail to find a certain pleas-

ure in it? She enjoyed seeing the pretty girl, prettily dressed, gay with all the gladness of innocent girlhood, entering upon her woman's kingdom.

And when Dr. Ryder, for the little lady's sake, paid them the attentions he so seldom offered to any woman, Aunt Marion became slowly conscious that her capacity for enjoyment was not quite exhausted.

Now Dr. Ryder had been their physician for a good many years—ever since the little girl had come to her aunt's home. In fact, the first time Miss Ellis had ever seen him she had called him in to set a broken bone. Her active charge had managed to fall from an old tree in the garden, and break her arm, and insisted upon calling in the new doctor, whom she pronounced a great deal nicer than Dr. Morrison. So the new doctor was called, and since that time Miss Marion had given him a good amount of practice. She had—out of pure kindness, she said—broken the other arm, had sprained an ankle once or twice, had caught measles and whooping-cough, and everything she could, she said, and by this means had made Dr. Ryder almost as much at home in their house as in his own.

Now his little patient was a young lady, and a pretty one at that, what wonder that he should find it pleasant to continue his attentions, making them friendly instead of merely professional.

And he did make a very agreeable escort, so both the ladies thought.

One morning invitations came to a grand party to be given by a certain Mrs. Hill, who owned the handsomest house and grounds in all Mayville, and who also counted among her possessions a very handsome daughter.

It was said, too, that both mother and daughter entertained a high opinion of the eligible Dr. Ryder.

That gentleman called upon the Misses Ellis, to see if they would need and accept his attendance to this party.

"I am not going," said Miss Ellis, "but Marion can go, if you will take charge of her."

"And why don't you go too?"

"I'll tell you," broke in little Marion, not heeding a warning glance from her aunt. "She says she's too old to be going to parties; that people will make remarks, and say that she is trying to be young, and all that nonsense. Why, she is prettier now than half the girls of twenty," as if that settled the matter. "Besides, look at the married ladies twice her age, who go night after night, and dance and dress like—"

"But they are married, Marion."

"What difference can that make, unless it be a reason why they should give up some of the pomps and vanities? Dear me, it does seem as if this dear, delightful world held some dreadfully stupid notions. I wish I could cure it of some, but I don't think I was made for a reformer; but don't you think aunty might go, Dr. Ryder?"

VOL. C.—17.

"I certainly think you had better go, Miss Ellis; if you are not young enough for these things, what of me? and I certainly don't feel like an antediluvian, no more than—than—you look like one."

"There!" triumphantly cried the niece. "I told you so."

So they triumphed.

Niece Marion, dressed in fleecy white, stood in the parlor, chatting gayly with the doctor and waiting for the aunty—for Miss Ellis had been dressing-maid to the young girl, and saved only a scant half hour for her own toilet. And she had a strong desire to look well that night. She hardly acknowledged the desire to herself, and certainly not the cause of it. And when, the last touch given, she looked again into her mirror, she thought it was not so bad after all. Her hair, still soft and abundant, was dressed in all the intricacies of wave and puff, but enhancing, not hiding, the beauty of her finely-shaped head; the eyes were large and luminous; and though the cheeks had lost their roundness, there was a soft flush upon them, fairer to some eyes than the rosieness of mere youth. She wore a dress of pearl-gray brocade, and the pearl ornament that her grandmother wore before her.

When she came down into the parlor, Dr. Ryder ceased suddenly talking to little Marion—he lost the self-possession which habitually characterized his manner—lost it, and did not soon regain it, but stood in a strangely embarrassed fashion, regarding her with a surprised admiration.

She thought she had interrupted a tender scene, and wished anew that she had been faithful to her first resolve, and sent them off without herself. It was too late now, so they started; the little Marion the only one of the party who was entirely natural and unembarrassed.

It was a brilliant scene, and one could hardly fail to fall in, in some degree, with the spirit of it. Bright lights, beautiful flowers, gay dresses, fair faces and manly faces, and delicious music, all conspired to drive away dull care, to make the sad forget their sorrow, the old forget their years.

Miss Ellis found it very pleasant; her return to society was welcomed; more than one sought her society, more than one admiring glance repeated what her mirror told her in that last look. So she was enjoying herself, looking a little after her niece, who was as happy as a girl could be. The world was all beautiful to her. It lay before her an enchanted land, upon which she was just entering.

Late in the evening, Dr. Ryder came to Miss Ellis, and said:

"Let us go into the conservatory; we will find it cooler and quieter there."

They stood half hidden by the tall plants, and heard their own names spoken.

It was Kate Hill's voice—

"Isn't it absurd the way Miss Ellis acts, making an excuse of that niece of hers to go to all the parties?"

"I don't see anything objectionable in what she does," said a softer voice.

"You don't? well, I do. Why, don't you see that she's just throwing herself at Dr. Ryder, and don't you see that all Dr. Ryder endures her for is for the sake of the niece? Such actions in a woman of her age are too ridiculous! She ought to be home darning stockings. When I'm an old maid of thirty-five, I hope I'll be no such person as she is."

"My word for it, Kate, you'll be no such person," and the other voice had a little touch of sarcasm in it.

Dr. Ryder looked vainly about for some way of escape—some way to take Miss Ellis out of the sound of their voices. There was no way, so they waited till the speakers had gone away.

Then he looked at her face. Ah, how different it looked from the face of a half hour ago! The brightness gone, and such a pained look about the tender, trembling mouth.

He could say nothing to her then; whatever he might say would seem only prompted by pity, and that would add to her humiliation. So, when he spoke, it was in gay tones, saying:

"It's time to go home; you see what it is to have a physician for an escort; he allows no very late hours, and watches symptoms of weariness from habit. I see you are tired, so I will find Miss Marion, and we will go home."

This, then, was what they said of her, because she had allowed herself to take what pleasure she could find, in just the ways that other women did.

Again and again that night Miss Ellis felt the flush come to her thin cheeks at the thought of the charge they had made against her. This girl had said she was throwing herself at Dr. Ryder, was accepting as her own attentions meant for a younger and fairer woman. And this, then, was the cause of his embarrassed manner, when she came into the parlor that evening; perhaps, nay probably, she had interrupted him in a declaration.

The thought that possibly he, too, held the same opinions, filled her with utter agony. You see, in some things this old maid had a younger heart than many a girl yet in her teens.

It does sometimes happen that the unmarried sister carries to her grave higher ideals, truer, purer views of love and marriage, and a loftier standard of manly and womanly excellence, than many a wedded wife. Some keep through all their years the dew of their youth. But they are those who have not frittered away their hearts in flirtations and make-believes.

Marion Ellis, the elder, was such a woman.

Looking it all over, she did not see why Dr.

Ryder should not love and marry her niece. She did not see why the little Marion should not love him. True, the years were many between them; but *love*, real love, takes small note of time, and he was noble, manly, and true. Why should it not be? She resolved that she would look a little more carefully, and certainly she would interpose no obstacle. And she took to absenting herself a little from the parlor when he was there, and staying at home more and more, that they might go together—an arrangement she failed to get any great amount of satisfaction from.

Miss Marion, true to her instinct for creating small sensations, was now taken suddenly and seriously ill.

This brought Dr. Ryder daily to the house. He and Aunt Marion watched the patient with that untiring watchfulness that is born of love. Through long nights he shared her vigils, and she saw in this more than the dictates of friendship, more than regard for his reputation; she saw, or thought she saw, the man's heart breaking with dread, lest his darling should be taken from him.

By and by the invalid began to mend; then they sat in the little sitting-room, adjoining the sick room, and talked and read, attending to the sick girl as she needed. Miss Ellis, realized as never before, how generous and unselfish he was; how tender as a woman he could be, and yet so self-reliant and strong. She realized, too, what every truly lovable and womanly woman sometimes in her life realizes, that it is a pleasant thing to lean.

Now Miss Marion was so much better that she could be brought down to the couch in the sitting room. They made the room bright as they could; let in all the pale winter sunshine that they could, and set the geraniums with their scarlet blossoms where her eyes could feast upon them. Dr. Ryder brought her down in his strong arms, and when he laid her down, he smoothed her hair back gently with a loving touch, and said:

"There, little girlie, we have you again, thank God!"

Then the invalid looked gladly and gratefully around; saw all the dear familiar things; called the doctor "a dear old darling," and curled herself up on the sofa, and went to sleep.

And Dr. Ryder took up a book, and read something from the *Earthly Paradise*; and Miss Ellis listened. Then she looked at the pretty sleeper; then she began to think, what it would mean to her to be young again. She looked at the grave, handsome man, and vaguely wished that it were not too late for love to come into her life; perhaps if I were young, she thought, and pretty, too, he might love me—and the thought sent the color to her cheek, and made the eyes luminous, even though a hint of tears.

He looked up. "What is it?" he asked; "do you find this so touching?"

"I do not know. I was not thinking—or rather, I was thinking."

It was a favorable time for him to say what was in his heart. He knew that he loved the woman beside him; but he hesitated to tell her so. He wanted to—he was going to—but just now he remembered that he had a patient who needed him, and he thought, "I will tell her to-morrow, but not now," and taking a last look at the sleeping Marion, he went away.

Aunt Marion was quite convinced that Dr. Ryder loved her niece; but she said to herself, "The girl is so young, he does well to wait."

Niece Marion thought nothing about the matter at all. Dr. Ryder had always been good to her, and she thought him just splendid; and there it ended with her.

The man at whose coming her girlish heart was beginning to waken, was a younger man than the doctor.

But Miss Kate Hill was anxious upon the subject. She had tried all fair means to win the doctor to her side, and she had failed. The idea of such a man as he devoting himself to a spinster of thirty-five, or a miss of sixteen, was more, than this lady of twenty-five could endure; and she resolved that at least she would find out which one he sought, and if she could do no more she would break the friendship between them, which event would naturally lead the gentleman to seek other society—and why not hers?

Now the fact that the aunt and niece bore the same name, occasioned now and then a little mistake.

The elder lady's letters were usually directed to Miss Ellis, or Miss Marion Ellis. The younger lady, for the sake of, as she said, "knowing which was which," followed her first name with the letter V.

Now, it often happens that the very sharp people of the world over-reach themselves, and Miss Hill did, decidedly.

She had an idea that Dr. Ryder was in love with Niece Marion, whom she was wise enough to know did not wish to marry him. Her plan was to write a proposal of marriage to the Aunt Marion, purporting to be from Dr. Ryder.

"This, you see," explaining it to her listener, "she will only be too glad to accept. Dr. Ryder will retreat—say he never wrote it—which will be true, but they will not know that; Aunt Marion will be humiliated to death; Niece Marion, who adores her aunt, will be angry; the doctor, man-fashion, will not know what to do, and whatever he does will be the worst thing he could do; and don't you see? this present state of things will cease, and the doctor will look about for fresh fields and pastures new."

"Meaning the charming society of Miss Kate Hill?"

"Possibly: at all events, Miss Kate Hill will

be no worse off than she is now, and will have the happy consciousness that she has made an effort."

But, as I said, intriguers usually make a mistake somewhere. Miss Hill was perfectly positive that it was Miss Ellis who wrote her name with the V, so the proposal which bore the name of Miss Marion V. Ellis went to the wrong lady, to the "little miss of sixteen."

Little Miss Marion read it, and rushed to her aunt.

"Why auntie, what in the world does this mean? Here is a note from Dr. Ryder; and O! auntie, he says he wants to marry me. What in the world does he want to marry me for?"

"What reason does he give for wishing it?" said the other.

"Why, let me see, he says he loves me. What an idea. Love me! What will I do?"

"You will answer it, of course, and tell him—tell him what you think best. Couldn't you love this good man, Marion dear?"

"O! I couldn't marry him. Oh! I never, never could. Why, auntie." and the girl looked up with honest, unashamed eyes, but with a burning blush. "I love Ed. Wallace, you know, and he loves me. How could I marry any one else?"

For a moment, Aunt Marion looked at the girl with something like jealous envy in her heart. Why should this gift which would have opened the very doors of heaven to her, be cast at the feet of one who cared nothing for it? Then she stood ashamed of her own weakness and wickedness, as she called it, and gathering the little bewildered maiden in her arms, gave her a tender kiss, and left her.

The next morning Dr. Ryder received the answer to the proposal he had not written. A No, too; gentle and womanly, but a very firm No, after all.

He had been exceedingly busy for the two days previous, and had made no calls save professional ones. He read his letters as he ate his breakfast. This one he read and re-read. "Some one has played a trick upon us, that is beyond doubt; but as true as I live, I can't tell which lady has been proposed to, and has declined. Which one is it that is Marion V.? I haven't a scrap of paper from either one. If it is little Marion it is no matter: if it should be the other one—ah!" and the doctor pushed his plate away, and rose with the air of a man who had received a deadly hurt.

"They have blundered," he said, "whoever did this piece of work. I should write no offer of marriage. I should trust nothing to pen and ink, but would bring the power of my personality to bear in such a case as this. But I will know before I am an hour older which woman has said No to me."

But Tom Jones took that morning to come

down with diphtheria, and Jack Harrison felt called upon to fall on the ice and put his shoulder out of joint. So our doctor found not a minute till evening came that he could call his own. He carried the missive of rejection in his pocket all day, and the thought of it came into his mind even when Jack Harrison was howling his loudest. Then after, his hard day's work, he walked over to the Ellis home. He felt it very embarrassing, and a little comical withal, this uncertainty as to which lady had given him that terrible little No; but he knew that it made all the world of difference to him which one it should prove to be.

Little Marion was playing and singing in the back parlor. In the front parlor, in a great sleepy hollow of a chair, sat Marion the elder, listening to the music and musing. The heavy curtains that divided the rooms were draped back, and she could catch a glimpse of the singer—of the singers, I should say, for Ed. Wallace was there, too. Miss Ellis made a pretty picture as she sat—her white hands folded in her lap; the room was lighted only by the fire from the open grate, the flames danced and flickered and threw a soft light over her violet cashmere dress, and a delicate glow upon her sad face.

Dr. Ryder thought it was a very fair sight. He stood beside her, and spoke before she was aware of his presence:

"I came to see, Miss Ellis, if this No is indeed final. I am not eloquent. I am rudé of speech and all that; but can't you take the No back and give me Yes instead?"

Miss Ellis rose from her chair, saying:

"I do not understand."

"Neither do I quite, but I want to understand. Will you be my wife, Marion? I love you dearly."

"Dr. Ryder, you love me? How can that be, when only yesterday you proposed to my niece?"

"All a mistake. It was meant for you. She told me No, as she ought—but you—Marion, dear, give me my answer."

"But she is young and pretty, and I am so old—thirty-five."

"And I am forty. Little Marion is a child, with a child's face and a child's heart. I want a woman. I want you, Marion Ellis—give me my answer."

And unresisting she was clasped to his strong, true heart.

Little Marion ceased her singing, and put aside the curtains that minute. She uttered the girlish exclamation:

"My stars! Why, Dr. Ryder, I thought you wanted to marry me! And it's Aunt Marion after all." Then in true feminine fashion, "What if I had accepted you? What would you have done, and wouldn't I have felt humble enough to creep under a thimble?"

"You'd have been a broken-hearted damsel, for I should have deserted you, sure as you live."

"I saved you the trouble, didn't I?—but oh, I'm so glad," and the little lady laughed and cried by turns.

"Some one has blundered," said the doctor, "But it's been such a blessed blunder that we will forgive them, won't we, darling?"

And out of the fulness of a happy heart Aunt Marion answered:

"Yes."

"I declare," said Kate Hill, a few weeks later, as she saw the doctor and his wife ride by. "I don't just see how I *could* have so miscalculated. I meant to spoil her game, but I played right into her hand instead."

FUN FOR THE FIRESIDE.

A HELP TO MOTHERS.

Playing at Art.—No. 15.

JESSIE E. RINGWALT.

Persons having charge of young children will find great advantage in furnishing them with occupations, which serve to employ any stray moments of time, and save both the ward and the guardian from the too frequent repetition of that most wearying and exasperating demand for "something to do," which is the fruitful source of irritation in many nurseries. Fortunately, nature herself provides the innate impulses that lead the little ones to the active exercises necessary to strengthen the physical powers. Healthy children need no stimulus to incite them to the running and jumping requisite to their muscular development, and the mother can devote her attention to providing such quiet employments as will attract the child to the wholesome repose of body, while at the same time inducting the infantile intelligence by insensible degrees to the labors of maturer life by gently accustoming both body and mind to habits of industry and persistent attention.

Among the readiest means of furnishing this necessary employment, will be found a little instruction in the art of pencil-drawing. Almost all children have a natural taste for the art, and a very little skill can be immediately directed so as to furnish many happy hours of pleasing employment.

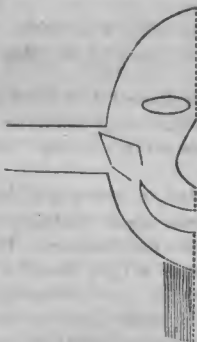
When a picture is to be reproduced, a very little child can be amused by tracing the lines, by laying a thin piece of paper upon the picture and following the outlines upon it with a pencil. This of course, only requires a steady hand; and it is well, when possible, to fasten the tracing paper firmly upon the picture to prevent any moving. This "shining through" often furnishes much pleasure, and is the secret of the continued pop-

ularity of the favorite toy known as the transparent slate.

When the copy is required to be larger than the original, greater difficulties arise. These can be most readily met by blocking out the original into squares, by drawing straight lines across the picture. If, for instance, the copy is to be increased four times, mark the original into four squares or blocks. Then lay out the paper upon which it is to be copied, into four blocks or compartments, each of which is the size of the original. The lines contained in each of the squares in the original can then be drawn in the corresponding space upon the copy and suitably enlarged, with much less labor and much more certainty than by the measurements of any unaccustomed draughtsman.

An amusing toy for the little folks can be made by their own hands after the pattern given in Figure 1.

Fig. 1.

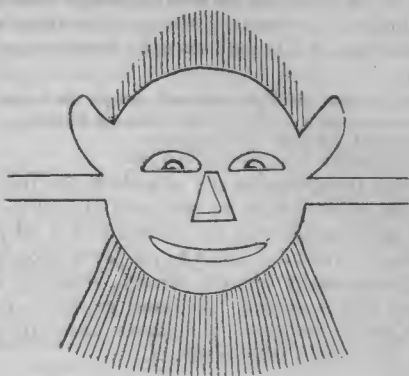


This is intended for a mask or false face, and is presented in half, the paper being folded by the dotted lines, so that the two sides shall be alike. The figure is cut out by the other lines, and when completed will be found to furnish a rude presentment of a mask, with open spaces through which will appear the mouth, nose, and eyes of the wearer. The band of paper is to be so lengthened as to be pinned round the head, and secure the mask in place, while the ears protrude at the sides, adding much to the absurdity of the whole.

If the ears are cut as in Fig. 2. they can be made much larger, and may be formed of different colored paper with great effect. A short fringe of paper cut at the top of the face to serve as hair, and a longer fringe at the chin for beard, makes a striking addition to the mask, and can be curled in imposing style by drawing the fringes firmly across the blade of a knife. If the hair and beard are formed of a different color, as for instance, red upon a white mask, the effect is quite terrifying. A long, blue beard can also serve for a dramatic presentment of the renowned hero of juvenile literature. With a little inge-

nuity and labor, a variety of masks can be manufactured from the same pattern. Brown or red-

Fig. 2.



dish paper, striped with light colors, can furnish forth a whole tribe of noble savages.

Many boys take particular delight in amateur "serenader" performances, while the parents find serious objection to the lasting effects produced by their lavish distribution of the burnt cork. Although much less artistic, the paper masks can be well used as a peaceful and wholesome compromise. When cut in black paper these false faces can be made abundantly hideous by pasting narrow strips of red paper upon the inside so as to show around the eyes and lips. A fitting supply of small jokes, a couple of conundrums, an old drum, a broken fiddle, and a popular song or two, are sufficient properties, with a few of these masks, to furnish a band of boys with all that is necessary for a serenader performance which will give rapture to themselves, and amusement to their indulgent friends.

A party of Indians can be much improved in appearance by the addition of headdresses of feathers. A long red tongue hanging from the mouth, also adds much terror to the brown visage of a chief, many boys being not too fastidious to place the strips of red paper upon their own tongues, so that they can be moved at will.

Quite young children will frequently find amusing occupation in pricking pictures with a pin, and become so dexterous in the art as to produce unexpectedly good results. As an instance, sketch lightly with a pencil upon rather stiff paper, the outlines of a simple house, with plain, square doors and windows. Let the child follow all these lines by pricking with a common pin. Then turning the paper, prick from the wrong side the spaces left to represent the window-panes, door, and roof. This will serve as a sort of tinting, and will appear distinctly when held between the eye and the light. If a simple bell-flower with leaf and stem is used, reversing the pricks as a shading for the picture, a pretty little transparency can be formed. A specimen

of this art hung in the window, will afford huge gratification to the young artist, and incite him to further industry.

This pretty pastime has been enduringly framed in English literature by Cowper's affectionate recollection of it in the lines to his mother's portrait :

" Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When playing with thy vesture's tissue flowers,
The violet, the pink and jessamine,
prick'd them into paper with a pin."

Other transparencies can be made by first tracing the required figure on cardboard or thick paper, and then following the outlines with a sharp penknife. The lines should be cut partly through and occasionally entirely through, wherever a strong light is needed. A distinct group of animals with a few leaves and grasses under their feet will make a suitable subject.

Fig. 3.



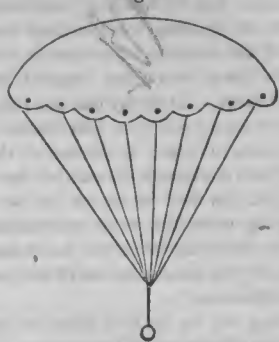
A profile view of a human figure also serves well, a distinct and simple outline being absolutely necessary. The soft lights falling through the punctured cardboard, when well managed, are almost as mellow as the tints of the china transparencies, and taste and skill can find a pleasing exercise in producing them. The rude efforts of children will, however, give them occupation, and often develop a native taste into sudden activity.

Shadow pictures cast upon the wall may also be used to furnish needed fun for the fireside. A picture with clear, bold outlines should be chosen, and slight cuts made in sufficient number to allow the light to pass through and delineate a distinct shadow when held between the wall and a lamp. For an evening entertainment, this offers a pleasing variety of industry. No verbal description can explain exactly how these effects are to be produced, except by directing that all the light places of the picture should be cut out. A few experiments, however, will determine the best size for the picture, as well as the relative position between it, the wall, and the light, requisite for producing the most vivid shadow picture.

Balloons, kites, and other toys that float in the air, are generally very much admired by children,

and amusement can be found in the manufacture of a home-made parachute, similar to that represented in Fig. 4.

Fig. 4.



To make this toy, it is necessary first to take a square piece of paper. Fold the square crossways, that is from corner to corner, so as to form a triangle. Repeat this until it is folded four times, when the paper will assume the shape presented in Fig. 3.

Next cut by the curved dotted line, and make a sharp puncture with a large needle or pin through the center of this curve, piercing through all the foldings.

When unfolded, a circle will be disclosed, formed of sixteen small scallops, in each of which will appear the puncture. Through each of these punctures a light thread of cotton or silk is run, drawing the ends together in a knot so as to round the paper slightly to form the parachute; finally, attach a small piece of cork as ballast.

When a light breeze is blowing, these toys can be tossed into the air, and they will float away, winning great admiration from the infant observers. If attached by a slender, long thread to a balcony railing, or to a window-ledge, they will float to and fro in wayward flight, obedient to every current of the air.

When constructed of tinted paper, the toy may look quite gay and pretty, and furnish many moments of pleasure to the little folks who are weather-bound within the confines of their nursery walls.

A square of paper may be folded in the manner described for the parachute, and cut with the same curved end; but before unfolding it, let some slight notches be cut with the scissors upon both the folded sides, taking great care that the incisions do not reach the inner point of the paper. When unfolded, the paper or circle will then exhibit a variety of ornamental openings, which will surprise the young artificer, who is not prepared to expect the multiplication of his cuttings, or the harmonious design which will result from such simple means.

"IT WAS, IT WAS THE CAT!"

BY G. E.

"I wish I were an ancient Roman!" This startling remark burst from the lips of little Dolly Warren, a very modern young American, aged nineteen. She was exceedingly short, also exceedingly plump. She had "*twinkly*" brown eyes, a bright complexion, chestnut hair, and a pronounced "snub" in the way of a nose. At this moment, she was standing before the glass, rubbing said nose discontentedly, with a view to promoting a downward tendency. She and her friend, Clara Willoughby, were *tête-à-tête* in a long, low, sunny room—Dolly's "boudoir," as she loved to call it. I hate preliminaries almost as much as my reader does, but before cutting into the heart of my story, I must mention that Clara was Dolly's "most intimate friend"—what young lady is without one?—and that she (Clara) was spending the summer at Mr. Warren's large country-seat.

Clara Willoughby was an heiress—not as our novels will have it, "a *beauty* and an heiress." She was called "fine-looking," "graceful," "stylish," everything but beautiful, or even pretty. Her eyes were hazel, her hair golden brown, and she had fine, clearly cut features. Her teeth were exquisitely white and even, and she showed them considerably, her mouth, being large, "just about the size to let the big words out," or so said that untamed specimen of boyhood, Ned Warren. Clara was also very tall, rather stout, yet withal exceedingly graceful; and lastly, she was recommended as a "great catch," to the youths of her acquaintance, as she was an orphan, worth about a million, more or less. She was at present wearied of receptions, operas, theatres—everything connected with gayety. She was tired of her elegant house, and, as she expressed it, "oppressively devoted" old uncle and aunt. She was worn out with the throng of young men, who, armed with bouquets and confectionery, haunted her doors. In short, she was satiated with city life; so she turned her back on her ancient relatives and a prospect of Saratoga, packed one trunk with some of the poorest and most "old-fashioned" dresses she possessed, and fled to "the wilderness," for by such a dreary name did she designate Mr. Warren's beautiful place.

So here she is, and here is Dolly, rubbing her *petite* nose. Lest it should disappear under the friction, I will resume.

"Yes I do!" said she again; "I wish I were an ancient Roman! For then I'd have a decent nose!"

"If you're on the wishing tack," said Clara, rising to her immense height, "I can get ahead of you—I wish I were 'Job's turkey,' or as poor as that feathered specimen was supposed to be!"

"What a goose you are, Clara!" was Dolly's

elegant reply. "For my part, I think Job's turkey was a miserable, starveling old fowl, and I don't envy him at all. And seriously speaking, Clara," resumed Dolly, turning from her nose to a larger subject, "I think you're an awfully ungrateful girl! It's '*treemenjus*,' as Ned would say, to hear a person with the amount of money, and consequent increase of blessings, that you have, actually wishing to be *poor*! It is the most morbid feeling in the world, this talk of yours about people continually seeking you for your money alone. Why," continued Dolly, theatrically flourishing a hair-brush, "have you no faith in human nature, no confidence in yourself, or your own personal attractions?"

"Very little, I can assure you," answered Clara; "you wouldn't have either if you had been brought up as I was. From the time I was an infant, my 'prospects' have been talked about until I have wished that I had no more money, or no more chance to get any, than my favorite character in history—Job's turkey. I have been fairly *fed* on such sentences as these, from my uncle—"You'll never want for suitors—a girl with *your* fortune?" or, "You won't have to beg for love, I can tell you!" Why, auntie was constantly telling me, when I first went into society, that my thousands would bring me in enough offers to allow of my having plenty of splendid 'matches' to choose from! It is fearful to have one's faith in honest affection undermined from one's very babyhood! I remember when I was a tiny child, and my uncle said something to me about my everlasting *money*, I said, 'But I want them to like *me*, too.' And then he laughed, and he answered, 'They'll like *you*, little one, but they'll like you better for having a little money!' Indeed, you are right when you say I am morbid about it. I declare to you, Dolly, that my sensitive, doubting disposition, and the mercenary training I have received, have made me so suspicious of people, that I can never believe that one of the dozen men who have sworn they loved me to distraction, were not more than half, if not wholly, actuated by mercenary motives! I haven't a bit of confidence in my own attractions! If I were pretty, like you, it would be a different thing. But I'm not; and in spite of the money spent on my education, I've not enough talent to attain much success in any accomplishment. I *haven't* an atom of faith in human nature, in *men* anyhow, and I'd give every cent of my wealth to be loved by some good, *true* man, and loved for myself alone!"

Clara's eyes filled with tears, and her usually pale cheeks flushed with excitement.

"As I said before," remarked Dolly, "you are a perfect goose! I suppose lots of men are fortune-hunters. Not that I've had any experience, for in *my* case, there isn't any fortune to hunt! But it doesn't follow that *all* of your lovers are—

mercenary; indeed, *I* don't believe but that every man who asked you to marry him cared more for your dear lovely self than for all the 'chink'—to quote Ned—in your possession! And you ought to be sued for damages on account of the hearts you've broken!"

"Well, I'm thankful that I'm 'incog'—*here*, at all events," said Clara, ignoring the heart question. "I didn't want to come here and have everybody pointing me out as 'Miss Willoughby, the great heiress.' Thanks to you, little Doll, I don't think many people know that I'm worth a *sou*!"

"Many? You'd better say *any*!" exclaimed Dolly. "Indeed," she added ruefully, "I consider it the crowning act of my unselfish existence"—*here* she struck an attitude—"that I followed your directions to the letter. Just think how high-toned it would have sounded for me to announce that Miss Willoughby, the heiress, daughter of Anthony Willoughby, esq., and niece of the Hon. Jacob Grinder, was coming to visit me! But no! I must speak of your having taught little Emmie Fox music (which you did from pure benevolence, and, of course, you never got a penny for it)!—I must speak of it in such a way as to give the impression that you teach music for a living! I must allow you to wear the oldest and most hideous garments—some of which, in a fit of absurdity, you made yourself—and then I must hear old Mrs. Leatherbee praising you up as a 'poor dear, and so ingenious about your clothes, which are so suitable for one in your humble position!' All this I have to bear, like the martyr in the cause of friendship that I am! Oh, I've effectually followed your injunctions, and, as you cautioned me, I have let people imagine you were poor, 'without actually saying so.' Clara, your eccentricity is painful—*simply painful*!"—concluded Dolly, solemnly.

"That may be, my dear," answered Clara, laughing, and shaking out a melancholy looking black serge dress; "but, for *once* in my life, I can leave my money-bags behind me, and have the opportunity of forming some *real* friends. Though I'm nearly sure that Harry Thorne must have heard about my being a 'golden calf,'" she added, reflectively. "Clarke Harrison is a very intimate friend of his."

"Well," said Dolly, now really provoked, "so you actually suspect Harry, too, do you? Let me tell you that I've known him for years, and I *know* that he hasn't a mercenary bone in his body! His attentions to you were as genuine as could be, and the cause of his suddenly falling off in them, is owing to the fact that no man of any spirit would stand being systematically snubbed; for you know you did snub him fearfully at first, Clara!"

But their excited colloquy was cut short at this juncture by the advent of "Ned the Rambunc-

tious," as his father called him, with the announcement that "Mr. Colton was awaitin' to see Doll, with a *bokay* as big as a cabbage, 'n' she was to come down right away!"

Dolly flushed to the top of her white forehead, and in a second Clara and her cynicism, Harry Thorne, and every one else, went out of her foolish little head, as she hurried down the stairs.

Clara watched her with a smile. "It isn't likely," thought she, "that *her* faith in human nature will fail, as long as Charlie Colton exists."

CHAPTER II.

Next to Mr. Warren's residence stood a large boarding-house. It was a comfortable looking edifice, and the appointments were unexceptionable. It was not strictly a family house, though occasionally a matron weary of gayer resorts, would go there, accompanied by a pretty daughter or so; it was generally frequented by *old young* ladies, *young old* ladies, and an influx of young men, who came to enjoy the opportunities for shooting and fishing which the region afforded. Harry Thorne always made one of the latter class; for years he had spent the summers there, enjoying the society of his "chums," who came down from time to time, and an occasional walk and talk with his old friend, pretty Dolly Warren. This summer, however, he had spent little time at his once favorite pursuits; for no sooner had Miss Willoughby arrived, than he had, as he expressed it to his friend and crony, Clarke Harrison, deliberately "walked into" love with her. He was a good looking youth, tall and fair, with big gray-blue eyes, to whose eloquent love-glances Clara Willoughby had almost succumbed—that is, as much as her pride and prejudice would allow. "How you and Harry can assimilate is more than *my* sagacity can fathom," Dolly used to say—"for you are both as full of crotchets as—well, as Ned's mouth is of molasses candy!" she added, making a desperate effort at an appropriate simile.

Harry *was* a little eccentric—so his friends said. He was not rich, though his father was a man of considerable wealth. But Harry refused to depend upon anything but his salary, which was no larger than that of most young men. Then it was a matter of mystery to his friends that he preferred Mrs. Hoffe's quiet country boarding-house to any of the gayer summer resorts. But so it was.

His attentions to Clara had been pointed, all the season. He seemed to her on the eve of a declaration, and it is more than likely that her scruples and prejudices would have bowed before her loving heart, had not Mr. Harry ceased his attentions with the suddenness of a thunder-clap. All his invitations to ride, or to row, his constant sending of bouquets, etc.—everything that was in any degree lover-like in his behavior—had come

to an end. He seldom or never joined her in the street, and called only at long intervals. Clara was almost thankful that afternoon, when Dolly had left her, and she started for a ramble, to think that it was the last week in August, and that she would soon have to go home.

She had wandered on for some time, along her favorite lane, when she heard footsteps behind her. She recognized the firm tread, and her heart almost sprang out of her body with excitement; "He can hardly *help* joining me now," she thought—"mere friendliness demands it, after all his attentions. It would be horribly rude not to do so, when we are both going the same way."

"Good evening, Miss Willoughby," said Mr. Thorne, returning her salutation politely, as, crushing the innocent field flowers under his feet, he walked rapidly past her, and was soon lost to sight in a by-path in the adjacent wood. In a second, it seemed as if the sunshine had grown dark to Clara; the very trees and flowers appeared to dance before her eyes. How could he do such a thing! She would never have believed it of him! So rude—so utterly unkind and unfriendly! But she recovered herself rapidly, and walked on with as firm a step as his. "It is just as I thought!" she murmured, indignantly. "Dolly said *she* had never told him I was wealthy. Clarke Harrison *did*, I suppose, but hearing the report that I am poor—he ceases his attentions! Like all the rest, I suppose he was after my dollars and cents. I see I was wise to think of such a test for people,—I have found *him* out, at all events. And oh! to think I might have married him! Well, I shall waste no more thoughts on him, that's certain. I wonder, too, what made me trust *him* any more than the rest? However, it never shall be said that *I* cared long for a man who did not care for me!" And she shouldered her umbrella defiantly and walked home with the mien of an empress.

"Aha, old Fuzzy," she said, seizing her pet Maltese as she entered the "boudoir," "you're a faithful friend, aren't you, Pussykin? I'll take you for the companion of my old maidenhood."

"And a nice one he'll be, to be sure, if you don't cure him of fighting with my bow-wow," exclaimed Dolly, breaking in abruptly upon these meditations. "It's awful the way those creatures fight; I really thought the dog would be reduced to *canine* hash, the other day. And Fuzzy sat on the porch-roof nearly the whole of last night, snarling at poor Jacky, when he was innocently howling at the moon."

"Well, for my part," said Clara, smiling, "I think Jack makes more noise than Fuzzy."

"I guess Harry Thorne would like to consign them both to another sphere," said Dolly. "His window at Mrs. Hoffe's is right opposite one side of the porch-roof. I'd venture to assert that they keep him awake at night!"

CHAPTER III.

"I'd like to know," soliloquized Harry Thorne, as he wended his way home to Mrs. Hoffe's from a merry gathering at one of the neighboring country houses, "I'd like to know where in the dickens I put that letter I wrote to Clarke Harrison. One half of it is in here," putting his hand in his coat pocket, "and the other half—well, it's gone where the good letters go. I must ask Betty if she found it and stowed it away. I do wish I didn't leave things about so, and that she didn't jam them into impossible places. She and that belligerent dog and cat are my pet grievances. She put my pocket-book into the slipper-case yesterday, and—but hallo! there come Miss Warren and her party! I'll get out of the way, I guess." And he turned into a lane near by, just in time to avoid Clara and Dolly, who, with their escorts, were coming rapidly towards him.

"Well, didn't we have a delightful time!" said Dolly to Clara that night.

"Very," answered the latter, yawning; "but if you want to keep those flowers Mr. Colton gave you, you'd better set them out on the roof. Put them in that vase of mine."

"I will," answered Dolly, setting the vase and flowers outside. "Now, Clara," she added, presently, "did you ever hear anything like the noise that cat and dog are making? Just listen!"

The girls were silent a moment, while the combat raged furiously. Jack was howling and barking, and Fuzzy was screeching at him from a safe distance, with fiendish malignity.

"Mrs. Hoffe will vote our pets a nuisance to the neighborhood," said Clara.

Suddenly they heard a sound as if a window were being raised, and then something came *crashing* down on the roof. Both girls started violently.

"Goodness! What's that?" said Dolly.

"Why, somebody's endeavoring to silence those animals by 'heavin' rocks,' as Bret Harte elegantly phrases it," answered Clara.

"I'll wager anything that it's Harry!" exclaimed Dolly. "Wait a second, and see if he throws anything more at them."

There was silence for a moment, broken only by the barking and howling of the infuriated quadrupeds.

Then *bang! crash!* went another missile against the roof.

"By Christopher!" sounded in smothered accents through the summer air, as Harry Thorne, just returned from the roundabout nocturnal ramble he had taken to avoid meeting the girls, slammed his window vindictively, and turned back into his room.

"There!" he muttered, "I hope I've silenced them for to-night, that's all! I can't stand it any longer. It's bad enough to have one's own torturing thoughts to keep one awake, without

having a Bedlam under the window! But I'm afraid I've done some mischief. Wish I'd had something else to throw besides that old vase. I'll have to pay Mrs. Hoffs for it, cracked as it was! I wanted it to break that feline's skull, anyhow," he added. "Hope it has!"

CHAPTER IV.

The morning sun was shining brilliantly into the boudoir; Dolly and Clara were standing at the window, ruefully regarding the crushed fragments of Clara's pretty little vase, which lay upon the roof, together with some bits of coarse-colored china.

"That's Harry Thorne's doing, you may depend," said Dolly. "I *thought* I heard something that sounded like his favorite exclamation—'By Christopher!'—just before we heard the last crash."

"I must say," remarked Clara, "Mr. Thorne's 'eccentricity' has taken a singular form this time. His attack upon my innocent cat has resulted in the total destruction of my favorite vase."

"I don't wonder at his attack on your cat," said Dolly, coolly. "If I enjoy any more midnight vigils, I'll attack him myself. But what's this?" and Dolly leaned out of the window and possessed herself of a crumpled bit of paper, which had evidently fallen out of the "cat-suppresser," as she had designated Harry's missile.

"Some paper of Mr. Thorne's, I imagine; it was probably stuffed inside of that old vase he threw at Fuzzy," answered Clara. "But don't read it, for pity's sake, Doll," she added, horrified, as Dolly commenced to peruse it, "he might not like it—it's awfully dishonorable to read other people's letters: don't!"

"Well, I'm not troubled with too much honor!" retorted Dolly, comfortably. "I saw your name on it as I picked it up, and I'm just going to read it! It may be only a bit of waste paper, after all."

She read on for a little while, her eyes growing rounder each minute; then she sprang up and cried:

"Clara, I absolutely insist on your hearing this! No—don't stop your ears—you *shall* listen—it may affect the whole of your future life!" And she proceeded to read the following extract, which was no other than the missing part of Harry's letter to his friend:

"Yes, Clarke, from the moment I received your letter, I decided to cut short, 'nip in the bud,' as it were, my attentions to Miss Willoughby. You know my utter contempt for such fellows as Corson, who, being penniless themselves, or virtually so, like your humble servant, marry rich girls, and live on their wives' fortunes. Not that I would ever do that, of course; I would

work, as usual, at the mills; but I cannot ask Miss Willoughby to marry, when I cannot support her entirely. My salary is an elegant sufficiency for myself, with my well-known bachelor habits; but for *her*! No, indeed; I cannot consent to lay aside my scruples, which I have held from my youth up, and 'marry a fortune!' I always said, you know, that I would never marry until I could support a wife comfortably; and Miss Willoughby is accustomed, I suppose, to more luxuries than I could give her, if my salary were twice as large as it is. I had no idea that she was wealthy; I have lived out of your city so long, that I know very little about the young ladies in it. She seems to dress very plainly, and, unaccountably, a report is circulating here to the effect that she is poor, and teaches music for a living. I imagined, after the usual manner of romantic youths, that, as in two or three years I should be able to marry, and give her a comfortable, if not luxurious home, we could 'wait and hope' for that time together. But long engagements are wearisome enough, as a rule, and I suppose it is for the best that I did not declare myself. I was very near doing it—just received your letter in time to prevent the catastrophe. Then, what is more, I had 'dared to hope.' I felt moderately and *modestly* certain of success, in spite of some 'snubbing' at first, which, I was acute enough to see, was 'put on.'

"But from the time that your epistle came, and I heard of her thousands, I decided to 'decline and fall off,' as Mr. Boffin says, in my attentions. I was doubly determined upon this course by the fact of your having said that Miss Willoughby was exceedingly sensitive about her wealth, and imagined that very man who proposed to her was offering his hand to her bank account! She shall never think that of *me*, at all events. Though, for the matter of that, one might as well be thought one kind of a villain as another, for of course she looks on me as a perfectly heartless flirt.

"But I've given it all up, anyhow, and do not be surprised if I accept your invitation, and come up to town, for—" here Dolly stopped.

"There! that's all!" she said excitedly, "and now, Miss Clara, what do you say? Did you ever hear anything so deliciously romantic and *novelly*? You won't have to be advertising—'Lost—a young lady's faith in human nature'—any more, will you?"

Clara blushed, and looked as confused as only a "fancy-bound" maiden can look.

"But how on earth did you find out that I cared anything about him, Dolly?" said she, shyly.

"Oh, I know the signs! Trust *me* for finding out things!" said that astute young person.

"But it's just the same, after all," sighed Clara, sadly. "How can I ever make it right? I cer-

tainly *couldn't* and *wouldn't* lower my pride so far as to send for him, and then I could never induce the dear, foolish fellow to believe—"

"Oh, I'll fix *that* part of it," said Dolly, valiantly coming to the rescue. "I've known him for ages, and I'll confess to him that I read the letter—what *do* you want, Ned?"

"Why, I say, Doll," said that youth, who, after having tried vainly to make an impression on the door panel and the drum of Dolly's ear, had effected an entrance by sheer physical force; "I say, Mr. Thorne's down stairs, and he wishes to see Miss Willoughby for a moment. He wants to apologize for smashing that vase—I told him it was yours, Miss Clara—and he's got another like it in his pocket, and you'd better hurry up!" Whereupon Ned turned a back-somersault, and vanished.

"Let *me* see him first," said Dolly, mysteriously. "I'll call you down in a second."

How it was all arranged, is more than I can say; I rather think they left it to Cupid. But suffice it to say, that, by some mysterious means, Harry's scruples were upset ignominiously, and Clara's faith in humanity assumed a gigantic growth, as she had discovered a fertilizer for that feeble plant, in the shape of love.

"What a blessed little matchmaker you are, Fuzzy," said she, that evening, when they were all assembled in the family sitting-room.

"Yes, indeed," responded Harry; "and I should thank Betty also, for exercising her favorite propensity for stowing things away. If she hadn't considered a cracked vase a proper receptacle for a stray letter, I should have hugged my scruples to the end."

"But I think Fuzzy deserves the highest meed of praise," put in Clara, speaking up for her pet.

"Yes," said Harry, "who knows what lonely bachelor's path I might have been pursuing, had not that cat interfered?"

"That's so," exclaimed the ubiquitous Ned, appearing from behind a sofa, and singing, "It was, it was the cat! You're right! it was the cat!"

THE term "blue-socking" is often applied to a class of ladies of literary pretensions, but, originally, it was conferred on a society of literary persons of both sexes in England, organized in 1760.

The society derived its name from the blue worsted stockings always worn by Benjamin Stillingfleet, a distinguished writer, who was one of the most active promoters of the association. This term was subsequently conferred on literary ladies, from the fact that the accomplished and fascinating Mrs. Jerminham wore blue stockings at the social and literary entertainments given by the celebrated Lady Mary Montagu.

BLONDEL'S LAY OF THE KING.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

Loud raged the wassail, and the bumpers were quaffed;

Quick flew the jests, and loudly they laughed;
Those bold warrior knights in the old castle hall,
Where banner and shield hung high on the wall.

For the Crusade was over, and the trumpet no more
Summoned the brave from England's fair shore,
To the fiercest of battle in that far Holy Land,
Where Christian and Paynim both crimsoned the strand,

Where blood flowed like water, and life went for life,

To win holy places by most unholy strife.
And the fields where Christ walked in the days that are past,

Were won by the Christian crusaders at last.

Blondel, the troubadour, touched his guitar—

"Sing us," they said, "a ditty of love,
Of knights and fair ladies, O! brave troubadour,
Of peril and sorrow our feelings to move.

"Why dost thou pause with gaze fixed afar,
As though seeing the gleam of a Crusader's tent,
Where Christian and Paynim are fiercely at war,
And their life-blood together in one stream is blent?"

"Sing us, O minstrel, a story of love,

A tale of fair ladies, or gallant young knights—
'Mid the dance and the tournament let thy thoughts rove,

And not to the war with its soul-chilling sights."

Blondel the troubadour spake not a word,
Neither jest nor entreaty he seemed to have heard;
But pondered in silence the theme of his lay,
And thought not of wassail nor tournaments gay.

For England's valiant king, the lion-heart,
In dungeon pined. The foeman's keenest dart
Were better than the Tyrol castle, where his life
Was wearing sadly out in such ignoble strife.

A king who never stayed the helping hand
For poorest vassal's aid—whose mighty brand
Dealt death and terror 'mid the Paynim horde—
So that the very mention of his name and sword,
Stilled fractious children at their very worst,
And made the Moslem peasant hiss, "Accursed!"

This flower of English knights no help had found
In all his realm of England's spacious bound;
Not one among his subjects' countless host
Had moved to raise his ransom's heavy cost.

For Austria's crafty king loved English gold full well,
And only at a mighty price would he his captive sell.
But loyal hearts would sooner part with all that gold
Can bring,

Than leave in dungeon hold to pine their sovereign
lord and king.

Then Blondel sang at last—but not a lay of love—

"I can but sing," he said, "of that which fills my
mind—

I can but try my power your loyalty to move."

And then he told them how he chanced to find

Fair England's captive king in his dull prison tower,
As 'neath the castle wall, as was his wandering
way,

He sang, one morn, a ditty sweet, of wondrous
power—

But only he and Cœur de Lion knew the lay.

And how the king's voice answered from within,
Making the echoes ring with sweetest sound;
And then he knew that his lost lord had been
A prisoner in this German stronghold found!

Cheerly he sang: "Be strong and hopeful, O my
king,

And trust in English love and English gold;
For loyal hearts thy ransom soon will bring,
And free their sovereign from this dismal hold."

The airs of May were playing round the place,
The swaying boughs were green and fair to see;
The summer's bloom was coming on apace;
And England's king was longing to be free.

The Minstrel paused; but not a word was said—
Grim silence reigned within the castle hall—
Half-bowed to listen seemed each knightly head,
As though awaiting some expected call.

Then Blondel's strain took on a louder tone,
As boldly rose his voice: "Who goes to free
Our sovereign lord from Austrian dungeon lone,
And bring him back to love and liberty?"

"Our warrior-king, whose ever-dreaded name
Filled every alien heart with trembling fear;
And English hearts should fill with grief and shame
That England's king is not already here!"

Then every knight that sat around the board
Was, in an instant, upright on his feet,
And pledged, with solemn oaths, his knightly word,
On England's soil his rightful king to greet.

Was ever stronghold built so stout it could not be
Unlocked by any hands that bore a golden key?
Was ever heart so hard it would not weakness prove
When forced by that most daring burglar, love?

THE BEST OF COMPANIONS.—Search where you will, you cannot find a more companionable person than yourself, if proper attention be paid to the individual. Yourself will go with you wherever you like, and come away when you please—approve your jokes, assent to your propositions, and, in short, be in every way agreeable, if you only learn and practice the true art of being on good terms with yourself. This, however, is not so easy as some imagine, who do not often try the experiment. Yourself, when it catches you in company with no other person, is apt to be a severe critic on your faults and foibles, and when you are censured by yourself, it is generally the severest and most intolerable species of reproof. It is on this account that you are afraid of yourself, and seek any associates, no matter how inferior, whose bold chat may keep yourself from playing the censor. If, then, you would find true happiness, study to be on good terms with yourself.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

There is one rule of conversation which should be thoroughly impressed on the mind, which is to remember there are two persons of whom you should never suffer yourself to speak—one is *yourself*, and the other your *enemy*. The reason is evident: you run into two dangers—egotism and injustice.

Women are too justly accused of a love of scandal, and in a group of ladies collected together for a "chat," it often happens that severe remarks on the conduct or motive of their neighbors form the staple of their conversation. The time passed in conversation on servants and babies, or the more reprehensible animadversions we have just alluded to, is neither very entertaining nor very instructive. The topics of the day, the new books, amusing anecdotes, pretty work, and graceful feminine occupations, should form the staple of conversation. They are subjects free from danger to that "unruly member" which requires such constant restraint.

From a mind well stored with good reading, good words are almost sure to emanate; and more attractive than beauty, is the pleasant, intelligent companion, whose clever and original remarks will be full of refreshment to the tired man of business on his return home, who will know that at home a bright welcome awaits him from one whose pleasant "talk" will refresh and amuse him, and render the evenings at home as agreeable as those passed in society.

Having fully impressed yourselves with the first rule we have laid down respecting the two subjects of conversation to be avoided, I would suggest that you should remember never to talk too fast nor too loud.

Many mothers, and those who have the care of the young, are apt to restrain them too strictly from conversation during meals. It is better to make a rule that they should speak only when spoken to, and then address them on subjects suited to their comprehension, encouraging them to give their own ideas of things that are daily occurring, questioning them on the books they have read, and drawing out their minds, so that conversation will be no effort to them when they go out in society, and that painful *mauvaise honte*, which makes a girl afraid to hear the sound of her own voice, will be effectually avoided.

One final piece of advice we would give before we close this subject. Of late years a very lax style of conversation has prevailed: I mean what is called "slang"—foolish, misapplied words, which are entirely destroying our native language, and for which we really need a new dictionary.

Better was the stilted, verbose style of the days gone by, than this slovenly utterance of a language which is so full of beauty when the words are well spoken and well chosen.

→*WORK DEPARTMENT.*←

Fig. 1.

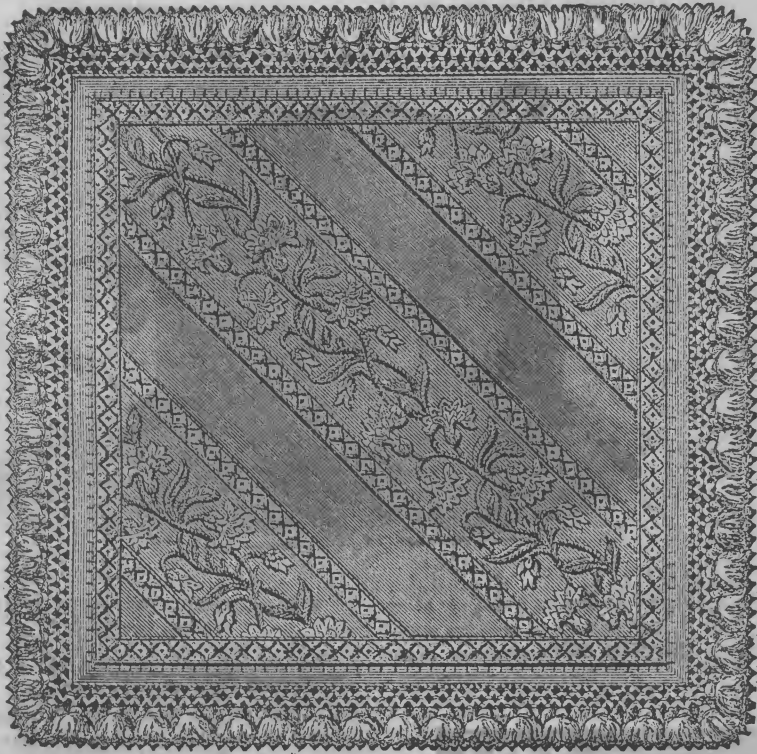


Fig. 2.

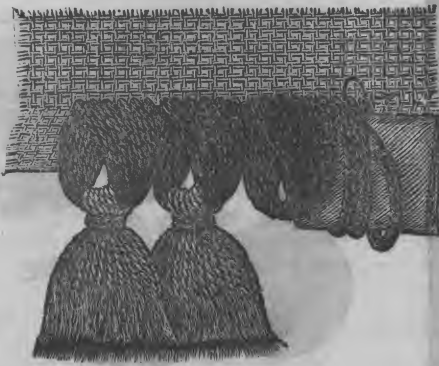
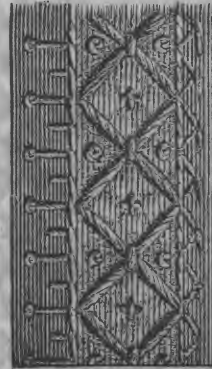


Fig. 3.



FIGS. 1, 2 AND 3.—SMALL TABLE CLOTH.

Fig. 1 represents the cloth in its finished state. The embroidered band, which ornaments the cloth, is in brown French flax, and the embroidery is executed with silks of soft shades. The design

in Fig. 3 represents the galon that edges the embroidered bands, and the heading to the fringe, which is shown in Fig. 2. The fringe matches the embroidery. The plain bands are of dark crimson plush.

FIGS. 4, 5 AND 6.—WORK-BASKET.

A plain round wicker basket is used for this purpose; it is lined with quilted blue satin; the outside is covered with dark blue velvet, ornamented with a design in renaissance embroidery. The embroidery is headed by a rich cord, and is

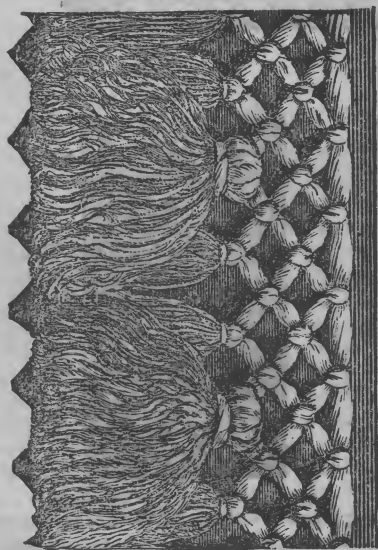
the centre, cut through the loops of wool, trim the edges evenly, roll in the hands, and steam over boiling water until they assume an even, round form; after this fasten the balls upon the galon, as seen in illustration.

Fig. 4.



finished by fringe, two designs for which are given in Figs. 5 and 6, the method of working which will be clearly seen from the illustrations. Berlin

Fig. 5.

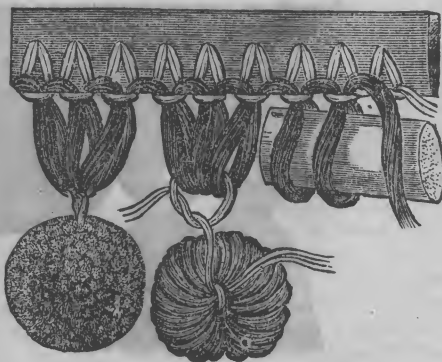


wool is used for Fig. 6, and Andalusian for Fig. 5. For the balls in Fig. 6, turn the wool twelve times over the first two fingers of the left hand, tie in

FIGS. 7 AND 8.—CASE FOR COURT-PLASTER.

The foundation of this little case is blue silk, covered with embroidered canvas. For the back, cut a piece of silk measuring $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches square, shape it as nearly as possible as Figure 7. For the front, the silk must be cut the same breadth,

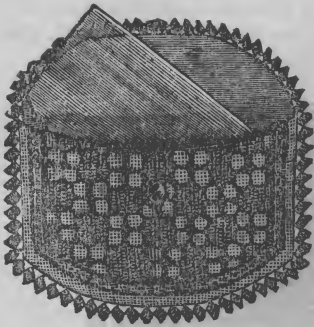
Fig. 6.



but not so deep; silk canvas the same size as required. This is embroidered, as shown in Fig. 8, with ruby silk. As will be seen in this illustration, the circles are outlined with back-stitches, the silk being carried from one side to the other under the canvas to form a background to the

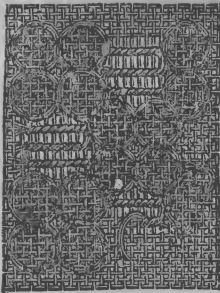
design; the open work is made by sewing over two threads of the canvas and drawing them together with silk of the same color. Place the

Fig. 7.



canvas over the silk, and lay the front in the proper position on the back, turn in the edges of both, and seam them neatly together; work a row

Fig. 8.



of point lace picots round the case with blue silk. The top of the back forms a flap, which is buttoned over to the front of case.

COVERS FOR FLOWER-POTS.

To make covers for flower-pots, take the shape and size of the flower-pot in stiff buckram, or milliner's bonnet-het. Choose ears of wheat, barley, or oats, having even stalks of smooth straw; tack them close together round the upper edge of the shape, leaving the ears to stand upright above the pot; they must be quite close together at the top to look well; tack them also at the bottom in order to place them evenly. Take green or cherry-color satin ribbon, about half an inch wide, and after undoing the tacking at the bottom, plait it over and under the straws, commencing from the top until the whole is filled up; fasten off securely at the bottom. Cut the straws even a little below the edge of the ribbon, draw out the buckram shape, which will serve over and over again.

Make handles, if you like, of straws and ribbon, and sew them at each side.

Lavender stalks may be used in the same way; but they are not so pretty, though the scent is pleasant.

FIG. 9.—SCARF-PIN.

Gentleman's scarf-pin, being a claw of gold and black enamel, holding a solid pearl.

Fig. 9.



FIGS. 10 AND 11.—DOOR MAT.

We have often heard of the mats for the poor, made of rag or cloth; the engraving gives one crocheted in red and black cloth, and list, rags, or

Fig. 10.



scraps of any kind, may be used. When they are employed they must be cut in lengths half an inch wide, and made round by sewing them together in the middle, laying one edge over the other,

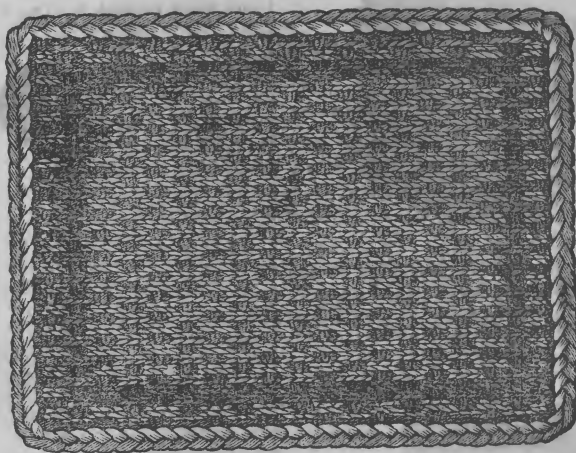
and slip-stitching the edges down. The pattern forms a honeycomb in crochet of red on black. In the first instance, prepare your materials and wind them into separate balls. The stitch is rather troublesome at first, therefore try it in wool.

Make a chain of $23\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length with red, turn 2DC. on the 2d and 3d chain, *4ch,

4th row: With black, 1 DC. on the first DC. of last row, taking it up behind, *4ch., 2DC. over the four black chain at the back of the last row, repeat from *.

Repeat these two rows alternately until the work is 18 inches deep, then work a thick row of double crochet all round the work, plait the col-

Fig. 11.



miss 2ch., 2DC., repeat from *, end the row with 2DC. Fasten off at the end of the row.

2d row: With black, 1DC. on the twist of the loop just behind the top of the first DC., 2ch., 2DC. on the 2ch. of the first row.

Foundation row, working behind the last row:

ors employed into a thick plait of three, and sew on round the edge.

FIG. 12.—VIDE POCHE.

There are three styles of working this wall basket. The first is with cross stitch on a plush ground, the

Fig. 12.



4ch., 2DC. on the next 2ch., working behind as before; repeat from and fasten off.

3d row: With red, 1DC. on the first of 2DC. of the 1st row, 4ch, *1DC. on the first black DC. in 2d row, putting the needle under the four red chain, 1 DC. on the next black DC., 4ch. repeat from * to the end and fasten off.

bird being copied in tent stitch; the canvas is tacked over the plush and drawn away when the work is completed. The next manner is to embroider the design on satin sheeting; and the third is by broderie Perse, viz., cutting the design out of cretonne chintz, and mounting it on black satin. The model is shown in cross-stitch.

FIGS. 13 AND 14.—PINCUSHION.

Pincushion made of blue satin and embroidered in gold and colored silks. Full working size for the cushion is given in Fig. 14. The edges of the

points are finished with a fine buttonhole stitch in colored silk. The cushion is made up with two rows of quilled satin ribbon around it, as shown in Fig. 13.

Fig. 13.

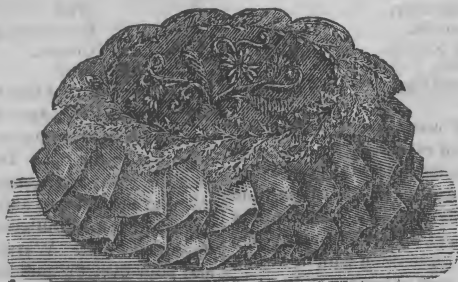
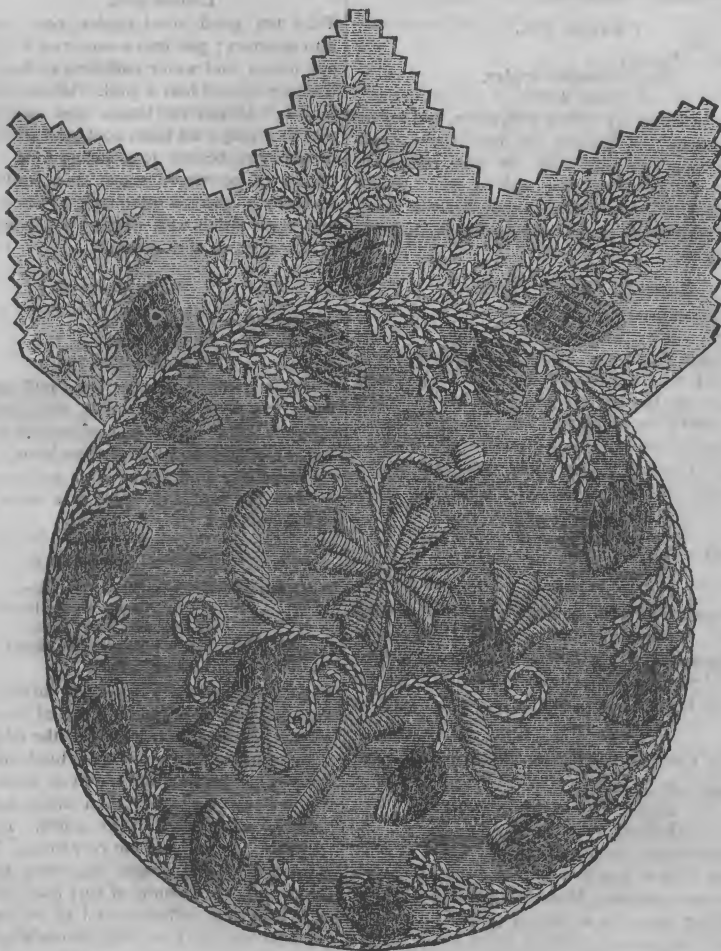


Fig. 14.



RECIPES.

APPLES WITH RICE.

Ingredients.—Half pound of rice,
One quart of water,
One pint of milk,
White sugar to taste,
Rind of lemon, cloves,
Yolks of three eggs,
Six apples.

Put the rice in a quart of water, set it on the fire till the water boils. Drain off the water, and add one pint of milk; sugar to taste, and the grated rind of lemon. Let it stay on the fire till the rice is quite done, and has absorbed all the milk. Put in the beaten yolks of three eggs. Peel and core the apples; simmer them till quite done with a strong syrup of sugar and water, rind of lemon, and two or three cloves. Arrange the apples on a dish, with the rice in a border round them, and pour over the syrup previously boiled down.

ORANGE PIE.

Ingredients.—Pastry,
Sliced oranges, apples,
Loaf sugar, water.

Cover the inside of a pie-dish with paste, and lay on it some oranges cut in slices, put over them some sliced apples peeled, and with the core removed; then more oranges, until the dish is full. Plenty of loaf sugar, with enough water to moisten them. Cover the whole with paste, bake, and sprinkle sugar on the outside.

BROILED CALF'S HEART.

Ingredients.—Heart,
Jelly, butter.

Cut the heart lengthwise about half an inch thick. Broil it with a piece of bacon attached, for ten minutes. Lay the broiled pieces on currant jelly and butter. Beef's heart, pig's, lamb's, and sheep's hearts can be cooked in the same way. Calves' liver is good boiled in the same way, and served with ketchup and melted butter.

BREAD SAUCE.

Ingredients.—Grated bread,
Onion, milk,
Butter, flour.

Boil a large onion with some milk and pepper until quite soft. Strain on grated bread and cover very closely for an hour. Put into a saucepan with a good sized piece of butter rolled in flour. Boil all together a few minutes, and serve hot. Salt to taste.

COLD TONGUE ON TOAST.

Ingredients.—Cold tongue,
Egg, cream or milk,
Pepper, toast.

Take cold tongue, mince very fine. Mix it with the beaten yolk of egg and cream or milk, with a little Cayenne pepper. Make thin slices of buttered toast. Place these on a heated plate, and put a spoonful of the minced meat on every piece. Cover with a dish-cover, and send to table very hot.

GINGER PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Rice,
Milk,
Preserved ginger,
Cream,
Eggs.

Put half a pound of rice to boil with a pint of milk; when wholly done, turn into a pan, and mix with it some preserved ginger minced very fine; mix thoroughly with the rice. Beat up half a gill of cream with the yolks of six, and whites of three eggs; put this into the mixture and stir for some time. Pour the whole into a buttered mould, and steam for an hour and a half. Warm some of the ginger syrup and pour over the pudding when you turn it out.

APPLE SNOW.

Ingredients.—Apples, eggs,
Lemon peel.

Take ten good sized apples, peel, core, and cut into quarters; put into a saucepan with the rind of one lemon, and water sufficient to keep them from burning—about half a pint. When the apples are tender, take out the lemon peel, and beat the apples to a pulp; let them cool, and stir in the whites of ten eggs, beaten to a strong froth. Add half a pound of powdered sugar, and continue beating until the mixture is quite stiff. Put on a glass dish and serve either with custard made with the yolks of the eggs, or with cream.

BEEF PATTIES.

Ingredients.—Puff-paste,
Rump steak,
Pepper, salt, flour.

Cover a patty-pan with thin puff-paste. Have some rump-steak cut small, and seasoned with pepper; saw a little flour and moisten it with gravy. Let this stew for a quarter of an hour, fill with it the inside of the pan, cover with puff-paste; make a hole in the top, and bake in a brisk oven about twenty minutes.

MINCED POULTRY.

Ingredients.—Cold turkey or chicken,
Onion, mace, sweet herbs,
Worcestershire sauce,
Eggs, lemon juice, flour,
Toasted bread.

Take cold roasted chicken or turkey, and mince the meat very finely without any of the skin or bone, but put the skin, bone, and all the odd pieces into a stew-pan with an onion, a blade of mace, and some sweet herbs; add a pint of water. Let this stew for nearly an hour, then strain, and add a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Boil two eggs very hard, and chop them very small. Mix with the minced meat and season according to taste; add the gravy, a teaspoonful of very finely minced lemon peel, and one tablespoonful of lemon juice, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and let the whole just come to a boil. Serve with pieces of toasted bread.

COW HEEL (Two Ways).

Ingredients.—Cow heel,
Mushrooms,
Butter, lemon juice,
Pepper, salt, onion, carrot,
Eggs, parsley, thyme,
Cloves.

1. Boil the heels, remove the bone, cut up the meat. Take enough of the liquor from which all the fat has been removed, add to it a piece of butter rolled in flour, one dozen button mushrooms, pepper and salt. Remove from the fire and add the yolks of three eggs beaten up with a little lemon juice. Add the meat and serve hot, but do not let the mixture boil.

2. Boil the heel, cut off the meat. Put the trimmings and bones into a stew-pan with two pints of water, an onion, and a sliced carrot. Add some parsley, thyme, clove, whole pepper to taste. Simmer slowly for three hours, then strain the liquor, remove all the fat, put in meat cut in pieces. Simmer until very hot, then serve.

LOBSTER RAGOUT.

Ingredients.—Boiled lobster,
Butter, salt, pepper,
Eggs, mace.

Cut the meat from a boiled lobster into small pieces. Pound the spawn to a smooth paste with two ounces of butter, salt, pepper, and a little mace. Put a gill of water into a saucepan, and thicken it with two eggs well beaten. Then add the spawn and stir briskly over the fire for ten minutes. Then add the lobster, boil up once, and serve very hot.

WINTER SALADS.

1.

Ingredients.—Artichokes,
Onions, oil, vinegar,
Pepper, salt, carrots,
Cauliflower or beet.

Take some cold boiled artichokes and some onions; slice them, and pour over them a mixture of oil, vinegar, pepper, and salt. Cut up some cold boiled carrots in the shape of olives, and garnish with pickled cauliflower or slices of pickled beet.

2.

Ingredients.—Beet, cream,
Vinegar, pepper, salt,
Horse-radish, eggs.

Slice a cold boiled beet. Arrange the slices to overlap each other. Make a mixture of cream, very little vinegar, pepper, and salt. Pour over the sliced beet. Garnish the dish with horse-radish, hard boiled eggs, whites and yolks chopped separately.

3.

Ingredients.—Carrots,
Cream, lemon juice,
Oil, vinegar, pepper, salt,
Eggs, parsley, capers, olives.

Slice some cold boiled carrots, and arrange them in a dish with a dressing made with cream and lemon juice, or oil and vinegar, with pepper and salt. Garnish the dish with hard boiled eggs cut in slices, with minced parsley and capers, and chopped olives.

SAGE AND ONION SAUCE.

Ingredients.—Sage leaves,
Onion, pepper, salt,
One ounce bread crumbs,
Butter.

Chop fine as many sage leaves as will fill a dessert-spoon full, chop as much onion very fine as will fill a tablespoon. Let these simmer gently with four tablespoonfuls of water for ten minutes. Then add half teaspoonful of pepper, half of salt, and one ounce of bread crumbs. When these are well mixed, add a quarter of a pint of thin melted butter or gravy. Let the whole simmer a few minutes.

A GOOD PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Eggs, lemons, flour,
Sugar, milk, butter.

Beat lightly the yolks of ten eggs, and the whites of six. Take three quarters of a pound of powdered sugar, the grated rinds of two lemons, six and a half ounces of flour, and one pint of boiling milk. When this is nearly cold, add the beaten eggs, and half pound of melted butter. Bake an hour and a quarter, and serve with sauce.

FINE MUFFINS.

Ingredients.—Three eggs beaten very light,
Three cups of milk,
One ounce of butter melted,
Three tablespoonfuls of yeast,
One tablespoonful white sugar,
One teaspoonful of salt,
One teaspoonful of baking powder.

Flour sufficient to make a stiff batter. Take all the ingredients excepting the eggs, mix them well together, sifting the baking powder with the flour, and set to rise. If to be used in the morning, set at night; if for evening, early in the morning. Half an hour before baking, add the eggs. Bake in muffin rings twenty minutes in a quick oven.

HORSE RADISH SAUCE.

Ingredients.—One tablespoonful mustard,
One tablespoonful vinegar,
One tablespoonful melted butter,
Two tablespoonfuls sweet cream,
One-half tablespoonful sifted sugar,
Three tablespoonfuls grated horse-radish.

Mix well in a deep bowl, and beat together as you would eggs, until it is a smooth sauce. Excellent with cold meats.

PUDDING MADE WITH SUGAR BISCUITS, OR RUSKS.

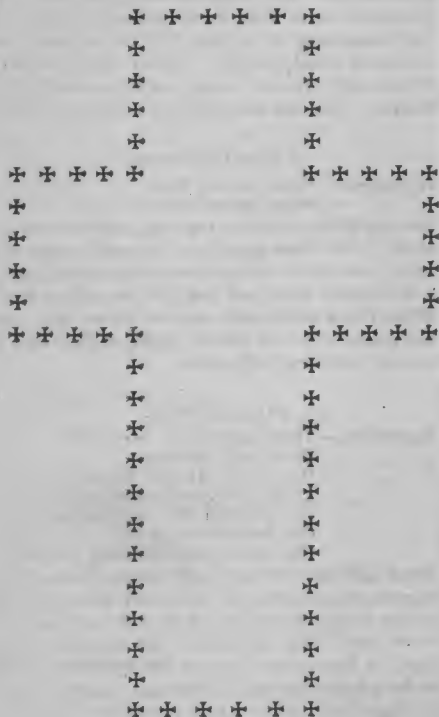
Ingredients.—Eight rusks or biscuit,
One quart of milk,
Four eggs beaten very light,
One-half pound of powdered sugar,
One-half teaspoonful of baking powder.

Take off the hard part of the crust from the biscuits. Pour over them one pint of boiling milk. Add the baking powder. Set away to cool. Make a custard with the rest of the milk, eggs, and sugar, with any flavoring desired. Pour the custard over the biscuit, and bake in a quick oven.

HOME AMUSEMENTS AND JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

PUZZLES, ETC.

LATIN CROSS PUZZLE.

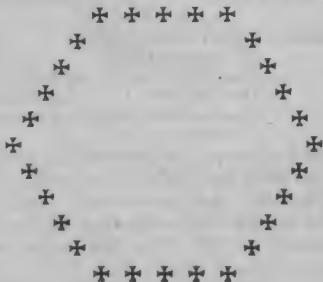


The cross is formed of ten words of six letters each, and two words of thirteen letters each. The words begin and end with the same letter.

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| 1. To bind. | 6. To die. |
| 2. To last. | 7. To lay open. |
| 3. To pour out. | 8. To make angry. |
| 4. To blot out. | 9. A tax. |
| 5. To emit. | 10. A machine. |

The two longest words describe the chief charm of soda water, and the character of the substances of which it is composed.

A GEOGRAPHICAL HEXAGON.



Each of the six words is composed of six letters; each begins and ends with the same letter.

1. A town in New Hampshire.
2. A town in Michigan.
3. A town in Pennsylvania.
4. A town in Massachusetts.
5. A town in China.
6. A river in Russia.

A DIAMOND PUZZLE.



1. Always belongs to me, but never to you.
 2. A domestic animal.
 3. A military manœuvre.
 4. A deed.
 5. Is always in hate but never in love.
- The central words are a present friend, whose name urges us to action.

RIDDLE.

A word composed of letters four—
It is an animal and nothing more.
Abstract my first, and I am then
The talent of the smartest men.
Abstract my third, and bring to view
What's worn by many, perhaps by you.
Abstract my first, transpose the three,
And I will live on the deep, blue sea.
Remove my head, again transpose,
And I am a pest, as every one knows.

ENIGMA.

I am only one, but place men before me and I become dangerous. Set me after a fierce animal, and I instantly change to a fruit, and with the sun in front of me I am a general comforter.

ADDITIONS.

I usually contain a short sermon, but add a certain syllable to me and I take away. Add a different syllable and I will take it back, but add another syllable to me and I will draw together.

CHARADES.

No. 1.

I am one word which is composed of two words, my second being a repetition of my first with a change of head. My first is a person, my second a thing, and my whole is always my second, yet my second may teach my first much wisdom, and my whole is often the best friend of my first.

No. 2.

My whole is a machine made expressly to remove my first from my second. My first as well as my whole is frequently the property of my second, and in such case the whole is esteemed a great convenience by my second, and the rest of mankind.

GAMES.

DUCK-ON-DAVIE.

Rough and dangerous as this game is, it appears to possess a singular fascination for school-boys and maintains its popularity despite the severe accidents that must necessarily occasionally interrupt the performance. The game derives its title from the fact that there must be at one end of the play-ground some kind of raised base or little hill called the Davie, upon which is placed a large round stone or ball named the Big Duck. Each player furnishes himself with a round stone, which he calls his own Duck, and they range themselves in line at what is determined to be a good "throwing distance" from the Davie.

Each boy then throws his stone, striving to hit the Big Duck. The player who makes the worst throw, or whose stone is judged to fall farthest from the mark, is instantly proclaimed Keeper of the Davie. This unfortunate takes his stand beside the Davie, while the rest of the players return to the line, and throw in turn at the Duck, endeavoring to hit it and throw it off the Davie. These stones must lie where they fall, until some lucky player dislodges the Big Duck, when each player is at liberty to rush in, lift his own stone and carry it in to base. This must, however, be done before the Keeper succeeds in replacing his Duck upon the Davie, and if the Keeper sees this movement, he may instantly give chase, and if "tagged" the player must assume the office of Keeper.

The Keeper may, if he chooses, extend to any one of the players the privilege termed "one foot." This privilege consists of allowing some chosen player to place his stone upon his foot and by one kick endeavor to send it home to base. "Two feet," or even "three feet" may be accorded as a special favor by the Keeper. If any boy, to whom this liberty is granted, succeeds in displacing the Duck, all the other players may rush in and endeavor to carry their own stones to the base. When a player thus privileged fails, he must immediately assume the office of Keeper.

WILD BULL.

As its name denotes, is also a rather violent pastime. The players form a ring, deciding upon some base at a short distance to which the Bull must make his run. The largest or strongest boy is then chosen, as the Wild Bull, and takes his place alone within the ring. The other players link hands firmly, when possible with the "sailor's grip," and form a strong ring.

The Bull passes around inside, asking the players as he touches their hands—"How strong is this?" They reply with any chance answer, as strong as iron; as brass; as a broken reed, etc. The Bull then without warning endeavors to break through by pressing, jerking or pounding the hands. When he succeeds, the two players whom he has severed give chase, and try to catch him. If caught, the Bull must try again, but if he can reach his base and return to the ring without being tagged, the slowest of his pursuers becomes Bull.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY NO.

Answer to Corkscrew Puzzle.

C	A	S	T
M	A	S	T
M	A	I	N
A	N	N	A
R	A	T	E
E	V	E	N
R	E	A	M
E	L	L	A
B	E	E	T
A	N	O	N
H	A	T	E
T	I	M	E
E	D	N	A
R	E	A	P
R	E	S	T
E	D	E	N
W	E	A	K
T	Y	R	O

Answer to Geographical Ellipsis.

P A D U A
A N D E S
I N D U S
S E D A N
B A D E N

Answer to Double Diamond Puzzle.

S
T U N
S U G A R
C A T
R
P
I L L
P L U M S
A M Y
S

Cross-word Enigma.

Stars and Stripes.

Name Puzzle.

Clara.
Emily.
Laura.
Irene.
Adela.

*Riddle.—G-nat.**Transformation.*

Ash; gash; wash; cash.

LITERARY NOTICES.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York :—
VIVIAN, THE BEAUTY, by Mrs. Annie Edwards. One of the Handy-Volume Series.

A novel of German life, written in a fresh, sprightly style, with a charming little heroine, who is not, by the way, Vivian the Beauty.

DI CARY, by M. Jacqueline Thornton.

A novel of Southern life, after the war, written apparently by a Southern woman, but full of clear, common-sense views of the situation. Without abating one jot of her love for the sunny South, the author is willing to see that the Northern influence is exerted for good, not for evil, and in a most charming work of fiction, grasps boldly a great national question.

GREAT SINGERS. Faustina Bordini to Henrietta Sontag, by Geo. T. Ferris.

Entertaining biographical sketches of the singers, Bordini, Gabrielli, Arnould, Billington, Catalani, Pasta, and Sontag, written in very entertaining style, and full of bright incidents.

From DICK & FITZGERALD, New York :—

* **BIBLICAL THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN**. A collection of facts, notes and information, concerning much that is rare, quaint, curious, obscure, and little known, in relation to biblical subjects.

A volume that will be taken up with pleasure and put down with regret, and which, while readable and interesting in itself, is also very valuable as a book of reference for the Bible student. It should be in every Bible class in the country.

From S. R. WELLS & Co., New York :—

HOW TO BE WELL; or, Common Sense Medical Hygiene. A book for the people, giving directions for the treatment of acute diseases without the use of drug medicines; also hints on general health cure, by M. Augusta Fairchild, M. D.

While the result of trusting to any book of this character in positive diseases is doubtful, it will be valuable to many, from its clear practical suggestions for preserving health. The writer gives much personal experience, and writes earnestly, in the full belief, evidently, of introducing a new manual of health for home use.

From T. B. PETERSON & Co., Philadelphia :—
ANGELE'S FORTUNE, a story of real life by André Theurich, translated by Mary Neal Sherwood.

An interesting romance of the life and misfortunes of a would-be actress in Paris, with the usual objectionable features of the French novel.

COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY, with other sketches from Scenes and Experiences in Social Life, particularly adapted for every-day reading, by Robert Morris.

A volume of short, readable sketches, upon a great variety of subjects, written in pleasing style, and containing many practical suggestions.

MYRTLE LAWN, a novel by Robert E. Ballard, of North Carolina.

A story of Southern life of the present day, full of romantic incident and dramatic scenes.

HOW SHE WON HIM, or the Bride of Charming Valley, by D. A. Moore.

A novel of life in Pennsylvania, Cincinnati, and California, full of incidents, and written in a pleasing style.

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia :—
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THE PICTURE ALPHABET.

Two beautifully bound and handsomely illustrated juvenile books, which the little people will be sure to enjoy and appreciate. A toy will tire, sweets will sicken, but to an attractive book a child will return again and again with undiminished pleasure, and these are two whose contents are inexhaustible funds of delight.

APPLES OF GOLD.

A collection of short stories in prose and verse, profusely illustrated, and a very attractive book for the holidays.

From LEE AND SHEPARD, Boston, Mass :—
SHORT STUDIES OF AMERICAN AUTHORS, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Brief, but entertaining sketches of Hawthorne, Poe, Thoreau, Howells, Helen Jackson & Henry James, Jr.

From G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York :—
THE ART OF COOKING. A series of Practical Lessons, by Matilda Lees Dods, of the South Kensington School of Cookery, edited by Henrietta De Condé Sherman.

Although there are so many cook-books published that their name is legion, we prophesy a large sale for this most valuable addition to the number, and heartily commend it to all housekeepers.

From HENRY C. LEA, Phila :—
THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES, edited by T. Minis Hays, A. M., M. D., Jan., 1880.

MUSIC RECEIVED :

From GEO. D. NEWHALL, Cincinnati, Ohio.

HOW MUCH DOES THE BABY WEIGH? Song and chorus by Will S. Hays.

A MUSICAL SURPRISE. Sketch by Clara E. Richey. Music arranged by L. Fairfield.

BRIGHT IMAGININGS. (Imagini Ridenti) Caprice, by Charles Vienkel.

THE SMILE OF MY MARY. Song and Chorus. Words by S. N. Mitchell. Music by H. P. Danks.

THE GELSEMINE VINE. Song by Will S. Hays.

O! BE JOYFUL. (Jubilare Deo) by J. R. Fairlamb.

WHY NEED I FEAR WHEN THOU ART NEAR. Sacred Song. Giannetti.

JOHN GILPIN'S RIDE. Galop, by Robert Challoner.

THE DANISH PEASANT GIRL. Nocturne, by Jas. E. Perring.

MUSIC MADE EASY. The rudiments of music explained in a concise and novel manner, by Robert Challoner.

Easy to be understood by beginners, and designed as a guide and assistance to private teachers, schools, classes, and students in general.

→*OUR ARM CHAIR.*←

MARCH, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE do not answer correspondents through the BOOK. All communications requiring an answer must give name and address, and have a return stamp enclosed.

MR. DARLEY has contributed to this number one of the finest steel plates we have ever placed before our readers. It is a scene from Mrs. Browning's exquisite work "Rhyme of the Duchess May," and one of the most striking in the poem. Our illustrations of the poets by Darley, bid fair to rival his illustrations of Waverley, and are winning him new laurels to add to those already offered him. Each picture is a gem of art.

The mammoth steel fashion plate gives in shape and color the newest styles of dress for the month that, bidding adieu to winter, lingers coquetting with the stern old snow-king before smiling spring quite asserts her sway.

For this season we can heartily commend the stylish and comfortable wrap for which we give the full size diagram in this number. It is a street jacket with added basque, and is at once very novel and very handsome. It can be made in any material to match the street dress, or is handsome in black silk or velvet.

The novelty page is a tobacco pouch of chamois skin, with a silk bag, suitable for a present to a gentleman. It is a new design, and very pretty when made up and embroidered.

Our music page is unusually attractive, and both in the Work Department and Fashion pages will be found many entirely new articles that will commend themselves at once to the tasteful reader.

Roslyn's Fortune is continued, increasing in interest with every chapter as the plot develops. The Rosebud Garden of Girls is concluded, and our readers will regret to part with the galaxy of heroines, but will find consolation in the new serial "Glenarchan," which will be commenced in our next number.

CASTORIA is pleasant to take, contains nothing narcotic, and always regulates the stomach and bowels. No sour-curd or wind-colic; no feverishness or diarrhoea; no congestion or worms, and no cross children or worn-out mothers, where Castoria is used.

A HARD LOT.—Much is said and written of the cruelty of the step-mother. With the mother-in-law she is chosen as the target for ill-nature. But is her lot pure Elysium?

Her marriage is generally an unsentimental one. She needs a home, and her husband requires a mother for his children. It is a business transaction on both sides. But if little sentiment exists, the call to duty is clear; and many a step-mother who subsequently meets with abuse starts with a desire to do her duty.

How hard it is to perform a duty where sentiment is conspicuously absent, those who know can tell;

and she soon comes upon her trials. The children are prepared to give her all the trouble they can. They remember the kindness and forget the weaknesses of their own mother. Every old servant who is found fault with, tells them privately how different things were in their dear mamma's time. Every novel they read treats of the injustice and cruelty of stepmothers as a fact clearly ascertained, and as invariable as that bees make honey, or that wool comes from sheep. Every fault that the step-mother commits is seized on, that she is true to the character of her class; and the children triumph in the vindication of a general truth. She cannot always reckon on the support of her husband, for he loves his children and hates family disputes. He is apt to side with the children as against a legal wrong-doer.

The wife, although she may have married prosaically, does not like to stand this—she does not like to be set at naught in her own house, and she determines to get the better of her husband. Every source of domestic anarchy thus becomes increased until the entire house is plunged into all the miseries of a sort of civil war. And the poor step-mother bears the entire blame.

Girls, old and young, should think carefully before consenting to occupy such a trying position.

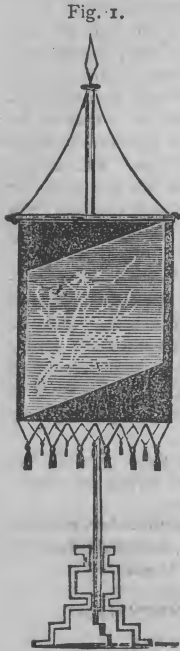
ONCE a subscriber, always a subscriber, must be the rule for the prime favorite, GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—*Advertiser*, Eddyville, Iowa.

HINTS ON HOME ADORNMENT.

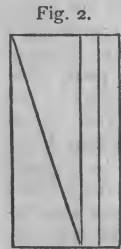
NUMBER TWENTY-SIX.

Low-down grates, or wood-fires, with andirons, fenders, and all the old appurtenances, are now considered quite essential in completing the artistic effect of modernly decorated houses, in which an air of quaintness pervades the whole furnishing, and many old style things are brought into service again, in some cases just as they were used by our great-grandmothers. The antique fire-screens are dragged out of their hiding-places in garrets, polished, mended, and are now made to hold a pretty piece of the modern "art embroidery" in place of the faded and clumsy figures of the old canvas "cross-stitch work." The frame for a banner-shaped fire-screen should have a firm and rather heavy standard, that it may not tip over, from which a rod (about the size of a broomhandle) springs, and supports the banner. The frame may be made of walnut, ash, oak, or ebonized wood, whichever will conform best with the furnishing of the room in which it is to be used. It should move easily on castors, so that it can be placed in front of the fire when necessary. If made of ebonized wood, with a nickel-plated spear-head for ornament at the top, and small nickel-plated rings, by means of which the banner is attached to the cross-rod, the effect will be quite elegant. The tall middle rod should measure six feet from the point where it is joined to the standard. The banner should be twenty-two inches wide, and twenty-seven inches in length; the cross-rod, which supports it, should be three-quarters of an inch in diameter. This rod should be suspended by cords, so that it will hang just twelve

inches below the spear-head, or whatever ornament is used as a finish for the central rod. These cords must of course harmonize in color with the ornamentation and finish of the banner, and may be of



silk or worsted, as will best conform with the other trimmings. The banner is made of plain, heavy, and firmly woven linen, which is as thick as that used for covering stair carpet. This, after being smoothly tacked on an artist's drawing-board, is to be ornamented (in oil colors) with a branch of the *Pyrus-Japonica*, with its rich coral-red blossoms and delicate olive-green leaves. When this part of the work is done, and has become entirely dry, the linen should be closely basted around the edges to a piece of thick buckram of the same size. Then two wedge-shaped pieces, and a narrow border (for the sides) of dark olive-green silk plush, make the finish for the front (see Fig. 1.) with a fancy fringe of cords and tassels. The back is covered with dark green, or black silk, or silesia will answer. The plush, which is the heavy upholsterer's stuff, with long nap, will be the only expensive item in the materials for the screen. The price asked for this is four dollars, or four and a half dollars per yard; but as it is twenty-four inches wide, it will only be necessary to procure two-thirds of a yard of the plush. By reference to Fig. 2. it will be seen how the wedge-shaped pieces, and the strips for the sides, may be cut, so as to require but this small quantity of material. The tassel-fringe or trimming for the lower edge of the banner is made of cords and tassels of shaded olive-green zephyr, with a few strands of "filoselle" or filling silk, of corresponding shades, mixed in, to give it life and brightness.



The tassels, which are attached to the upper row of loops of cord, should be two inches long. For the second row the loops are longer, and the tassels (three and a half inches long) hang between the upper ones. In place of the spear-head, an acorn-shaped ornament of wood may be used for the top of the standard; and small iron rings, painted black, to hold the banner. A strip of sheet-iron two inches wide is sewed in between the linen and buckram at the lower edge of the banner, to make it hang smoothly. This makes a much handsomer and less expensive screen than the old style ones, which were stiffly framed like a picture, and made to slide up and down on the supporting rod.

E. B. C.

WEST BRIDGEWATER, MASS., }
December 7th, 1879. }

Enclosed please find \$2 for my subscription for 1880. We have every number of the *LADY'S BOOK* since it was started.

CORNELIA ALGER.

CLEANING BLACK SILK.—One of the things "not generally known," at least in this country, is the Parisian method of cleaning black silk; the *modus operandi* is very simple, and the result infinitely superior to that achieved in any other manner. The silk must be thoroughly brushed and wiped with a cloth, then laid flat on a board or table and well sponged with hot coffee, thoroughly freed from sediment by being strained through muslin. The silk is sponged on the side intended to show, it is allowed to become partially dry, and then ironed on the wrong side. The coffee removes every particle of grease, and restores the brilliancy of silk, without imparting to it either the shiny appearance or crackly and papery stiffness obtained by beer, or, indeed, any other liquid. The silk really appears thickened by the process, and this good effect is permanent. Our readers who will experimentize on an apron or cravat will never again try any other method.

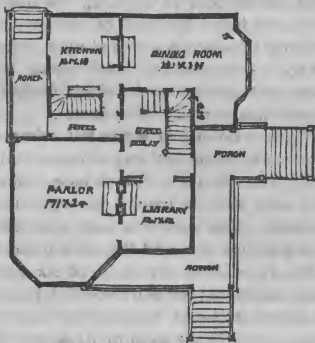
GODEY'S *LADY'S BOOK* is full of interest for the home circle, where it is an ever welcome guest.—*Gazette*, Martinsburg, Va.

LIVING IN QUIET.—A rule for living happily with others is to avoid having stock subjects of dispute. It mostly happens, when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel, and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it. Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people, when he said, "Wretched would be the pair, above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute detail of the domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers or two politicians can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode of arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

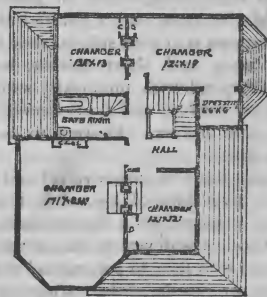
WE received, early in November, no less than eleven remittances for subscriptions for 1880 from ladies who report that the *LADY'S BOOK* has been a regular visitor in their families since the first number was published, and all agree that it never presented a better appearance, nor contained more entertaining and useful matter than it does now.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW



PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR



PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR

GOTHIC VILLA.

DRAWN expressly for GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, by Isaac H. Hobbs & Son, Architects,
520 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

The above villa possesses, for a small family, all that style and effect that is obtained in expensive residences—cosy, easily warmed, and perfectly ventilated. It can be built of frame,

weather-boarded, in good style, and finished for \$3,000. We will make full drawings and specifications complete for sixty dollars, subject to change that may be desired to suit lot and position.

FASHIONS.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent application for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

The publishers of the *LADY'S BOOK* have no interest in this department, and know nothing of its transactions; and, whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the Fashion Editress does not know.

Orders accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, are to be addressed to the care of the *Godey's Lady's Book Publishing Company (Limited)*.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editors nor the Publishers will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of two shades of slate colored satin, and striped velvet and satin. The underskirt is of satin of the darkest shade, the front breadth puffed; the edge of skirt trimmed with pieces of a lighter shade. The overdress is cut like a long coat double-breasted, the skirt turned back with revers of the plain satin, and three capes trimming the waist part. Hat of felt, trimmed with satin and feathers.

Fig. 2.—Evening dress of white and pink; the underskirt is of white satin, kilted in front, and trimmed with Mechlin lace, and a garland of pink roses. The overdress is of pink silk, is made like a polonaise, low neck and short sleeves, and is trimmed to correspond with underskirt with lace and flowers. Low corsage and short sleeves, with bertha of lace and flowers. Flowers in hair to match those on dress.

Fig. 3.—Visiting dress of purple velvet and satin. It is made with two skirts of the velvet, trimmed with thread lace over satin of a lighter shade than velvet. Jacket bodice with vest of the lighter satin, the edge trimmed with lace to correspond with the overskirt. Hat of purple velvet, trimmed with ostrich feathers of the lighter shade.

Fig. 4.—Dinner dress of light blue damassee; the front of skirt is laid in folds divided by plaitings of plain dark blue silk; the overdress is from the sides and in the back, and is trimmed with the same, as is also the edge of the skirt. Panier basque, sleeves trimmed with plaitings of blue silk. Fan-shaped piece made of the blue trims the front of corsage.

Fig. 5.—Carriage dress of olive-green plush and damassee in cashmere colors, the front of skirt is of the plush laid in kilt plaits, with straps of the damassee fastened by buckles crossing it. The back of the underskirt is of the damassee, the side breadths of overdress are of the plush, the panier basque is made very deep, is of the damassee, and is trimmed with fringe; it is full on the shoulders,

and at the waist in front. Vest of plush, and plush cuffs trimming sleeves. Bonnet of plush the color of dress, trimmed with satin and feathers.

Fig. 6.—Dress for girl of five years, made of myrtle green velvet; it is cut in narrow gores, with pleated ruffle in back, and band above fastened by a knot of ribbon loops. Felt hat trimmed with feather and bird.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress for lady, made of gen-darme blue silk and damassee; the underskirt is made of the plain silk, as is also the jacket bodice; the skirt is cut in turrets, with a kilt plaiting falling below them. The front of skirt is arranged with scarves of the damassee, the sleeves and bodice are trimmed with the same. Bonnet of chip trimmed with long feather of color of dress, and faced with shirred satin inside the brim.

Fig. 2.—Bow of point d'esprit lace, and China crape.

Fig. 3.—The illustration gives a pretty style of glove for evening wear. They are of black kid, finished at the top with black lace over white.

Fig. 4.—Cap of white muslin, trimmed with a narrow cross-stitch border. It is edged with two rows of kilted Breton lace. The front is ornamented with bows of pale blue corded ribbon, with a cross-stitch design, and rich fringe.

Fig. 5.—Cap made of square handkerchief of fine lawn, with a cross-stitch border. It is edged with two rows of kilted lace.

Figs. 6 and 7.—Front and back view of morning robe made of pale blue cashmere; it is gored in front, and has a full back caught across the skirt by a band of embroidered silk; the same style of band trims the bottom of skirt, up the fronts, down the sides, and forms the cuffs of sleeves; a small cape similarly trimmed is fastened upon the sleeves.

Fig. 8.—Bonnet of black straw trimmed with black satin ribbon and ostrich feathers, the inside of brim has shirred ribbon in it.

Fig. 9.—Bonnet of white felt, trimmed with gen-darme blue satin, and gay-colored bird.

Fig. 10.—Bonnet of black lace, trimmed with old gold satin ribbon, having the appearance of being crimped. The crown is soft, with full bow of the ribbon on the top, and the same under the chin.

Fig. 11.—Dress for child of six years, made of beige cashmere; the skirt is kilted, reaching half way up where it is met by the deep bodice; basque in front, sewed to the skirt in back and finished with a sash. The trimming is white embroidery.

Fig. 12.—Dress for girls of seven years made of blue chevrot; the front is gored and edged with a kilt, the back of skirt is laid in kilt pleats with an overdress trimmed with striped chevrot in gay colors. Jacket for out-door wear quite deep, the cuffs, collar, pockets, and edge being trimmed with the same chevrot as skirt.

Figs. 13 and 14.—Back and front view of dress for girl of thirteen years, made of olive-green delaine. The front of skirt is laid in very fine kilt plaits, the back trimmed with narrow ruffles; above this is a polonaise with drapery in the back, a band of damassee catches this with a narrow plaiting on each

side. The front is trimmed with bands of the damassee, also collar and sleeves.

Fig. 15.—Dagger for the hair, of gold enameled with different colors.

Fig. 16.—Gold bracelet with chains, from which depend a small gold fan and a gold pencil.

Fig. 17.—Infant's shirt made of linen cambric, and trimmed with rows of insertion, divided by tucks. The sleeves and neck are edged with embroidery and lace.

Figs. 18 and 19.—Front and back view of spring wrap for lady, made of light gray camel's hair; it has a sacque front, back like a sacque at the bottom with a dolman over it, and dolman sleeves. The trimming is corded silk, fringe, and passementerie ornaments.

Fig. 20.—House dress for lady, made of black silk; the skirt is laid in kilt plaits, divided by bands of cashmere colors embroidered. The waist is shirred down in the front and back to meet the skirt, a sash fastened over where the two are joined, edged with a band of the colors; it is fastened at the left side, cuffs upon the sleeves, and collar to match the bands on skirt.

Fig. 21. House dress for lady, of *écaru* camel's hair; it is made with two skirts, the under one trimmed all around with one ruffle, above this in front is a deep band of embossed velvet in shades of brown, above this another ruffle, the overskirt is short in front, deep in the back. Basque bodice trimmed with fringe and ribbon bows, cut V shape in the neck, with two rows of Breton lace around it. Elbow sleeves trimmed with the same lace, and ribbon.

Fig. 22.—Bonnet of gray straw, trimmed with deep red ribbon, and gray ostrich feathers.

Fig. 23.—House dress for lady, made of black cashmere; the underskirt is trimmed with one kilted ruffle all around, and narrow ruffles all up the front. The overskirt is double, open in front, trimmed with a band of Pekin satin, the upper one with satin and fringe. Basque bodice trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 24.—House dress for lady, made of pale blue cashmere. The underskirt is deeply kilted; the overdress is double, trimmed with a plaiting of the material, and a band of blue satin embroidered in colors. Basque bodice with vest of satin, cuffs, and collar to match the bands on skirt. Ribbon bows trim the dress in different places.

Fig. 25.—Ladies' dressing sacque, made of white cambric trimmed with rows of tucks, embroidered band, and plastron of lace down the front; the same extends around the neck, and trims the sleeves.

Fig. 26.—Ladies' chemise, made of fine linen, the front ornamented with tucks, rows of insertion, and Breton lace. The skirt is trimmed to correspond with the yoke.

Fig. 27.—Ladies' drawers, made of fine muslin, trimmed with embroidery, lace, and tucks.

Fig. 28.—Bow for the neck, made of Breton net, trimmed with pleated Breton lace.

Fig. 29.—Cape formed of four rows of pleated lace, with a ruche around the neck, fastened in front by a colored ribbon bow.

Fig. 30.—Ladies' morning slipper, embroidered with gold thread, and lined with old gold satin, old

gold satin quilling around the top, and rosette in front.

Fig. 31.—Ladies' morning slipper, made of blue velvet, embroidered with silver, trimmed around the top with swan's down, and lined with blue quilted satin.

Figs. 32 and 33.—Front and back view of dress for girl of ten years; it is made of silk and cashmere, the underskirt is of silk trimmed with a pleated ruffle and puff. The polonaise is trimmed with lace and ribbon bows.

Fig. 34.—Suit for boy of six years, made of black velvet, short pants, vest, and jacket.

Fig. 35.—Dress for girl of thirteen years, made of cheviot cloth; the underskirt is trimmed with six narrow kilt plaittings, the overdress and basque bodice with brocaded satin in cashmere colors.

Fig. 36.—Dress for girl of five years, made of gray beige; the underskirt is kilted, the waist is a deep basque, the skirt and basque are both edged with navy blue silk.

Fig. 37.—Dress for girl of seven years, made of cloth, navy blue and white; the underskirt is of the blue kilted, the overdress of white with trimming of blue.

Fig. 38.—Dress for girl of nine years, made of brown camel's hair; the underskirt is trimmed with two plaited ruffles, the polonaise with vest and revers, with rows of white braid.

Our diagram pattern this month is for a ladies' out-door wrap, jacket with basque added, which can be made of embossed satin, silk, cloth, or the same material as dress. The pattern consists of six pieces, one front, half of back of basque, sleeve, cape, and collar. The deepest part of the cape is the front, and the pieces for the jacket are joined according to the notches on the paper. The buttons are iridescent pearl. This cannot fail to prove a desirable pattern for our lady readers; it is given in the full size.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED PAGE.

(See front of book.)

Our design this month is for a tobacco pouch, a pretty present for a lady to make for a gentleman, and one that can be made with a very small outlay. It is composed of three pieces of chamois leather five inches in length, and three and one half inches wide in the broadest part, and tapering down to a point; each piece is corded around with silk, and has a letter embroidered upon it, in silk the same color as the cording. The three pieces are joined together, a silk bag finishes the top, and a tassel ornaments the point at the bottom. Any design can be embroidered upon the pieces that fancy may dictate, instead of an initial.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

Although early in the season, a few spring goods can already be seen in our stores; percales are already shown in their bright and delicate coloring, and their beautiful and quaint designs, after the heavy goods of winter, make us exclaim, and wonder if we ever before saw anything half so pretty and fresh-looking. The styles are very similar to the cash-

mere effects given to goods during the past winter, gay colors upon delicate grounds, also the ever-popular fine figures, dots, and hair stripes, which always make up pretty and useful home morning dresses.

The brocade fabrics, so much in favor the past winter, will continue quite as much so during the spring. The old-fashioned muslin-delaïnes are again revived; these and French cashmeres in pretty armure and brocade patterns, promise to be very popular; these will be made up with plain materials, as portions of the dress and trimmings, and will be made up in both walking and indoor costumes. But the newest, and what promises to be the most popular of spring fancy goods, is the printed Indian cashmere, in small multi-colored pine patterns over a light ground.

We have seen a dress of this description, the pattern of which was chiefly in blue and green tints, with a dash of crimson over a silver gray ground. The skirt was made with a gathered tablier in front, and tabs of plain bluish green silk at the sides; gores of pleated silk formed these tabs. The back was draped and looped up with clusters of loops of satin ribbon, and the bodice was a casaquin jacket of printed cashmere, with facings, collar, cuffs, and pockets of greenish blue silk. The buttons were of dark pearl.

Another is of beige cashmere; the trimmings are of seal-brown armure silk. The skirt is arranged in upward folds in front; lapels of the armure silk are draped into paniers at the sides, and the *bouffant* trimming at the back is of both materials combined.

There is very great variety in the fashion of hair dressing. Some ladies wear plain bandeaux laid quite smooth over the brow, with a small chignon placed just in the nape of the neck. With a clear-cut profile and well-shaped head this is all very well, but there are others for whom a more elaborate style of coiffure is infinitely more becoming. Fancy combs are as popular as ever, and for those who like anything odd and novel, the "Mephistopheles" is a singular comb, which, adopted by a noted beauty abroad, at once became a favorite. Although its oddity has prevented an absolutely similar form from being used, a modified form is to be found at the most fashionable comb-maker's in Paris. Every one will remember the curious horn-decorated cap of Faust's companion, a pointed piece of scarlet cloth, upon which two little black horns curling forward are set. The inaugurator of the Mephistopheles comb fancied having these little projections in gold, with flashing ruby stars dependant from the tips. The effect with the black hair proved fine. To suit it the hair must be much puffed and high, and with clusters of curls among the puffs, so that the comb's points rise like an eccentric and be-jeweled puff from among the wilderness of those myriad hair puffs, to which many ladies of decided fashion still show their unalterable preference. There is certainly great softness in this coiffure, especially when that softness is contrasted with some strange, unexpected ornament like the comb described above, or with the jeweled head of some gorgeous bird or a wide winged

and seemingly just poised dragon-fly, with bulging orbs of diamond, ruby, or emerald; or again, a crescent of glittering diamonds.

A lady writing from Paris, states that at a certain grand fete she counted eleven ladies *coiffées à l'Arabe*. The beautiful headdress which she describes, and the arrangement of hair which it demands, are well worthy of notice, and would be adapted to the regularity of the American type, as well as to the rich complexion of certain of our noted brunettes.

The Arabe is a scarf of live oriental colors, heavily intermingled with gold thread, and with a gold embroidery which has the effect of embossage. This scarf is a yard and a half in length. Its proper adjustment requires that the entire mass of the wearer's hair be taken into one rich braid. This is caught at the back of the head, neither high nor low, and twisted with the scarf in such a manner that while the folds of the rich material form one massive wave above the brow, the hair forms another, and is then knotted beneath it at the back. On the right of the head fall the ends of the scarf, one a little below the other. These ends are richly fringed by the unraveling of the material. The decidedly becoming effect of this headdress accounts for the favor of its acceptance. It is one of those things of which the vogue is decided at once. But it is rumored *qu'on* is soon to be a radical change in hair-dressing; a return to the plaited chignon and the light clusters of curls which so well became the pretty head of Madam de Sévigné. Already some charming women have tried this style of coiffure, and have found it by no means unbecoming. If it does not become exclusively adopted, it will at least bring a grateful change in the coiffures of the present day.

A successful conceit of the milliner is to stud ribbons and bandeaus with imitation flies, so wonderfully natural that they cease to be mere fashionable inventions, but rank as curiosities of art. Brilliant red, golden green, and blue flies, alternate on the bandeaus for face trimming, giving a play of colors that suits the changeable silks and feathers of the outside. The house-fly, with its iron-gray body and filmy wings, is taken for an invader of the sanctity of spotless ribbons, until, on the attempt to wave him away, he is found fixed to his place, a creature of light metal and isinglass.

There are to be seen now many bonnets formed entirely of feathers. An excellent model is a very beautiful and unique imported bonnet, which forms part of what will be the trousseau of a lady of this city; it is in the shape of an oriental turban, but entirely formed of the alternating breasts and tails of the larger species of humming-bird. The tail is fan-shaped in this species, and the breasts are flame-color, emerald-green, or a blue similar to dark peacock-blue. In this bonnet the various breasts used have all these colors exquisitely mounted and arranged, so that nothing is seen of the satin forming the bonnet itself. Fifty breasts and tails were required to form this bonnet. At the extreme back, and floating downward over the low-dressed hair, is a willow plume of ostrich feathers, over which is laid, upon each of its loose and waving lengths, other parts of humming-bird plumage, entirely covering the willow feather beneath. The

effect of this moving to and fro of the low-toned yet dazzling plumage is wonderfully fine, and the bonnet is of unsurpassed elegance. Another feature of this trousseau is a superb cape of humming bird's feathers, which it has required many months for that Paris house at which it was made to collect. The shape is that of a large and deep *plastron*. This bonnet and cape are not to be duplicated by the house which furnished them.

Caps and head-dresses are most fancifully made and adorned. One entirely of golden moss, another of maiden-hair fern, and forget-me-nots. Then there are the Marie Stuart caps of black velvet edged with a double row of pearls, which are extremely becoming to some faces, and those made entirely of marabout feathers, which suit almost every one.

Velvet lace is a novelty among trimmings. It consists of a band of velvet with openwork embroidery designs. As trimming for a velvet dress, this is very effective.

Neither blue nor yellow is now used in dress to the extent that they were the past season; at least, not in the bright shades which light up every other color by which they may happen to be surrounded. But in small quantities, both blue and yellow are introduced into almost every species of design and color, and the result is a sort of illumination, which could be obtained in no other way. The yellows are the shades of jonquil or gold, the buttercup yellow and the bright tint of the mustard at its fullest flowering. The blues are the old blues of pottery, the modern China blue used in Dresden porcelain, the peacock tints and the amethyst blue, as distinguished from the turquoise.

These colors in the minutest specks, gem the surface of all figured materials, which belong to the richer class, and star them as daisies, forget-me-nots, and dandelions do the darkly shaded depths of a forest dell, or the emerald surface of a grassy meadow.

All the best effects in color are produced by this species of illumination, for the dark or neutral body; and the reason an all-red dress, or an all-yellow dress, sometimes looks well in a crowd, is because the majority always wear dark or neutral colors, and the wearer makes a bright spot in a collection which would be otherwise too gay or too sombre.

In consequence of the Spanish marriage, Spanish styles are very popular in Paris, and are being introduced here. The Spanish veil is much in favor, in both black and white Spanish lace. Red and yellow are being much used together, feathers of the two colors trimming black lace bonnets. Long black kid gloves with a bracelet of small yellow rosebuds at the top is one of the caprices of semi-dress toilets.

The newest lace cravat is a large lace bow called the *Merveilluse*, in imitation of the bows worn during the French Revolution. It may be made of any trimming lace by sewing the straight ends together, and of this forming an ordinary bow of two long loops and two ends strapped in the centre; below this the lace is then formed into a jabot formed like a fan, the two shells like rows coming together in a point below. This point reaches nearly to the waist

line, while the large bow is high about the throat—indeed, just under the chin.

Another bow, called the butterfly, has two little pleated pieces of white India muslin strapped tightly where they are joined, and this forms the centre. Wide lace, either Languedoc, or duchess, or Valenciennes, is then sewed to the pleated ends, and when the bow is worn, the upper edge of this lace is pinned high about the collar, and it is allowed to fall open below and display the pretty design wrought upon it.

Small round wooden fans with a long stick as a handle, are ornamented with water-color painting; they are used as after-dinner fans, as they serve for a hand screen to protect the face from the fire. The same shape fans are made of black or light colored satin, and are decorated with embroidery in colors, or water-color painting in flowers, buds, etc. The ordinary Japanese fans are also made in this same shape now.

A feature of Turkish origin, and which has obtained favor, is about, it is said, to become a favorite in Paris, and will, is rumored, appear upon persons who have hitherto avoided everything like eccentricity or conspicuousness in dress. The adoption of this jacket, called the shoulder-jacket, is innovatory, more from its now appearing in the Turkish fabrics and colors, than in its form, for a large and important establishment noted for the beauty and grace of its wraps, issued some time ago a black velvet, jet-embroidered, Turkish jacket, carelessly attached to, and in its entirety dependent from, the right shoulder. The jacket is massively embroidered in gold on a dead oriental lizard-green, the material velvet. Accompanying it is a tight-fitting waist of velvet of a darker shade of the same hue, but striped with gold bands. The skirt is of dark velvet. The hair is dressed low in Turkish braids, and this *toilette* is not, it appears, to be considered a fancy dress, but it is to be issued at a wedding reception. Two ladies will appear thus attired on a notable occasion in Paris. The entertainment is to be given to the daughter of a gentleman for many years resident in Tunis.

In bonnets we notice two decided novelties. The Zulma bonnet is entirely novel. It is of black straw, front and top, a broad and high scooped brim, and the entire crown is covered with satin of a rich Persian design, outlined in heavy gold thread and in what in contradistinction to those termed the "dead" are called the "live" oriental colors. Arching forward from the entrance back of this satin-covered crown is a peacock's head, very small, in gold filigree, and with a superb natural crest of feathers taken from a real to place on the gold head. Pendant from the beak of the bird is a gold crescent, which swings to and fro with the motion of the wearer. Wide *brides* of black tulle embroidered with gold thread are loosely fastened below the chin.

The Vashti is a magnificent headdress in the eastern style, consisting of three low-set bands along which run rows of golden crescents. Below each row is a succession of large spangles, each the size of a pea and much thicker than the spangles used for dresses. The hair must be loosely and elaborately puffed and curled for this headdress, of which

the effect is novel and striking. The Colibri crown is purchasable in Paris separately from the other adjuncts needed to complete the hat. It is costly and consists entirely of the small birds called *colibris* of which the heads are removed. These birds are the tiniest of all humming-birds, and the rage for them in Paris has been increased by the fact of their present scarcity, and the discovery that artificial colibris are made on false bodies and prove an illusion and a snare. The crown above mentioned is of satin beneath and completely overlaid with the headless, clawless, and flattened birds. A band of velvet embroidered in the colibri colors, or a band of gold-braided black satin if preferred, is then associated with this beautiful crown, and two curled plumes of ostrich feathers, black or emerald green, are then fastened at the side, low, being held in place either by a whole colibri or by a gold ornament of oriental design. These superb hats are *haute mode*, rivaling the still more gorgeous Zulu and canaque bonnets, the gueule red hats with mixed black and gueule red plumes, and the black hats embroidered in gold thread in massive oriental designs. Among the new ruches for the neck and wrists is some fine crepe lisse edged lace, dotted with pearls, which forms pretty garniture. Another ruche is of black lisse, edged thickly with very fine jet; this also is becoming and less expensive than white, as it does not soil so easily; pleated net edged with jet is also worn.

Plain linen collars and cuffs are edged with a frill of narrow lace. Very fine torchon lace trims underlinen, also flannel skirts, bodices, and dressing-jackets very effectively, and wears well, owing to the strong thread it is composed of.

Pillow-cases are made square, and hemmed with a four-inch hem, then edged allround with a narrow frilling, which is goffered when laundered. Sheets have the upper hem four inches wide, and the lower one two inches, then the upper one edged with a ruffle which adds much to the finish of a bed when made.

Children's stockings are marvels of beauty; it is most important that they should match the dresses; they can be purchased in all styles, solid colors, striped, speckled or plaids, but certainly those of solid colors are the most economical, as these can generally be worn with any dress.

Many girls are wearing their hair cut *en garçon*, but this is becoming only when the hair is naturally wavy or curly; then it is charming, and as short-cut hair keeps it in health and strength, it is to be recommended.

HINTS UPON THE DOINGS OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

Fancy parties have been the fashion now so long, and have met with such marked success and favor, that any novel suggestions respecting them will, we think, be welcome to our readers. We therefore propose this month to give our friends an account of a child's fancy party (as they are so very popular for children), which can, of course, with a little alteration, be made available for older persons. At this party, a certain number of the children were asked to appear in the dresses appertaining to the

fairy story of the Sleeping Beauty; in her train were Titania, Puck, Rainbow, Starbeam, several fairy godmothers, Cobweb, Snowball, Moonlight, Daisy, Sunbeam, ladies of the court, maids of honor, the King, Prince Charming, the Jester, and many other characters, the story having been somewhat amplified for the occasion. The maids of honor wore gold-colored satin trains over chintz petticoats, with long stiff bodices, high cuffs, powdered hair, and large feathers. The court ladies' dresses were copied from an old picture—blue silk trains, caught back with roses of many colors, a satin front, high cuffs, high-heeled shoes, and coquettish hats. Another party were dressed for the fan quadrille. The ladies appear in old brocades over satin quilted skirts, long mittens, high-heeled shoes, large buckles, the hair dressed high and powdered, a tiny fan replacing the comb. All of the twenty-four who take part in it carry fans the same shades as their dresses. With these fans they go through a series of manœuvres, being drilled like soldiers. Each one was dressed in a distinct color, with fan to match. Another amusing set of figures was the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe, and her numerous progeny. A sprightly Vivandiere danced "La-Lithuaienne," followed by the "old woman's children," in fancy cretonne dresses, who danced the polka until the old woman scattered them with a broom, and throwing off her own loose dress and cloak, appeared in Spanish costume, and danced a Spanish dance. Next the nine Muses danced the Muses' Waltz, a slow, weird movement. They were dressed in white gauze, embroidered in silver over white satin, with togas of different shades, which they manipulated in the course of the dance with much effect. The Maypole dance always gives satisfaction and delight. Of course the Maypole must be previously prepared, and children will always be found to dance around it with a will. There should several times in the evening be a regular march round, and at the party here spoken of the host and hostess occupied chairs at the upper end of the room, which was made to resemble a drawing-room as much as possible, the elders standing round and forming a species of court. Each of the children was introduced to them as they passed round, and bowed low at the ceremony. Many of the dancers had flowers and bonbons given to them at certain figures. Much amusement was caused by a figure, where two buns were given to two little girls, while two others were thrown among the boys; those who caught them dancing with the two little girls in question. Old books are ransacked to discover suitable set dances for fancy dress entertainments; but nothing to our minds could be prettier than the sylvan dance from Hawthorne's "Marble Faun." The latest idea of all, however, is a Noah's Ark quadrille—the actual ark occupying a position at one end of the room, in which the several pairs, from the ark or supposed to be from it, take part from time—the animals and birds uttering the cries peculiar to them, and the comic dresses (the heads being mostly habited in the grotesque paper heads which accompany the natural history Cossacks, better known as crackers) cause a great deal of fun. FASHION.



*"Nay, nay, let me stay.
 Here and now for Robert Bunsen
 My heart is here and in stay."*



GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL 1880.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 4.

Fig. 3.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.



Fig. 10



Fig. 11



Fig. 12

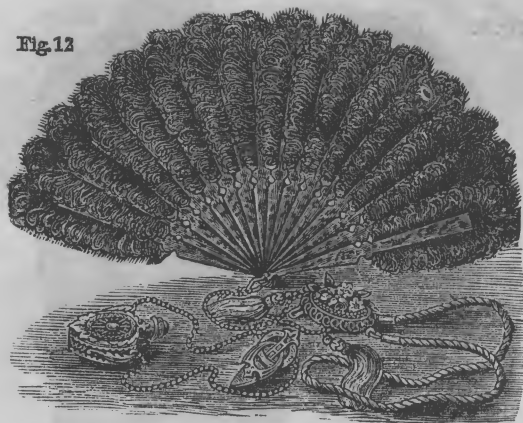


Fig. 13



Fig. 14



Fig. 15.



Fig. 16.



Fig. 17.



Fig. 18



Fig. 19

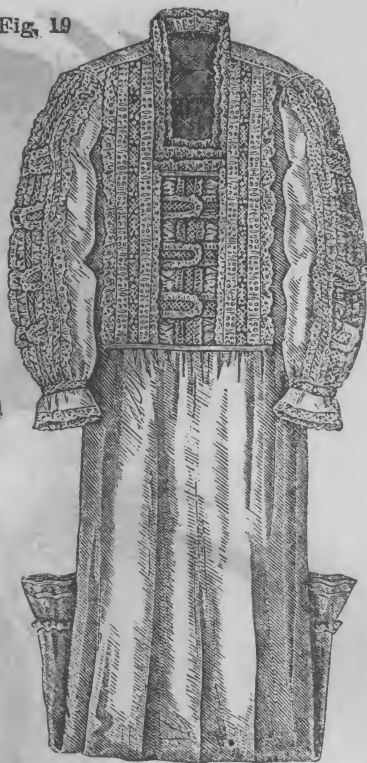




Fig. 20



Fig. 21

Fig. 22.



Fig. 23.



Fig. 24

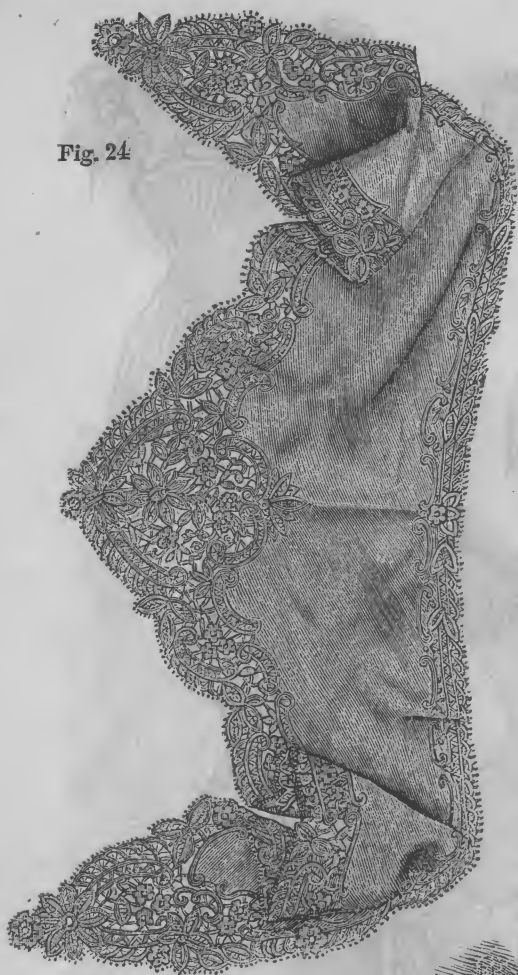


Fig. 25



Fig. 26

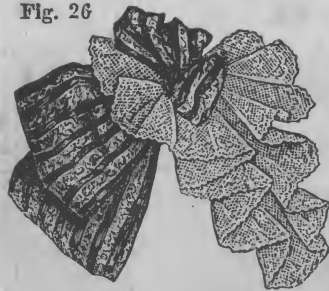


Fig. 28

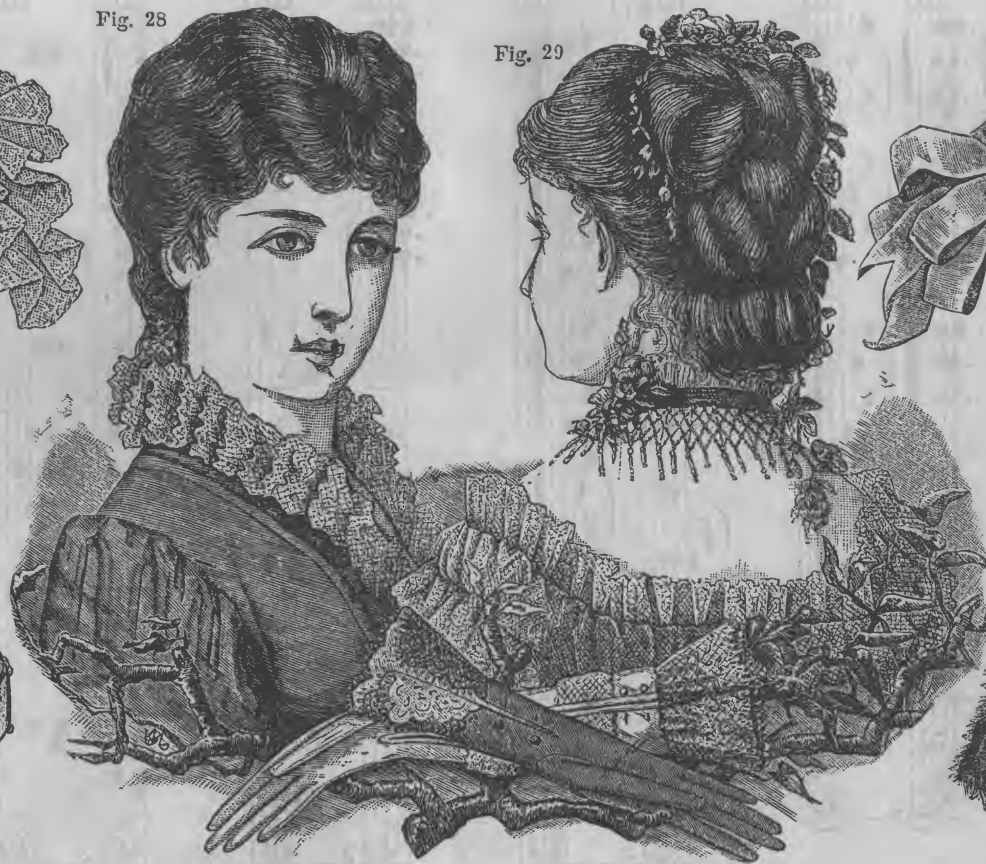


Fig. 29

Fig. 30



Fig. 27

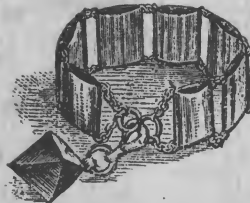


Fig. 31



SECRET LOVE.

GAVOTTE.

Allegretto.

By JOHN RESCH.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of five systems of two staves each. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto.' and the dynamics include *p* (piano), *sf* (sforzando), and *f* (forte). The score features a variety of musical notations including chords, arpeggios, and melodic lines with slurs and accents. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Published in sheet form, price 30 cts., by WM. H. BONER & CO., agts.,
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SECRET LOVE.

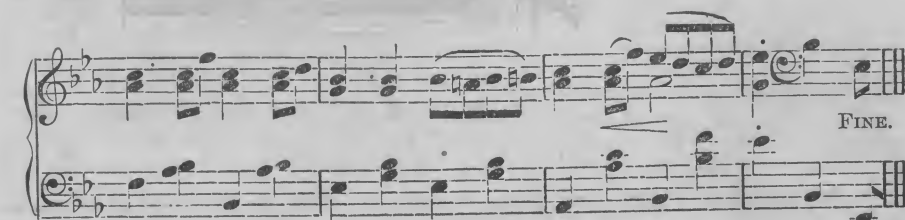
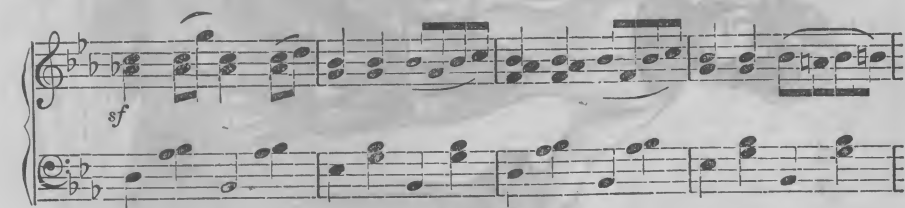
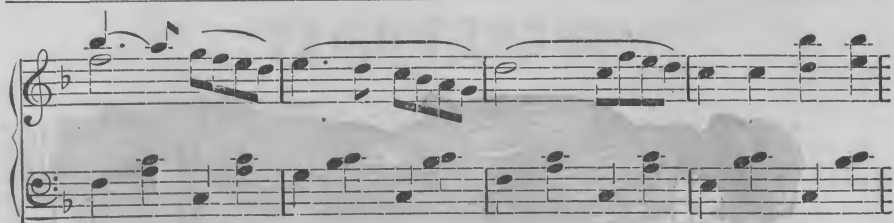


Fig. 32.



Fig. 34.

Fig. 33



Fig. 35

Fig. 36



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME C. No. 598.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1880.

ROSLYN'S FORTUNE.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

Author of "A Gentle Belle," "Morton House," "Valerie Aylmer," "Nina's Atonement," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

WARNING AND RESULT.

"The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun."

This is what Hugo Duncan says to himself, as having watched the cavalcade out of the gates of Clifton, (Lovelace accompanying them for the sake of the ride,) he finds himself alone, face to face with the realization of what has befallen him.

He begins to understand it now—to comprehend the height and depth and breadth of meaning which it has for him. He has asked Roslyn to be his wife, and she has said No; all is over—his hopes, his plans, his very life, as it were, seems to him blotted out by that simple word from a girl's lips. He has been so single-hearted in his devotion—he has given so much, and thought so little of return—that he is startled now by the passionate agony of his despair.

"I knew how I loved her, I knew how the thought of her was twined into my heart," he says to himself; "but I did *not* know how awful it would be to have to do without her."

Then he thinks, or tries to think, how mad he has been to hope for any other end. How staid, and grave, and middle-aged he must seem to this girl in the first flush of her youth—the girl who has by her side a lover fitted for her in every respect.

"What could be more natural than that Geoffrey Thorne should win her heart?" he thinks. "God grant he may deserve her! But how I would have loved her and cared for her, and made her

life a thing of sunshine, if she had but given me the power!"

So it comes back to that sad and bitter "if" which makes the burden of such anguish. The mystery of it is almost appalling. Why should that be denied to one, which is given to another, with often less desert?—how is it that love, (be it ever so true-hearted) cannot win love in return, but must stand back and see its crown of life taken down by careless hands? There is no answer for these questions, asked as they are by many passionate hearts; and there is no hope, no comfort, to lighten the darkness of such an hour as passes over Hugo Duncan now.

It has set its mark upon his face, deepening lines which, before this grief came upon him, were scarcely to be perceived, and giving an altogether new expression to his eyes when Lovelace sees him, after returning from the ride to Verdevale. This ride, it may be said, proved by no means so agreeable as Mr. Lovelace had anticipated, for Roslyn was not herself at all—being silent and *distract* to a most unusual degree—indeed, exciting in him a suspicion which the first sight of Duncan's face confirms.

"By Jove, he has done it!" thinks Lovelace. "I half-suspected that he would—and yet I am surprised. What a fool he was, to be sure! A child might have seen that he had no chance—that the girl's head is too full of other things."

What it is that stands for "other things," in Mr. Lovelace's mind, may readily be imagined; and it may also be imagined how warmly he congratulates himself on his opportune arrival, and on the apparently brilliant success of his line of strategy.

Except for the betrayal of his face, Duncan bears himself well, and makes no confession of suffering; but Lovelace is not surprised, when supper being over, and they sitting with their cigars by an open window, through which all manner of sweet odors come on the damp air, he says, abruptly:

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"Should you mind, Harry, if I left you here alone for a week or two? I have business which makes it necessary for me to go away, and I don't know how long I may be delayed. I leave everything at your disposal and service, however, if you can face the prospect of solitude for a time."

"My dear fellow," says Lovelace, "don't hesitate for a moment. I am quite used to living alone—in Louisiana, you know, I have often to spend several months on the plantation, where the madre never goes—and I should be inclined to pack my traps and be off, if I thought that you would let my presence here inconvenience you in the least. Go, by all means, and don't hasten back a day earlier than you would otherwise on my account."

"Remember, then, that I leave you in full command of the house and stable; and if you are quite certain that you won't be lonely, I think I will be off to-morrow morning."

"I am quite certain that I shall not be lonely," answers Lovelace. "I have an unlimited capacity for indulging in *dolce far niente*, and then, there is Verdevale where I can occasionally drop in for a little society."

"Yes," says Duncan, "I have no doubt they will be glad to see you; only—he hesitates an instant, a new thought flashing into his mind for the first time—"don't go too often, Harry. Remember that there may be danger in such intercourse, for you and—for some one else, perhaps. You don't misunderstand me, I hope. I"—he chokes a little—"I have nothing to win or to lose, there."

"I do not misunderstand you," says Lovelace. "I accept your warning in exactly the spirit in which you mean to convey it, and I assure you that I shall avoid any trifling that would lead to possible danger. I hope I am a man of honor—at least I know what is due to the woman I have promised to marry. If I fancied that there was any danger for Miss Vardray or myself, in our chance association, I should leave here instantly. But"—he shrugs his shoulders, lightly—"I am somewhat too *blasé* to fall in love with a girl's pretty face, and I should insult Miss Vardray if I supposed that I was so fascinating as for my presence to be fraught with danger to her peace of mind. However,"—he pauses for a moment, then goes on—"I appreciate your feeling; and if you desire it, I too, will leave to-morrow morning."

"No, no, certainly not," says Duncan, shocked at himself for having seemed to imply distrust of the other's honor. "By no means, Harry; I only meant to warn you in a kindly way—people often drift into such things as this without considering where they may end, until it is too late. Stay here as long as you like, and go to Verdevale whenever you feel inclined. They are the most hospitable people imaginable, and will be glad to see you, I am sure."

So the matter ends, and the next morning sees Colonel Duncan drive away from the door of Clifton, his destination altogether uncertain in his own mind. But in such a malady as his, the impulse of flight is always strong; the sufferer feels as if passive endurance is more than can be borne, as if there may be relief elsewhere, or at all events as if motion is in itself a sort of relief.

It is with the most sincere satisfaction that Lovelace bids his host adieu, and watches the vehicle in which he is borne away, as it vanishes from view. "Poor fellow!" he thinks. "He has certainly had a 'facer'—but how lucky it all chances for me!"

To fully explain this luckiness, it must be stated that Mr. Lovelace has become interested in Roslyn beyond the point necessary for strategic success. Not that he has in the least fallen in love—for that is something of which he is absolutely incapable—but, like many men of boundless egotism and small passion, he has a facile fancy which is easily taken captive by a new charm, easily stimulated by resistance, and utterly ended by possession. This temporary interest being genuine, gives a character of earnestness to his flirtations, which is the chief secret of their success. He not only seems to be, but is, thoroughly taken captive for the time being; and real ardor, like real everything else, has a power which the counterfeit can never possess. Interest, especially in love affairs, can never be very well simulated; and if it ever successfully imposes upon its victim, it is because that victim is, for the moment, incapable of an act of judgment. Now Lovelace, being well assured that Roslyn has refused his cousin, might readily feel that his self-appointed task as a strategist is unnecessary; but, in truth, the girl herself has awakened his admiration and excited his vanity to a degree which makes him eager to pursue the affair for his own gratification and amusement. He feels that his fascination has been, in a manner, defied, and this consciousness acts upon him as a challenge. He *must* see those frank and fearless eyes fall before his, the lovely color deepen as it has never deepened yet at his coming or his voice. For him, a veteran in flirtation, to be baffled by a girl as narrow in experience as she is young in years, is, he feels, altogether unendurable. The longing to win her favor, the desire to draw from her some sign that she reciprocates the feeling so strong in himself, is almost as intense with him as with a real lover; only there is the great and essential difference, not only that his motive is altogether selfish, but that the desire, once gratified, will prove as short-lived as it is now keen.

Under these circumstances, he naturally does not long delay presenting himself at Verdevale. Before half the morning has elapsed, he is sitting with the family group on the broad, vine-shaded piazza, and has told the news of Colonel Duncan's

departure. If he had doubted what share Roslyn had in this, the expression of her face as he speaks would assure him of it. She starts, her color changes, and she looks downward, uttering not a word, while the rest express their surprise.

"Why, you are left quite alone at Clifton, then, Mr. Lovelace," says Mrs. Vardray. "Will you not be very lonely?"

"I shall be, alone, but not lonely," answers Lovelace, with a smile. "I cannot affirm that I am one of the people who make it their proud boast that they 'are never less alone than when alone;' but I have some resources within myself, and I do not object to a little solitude now and then; it gives one time for reflection, which the rush and whirl of one's ordinary life does not."

"Yet I should think you were much more at home in the rush and whirl," says Mrs. Vardray, who is secretly distrustful of this fancy for solitude, and inclined to the opinion that Colonel Duncan should have taken his guest with him.

"I am afraid the meaning of that is not very complimentary to me," replies the young man; "but I am bound to confess that in a general sense you are right. I must also confess that I should doubtless look upon solitude at Clifton in a very different light if I had not society at Verdevale to cheer me."

This is well brought in, and obliges Mrs. Vardray to make a becoming rejoinder, in the form of a hope that he will not hesitate to frequently cheer himself with the society of Verdevale. "But we must not monopolize you," she goes on. "There are some pleasant families in the neighborhood whom you might like to know."

Anxious not to excite distrust, Lovelace does not avow his decided disinclination to meet any of these pleasant families, but replies in general terms, and waives the subject, being quite determined that he will suffer no diversion of the kind.

The morning passes in pleasant idleness, but, although Mrs. Vardray acknowledges the charm of the intruder, this charm only steels her purpose the more against admitting him to any greater familiarity than can possibly be avoided.

"He must go home; I shall not make a precedent by asking him to stay to dinner," she says resolutely to herself; and in order to avoid the awkwardness of disregarding what seems almost an obligation of hospitality, she leaves the piazza about the time when she knows that Lovelace must order his horse. But, alas! "the best laid plans of men and mice gang aft a'glee," and it chances that Mr. Vardray steps accidentally upon the scene just as the young man has reluctantly issued the order.

"What, Mr. Lovelace," says that hospitable gentleman, without an instant's consideration; "going to ride home at this hour of the day? Tut, tut! you'll have a sunstroke! Take dinner

with us, and go home in the cool of the evening; that is the proper thing to do. Since you are alone at Clifton, we need have no compunction about keeping you."

"It is I who should have the compunction, I am afraid," says Lovelace. "You are very kind, but really to trespass upon your hospitality so much—"

"Nonsense!" interrupts Mr. Vardray. "We are not used to that sort of talk here. We are always glad to see our friends; and I feel that we ought to take particular charge of you, since Duncan has gone off and left you in this shabby way. Never mind about the horse, Jim; the gentleman is going to stay."

Lovelace does not gainsay this, for in fact he would be very much disappointed if forced to go. He has not seen Roslyn alone at all this morning, and he wants to see her alone, for several reasons, which may be briefly summarized: first, to gratify himself; secondly, to carry his wary siege of sentiment a little farther; and thirdly, in order to discover the meaning of a change in her which is very perceptible. She has been remarkably quiet all morning, and there is an air of effort about her which strikes and puzzles him. The true solution does not occur to him—that she is thinking of Duncan, with a sorrowful and impersonal realization of the pain she has inflicted upon him—but he does think that she may be regretting her answer, perhaps, in which case it is, from ⁸points of view, essential that he should efface the regret with stronger feelings as soon as possible.

When Mr. Vardray has countermanded order for his horse, he turns, therefore, to Roslyn and says:

"If I stay, may I not beg for the pleasure of ride with you this afternoon? Pray, say yes"—as she hesitates—"you don't know how much I have built upon the hope of it."

"You must have built very quickly, then," she says, with a flash of her accustomed brightness as she looks at him; "if the idea has only occurred to you since papa begged you to stay."

"I was not speaking of this special idea, but of the general hope of riding with you," he replies. "If you remember, I proposed ~~that~~ instead of our excursion yesterday."

"Don't speak of our excursion yesterday," she says, with a little shudder. "It was a failure from beginning to end."

"It was not all a failure to me," he says. "That time on the rock, for instance—"

He breaks off abruptly—what a great part of the capital of a flirt unfinished sentences are!—but his well-trained eyes say much, and Roslyn meets them. But now, as before, he is uncertain what effect the eloquent glances have upon her. She only smiles with a gay maliciousness.

"The time on the rock would be still more memorable if you had fallen into the river, as I

fancied you would," she says. "A day at the falls seems incomplete without anybody having been wet."

"And you are absolutely sorry that I was not covered with absurdity as with a garment?" he says, reproachfully. "What have I done to deserve such vindictiveness? But I will forgive you all evil hopes and intentions if you will go to ride this afternoon."

"I usually ride with Geoffrey," she answers; "but for once—yes, I will go with you."

CHAPTER XL.

GEOFFREY FORMS A RESOLUTION.

Three weeks have passed since the pic-nic to the Falls, and since Colonel Duncan left Clifton, on unexplained business, when Geoffrey goes up to Roslyn one morning as she stands on the piazza, and says, abruptly:

"Will you take a walk with me? I have something to say to you."

She looks at him with a little surprise, not so much on account of his *brusquerie*, for that of late has become a marked characteristic of manner with poor Geoffrey, as on account of the formality of the request; but she answers quickly, with the air of one anxious to conciliate:

"Of course; I shall be very glad to take a walk, and you will bring me my hat and gloves."

He goes into the hall, finds the hat and gloves, and returns with them. She ties on the first, looks on the second, and then, looking at him with a smile, says, "I am ready; where shall we go?"

"Oh, anywhere," he answers. "It makes no difference to me; but we had better go into the woods, I suppose; there we may be free from interruption."

She understands exactly to what special interruption his sarcastic emphasis refers, but she answers:

"By all means, let us go into the woods; I always enjoy a walk there."

So they set forth—more like a pair of new acquaintances than like two people who have grown up from childhood together—take their way through the garden, and, passing out of the gate, soon find themselves in the wood beyond. Avoiding the path which leads in the direction of the Stanhope place, they follow another that takes them deep into the heart of the green shades, and finally brings them to the bank of a limpid stream, that runs gaily over its stones "in little sharps and trebles."

"This is where we used to come to fish," says Geoffrey, flinging himself down on the mossy bank. "Many a minnow have I caught here—and so have you, Roslyn. You were a famous fisherman in those days."

"I wanted to do everything that you did," says Roslyn. "I wonder I did not kill myself in trying to keep pace with you in all possible sports. My great grief was that I could not use a gun; but after I nearly shot you, papa forbade it, you know."

"Did you nearly shoot me?" says Geoffrey, looking up at her as she stands over him, in the flickering light and shade, a sight "to make an old man young," in the winsome grace and sweetness of her youth. "By heaven, I wish you had succeeded!"

If spoken lightly, the words would mean nothing, but there is a passionate earnestness in the young man's voice and eyes that startles Roslyn.

"Why do you talk so?" she says in a reproving tone. "It is very wrong—very foolish."

"It may be foolish; but it is not wrong," he answers. "At least it is not untrue. Don't you know that I would rather have died than have lived to suffer what I do now?"

"Are you suffering?" she says, gently, sitting down by him. "I am very sorry."

"Yes, I have no doubt you are sorry; I have no doubt you would be still more sorry, if you could know all that I suffer," he replies; "but you are not sorry enough to help me, Roslyn."

"How can I?" she asks in a low voice.

"You know," he answers, not looking at her, but at the sunlight flickering down through the green boughs overhead to the flashing water. "You know what I feel for you—that is, you know something of it—and you may judge, therefore, what it costs me to see you drawing farther and farther away from me every day."

"But I am not drawing away," she says, eagerly. "Why do you fancy such things? You are just what you always were to me, Geoffrey—just what you always were!"

"Am I?" he says, still not looking at her. "Well, I suppose I ought to be content with that—but I am not. I wanted to be more to you, and I see that I cannot be. There is the trouble, and you can't help it—not unless you tell me that some day you will love me well enough to marry me."

Silence—a troubled silence on Roslyn's part, in which she dimly hears the gurgle of the brook over its stones, and the rustle of the leaves above her head. This is no new revelation to her of Geoffrey's feeling; but now as ever it troubles her—coming as an element of discord into her life, marring the serenity of her attachment to him by demanding something which she cannot give. It is in the nature and necessity of love to do this—to cast away that which it has as valueless, because it cannot have more. Friendship and affection are scorned by the imperious tyrant—"all or nothing," is his demand, and he flings aside much that might sweeten life, as failing to satisfy the cry

of his hot heart. So it is now with poor Geoffrey. What is Roslyn's affection to him, when the love of which she is capable is reserved for some other man? "I want her heart, her whole heart!" is what he says to himself; and while he says it, he feels that it is not for him to win that heart.

"I don't know how to answer you," she says at last, slowly. "It seems to me strange that you should think of such a thing. We have always been like brother and sister, and I—I cannot have any other thought. If you would put away such ideas, Geoffrey, we should be a great deal happier."

"You might as well tell me to put away part of myself," says Geoffrey. "It has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. I have never had any other idea, Roslyn, as far as you are concerned. But I did not bring you out to tell you this," he goes on, abruptly, "for I think you know it as well as I do; I only wanted to tell you that I am going away."

"Going away!" repeats the girl. A sense of dismay comes over her—what malign fate is this which seems to force her to estrange and send away her friends? The tears rise into her eyes.

"O Geoffrey, don't, pray don't go!" she says. "What harm have I done to you? Why should you leave home because I cannot feel towards you exactly as you desire?"

"That is not why I am going," answers Geoffrey. "If it were simply *that*, I would wait and hope: but I cannot stay and see another man win you before my eyes; and that is what is coming to pass, Roslyn."

She answers not a word. Her eyes fall before the searching gaze of his, and she begins nervously to pull to pieces a daisy that she has gathered. She would reassure him if she could; but can she?

Seeing his fears confirmed by the expression of her face, and by this significant silence, the young man struggles for an instant with the sharpness of his pain—for how deceitful in hope the heart is we never know, until some such moment of keen realizing certainty comes—and then, having mastered it by an heroic effort, goes on:

"It is hard for me to see this; harder than you can even imagine," he says. "But will you believe me when I tell you that I almost forget myself in thinking of you? I am certain—more certain than I can express—that you are making a great and terrible mistake in giving your heart to this man; and I would be willing to suffer all that I do, and more besides, if I could only warn you to some purpose."

His earnestness is pathetic in its sincerity; and if he feared to speak, he sees when Roslyn lifts her eyes that there was no need of fear.

"I have not given my heart to him yet, Geoffrey; at least, I don't think so," she says, almost in a whisper. "But tell me—I want to be rea-

sonable—why do you think it would be 'a great and terrible mistake' if I did so?"

"Because I do not trust him!" says the young man, energetically. "You will think that is no reason, perhaps; but if one's distrust has good ground, it is not to be despised; and it is not jealousy that makes me distrust him. There is Colonel Duncan; it would cut me to the heart to see you marry *him*; but I should know that you had given your heart and your life to one who is incapable of betraying any trust placed in him; and, therefore, I should not be without comfort. But what should I feel if I saw you give yourself to this other man? He is careless; he is selfish; by his own confession he has idled away his life, and sought nothing but the gratification of his own pleasure; if he has a high thought, or a high aim, I have never heard him utter the one, and he has certainly lost sight of the other."

"You are very severe," says Roslyn, flushing deeply. "I thought something like this of him at first; but a man may drift into modes of life which he would not deliberately adopt. He has had everything to tempt him to idleness and pleasure; but now that he is old enough to think seriously, he says he feels the need of higher aims and more definite objects."

"I have no doubt he tells you so," says Geoffrey, "for young as he is, he knows that no plea is so effective with a woman as that which says, 'Help me to mount to higher things.' Well," he goes on, after a moment's pause; "I have said my say, and I am glad it has not made you angry. Give it a little thought, won't you, Roslyn? Indeed I speak as if—as if I were your brother."

He looks pleadingly at the girl, who returns his gaze with an expression which perplexes him—the expression of one who is wakening to the consciousness of new perceptions.

"Yes, I will think of what you have said," she answers, "but I wish that I could hear no more of the subject—I mean from anybody. I thought love sweetened and broadened life; but, instead, it seems to fill it with bitterness, to make one hurt one's friends, and take them away from one. Am I punished for wishing to taste everything? It must be better to believe in some things, than to taste them. But you won't go away, Geoffrey, surely you won't go away!"

"There is no reason why I should stay," says Geoffrey gloomily. "I am sure I am not agreeable company to anybody, while if I go to poor old Uncle James—I had a letter from him this morning, begging me to come—he won't care how miserable I am."

"But I care," says Roslyn, who feels as if this is more than she can bear. "Geoffrey, it is not just—it is not right," she cries passionately. "You should not make me feel as if I had willfully made you wretched. How could I help it?"

"Of course you could not help it," replied Geoffrey, whose chivalry is stirred by this appeal. "I am a brute and a fool to have said anything about it—but don't fret! If you want me to stay, I'll stay. No doubt I should be more miserable away from you than with you; so I won't go—now."

CHAPTER XII.

HONOR BEFORE ALL THINGS.

On the afternoon of the same day which witnessed the scene with Geoffrey in the morning, Roslyn ends her siesta somewhat earlier than usual, and comes down stairs equipped for walking. From the lightness of her step in passing through the house, it is evident that she does not wish to attract attention, and Geoffrey, who is stretched at ease on a sofa in the sitting-room does not stir as he sees her pass swiftly and almost noiselessly through the hall. "She is going out," he says to himself, "and she does not want a companion. She must expect to meet Lovelace."

Jealousy and injustice generally go hand in hand, and so they do in this instance; the truth being that Roslyn, as she lies awake during the long hot hours of the afternoon, pondering the perplexities of her situation, has decided that she will take counsel with Lettice, who she knows possesses a remarkably clear power of judgment. "It will be a comfort to speak to somebody," she thinks—and so thinking, determines to walk over to the Stanhope place, since Lettice is detained at home by the sickness of some members of the family.

Outside the house the heat is not so great as within, for there is a light, fresh breeze stirring, and the sun in declining westward has lost the fierceness of his power. Long shadows are stretching over the green sward, while floods of level light stream between the great trunks of the forest trees, and light up all the sylvan picture with glory.

Roslyn, who is quick to feel the beauty and sweetness of nature, is walking along the woodland way, swinging her parasol in one hand, while her eyes roving to right and left take in all the loveliness of the scene, when suddenly a turn of the path brings her face to face with Lovelace.

She is so much astonished that for an instant she cannot speak, and it is he who, lifting his hat with a flashing smile, says:

"What a wonderful thing the power of divination is! I felt sure that I should meet you, and here you are all alone, like a fairy princess."

"I am on my way to see Lettice," she replies, "so it is very natural that I should be here; but I am surprised to see you."

"The explanation of my appearance is very simple," he says. "I was paying a visit to Mr. Stanhope, and being tempted to go to Verdevale by this path—for I felt an instinct approaching to a certainty that I should meet you—I asked him to send my horse over later by a servant. Now may I ask if your intention of going to see Miss Stanhope is fixed as fate, or may I not propose a diversion?"

"My intention is by no means so fixed that it does not admit of a diversion," says Roslyn, smiling, and owing to herself that the pleasure of being with him is not lightly to be relinquished; "but before I speak positively, I must know what you propose."

"I propose that we shall take a walk through these beautiful woods, and find, perhaps, some spot as lovely and lonely as the glen where you led me one morning—do you remember?—where we can rest and talk."

"I can lead you to that same glen, if you like," she says. "It is a favorite haunt of mine, but—"

She stops, remembering that it was in the very place of which he spoke that Geoffrey gave his warning so short a time ago; and fraught as it is with that association, she hardly feels like going to it now.

"But what?" he asks, as she pauses. "Surely you don't mean that there is any reason why you cannot go? Is there any important matter demanding that you shall see Miss Stanhope?"

"O no, not any at all," she answers. "I was only thinking that novelty is a desirable thing sometimes, and that I can take you to many other places quite as lovely as that."

"Novelty is not always desirable," he says softly. "When certain places are associated with pleasant memories, one prefers to return to those places in preference to the loveliest that have no such associations. But what made the charm in this place can make it in another, so lead me where you like."

"Let us see what we can find, then," she says, turning into the woods.

What they have found half an hour later, is a cool, green nook, all in shade, save that its tree tops are gilded still with the declining rays of the sun. An abrupt hillside covered with a wealth of tangled greenness rises over it, and at the base of this flows the same bright, capricious stream which runs through the glen Roslyn has avoided. It is likely that she forgotten all her reasons for avoiding it, and that the stream brings no reminder to her thoughts, for Geoffrey would certainly groan in spirit could he see how interested she is in the talk of her companion.

That the latter knows so well how to command this interest, is no small part of his attraction, and yet, as Roslyn has sometimes felt, if she were called upon to state clearly in what the charm of his conversation consists, she would be unable

to recall anything that could be expressed in words. It is, indeed, a charm of manner more than of words, and it is also largely owing to the infusion of a personal element. Unconsciously, as it appears, but in reality very consciously, Lovelace's talk falls into the channel of discussing his own or his companion's life and character, tastes and opinions. When we are talking of ourselves, we do not weary; and if we feel any thing like a keen interest in another, we do not often weary while he talks of himself. Lovers, whether acknowledged or unacknowledged, are tireless in egotism, for the exchange of confidences on all these points of personality is only an exchange of egotism.

The conversation on this occasion, however, is drifting into deeper meaning than usual, for Lovelace, as he lies back on the grass and looks up at sun-reddened tree-tops and the blue sky beyond, says meditatively:

"What a perfect existence this is! What an ideal life—a dream of summer days, and happiness, and peace! If only life, the whole life, might be like it, what could one ask better?"

"One would not ask anything very extravagant, then," says Roslyn, who, sitting on the root of a large tree, looks as much like a nymph and as little like an ordinary girl as possible. "Of course it cannot be always summer, but life in the country flows in the even current that you see, very much the same at all seasons. Frankly, I think you would grow very tired of it after awhile," she adds, with a laugh.

"You say that because you don't know, or you don't care to acknowledge, what makes the charm for me," he answers, quickly, with an irritation in the words like the irritation of pain. Nor is this feigned. Those who play with edged tools are likely to be wounded; and to Lovelace's great surprise, he has found of late, that he is wounded very deeply indeed. He meant to trifle, and trifling has grown into earnest before he knows where he stands. Whether it be impulse, fancy, madness, or what, he feels at the present moment that he would give anything of which his life holds the possession or the promise, to be free to make the girl who sits before him entirely his own. But he is not blind to the real and tangible obstacles to such a step. He is an engaged man, a man overwhelmed with debt, and a man who must "do the best for himself," let the consequences be what they may. But he is also a man who is accustomed to following the fancy of the moment, whenever it does not interfere with the more serious matters of life, and he has grown day by day more recklessly anxious to win from Roslyn a confession of love, at least.

"Whatever makes the charm for you," she answers, a little surprised by his manner, "there is no harm in saying that you might grow tired of such a pastoral mode of life. I can tell you by

experience, that it is quite possible to grow tired of it. And if I feel this, what would *you* feel, whose life has been so different?"

"Very different, indeed," he says, "but it is the fact of this difference which makes me appreciate what I have found here. I have told you before this how I have squandered my fortune and thrown away my chances in life, been an idler, a good-for-naught, a spendthrift in every way; but I have not told you yet what is the heaviest fetter upon me, what I feel most bitterly now."

"No," the answers, looking at him with something of curiosity, but more of apprehension—for she is instinctively aware that some blow which may strike her very hard is about to fall—"you have not told me. If it is anything you dislike to dwell upon, don't tell me."

"I *must* tell you," he says in a voice that seems hoarse with resolution. In truth it has occurred to him as a sudden inspiration, that perhaps by means of the truth he may most readily and with least responsibility arrive at the full knowledge which he desires, and which it is now an imperative necessity with him to gain. "I ought to have told you long ago," he says, "but I have been living in a paradise of dreams, and I put away all disturbing recollections, thinking that forgetfulness for a little while could do no harm. But it *has* done harm, for awaking must come at last to all dreaming; and to me it has come in the bitter realization that I love you with all my heart—and that I am engaged to marry another woman!"

Silence—a silence which may be felt. The world seems going round with Roslyn, and there is the sound as of many waters in her ears. The shock is so great that for a minute she is stunned, and she feels with a dull sense of consternation that she has absolutely no control of her countenance or her voice. She is incapable of uttering a word, and after a moment he goes on:

"Do you know what this means for me? It was a family contract made with my cousin, a mere arrangement *de convenance*; but my honor is bound, and I, who carelessly entered into the bondage, feel now that I, have sold every possibility of happiness in life. Roslyn," he draws nearer and takes her hand before she can prevent—"what am I to do? I love you, you only, you alone!"

Then Roslyn forces her stiff, dry lips to speak, and says, with a composure that surprises herself:

"It seems to me that there is only one thing for you to do. If your honor *is* bound, you must fulfill your engagement. As for what you feel for me"—drawing her hand from his clasp—"that, fortunately, is a matter of no importance."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"THE OPAL RING."

BY KATE CROSBY.

"October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an opal on her breast,
And hope will lull those woes to rest."

"Well, I guess I'm fated to know 'life's vicissitudes,' but heaven help me if I am born to know any more about them than I do already, for no opal graces this breast of mine," I say, as I turn from the window, "and there is no likelihood," I continue, "of my ever being so fortunate as to possess one," and my eyes survey the room which though very cosy and comfortable enough, does not exhibit that sign of wealth in any way suggesting opals. I throw myself in a chair stare into the fire, and go over my past life. The happy times we had when wealth was ours; the dark days when my father's absent air and troubled looks, my mother's tearful eyes, told me something had gone wrong, when my father invested the last dollar he owned in a speculation which proved a bubble; the darker days still, when, having learned of the failure of his expectations, by which he intended to rebuild his fallen fortunes, my father went half mad with despair, the report of the pistol which rang through the silence, and the lifeless form stretched on the office floor, told the men, who, stricken with horror, had forced in the door, that Edward Houston Mordaunt was dead, and by his own hand.

The sale of our house and furniture came next, and finally the severing of all the so-called friendships which had existed during our palmy days.

Foremost among the soi-disant friends was a gentleman named Reginald Vaughan; he was several years my senior, handsome and polished; in fact, an elegant man of the world. Ah, me! I was only eighteen, and 'twas the old story; the earnest blue eyes caused mine to sink beneath their gaze, as they had caused many another woman's, and at the end of six months' acquaintance the engagement between the handsome Reginald Vaughan and the wealthy Miss Mordaunt was announced in the fashionable world. So, in my hour of deep distress, to whom could I turn for comfort but to the man who had often told me, that if God saw fit to take my wealth, gladly would he toil from early till late, and for his reward ask but my love.

My mother had passed from one fainting spell into another, until exhausted she fell into a heavy slumber. My brother Fred, who was two years younger than I, sat gazing out the library window, his face, like mine, white and careworn; but there was a look of horror in his eyes that haunted me for many a day. That afternoon, returning from college, he saw a crowd near father's office; several men were loitering near him, and in an-

swer to his question as to what was the matter, one replied, coolly:

"Oh! a man, who was fool enough to blow his brains out; speculating did that business, for they say he's lost every red he had in the world. It'll bring them swell Mordaunts down a peg when they hear the old gentleman's shot himself. What the mischief's the matter with you?" he exclaimed, more quickly, as looking up, he saw the ghastly, horror-stricken face of my brother, as he stood for an instant as if turned into stone; then suddenly, without a word, Fred strode up the street towards home.

I met him in the hall; a look at my face sufficed to tell him that what he had heard was true. "I know everything," was all he said as he entered the library.

Two hours after I went in search of him, and found him, as I said, sitting white and stern, and that awful look in his once laughing eyes. I rang the bell, and bade the servant take the note I gave him to Mr. Vaughan's office; then going to my brother, I put my arms around his neck and burst into tears; we were very fond of each other, and I felt his arm tighten around me, and soon hot tears mingled with mine; 'twas that, so said the doctor afterwards, which saved his reason. Suddenly he burst forth, "Father was a coward!"

"Fred, Fred!" I exclaimed, in horror, "think what you are saying."

"Yes, and I mean it," he went on, "a coward to leave us, not only in poverty, but with a stain on our name which time can never efface from the memory of the world."

Before I could speak, the door opened, and a note directed in Reginald's writing was handed me. I tore it open hastily, but stood aghast at the first words. "My Dear Miss Mordaunt." Finally I managed to read further; he said he had heard of our sad bereavement, and was deeply grieved for me; but as he had come of a proud family, upon whose escutcheon no stain, however slight, had ever been cast, he thought it would be best if I would break our engagement. He went on to say that if there was anything he could do for us he would do it gladly, and begged to remain "my sincere friend, Reginald Stuart Vaughan." I read the note to the end, and yet stood conning over every word, as if they each contained some terrible fascination for me. I was aroused by my brother touching me.

"What is it, Trix," he said, anxiously, "any more bad news?"

I gave him the letter and left the room. Going straight to my own apartment, I took the letters and presents which Mr. Vaughan had sent and given me at various times, and was arranging them with a precision which was painful to myself, preparatory to returning them, when my brother entered. "I have answered your note,

Beatrice," he said, quietly, handing me a letter written in his fine, firm style. It ran thus:

"MR. VAUGHAN—My sister desires me to inform you that she releases you most gladly from your engagement, and returns your letters and gifts. We are highly honored at your offer to help us, but we do not need your assistance, for though but a boy in years, I am fully able to protect my mother and sister.

"FREDERIC CARROLL MORDAUNT."

When I finished, the tears were coursing down my cheeks, and Fred, taking the note from me, and pressing one loving kiss on my forehead, left me.

The funeral took place very quietly, and then we disappeared from the fashionable world; our names were forgotten as utterly as if I had never trod the pavements of the "Promenade," proudly conscious of being the belle of the season—as if I had never been the "observed of all observers"—the heiress of the immensely wealthy Mr. Mordaunt, and the betrothed wife of the handsomest man in the city. Well, well, such is life—and here I waken to the fact that it is growing dark; that the room is as cold as charity, and that I wanted to practice for the last time the Easter anthem for to-morrow. I had quite a fine soprano voice, and thanks to my father's love of music, it had been thoroughly cultivated, and I found it invaluable to me at this time. I had engaged as first soprano in one of the largest churches in the same part of the city in which we now lived, directly after my father's death; and two years constant practice, together with the cultivation it had received, served to develop my voice wonderfully, until my singing became quite noted up-town. Just as I sang the last note, the tea-bell rang, and my brother coming in at that moment cried: "Bravo, Trix, that vocal organ of yours is something of which we might be justly proud." Two years had made a great change in this brother of mine; in spite of his youthfulness, there was a manly air about him; a determined set to the finely curved lips; a steadier light in his eyes; in fact, I considered him a paragon of brothers.

The next morning was bright and clear, but the walking dreadfully slippery, as a day of snow and one of rain, is apt to make it; so my brother and I, with many injunctions from mother to be careful, set out for church. We were not very talkative. My mind reverted to the pleasant Easter mornings we used to have, and I guess Fred's was not far from mine. My eyes were fixed on the ground, and I was humming absently, "Christ the Lord has risen to-day," which was to be the master-piece of the morning; suddenly I saw something sparkle, but thinking it was only the ice, went on. I had gone but a step or two, when I let go my brother's arm and turned back.

"What have you dropped," he inquired, as he saw me stoop.

"Oh Fred!" I exclaimed without answering his question, "look what I have found!" It lay glittering in my gloved palm, an opal ring set with diamonds.

Without any provocation I burst out laughing. Fred looked up in surprise. "Listen brother mine; I was born in October, an unlucky month, 'But lay an opal on my breast,' or *finger*, it don't matter which, I imagine—'And hope will lull my woes to rest,' and behold! Fate has thrust the wondrous talisman upon me," I continued, in a semi-tragic tone.

"Well, we won't talk about 'Fate's thrusting it upon you,' until we find out to whom it belongs," Fred interposes practically, "and then, perhaps, the owner of the 'wondrous talisman' might seriously object to your kind Fate bidding you appropriate articles which don't belong to you. But come along, or we shall be late for church, and you would not feel very much indebted to your 'fate,' if you were to hear the second soprano murdering the solo by which you were to have won so many laurels."

"Wise boy," I remarked, slipping the ring on my finger, and drawing on my glove. I arrived just in time, and I think the talisman must have commenced to show its power at once, for I never sang so well in my life; or as the papers said in recording the Easter services, "Miss Mordaunt's voice rang through the church like the clear, musical tones of a bell. Her rendition of the anthem, 'Christ the Lord,' was grand, and something to be remembered by all who heard it."

Fred declared I grew a foot taller as he read out the notice with a dramatic flourish.

We advertised day after day, until a month had expired, yet no one put in a claim for the ring. "It was surely fashioned by my fairy god-mother and placed where my glance alone should fall upon it," I say, laughingly, to my brother, who was examining the costly bauble at the gas-light, whilst I was dressing for a soiree. Not in such attire as I used to array myself, and I smile involuntarily as I don a plain black silk; yet Fred, with brotherly enthusiasm, exclaimed: "There won't be a handsomer girl in the room; and those scarlet flowers look a thousand times better on you than all their diamonds will on others."

I thank him with a kiss for his remark, and off we start.

The room was quite crowded when we entered, and passing through the throng, I took my seat near the piano with some ladies who, like myself, had volunteered to contribute to the enjoyment of the assembled guests. I was the first to sing; the piece was "Robert, toi que j'aime," from the opera of "Robert le Diable." As I finished, quite a storm of applause greeted me. I bowed my thanks, and for an encore sang some simple ballad. Suddenly I looked up, and saw a gentleman with his eyes intently on me. I

flushed crimson with anger, but, concluding my song, I took my brother's arm and was presently so busy talking to my friends, and listening to the music that the circumstance soon faded from my mind. As I was leaving, a lady touched my arm and whispered, "I have a cousin, Mr. Hazeltine, who is wild to be introduced to you, my dear, and until this moment I have had no opportunity."

I hesitated an instant, but raising my eyes, I saw the "cousin" was no other than the "impertinent man," as I privately called him, who had annoyed me, and now he was watching me so closely as to make me fairly clutch Fred's arm with indignation.

"Your friend is very kind," I replied quietly, and not without a shade of sarcasm in my voice, "but I have not a moment to spare;" and before she could speak I bowed a smiling "good-night" to Mrs. Lennox, and sailed by the offending individual with an air, as Fred said, absolutely majestic.

"I declare," I exclaimed to Fred as we were walking home, "I cannot forget the look that man gave; there was something so searching in it, as if he were trying to read my very soul."

"I'd like to pitch him into the street," growled Fred, ferociously.

But try as I could, it was some time before I could entirely forget the intentness of the gaze. It was about a week after the occurrence that I received a note inviting me to a small company. Once more the trusty black silk was called into use, but ornamented this time with buff roses; and Fred's criticisms again proving satisfactory, we were soon ushered into the lovely parlor of Mrs. Lennox.

The evening passed very pleasantly; towards the close I was sitting in a bay window awaiting the return of my escort, who had left me for a few moments, when I heard a man's voice ask: "Whom do you mean? The lady in black and buff? Why my dear fellow, she is the daughter of Edward Mordaunt, who committed suicide some years since; rather a gay old boy, I imagine. Had too much to do with the handling of other people's money."

"Did you know her?" was the next question.

"Slightly; mere acquaintance, that was all," was the answer, in a careless tone.

Instantly I arose, and parting the curtains saw Mr. Hazeltine, and with him—ah! I knew I could not be mistaken—Reginald Vaughan. Both gentlemen started as they saw me. I rested my eyes, apparently very casually, on Mr. Vaughan's face; but I know they must have shown some of the scorn I felt rise within me, for he colored vividly. He made a move as if to speak to me, but not noticing it, I took the arm of my escort who at that moment returned, and walked down the room.

"By Jove! she heard you;" Mr. Hazeltine said, in a smothered voice, as I passed them.

Vaughan shrugged his shoulders, but I saw his teeth sink in his underlip, an old fashion of his when deeply vexed. I dared not look again, for they had turned, and their eyes were upon me.

Later Mrs. Lennox came to me, leaning on Mr. Hazeltine's arm. "This naughty boy would be put off no longer," she said laughingly, "so allow me: Miss Mordaunt—Mr. Hazeltine."

I bowed coldly, and he, taking a seat by my side, talked of music, dancing, in fact everything which interested me, but extracted scarcely more than monosyllables from me. The man's pertinacity angered me. Suddenly I was startled by the change in his voice, it was so full of honest sympathy, as he said in a low tone, "I am sorry you overheard our conversation this evening."

My eyes flashed. "If the gentleman," I replied, putting a sarcastic emphasis on the word, "had adhered to the truth, he would have done well. Although my father may have been unfortunate, he was never dishonest." As I finished I fairly trembled in my indignation. "Of the money intrusted to him," I continued, "the owners received every penny."

At that moment my brother came up; so, rising, I introduced Mr. Hazeltine, and bidding him "Good-night," I went to the dressing room. As I was coming down stairs, before leaving the house, Mr. Hazeltine met me and said:

"If Mrs. Lennox will be kind enough to bring me, may I have the pleasure of calling on you? I acknowledge," he continued, smilingly, seeing I hesitated, "I was but just introduced; still, you will also have to acknowledge that it was not my fault."

I laughed involuntarily, "Well, yes, if Mrs. Lennox will bring you" I said presently.

"Thanks," he said, heartily; and wishing him again "good-night," I left.

One evening about a week after this incident, Mrs. Lennox, accompanied by Mr. Hazeltine, called. We had a most delightful time; the "impertinent man" possessed a wonderful tenor voice, and we found so many songs which we could sing together, that eleven o'clock struck before we knew it.

"Good gracious, Tom," exclaimed Mrs. Lennox, "if we do not hurry home my husband will think we have eloped." So donning her out-door apparel they bade us good-night, Mrs. Lennox laughingly declaring that now Tom had found his way here, she expected that there would be no end to his visits.

"Always supposing it is with Miss Mordaunt's permission," interposed her cousin, looking at me.

"You have it," I answered smiling.

"But put in a proviso," put in Mrs. Lennox, "that he always behaves himself."

"Do let me put in a word edgewise, Helen,"

said Mr. Hazeltine; "I was going to thank Miss Mordaunt for her kindness in granting my request; and now to you," he continued, "I have to say, that the sooner we go the better, or else you will have all my badness told." So laughing gayly they departed.

It was not the last visit which Mr. Hazeltine paid us, and he was now also a constant attendant at our church. "It is so much more convenient than the one to which Helen goes," he remarked gravely; and in fact was so regularly my escort home, both from morning and afternoon services, that Fred finally declared his mission over.

"Nonsense," exclaimed I; "you and he do the talking, and all I can do is to listen."

"Oh yes;" returned Fred dryly, "he talks to me, but looks at you, and I know he is thinking all the time, 'Why on earth does she have that bore of a brother tagging after her all the time?' I say Trix," he continued, suddenly looking me straight in the eyes, "is that opal ring going to 'lull your woes to rest,' or if not the ring, is something or *somebody* else going to? That is," he added, "generally supposing a life of single blessedness to be the greatest of woes to a maiden fair."

"Don't talk foolishly; I do not care for"—I stopped, and then continued hastily, "anybody that is of the masculine gender, except yourself," and then, throwing him a kiss, I left the room.

Several evenings after this, upon the occasion of one of his visits, Mr. Hazeltine and myself had been singing, when he startled me by saying suddenly: "Do you know, Miss Mordaunt, why I looked at you so intently the first evening I saw you?"

I shook my head.

"First, on account of your singing; and second, because of the remarkable resemblance of that opal ring on your finger, to one I lost some two months or so previously. I was obliged to leave the city the next day, and only returned the morning of the day I met you."

"Why, I found this ring," I exclaimed, "on my way to church on Easter Sunday. We put advertisements in the papers for a month; but as you did not return home until a month later, it is not likely you could have seen them, so it must be yours;" and I drew the ring off my finger.

"Wait a minute, my dear young lady," he said, hesitating, until I prove whether or not the article in question is my property."

He took the ring from me, and upon pressing one of the diamonds, the opal flew back and disclosed a tiny picture of a very beautiful lady; then taking a locket which hung from his watch-chain, he opened it, and there was a counterpart of the lovely face. "It is my mother's picture," he said softly; "she gave me the ring when she was dying."

Here Fred put his head in at the door to ask some question, and I exclaimed: "There, Fred, my fairy godmother proved a myth after all, for I have found an owner for the ring."

My brother came in, and after a few moments were occupied in examining the ring, he turned to me with a wicked smile and said: "'October's child is born for woe,' etc.; commence to weep, Trix, my dear, for the gloomy future; your opal's gone, and your fairy godmother's a fraud." And then, to my disgust, he related in full, with a few exaggerations, the account of my finding the ring. Mr. Hazeltine laughed heartily, and bravely defended Fred from my attacks, until that young gentleman fled precipitately from the room.

"Now for the reward," said Mr. Hazeltine, when we had finished laughing.

"Which will be," I interrupted, "that you accept the position of tenor in our choir, which Mr. Hastings offered you at Mrs. Lennox's last soiree."

"Is that all?" he asked, in apparent surprise; "would you accept no other reward?"

"I do not understand you, Mr. Hazeltine," I replied haughtily.

Just then mother came into the room to congratulate him upon the recovery of his ring, and remained until he took his departure. So of course nothing further was said, and I bade him good-night very coldly.

"What did he mean?" I said angrily, after I had entered my own room; "did he think I would take *money*? I wish his ring had been at the bottom of the Red Sea before ever I saw it. I am afraid I shall have to return to my first opinion of him."

The next day a picnic was to go to Mr. Lennox's country seat. I had anticipated a glorious time; but now I was so vexed that I could have remained at home; but Fred had only two weeks' vacation from the office in which he had obtained a situation immediately after father's death, and he had set his heart upon going; so I could not disappoint him, for he would not go without me. So, as the carriages laden with merry, laughing people drove up, I smothered my anger as best I could, and took my seat with the others. Somehow, vexed as I was, and flirting desperately with my neighbor, I took a dislike to the girl who was raising her eyes so bewitchingly to the smiling face of Mr. Hazeltine. "I think," I said to myself, "he might have had the decency to show in some way that he regretted what he said last evening. But I don't suppose he does regret it," I continued moodily; "or at least he does not seem to."

"Your wits must certainly have gone wool-gathering, Miss Mordaunt," exclaimed my neighbor, Mr. Hartley, "for I have said at least a dozen pretty things to you, and I don't believe you have heard one of them."

I started, and looking up quickly, caught the eyes of Mr. Hazeltine fixed upon me. I colored deeply, and wondered if he had read my thoughts.

The place was only a few miles from the city, so about eleven o'clock we were wandering about the lovely grounds at our own sweet wills. It was a beautiful morning, the birds seemed ready to burst their little throats in their efforts to out-vie each other in their sweet music. The great profusion of flowers rendered the air fragrant with delicious perfumes; but I did not feel very amiable, and the gay laughter only served to make me worse; so I stole off unseen, and found a lovely spot, thickly inclosed with cedars on the side towards the house, and almost so on the other. I pressed the low branches of the trees aside and stepped in; then seating myself on the grass, was brooding over the insult, as I termed it, which I had received, when some one suddenly sat down beside me, and Mr. Hazeltine's voice said:

"People who do not wish to be discovered, should take better care of their property," and he held up my crimson scarf. "I found it just outside," he continued, "so I knew some one else had found out my favorite resort, and I gave a pretty fair guess who that 'some one' was."

"I beg you pardon, Mr. Hazeltine," I said coldly, "I was not aware I was trespassing."

"You foolish little girl," he said, in a half-vexed tone,—"No, you shall not go," and he held my arm tightly, as I attempted to rise.

Presently he exclaimed; "Come, I want to know what I have done that I deserve all these dark looks and dignified tones."

"I think you might know yourself," I replied, a trifle excited, while tears of wounded pride stood in my eyes. "I may be poor, Mr. Hazeltine," I went on, "but not poor enough to accept rewards"—at this juncture I heard a low laugh; I looked up, and our eyes met. Like a flash I comprehended everything, and the color mounted to my face as I turned my head away.

"Not if the reward consists, Trix," he said softly, putting his hand on mine, "of the life-long love and devotion which even such a blundering fellow as I am will give you?—and the opal ring, which, in spite of your fairy godmother, slipped off your finger, but only to find a permanent resting place on it again—if you *will*, Trix?" This very softly, with a suspicion of pleading in the voice. I don't think I made any answer; and if that is so, he certainly took "silence for consent," and appeared perfectly satisfied.

Some little time after, we returned, to find the party at dinner.

"Ah! here come the truants," exclaimed Mr. Lennox; "I am glad you found Miss Mordaunt, Tom," she continued, laughingly, "but you took an awful while about it—just two hours and twenty minutes by the watch."

I took my seat by the hostess, and I felt my cheeks burn as her eyes rested on my left hand; for Tom had told her the story of the ring, and to see it on his hand one evening, and on mine the next day, was, she told me later, "to say the least of it, very suspicious." And the burning in my cheeks was by no means dispelled by that self-same lady whispering: "Let me congratulate you, dear, for he is worthy of you."

The next evening, when Tom came to see mother, Fred listened until the parlor-door closed, and then coming towards me said, as he pointed to the ring, "I say, Trix, fairy godmothers are not such myths after all, are they? And opal rings are very nice, when accompanied by such a jolly incumbrance as your 'Fate' down-stairs. Never mind, old lady, I won't tease you any more, so God bless you;" and kissing me heartily he ran out of the room, and I am very certain I saw tears in those dear eyes.

One day, some time after the above event, we saw by the papers that a member of one of our most aristocratic families had been arrested for embezzling to the amount of thirty thousand dollars, but for the present the name would be suppressed. Of course it all came out later, and we found that the member of the aristocratic family was no other than Reginald Stuart Vaughan.

I remarked to Fred how strange it was that the very crime of which he had wrongfully accused father, he had committed himself.

Six months after came the wedding-day, and as Fred congratulated us, he remarked, "It is a pity fairy godmothers and opal rings, with agreeable fates attached, do not come to everybody." And so say I.

THE ONE SONG.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

I taught my docile goldfinch
My loved one's song to sing,
That ever, with its singing,
It dreams of her might bring.

But she is now another's;
Yet, while the bird sings on,
The dreams that so rejoiced me,
Will nevermore be gone.

The cage I wildly open,
And bid him fly away:
He sings her song for answer,
And with me still will stay.

The song but brings me sorrow;
He will not change his lay,
But still will sing to-morrow,
The song he sang to-day.

TRUTH, like roses, often blossoms upon a thorny stem.

SEND ME SOME VIOLETS.

BY FRANCIS E. WADLEIGH.

Mrs. Hayden stood for a moment irresolute: should she read it or should she not? Had the note been sealed she would no more have even contemplated opening it than she would have contemplated picking Nanette's pocket; but it was *not* sealed, and therein lay the temptation. Some people might have thought it just as dishonorable to read the open note in its owner's absence and without her permission, but not so Mrs. Hayden: we all draw a line between honor and dishonor, and she drew it at breaking a seal.

"It is from Mr. Wylie, I know his writing," she mused, "and surely I ought to know what is in it; it is my duty to read it; Nanette is like a daughter to me."

Curiosity overcame her yielding scruples, she glanced quickly over the clearly written lines signed "your devoted and anxious Stephen," and as she read a vexed, puzzled look spread over her face. Laying the note exactly where she found it, she retreated to her room and took counsel with herself.

Very different was the look upon Nettie Hayden's pretty face, as five minutes later she read the note for the second time, totally unconscious that any one had so much as entered her room during her brief absence from it. Pressing a kiss upon it, she tucked it carefully away in her sparsely-furnished jewel box and put the key in her pocket; then she took from her closet her hat, muff and jacket, and was about arraying herself for a walk when her aunt called her.

"Here I am, Aunt Betty," said she, entering Mrs. Hayden's room, "do you want me?"

"Yes—but you are going out," answered the older lady, observing her niece's hat, "must you go now?"

"Oh, no, there is no hurry; my errand will keep."

"Then I wish you would make some cake for tea; I would do it myself, but I have strained my right wrist somehow;" and as she spoke she exhibited the wrist, bandaged in arnica and ice-water.

When the cake was made there was chicken salad to be prepared and half a dozen other things to be looked after, which Mrs. Hayden never trusted to a domestic, for, as she explained:

"Oh dear, Nettie! Troubles never come singly. Here am I with a lame wrist, Florie just sick with her cold, and on top of it all, Mrs. Barrett sends me word that she is coming to spend the afternoon and take tea with us, and that she will bring Elsie and Clara to visit you."

Mrs. Hayden's memory must have been very treacherous; she quite omitted to mention that she had sent a note to Mrs. Barrett, as soon as she had read Stephen Wylie's missive to Nettie,

requesting her to come with her daughters to take tea that evening. "Accept *if possible*," Mrs. Hayden had written, "and write to me as if the idea were all your own; I have a *very particular* reason for not wanting Nanette to know that I have invited you. Say you will come *early*."

Ignorant of this plotting, Nettie exclaimed, vigorously:

"I do despise those Barrett girls! They haven't an idea in their heads beyond dress and dancing."

"Which do you dislike the most—Elsie or Clara?"

"Elsie—she is a shade more inane than Clara."

"So I supposed! Elsie is quite *épris* with your organist friend," answered Mrs. Hayden, smiling maliciously. "I fear that there is just a little jealousy at the bottom of your aversion."

"Nonsense, Aunt Betty! As if I would be jealous—" Nanette checked herself. She supposed that her aunt knew nothing of the contents of Stephen's note, and she did not wish to make them public until she had seen him once more.

"Of course not. I was only in jest. It never really entered my head that you would pull caps with Elsie Barrett for Mr. Wylie," replied Mrs. Hayden, innocently.

There was a touch of scorn in her voice, which stirred Nanette's soul, but she was silent; "time enough for a discussion," thought the girl, "when he announces our engagement; for, thank fortune, however much she may object to such a marriage, she cannot prevent it; I am over twenty-one, and my little property is all my own."

For this scorn of Stephen Wylie, and these covert sneers, were nothing new. Ever since Mrs. Hayden had begun to suspect that there was more than friendship between her niece and the organist of St. Andrew's, Nanette had heard the same thing in a dozen forms. Mrs. Hayden was a Virginian, and held the theory that a gentleman could not, must not work, and that a music teacher, however high his attainments or position, was decidedly a being of a lower order. She had no music in her soul, and regarded a musician as a second-rate Bohemian; had Mozart or Beethoven aspired to her hand, she would have refused him with a rebuke for his presumption; and the man who not only played the church organ for a salary, but also gave lessons (at a good round price), in singing and on the piano, was not, in her eyes, a fit match for her husband's niece.

But no one in Hamilton shared her sentiments. Mr. Wylie, a gentleman as well as a musician, was received everywhere, and there were some very "exclusive" people there. He might have married any one of the most aristocratic girls, but none of them had ever stirred his heart, until, at her father's death, three years ago, Nanette Hayden had come to Hamilton to make her home with her uncle.

After some months' acquaintance he had awaked to the unwelcome knowledge that he was desperately in love with Nettie, and the late-kindled love of a man of thirty-five is deep and lasting. He bitterly regretted this imprudence on his part, for he could not afford to marry; his income was a good one and was yearly increasing, but his invalid sister-in-law and her children had fallen on his hands at his brother's death, and they spent every cent he could earn.

Now, however, after two year's silent waiting, he could ask Nanette to be his wife; for the day before he sent the above mentioned note, a distant relative of his sister-in-law had bequeathed her a handsome fortune. And the first use he made of his freedom was to write an impassioned note to Nettie, declaring his love, and concluding thus:

"To-morrow night, I must escort my sister-in-law to Boston, where she has to interview her lawyers, and will be obliged to remain there until Saturday assisting her. I can not longer rest in uncertainty as to your feelings towards me; so if you are disposed to listen favorably to my suit, I will take courage if you will wear a knot of violets at your throat this evening. It is your aunt's reception-night, and I know I can not get a chance to say a word to you in private; but by this sign I will know whether to speak on my return or remain silent."

This was the note. And it was to prevent the purchase of the significant violets that Mrs. Hayden, with her sham sprain and her company, had kept Nanette so busy all day. The nearest florist was a mile away, on the other side of the town, but, as Mr. Wylie well knew, Nettie went there every day or two to purchase a little knot of flowers. Flowers and music (and just now musicians) were her passion.

The short December morning had melted into afternoon before Nettie found rest from her labors, and then the Barretts arrived; in short, she found no time to go for her violets, and there was no one whom she could send. Thereat, Mrs. Hayden rejoiced:

"Now," she thought, "I have checkmated Mr. Wylie; he will see no violets, and he will think himself rejected."

"Elsie," said Mrs. Hayden, early that evening—"I wish you had brought your music with you; your friend Mr. Wylie will probably be here by and-by, and you ought to sing for him."

Elsie laughed, and replied:

"In time of peace I prepare for war—I *did* bring a song or two."

"I don't see what all the girls in Hamilton find to admire in him," exclaimed Mrs. Hayden. "I consider him a very ordinary fellow. He plays divinely, to be sure, but one's husband can't be forever at the piano; he is not handsome—"

A chorus of "ohs" arose from the Barretts. Nettie alone was silent.

"He is not by any means young; he is—"

"Just thirty-six," interposed Clara, "he and Cousin Harold are the same age."

"Forty-six, you mean. You don't believe that he is any less?" replied Mrs. Hayden. "Far too old for you, Elsie."

Elsie blushed bewitchingly, and answered:

"You forget that he was born here. Besides, I never did like boys."

And thus they discussed Stephen, to Nettie's disgust.

The first glance that Stephen Wylie cast at Nettie, when he entered Mr. Hayden's drawing-room a little later, gave him, as he thought, the answer to his note. Not a vestige of violets was visible.

Disheartened, he turned from her as soon as he had given the greeting that civility demanded, and conversed a few moments with her aunt, who, you may be sure, was close at hand to prevent any untoward explanations.

"Miss Elsie Barrett is willing to sing for us, this evening," she hastened to say, "may I depend on you to play her accompaniments?"

"I regret very much that my engagements will not permit me to do so," replied Wylie, "I must take the midnight train for Boston."

"Do you remain long?"

"Yes—no—until Saturday," he answered, watching Ira Crawford, who was now doing his best to absorb Nettie's attention.

Mrs. Hayden followed his glance, and said, sweetly:

"Mr. Crawford's devotion is very evident."

"It is indeed. Is he—has he—does Miss Hayden reciprocate it?"

Mrs. Hayden looked at him with a perfect semblance of pity in her eyes; maybe she did pity him—she did not dislike Wylie herself, only she honestly thought she was doing her duty by Nettie in preventing this marriage. She exclaimed, tenderly:

"Oh, Mr. Wylie! I am *so* grieved!"

He understood her. His dark eyes gathered an additional blackness, the soft light died out of them, and in a low tone he replied:

"Guard my secret, Mrs. Hayden; no one knows it but you and she."

"She! Why she never hinted so much to me."

"No, she is too true a woman to attach the scalps of her victims to her belt; but it is true, I offered myself, and she—" he could say no more.

"I am not surprised. Pardon me if I seem rude, but you know Mr. Crawford is young and very gallant, handsome, wealthy, and wide awake."

"And dissipated! No fit husband for a pure girl like Nanette."

"Oh, he will be steady enough when he marries. You can't expect too much of twenty-five; ten years hence he will be all right. Besides,

most women do like men with a spice of the devil in them," says Mrs. Hayden, quoting a slander rife among men.

Elsie Barrett now joined them, and in a short time Wylie took his leave without making any effort to speak to Nanette.

"I wonder if women *do* prefer dissipated men," said Wylie to himself, as he walked home. "I can't believe it. But aside from his character, I must confess that Ira is a dangerous rival. I ought to have known better than to speak; what chance would a solemn old fellow like me have against a ready-tongued compliment manufacturer? How can I hope that Nettie will overlook his curly, golden head, to look with favor on my gray hairs?"

For Wylie was slightly gray, in spite of his comparative youth, and was rather sensitive about the silver threads so plainly visible in his jet black locks; he need not have been, however, for by contrast with his soft black eyes and well-trimmed mustache, they made his clear, honest countenance more handsome than ever. Late hours and superabundant liquor had never got an opportunity to set their indelible marks upon his face.

Nettie was greatly disappointed when she found that he had really gone before she could have any conversation with him. But she consoled herself by thinking that on Sunday she would wear the violets, and perhaps he would remark upon them; if he did not do so voluntarily, then she would call his attention to them. For she took it for granted that he would walk home from church with her, as he had done for months past.

The organ in St. Andrew's church was at the head of the left aisle, and on a level with the chancel. From his post the organist could see and be seen by all who sat near the head of that aisle, and here were usually congregated (it was a free church) the most ardent of his admirers, Elsie Barrett, for instance, and Clara. Nanette sat with her aunt on the centre aisle; but though they were behind him, a strip of looking-glass above the key-board allowed Wylie to watch Nettie at his leisure. On this Sunday, a glance in the mirror showed him that Nettie was present and Crawford with her, but—such is the dullness of men and timidity of lovers—it failed to point out to him the goodly bunch of violets which reposed just below her dimpled chin. He noted her steadfast gay eyes, her waving dark brown hair, her peachy cheeks and her rosy mouth, just made for kisses, and he told himself that she and Crawford would make a handsome couple.

Then he made a mistake, a great mistake. Thinking "I must forget her," he forced his reluctant vision to travel over the rest of the congregation, until he saw, in the mirror, that Elsie Barrett was gazing at him with very evident ad-

miration. More to distract his thoughts from Crawford than for any liking for flirtation, he turned his head suddenly and glanced directly at Elsie, with a smile in eye and mouth. Elsie was surprised and fluttered; she blushed, and he smiled again with genuine amusement.

This took place while the rector was reading the second lesson, and fully half the congregation saw this bit of by-play, Nanette and her aunt among them, and all who saw it placed more importance upon it than it deserved. Wylie had never been known to do such a thing before. He was invariably devout and seemingly quite unconscious of the congregation; and now to deliberately turn his head, while the people were seated and could see his every movement, and smile twice at Elsie—well, this certainly meant something! And no one was surprised that he walked home from church with her instead of Nettie—how were they to know that she waited for him, so that she might take him to task for making her laugh in church? Not that it grieved her very deeply, but then it was such a fine way of establishing a confidence between herself and the rather unimpressible organist.

As soon as Nettie reached home, she took the offending violets and cast them into the fire; their very odor sickened her, and never could she see or smell them after that without remembering her heavy heart that morning. Wylie smiling at Elsie Barrett! How little he seemed to feel her apparent refusal of him!

But he did feel it, deeply and bitterly; his was no calf-love, no idle fancy of the moment, no mere admiration of a pretty face; it was a strong man's adoration of a noble character and a gentle disposition, familiar to him for nearly three years. He tried to forget. Heedless that people might note and understand his conduct, he kept away from Mrs. Hayden's house, but accepted the numerous invitations that others were constantly pouring in upon him. He tolerated Elsie's homage, and allowed her to coax him into assisting in the management of one or two private concerts given by Mrs. Barrett, and drilled Elsie and Clara in their efforts to master the rôles of Josephine and Hebe in an amateur *Pinafore*.

He sedulously avoided Nanette, and she made no efforts to encounter him. She was mortified to think that she had ever wished to marry a man who could so soon console himself—and with Elsie, her pet aversion.

Encouraged by Mrs. Hayden, young Crawford paid his court to Nettie, but could not, for some time, make up his mind to propose. He feared, with reason, that he would receive an uncompromising "no." Nevertheless, the Hamilton gossips settled the matter to suit themselves, and it was generally believed that there would soon be a Mrs. Ira Crawford.

In February there was a large party given by

Mrs. Barrett, which Nanette could find no good excuse for not attending. Crawford was so persistent in his attentions that to be rid of him she announced her intention of not dancing. This disconcerted him, but it did not keep him altogether away from her side.

While a quadrille was being walked through, she found herself wedged in a corner, with Wylie on one side and Crawford on the other. Behind her on a table was a mass of fresh violets, and Crawford (to disguise the odors of brandy and tobacco) was redolent with Lubin's extract of violet. In the heated room the flowers gave out their odor most bountifully, assisted by Crawford's handkerchief, and this (to her) suggestive perfume, combined with Wylie's silent presence, was too much for Nettie's over-tried nerves; she felt herself growing ill and faint.

"Oh dear," she said to herself. "I must not faint. It would make such a sensation."

But Wylie could see out of the corners of his eyes; he cried:

"Miss Hayden, you are very pale; are you faint?"

"Just a little," she murmured, "I will be better in a moment."

"I will get you a glass of water," exclaimed Ira Crawford, jumping up and leaving the room.

But the dizzy sensation increased. Wylie saw it, and said:

"If you get into cooler air you will be better. Let me assist you into the library."

Her dread of making a scene was greater than her desire to avoid her former suitor, and leaning on his arm, she was soon out of the heat and away from the violets.

"It is not usual for you to become faint: have you been ill?" asked Wylie, after depositing her in an arm-chair, with a hassock under her feet.

"Oh, no," she answered. "It was the heat and those horrid violets."

"The violets! Are they offensive to you?"

"Yes, they sicken me."

"You used to wear them."

No answer.

He continued, a little spitefully:

"When you have a right to dictate to Mr. Crawford, I presume you will not permit him to use so much of Lubin's violet."

Still silent. She could not trust herself to speak of Crawford, for her voice might betray her. She examined the lace border of her handkerchief very intently.

"Silence gives consent," Wylie said, when he found that she did not speak. "Accept my congratulations."

No, she could not let it go so far.

"Upon what?" she asked.

"Upon your engagement to Ira Crawford, the handsomest, richest, most popular young bachelor in town."

"You are decidedly premature. Mr. Crawford, however, ought to know how highly you esteem him."

"I! I consider him a dissipated, empty-headed Adonis; and whoever my fortunate rival may be, I am glad, for your sake, that it is not he."

She could not reply, but she must say something; a silence now would be awkward and significant.

"Pray do not let me detain you here longer, Mr. Wylie," she exclaimed, hurriedly. "I feel much better, quite well, in fact, and I know Elsie is looking for you."

"Let her look," he replied laconically, not moving. "Men do not leave paradise voluntarily."

What could the man mean? She glanced up at him in wonder, but the longing, the hopeless expression in his dark eyes, confused her. She concentrated her gaze on her handkerchief.

"Have you always detested violets?" he asked. "I think you used to wear them. I know you have, on at least one occasion, pinned them on your dress."

She remembered the time, one evening when he had been more devoted than usual, and had begged her to wear them because her little cousin had just fastened a few of them in his coat. She bit her lips and tapped her little foot nervously—with vexation, he thought.

"I beg your pardon for alluding to it—I was a conceited coxcomb, to have drawn the least encouragement from such a trifle—but drowning men will catch at straws. You are not really offended?"

"Oh, no. Why should I be? Those days are past and gone, and you had a perfect right to change your mind. Elsie is very attractive," she said, with a poor counterfeit of indifference.

"Yes, I suppose so—but good heavens, Nettie, you don't believe that I care for her? You must think me fickle!" he answered, eagerly.

"You are with her a great deal."

"I must be somewhere. A bachelor's lodgings are not the most attractive spot on earth. I can not be with you, so it don't make much difference where I am."

So she had been mistaken after all! He either did not see, or did not understand, the bunch of violets at her throat that Sunday; and she would take a step, a little step, towards him. Rising to leave the room, she said, with flushed face and downcast eyes:

"If you ever again ask a lady to wear your favorite flowers, be sure and send her some with your note."

She was on the threshold of the door as she uttered the last word. Springing to her, he grasped her hand and cried, breathlessly:

"Did you mean to wear them? Did you mean to say *yes* instead of *no*?"

"I don't know what I might have said, but I was so busy I could not get out of the house that day, or—" she hesitated, "well, I did wear them that Sunday when you had eyes for no one but Elsie."

Transferring his grasp from hand to waist, he drew her to him, and with his mustache brushing her velvet cheek, he whispered :

"Never mind the violets, love. Say that you will be my wife—if I am not too old, if my gray hairs—"

"Your gray hairs, nonsense! You know that they are infinitely more becoming to you than the 'dissipated Adonis's' golden locks are to him," answered Nettie, a little tenderly, but with a jesting voice.

"Perhaps I was somewhat harsh in my judgment of Crawford—but oh, Nettie, I was jealous and miserable! Tell me plainly, dearest, do you, can you, love me?"

As if she was going to "tell him plainly" any such thing! Evidently he was no skilled wooer, or he would have known that it requires some coaxing to extract such a confession from a girl for the first time.

Slipping quickly from his embrace, she glided from the room, saying :

"Send me some violets to-morrow, and *maybe* I will wear them."

"LIFE'S REWARD."

Have you found your life a shadow,
And your fondest hope a dream?
Have your pleasures turned to sorrows?
Casts your setting sun no beam

That reminds you of bright moments,
Golden moments, quickly sped?
Is there not one ray of gladness
In your heart so cold and dead?

Has Fate dealt with you so hardly,
Turned all love for you to hate,
And at last is hope forbidden
Longer in your breast to wait?

Life has much of sun and shadow,
All must have some cloud and rain,
Ev'ry heart its sorrow knoweth,
Ev'ry soul its secret pain.

Let not care nor disappointment
Mar your short life's brightest hour,
Let not "hope deferred" e'er darken
Stifle *all* love's sweetest power.

For to him that overcometh
And a perfect faith retains,
Looking upward, striving onward
He a crown immortal gains.

ADVERSITY does not take from us our true friends; it only disperses those who pretended to be such.

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN OF OUR OWN AND OTHER LANDS.

NO. 19.

MARY LYON.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

The founder of Mount Holyoke Seminary, which has furnished blessings to thousands in the shape of teachers, missionaries, wives, and mothers, was a truly remarkable woman—combining as she did all that was lovely and feminine in character with great strength and grasp of mind, judgment and decision with the tenderest love and sympathy, and unbending Christian principle with the manners of a perfect lady.

In addition to all this, she was an unusually successful teacher, and may be said to have inaugurated a new era in teaching—making the most distasteful studies pleasant, and looking beyond the mere imparting of knowledge to the nobler work of elevating and purifying the minds and hearts committed to her charge.

The life of Mary Lyon, the school teacher of South Hadley, is a powerful sermon—full of those 'footprints' which others 'seeing, may take heart again;' and its dawn was a sweet and loving childhood among the hills of Western Massachusetts. The "Three Corners" consisted of Conway, Ashfield, and Buckland; and here in 1797, on a 'wild, romantic little farm,' the subject of this sketch was born.

She was one of a family of seven children who, although poor in this world's goods, were blessed with devoted Christian parents; and happy in each other, and in their lovely little home, they cared little for the riches and pleasures of the outside world.

But in the sorrows of those about them they never failed to sympathize, and to relieve their needs as far as possible; from the death of the husband and father, when Mary was but six years years old, Mrs. Lyon was, in her daughter's words, 'a sort of presiding angel of good works in all that little neighborhood'—while her cheerful, loving spirit was so strongly reflected in her child, that an acquaintance of thirty years' standing testified of the latter that he never saw a cloud on her countenance.

The little farm was so prudently managed by the widowed mother, that it seemed to yield all that was needed for the comfort of the family; and the sunny-tempered little girl took everything that was provided for her as an especial blessing. Spinning and weaving were then common domestic occupations in New England; and Mary took great pleasure in watching the progress of a new dress through its various and complicated phases.

The summer school dress of linen began with

the growing flax; this she saw broken and hackled and loomed upon the distaff, from which her mother spun the web. There was no lack of dyes on the farm; peach-leaves, smart-weed, birch-bark; and from the little country store indigo, or copperas, might be had. Then it was spooled and warped, and woven in the loom; while Mary wound all the quills, and did her share of helping.

Then, for the winter dress, she watched the sheep-shearing, the wool-picking and washing, the sending of the wool to the carding-machine, and the sacks of rolls as they were returned. Spinning again, at the large wheel this time; and here the little girl could take a part. Many useful lessons for after life did she learn at this same wheel; and it is very characteristic of the family training that, when the "unbanding wheel" troubled her, the mother would sing:

"It's not in the wheel, it is not in the band,
It's in the girl who takes it in hand."

When the bright red flannel was returned from the mill, it was ready to be made into the warm frock that defied snow and cold; and with a blue and white checked linen apron, and shoes made from the skin of their own calf, the little country girl felt that she was very nicely dressed.

The Sunday suit, 'kept expressly for the occasion,' was bought with the proceeds of the butter which Mary helped to make, and which was sold at the store for *sixpence* a pound. She also helped to make the blankets and bedquilts; and from the summer and winter coverlet, 'which had a blue side for winter and a white side for summer, so that it could be used all the year round,' she learned, oddly enough, many a valuable lesson in the building and arranging of Mount Holyoke Seminary.

These quaint reminiscences were lovingly dwelt upon in after years by the experienced teacher for the amusement and instruction of her pupils; and these young girls were never tired of hearing about the little mountain farm, and the loving, careful management that made things go so far, and even had a surplus over for those who were poorer.

"Often there was a pound of maple-sugar, a basket of apples or some other good thing, to be sent to one who had failed to gather manna enough for the winter; and that one would ask, 'How is it the widow can do more for me than any one else?' We find the answer to this inquiry in her own words, which thousands have heard fall from those lips that ever opened in wisdom: 'Comfort and economy, good taste, and true Christian liberality, may be found together, but their union requires rare forethought and good judgment.' 'Never destroy anything that God has made, or given skill to others to make.' 'Never think anything worthless till it

has done all the good it can.' 'Economy and self-denial are the two great springs which feed the fountains of benevolence. Practice them for Christ's sake, but talk very little about them.' 'Be very thankful for a little, and you will receive more.'"

It was proverbial in the neighborhood that nothing ever died in Widow Lyon's garden; and people often asked permission, to put their rare plants there, as though there were some mysterious property in the soil that would cause them to live for ever. Miss Lyon assured her pupils that the roses, the pinks, and peonies, which keep time with Old Hundred, could nowhere grow so fresh and so sweet as in that little garden. And nowhere else did she ever see wild strawberries in such profusion and richness as were gathered in those little baskets. Nowhere else were rare-ripes so large and so yellow, and never were peaches so delicious and so fair as grew on the trees of that little farm; and the apples, too, contrived to ripen before all others so as to meet in sweet fellowship with peaches and plums, to entertain the aunts and the cousins.

Miss Lyon's tribute to her mother was no less beautiful than deserved. She said of her home that nothing was left to take its own way. Everything was made to yield to the mother's faithful, diligent hand. Early and late, she was engaged in the culture of the olive-plants around her table." She could testify, too, that "a mother whose time and thoughts are necessarily engrossed with the care of the family, may yet have much enjoyment in God." "I can see," she says, "through a veil of forty years, in that mountain home, growing on the perennial stalk of great principles, the buddings of sentiments, of customs, and of habits, which, if spread over the country, and fanned by the gentle breezes of intelligence, influence, and Christian sympathy, would produce a rich and abundant harvest to the treasury of the Lord."

Never was a mother more loved and honored than the mother of Mary Lyon; and it was a heavy trial to the child of thirteen to have her mother marry again and leave the little farm to live at Ashland—taking her two younger daughters with her. There was but one son, the oldest of the family; and with *him*, Mary spent nine happy years at the homestead. At fifteen, she was his sole housekeeper—doing all the house work, and receiving for it a dollar a week; which seemed to her a very large sum.

After this brother's marriage, Mary was still a welcome inmate in his house; and she found great comfort and pleasure in caring for his children. It was one of her sayings that people became more Christ-like by loving little children. In 1819, she was parted from these relatives by their moving to Western New York; and as she had already found her mission as a

teacher, she stayed where duty seemed plainly to have placed her.

Mary Lyon's life-work was begun at the age of seventeen, at Shelburne Falls, Mass., and in return for her services, she received her board and seventy-five cents a week. She was to 'board round,' and there were just five days for each scholar; but the parents declared that she helped the children so much out of school, they would not have cared much if they had boarded her all the time for nothing.

She was helpful in every way, and endeared herself to all with whom she came in contact; one of her entertainers, who heard in after years of her great success in teaching, and of her winning so many hearts to herself and to Christ, said, 'Even then, she was so full of benevolence we were all drawn to her.' The teacher, however, was not satisfied with herself; and she looked upon it as a valuable discipline to begin in this humble way, and to find herself valued at only three dollars a month.

It was only a district school that she taught at Shelburne Falls, and she had probably learned all that she knew herself in just such a school, until she went as pupil to the Academy of Ashfield, in the autumn of 1817. Her small earnings were unequal to the payment of both board and tuition here, and an arrangement was made to work out of school hours to defray the expense of the former.

Soon every one began to talk of "that wonderful Mary Lyon," who had learned the Latin grammar in three days, and could recite in almost every class in school. It was said that none of the boys could keep up with her; and the practical question that arose was, "How about her *work*? Is she generally expert at what every woman ought to be able to do?"

When the gentleman at whose house the ambitious student boarded, was asked confidentially, "Does she really do anything, or do you just about give her her board?" he replied, "Well, Mary *wings the potatoes*."

This sounds very comically, and "opens up" the good, old-fashioned farm house where she boarded; the great, open fireplace with its generous back-log and fine bed of hot ashes in front, where the potatoes were often and well roasted. Mary's duty, it seems, was to bend with her turkey-wing brush over the smoking pile of potatoes when they were taken from the ashes, and dust them off carefully that they might present a suitable appearance for the table.

Afterward she received free tuition from the trustees of the Academy, and was not obliged to return to spinning and weaving, as she had intended, to enable her to continue her studies. Always grateful for the smallest kindness, she was deeply touched by this consideration; and said of this period of her life, "I received many

acts of unfeigned friendship while creeping my way along toward a humble place in my Master's service."

Miss Lyon also had a term in Amherst Academy, where she was able more fully to gratify her love of the sciences. It was said of her here, and elsewhere, that she gathered knowledge by handfuls; and what was still better, she kept what she gathered. Her sweet, obliging ways made her a favorite wherever she went, and a daughter of one of her school-mates says:

"When I was a little girl, my mother used to sit and tell us about Mary Lyon at school. She would make us see just how she looked in her linsey-woolsey dress, and how ready she was to give a kind look and a loving heart to every one. She was always to be found, out of school hours, in her favorite corner, studying as hard as she could, but ready to help every one that cared to be helped. If any one wished to change her seat in the school-room, 'Oh! I will change with you; I would like to do it, if you prefer my seat,' would be heard from Mary Lyon's lips. If there was an undesirable seat-mate in all the school, she was always ready to sit by her, and help her on her way, even though it was on a window-seat; and mother would add, 'Do you wonder, my little girls, that we all loved and respected Mary Lyon?'"

When that mother died, she requested that her daughters might be sent to Mary Lyon's school; and many a father has been called upon, under similar circumstances, to make this promise. "It often seemed as if there was not a school on earth where were so many daughters of mothers passed into heaven. And when we saw the truly maternal love there given them, we did not wonder that the dying mother, with her eye upon Jesus and her hand already in His, should have been directed by Him to whisper Mary Lyon's name as the guardian of her children on earth."

At twenty-four years of age, Miss Lyon was still a student, and had found her way to the Academy at Byfield. Her great respect and love for the principal, "good Mr. Emerson," as she was fond of calling him, made her look upon his instruction and example as invaluable, and from him she said she learned the true object of education—to do good. From Byfield she returned as a teacher to the Academy at Ashfield—"grateful," she said, "to do a little for the school that had done so much for her."

After two or three years spent in this way, the desire of her heart was granted, by being associated with her friend, Miss Grant, in the Adams Female Academy, at Derry, New Hampshire. The two friends were as one in their views of the great responsibility and sacredness of the teacher's office; and Miss Lyon was delighted to find that her friend had made such an

arrangement with her employers as to feel at liberty to use one-seventh part of the intellectual energies of her pupils upon what is contained in that storehouse of knowledge, the Scriptures. The Bible was studied every day in that school. There were recitations every Monday, and some parts of the term every day; and after months of trial, Miss Lyon said this study had excited deeper and more universal interest than any other, and just so she found it in all her schools in after years.

The Academy at Derry being closed for the winter, Miss Lyon had a little school of her own at Buckland, and in this school were brought out in full force her wonderful powers of interesting and governing her pupils. Arithmetic and geography became new studies under her teaching, and when told that "grammar measures the whole mind, and that a young lady who cannot go into grammar, cannot penetrate anything," this study was divested of its dryness, and became a test of mental capacity.

The faithful Bible teachings and prayer-meetings bore abundant fruit, and the earnest teacher wrote of the close of the term: "Those days must be numbered with the most precious of my life; and sometimes, I can scarcely believe that all those scenes were real." The little school was a blessing to the neighborhood.

For several succeeding years, Miss Lyon taught alternately at Derry, Ashland and Buckland; but wherever she was, her work was the same, and blessings followed in her wake. At the close of the sixth winter in Buckland, when the school numbered ninety-nine pupils, the principal wrote to a relative:

"I should be glad to give you a description of this school, but it would be impossible. I believe that my schools here have been more interesting every winter; and we all think this has been most so of all. I have never witnessed such an improvement in moral character, in ardent desire to possess meekness, humility, patience, perseverance, etc. A spirit of benevolence has seemed to reign among us to such a degree that selfishness has appeared to most of our little community, somewhat in its own character. We have made it an object to gain enlarged and correct views, especially relating to our own country; its present state; its interesting character; its wants; its prospects as to what needs to be done, and finally, as to what is our duty.

Many intelligent, refined young ladies, who had been brought up in the lap of indulgence, thought they should be willing to go to the remotest corner of the world, and teach a school among the most degraded and ignorant, might it only be said of them by their Master, as it was said of one of old, "She hath done what she could."

Miss Lyon's high views of the teacher's office

were constantly inculcated in the minds of those about her; until it was impossible not to view the subject from the same lofty point that she did. Ladies, she said, should not expect a large compensation for teaching. They should go into the work with the same motives with which the servant of the Lord goes into the ministry. Be willing, she would add, to do anything and go anywhere for the good of others; and remember that you are responsible for elevating the character of every one with whom you have to do.

After leaving Buckland, Miss Lyon was associated for four years with Miss Grant at Ipswich; and here she was as honored and useful as in her former engagements. But her great desire was to found a permanent Seminary; and in view of the many difficulties to be overcome before it could be accomplished, she felt that while such a work might be effected at some future day, it would scarcely be sooner than from twenty to fifty years.

She never lost sight of this object, however; but prayed and worked for it until, with the counsel and substantial aid of friends, she left Ipswich to give herself entirely up to it.

Two years of waiting and struggling had passed, when on the 3d of October, 1836, those friends assembled to lay the corner-stone of Mt. Holyoke Seminary.

The edifice was to cost about \$15,000, and to be 'an institution for the education of females.' Upon the corner-stone was written by the founder, "The Lord hath remembered our low estate;" and thanking God for the privilege of spending and being spent in so glorious a cause, she said, "The feeble efforts which I am permitted to put forth in co-operating with others in laying the foundation of this new seminary will probably do more for the cause of Christ, after I am laid in my grave, than all I have done in my life before."

Friends were raised up for the new institution at South Hadley; and the ladies of Ipswich contributed the generous sum of one thousand dollars. All could sympathize with Miss Lyon as she wept tears of joy over the rising walls; and echo her words, "The stones, and brick, and mortar, speak a language which vibrates through the very soul."

It was more than a year from the laying of the corner-stone before the building was finished; but then Miss Lyon felt that she had "a footing sufficiently firm for her feet to rest upon for the remainder of her days; and where her hands could work for young ladies, who, she hoped, would live for Christ."

The school was opened on the 8th of November, 1837, with eighty pupils. It differed from other schools of the kind in its strong religious tone, and in the family atmosphere that pervaded it.

The house-keeping department of the new seminary was, at first, a serious objection with many; but Miss Lyon's reasons for this arrangement were in accordance with her usual high motives of action.

"An obliging disposition," she urges, "is of special importance in forming a lovely, social and domestic character. Young ladies at school, with all the conveniences and comforts which they *should* have, and with all the benefits of system which they should enjoy, can have but little opportunity for self-denial. This little should be used to the best advantage. To bring every such opportunity to bear on the character is a leading object in the arrangement of the family. The domestic work done by the young ladies, in the varied and mutual duties of the day, furnishes many little opportunities for the manifestation of a generous, obliging, and self-denying spirit, the influence of which, we trust, will be felt through life."

The school at Mt. Holyoke was certainly a rare combination; for although great stress was laid on mental progress, the gifted principal could say, "I consider bread-making of so much consequence that in giving attention to it, I am confident that I am serving God."

The second year pupils were turned away from the seminary because there was no more room; and the third year opened in like manner, while hundreds were disappointed of gaining admission.

Sickness and death visited the school, but the great work went quietly on; and confidence in its wonderful mission was more fully established than ever. Miss Lyon had seen her dearest wishes realized, her most earnest prayers granted; and for ten years she was spared to act the part of mother, as well as preceptress, to her numerous and loving family.

Her last illness was a short one; and her death was probably hastened by her attendance at the bedside of a dying pupil when she was not fit to leave her room. This last act was quite characteristic, in view of her self-forgetful life: and in less than two weeks afterward, she had passed to her eternal rest.

Mary Lyon died on the 5th of March, 1849, and was interred in the seminary grounds. The little enclosure is marked by a simple monument of massive Italian marble; and although thirty years, with all their changes, have passed since her death, that lonely grave is still held in reverence, and her spirit seems to pervade the institution which she founded.

Other schools have been established on similar principles by pupils of this faithful teacher, and a girls' school in Persia is the direct outgrowth of Mount Holyoke Seminary—of whose noble founder it may be truly said that she did not live in vain.

MARIA THERESA OF AUSTRIA.

BY H. G. ROWE.

When the Emperor Charles VI., after a troubled and unprofitable reign of thirty years, died broken-hearted, and oppressed with anxious forebodings in regard to the future of his distracted and impoverished kingdom, he left the crown that had for him proved itself most emphatically a "crown of thorns," to his only child, Maria Theresa, who thus became Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, and Archduchess of Austria.

This beautiful and spirited princess had been for several years the wife of Duke Francis of Lorraine, a handsome, amiable, and accomplished gentleman, yet little calculated by nature for the turbulent scenes into which an untoward fate seems constantly to have forced him.

The young heiress had given a single proof of that indomitable will and determination that made her after life so illustrious, in her persistent refusal to listen to any matrimonial overtures from the neighboring princes who sought her hand, on the plea that as her heart belonged to the noble Duke of Lorraine, no sordid considerations of State policy should force her to bestow her hand elsewhere.

It was rather a stormy courtship, however, and some desperate, even humiliating expedients were resorted to, that true love might, for once, have his way in a royal household.

Austria was at war both with France and Spain, and had been for some time steadily losing ground in the unequal contest. The emperor, sick in mind and body, gave way to the most distracting apprehensions; until at length, rendered desperate by continued defeats, he condescended to solicit a secret accommodation with France.

Louis well understood his extremity, and with his usual pitilessness took advantage of it to make this arrogant demand: "Give me the Duchy of Lorraine, and I will withdraw my armies; if not, I will have all Austria."

What more terrible alternative could have been presented to the distracted monarch? His prospective son-in-law could not, for an hour, unaided, hold his hereditary dominions against the overwhelming forces of France, and the withdrawal of that aid was precisely what the French king so imperiously demanded.

It was a cruel sacrifice, and the young duke manfully resisted it to the utmost of his power. But both himself and his royal ally were made each day to feel more and more their utter powerlessness, for the French armies, everywhere victorious, were already fast approaching the very wall of the imperial city.

"No cession, no archduchess!" whispered the wily minister of the emperor in the ear of the distracted duke; and Francis, submitting to the

bitter necessity against which he had struggled in vain, surrendered his duchy into the hands of his abhorred enemy, while he found what consolation he might in the arms of his beautiful bride.

The French court, however, in consideration of his peaceable abdication, promised him that when Tuscany, one of the most important of the Italian duchies, should be left vacant, it should pass into his hands; a promise that was fulfilled upon the death of the old duke, some two years later, when Francis with his young wife hastened to Leghorn, and took possession of his new domain with great splendor and rejoicing.

Although Maria Theresa was incapacitated by her sex from aspiring to the Imperial dignity, it had been considered, both by prince and people, a settled thing that her husband should, upon the death of his father-in-law, become King of the Romans and Emperor of Austria, although, by some strange oversight, the dying sovereign had neglected to take the necessary measures to render his election sure.

Taking advantage of this unsettled state of affairs, the Duke of Bavaria, an ambitious and unscrupulous prince, hastily raised an army, and prepared to claim the unappropriated crown as his own by right of inheritance.

Never dawned a darker morning upon the youthful princess than that which placed in her hands the fiercely-contested sceptre of her fathers: The long and disastrous wars had drained Austria both of men and money, and what was worse still, of hope and courage. There were only forty thousand dollars in the treasury, and the few discontented troops were rife for mutiny, fiercely clamoring for the pay that had so long been withheld.

From Bohemia and Hungary came ominous sounds of discontent; and even in Vienna, her own imperial city, the new empress met only discouraged and apprehensive faces.

It was a situation to try the courage of the bravest man; but the blood of a long line of heroes was in Maria Theresa's veins, and scornful womanly fears and weaknesses, she rose boldly, determinedly, in defence of her throne and country.

All the principal nations of Europe sent in their recognitions of the new sovereign except France, but while awaiting the tardy action of this late hostile power, a new and powerful enemy appeared from an unexpected, and consequently unwatched quarter:

Frederick, the young King of Prussia, following his favorite rule that "might makes right; and princes should know no honor but self-interest," conjured up some long-forgotten claim upon the neighboring province of Silesia, one of the richest jewels of the Austrian crown; and mak-

ing a sudden swoop with his great army, in the midst of winter, upon the ill-defended territory, took almost undisputed possession of its principal cities and fortresses, almost as soon as the news of his advance had reached the empress and her dismayed court.

That the Austrian empress and her council should have been utterly unprepared for these hostile demonstrations on the part of Frederick is not surprising, when we remember that the Emperor, her father, had only a few years before, braved the displeasure of his powerful neighbor, by affording an honorable asylum to this same Frederick, when, an outlawed and utterly friendless prince, he fled from the insupportable tyranny of his cruel and unnatural father, Frederick William, whose brutality in his own family would have disgraced a drunken hod-carrier.

But Frederick, in his thirst for conquest and military glory, seems to have been utterly insensible to all feelings of honor and gratitude, of generosity even, for he despatches a messenger to the empress, with the lofty, insulting message:

"No one is more firm in his resolutions than the king of Prussia. He must and will have Silesia. If not, his troops and money will be offered to the duke of Bavaria."

Intimidated by the audacity and the conquest that he had so suddenly achieved, the councillors and even the husband of Maria Theresa, counseled her to cede the disputed province to the royal highwayman without farther delay, arguing that it was better to retain even a mutilated kingdom than none at all.

But the royal lady remained inflexible. "The resolution of the queen is taken," she said. "If the House of Austria must perish, it is indifferent whether it perishes by an Elector of Bavaria, or an Elector of Brandenburg."

About this time she gave birth to a son, the Archduke Joseph, and strengthened by her newly aroused feelings of maternal solicitude, in her determination not to disintegrate her own and her son's empire, she refused still more decidedly to listen to the timid counsels of her frightened ministers, and having matured in her own mind a plan for arousing and uniting the nation in defence of their queen and country, she set to work with her usual promptitude, to carry it into execution.

Hungary, although discontented, was still loyal, and it was to this warlike and rugged people that she determined to appeal, in spite of the warnings of her veteran statesmen, who reminded her of a time when her father had made an effort to secure their assent to the Pragmatic Sanction, and the proud barons had replied with sarcastic bitterness:

"We are accustomed to be governed by men, not by women."

But Maria Theresa was a better judge of human

nature, and she believed that the native chivalry of these same proud barons would lead them to rally round a defenceless woman, whose rights were invaded, and whose crown lay at the mercy of any red-handed spoiler who had the strength and audacity to snatch it

In pursuance of her plan, she visited Hungary with a magnificent train, and by her majestic presence and gracious manner quickly aroused the chivalrous admiration of that rugged, but generous people, inspiring them with an affection for her person that was easily kindled into the most self-sacrificing loyalty.

Having established her temporary court in one of the principal cities, she summoned the Hungarian nobles to meet her in the great hall of the castle, where she appeared before them, dressed in deep mourning in the Hungarian costume, the ancient crown of St. Stephen resting upon her luxuriant tresses, and the royal cimeter at her side.

With a majestic step she ascended the platform from which the kings of Hungary were accustomed to address their congregated nobles, and in clear, ringing tones, appealed to them in behalf of her imperiled throne.

In elegant and impassioned speech, she pointed out to them the perils and dangers that beset the kingdom, and finished by a touching personal appeal to their often proved loyalty and courage.

She ceased, and in an instant a thousand swords sprang from their scabbards, as the owners, with one voice, shouted in tones that made those lofty arches echo and re-echo the cry:

"We will die for our KING, Maria Theresa!"

Hitherto, the queen had presented a calm and undaunted exterior, but the outburst of enthusiastic loyalty was too much for her woman's heart to bear in silence, and dropping her proud head upon her arms, she burst into tears.

Then a scene of indescribable confusion ensued. Every eye was moist with sympathy, every heart warm with loving admiration, and not one in that vast assembly hesitated to place his purse, his sword, and his vassals, at the command of his beautiful and heroic mistress.

The enthusiasm spread like wild-fire over all Austria. The national troops forgot their grievances, and loudly clamored to be led against the invaders of their country; old age forgot its apathy, and youth its selfish indifference, in a common desire to support their noble empress. The young men and students of the universities were especially active and enthusiastic, and in an incredibly short time, an immense army, composed of the very flower of that empire, was in the field, determined to maintain the cause of their queen to the latest breath.

Such a general and unexpected uprising intimidated the allies, and Frederick was the first to sue for a peace, which the queen was quite as anxious for as himself, and for which she even conde-

scended to sacrifice a small part of the disputed province bordering upon the Prussian king's dominions.

The nation, however, had but short breathing space; for the duke of Bavaria, her husband's rival for the Imperial crown, joined his forces with those of Frederick, and again invaded Austria, where, in spite of the heroic conduct of her Hungarian troops, who fought with the most persistent valor, they did much damage to the country, and even succeeded in reducing some of the most important fortresses.

Thus, with varying fortunes, the war raged for seven long years, during which time, in spite of reverses that might well have discouraged the bravest heart, that heroic woman astonished all Europe by her lion-like courage and determination, never wavering from the decision to which she had given utterance when the crown was first placed upon her youthful head:

"I owe it to my people that no part of Austria shall pass into the possession of strangers and enemies, and with God's help I will keep the trust that he has given me."

The love and loyalty that this magnificent woman had, in the beginning of her reign, inspired in the breasts of her subjects, seems never to have grown cold or wavering. The Hungarians, especially, regarded her with a feeling bordering upon adoration, and no sacrifice was too great, no risk too doubtful, if undertaken in her behalf.

As an example of their impetuous courage and hardihood, we read that in storming a fortress upon the bank of a deep river, the Hungarian troops boldly swam the stream, with their swords held between their teeth, and routing the enemy, had gained possession of the fort before the tardier Austrians in their boats had succeeded in reaching the shore.

At one time Prussia, France, Bavaria and Saxony were all arrayed against Austria, and but for the friendly intervention of England, whose king, George II., warmly espoused the cause of the heroic empress, it is more than probable that in spite of all her intrepidity and skill, Maria Theresa would have been forced to retire defeated from that contest in which her own and the national honor were so closely interwoven.

It is no small proof of her natural courage and freedom from the prejudices of the times, that when inoculation for the small-pox was introduced into the kingdom, she immediately submitted herself and the royal family to the operation, thus proving to her subjects her own faith in its efficacy, and fearlessness of any harm resulting from it. She even established a hospital at Vienna, where the poor might receive the benefit of this new and important discovery.

As a wife and mother, Maria Theresa was more intent upon the aggrandizement of the objects of

her affection, than on their real happiness and comfort. One great object of her ambition was to match her numerous progeny with the most powerful princes of Europe; and when her youngest daughter, the beautiful Marie Antionette, was betrothed to the son of the French king, her exultation and satisfaction were unbounded. Little did she dream that that fair young head was to fall beneath the axe of a French executioner, or of the sufferings and humiliations that the future had in store for this, her favorite child.

Truly as she loved her husband, she never allowed him to forget for an instant that she was his empress; and this, to a delicate minded, sensitive man, must often have been a bitter humiliation.

It is told that on one occasion, being present at one of her magnificent levees, he retired to a corner where two ladies of the court were sitting; and as, in accordance with royal etiquette, they rose respectfully at his approach, he remarked, with a bitterness that he vainly tried to disguise beneath a veil of pleasantry:

"Do not regard me, for I shall remain here until the Court has retired, and shall then amuse myself in contemplating the crowd."

One of the ladies replied:

"As long as your imperial majesty is present, the Court will be here."

"Not so," he rejoined, with a forced smile. "The Empress and my children are the Court. I am here only as a private individual."

The mother of sixteen children, Maria Theresa seems to have taken a pardonable pride in her numerous and beautiful family, although, engrossed in cares of state, she found little time for those tender offices in which humbler mothers find their sweetest joy and solace.

She seldom saw them oftener than once a week, but each morning the court physician made a minute report of the state of their health, with whatever suggestions he deemed necessary for their comfort and welfare.

As the Empress advanced in years, the fire of martial ardor in her breast gradually declined; and when, only a short time before her death, a quarrel arose between her son and her old enemy, Frederick of Prussia, she wrote the latter, with her own hand, the following conciliatory lines:

"I regret exceedingly that the King of Prussia and myself, in our advanced years, are about to tear the gray hairs from each other's heads. My age and my earnest desire for peace are well known."

Touched by this unwonted gentleness, the stern old war-horse, for once, turned back from the battle, and a peace satisfactory to both parties was easily arranged.

Her death was caused by a lung trouble which gave her great pain in speaking; in spite of which she held long and earnest consultations

with her son Joseph, who was to succeed her, pointing out with minute particularity the various projects and reforms that age and experience had taught her the necessity of, when too late to carry them out.

On one occasion when, pained beyond endurance at sight of her sufferings, he implored her to seek repose instead of distressing herself by her directions and counsels, she replied with solemn earnestness:

"In a few hours I shall appear before the bar of God; and shall I waste those in sleep?"

She died at the age of sixty-four, mourned for as a mother by her people, and regretted throughout all Europe, even by those against whom she had so long and nobly defended her own and her children's royal inheritance.

"LOST."

MRS. LUCY MARIAN BLINN.

I have lost a gem—a precious gem;
The centre link in a circle fair;
Its lustre shone with a changeless glow,
And I watched my prize with a miser's care
I had thought to keep it, guarded close,
But other eyes saw its beauty shine;
Another heart guessed its value, too,
And it rests on another hand than mine.

A sweet bird came to the dear home-nest,
And sang sweet carols the whole day long;
I thought her voice was for me alone,
But I knew not the power of that luring song;

She twittered and trilled in rollicking mood,
When alack! and alas! one fateful day
An answering note came over the hills,
And she fluttered from out the nest away.

I had reared a rose, a pure, white rose;
Of all sweet flowers I loved it best,
But a stranger came, and with eager hand
He gathered it to his sheltering breast.
I had thought to keep it my very own;
But because he loved its sweetness so,
I put my longing heart aside,
And kissed my white rose, and let it go!

But my gem will shine with as clear a ray,
Although I may not see its glow;
My bird sings songs in another ear,
As sweet as the ones I used to know.
And my white rose yields, in another home,
As beautiful gifts of fragrance rare,
To the strong true heart and the loving hand,
That guard it now with brooding care!

"And I?" I shall linger, as mothers must,
In the light of memories, oh, so sweet!
And smile as the echoes from out the past,
Tell of flying fingers and dancing feet;
The echoes may bring a thought of pain,
And the smile be a tearful one at best;
But hope's glad songs will breathe content,
God and true love will do the rest!

A SUPERFLUITY.

BY JEAN SCOFIELD.

Night was closing in, silent and snowy, when Dr. Fletcher reined his horse at the gate of the old Vaughan homestead, to make the last of the day's round of calls. Through the darkness, deepened with fast-falling feathery flakes, the low, broad, sombre fashioned dwelling loomed in a gloomy, angular mass, relieved by a warm glow of light from two of the lower windows, and by a pale glimmer, like a reflection, from a smaller one above.

Evidently, the sound of the doctor's sleigh-bells had been heard within the house, for, as he glanced up at its front, a shadow flitted momentarily across the upper window, followed by the vanishing outline of a woman's form.

"Esther," said the doctor to himself.

What was Esther doing in a chilly upper room that wintry evening, alone? There was light, and warmth, and human presence in the sitting-room below; there was cold and silence, and the feeble gleam of an expiring candle in the chamber above. What was Esther doing? What it falls to all of us to do some time in the course of our lives—thinking sad thoughts—trying to see her way clear through the perplexed present—trying to shape to herself some definite end in the blank, uncertain future.

Six weeks before, the master of the Vaughan homestead had been carried out of its doors in that mournful fashion which never grows old; and Esther was left fatherless. The neighbors, good souls, wondering in the usual way—"what Esther would do now?" finished with wonderful unanimity by "guessing likely" she would find a home with one or the other of her half-sisters, Mrs. Holt and Mrs. Wyning; for she was the child of John Vaughan's second marriage, and it was known that his property reverted at his death to the two elder daughters, leaving Esther unprovided for. But, however busily other people might speculate upon the chances of Esther's future, it had not occurred to her to think of it herself until to-day; the old farm-house and its surroundings had been so closely associated with the twenty-five years of her life, that she had felt it like a sudden blow, when Mrs. Holt said to her that morning—

"It will be time for you to think of making up your mind about things before long, won't it, Esther?"

"About what?" asked Esther.

"About what?" echoed the sister. "Why, you know we are going to sell the farm; you'll have a thousand dollars, or something like it, and everything else goes to Anna and me. But you need not fret; for though Anna is better off than I am, it shan't be said that Cornelia Holt had a roof, and didn't share it with her father's child.

I ain't a poor woman, goodness be thanked, if I am a widow; but I must see what Anna says."

"You are very kind," came from Esther's lips, mechanically, and she turned away, feeling as if some fuller expression of gratitude was expected from her, but not able to utter it. It made no difference to Cornelia, who, as she herself would have said, did not expect much of Esther. She was a good natured, bustling, obtuse woman, whose kindnesses were seldom such as cost her any great sacrifice, and she was too conscious of her own magnanimity to be much concerned about the effect upon its insignificant object.

Poor Esther! Called upon to face at once the ruthless demolition of her past, and the certainty of great changes close at hand, this assurance of Mrs. Holt's benevolent intentions threw no great light of consolation over the future. Her early remembrances were associated with unpleasant images of strife between her two half-sisters and the gentle, shrinking mother, whom she was so like. Anna and Cornelia had both married while Esther was still a child, and the little intercourse she had had with them had not tended to draw the ties of sisterhood closer. They had never been able to forgive her, Esther felt, for being her mother's child. And now, except for these unwilling sisers, she was alone in the world. No wonder Esther began to scan her destiny with anxious eyes. All day long, while she went about quietly, directing household tasks, or complying with the thousand and one exactions of Cornelia's two spoiled children, she was busy with thoughts of the past and questionings of the future.

Esther's had been the quietest imaginable of young days. She had been a pupil of the venerable "academy" in the village near by, until her mother's death threw the household responsibilities upon her shoulders; she went to church and to Bible-class, and, once a year, to the county fair; she occasionally spent an afternoon or evening at a friendly neighbor's, or received neighborly visits in return. Her father had been a reserved, undemonstrative man, to whom, as long as his daughter made no demands and uttered no complaints, it never occurred that she needed or desired anything more than she had. And Esther did not remember that he had ever given her a caress in her life. Doubtless he loved her in his way; but if any idea of being accountable for the trust of his daughter's life ever crossed his conscience, he made no sign. She had food, clothing, a comfortable home; what more could a woman need?

Sometimes the youthful life in Esther's veins revolted against the aimless monotony of such an existence, and prompted daring thoughts and wild wishes; but she was too dutiful by nature and training to harbor them long. Now and then, came an experience of greater bitterness. For instance: Esther had had a passion for drawing

in her school-days; her teacher discerned, or fancied he discerned in her the hand and eye of the artist; but it came to nothing. She left school; there was no encouragement for her at home; her father considered lessons in "picture making" a useless expenditure of time and money; and so the beautiful talent which God had bestowed on Esther was left to take its chances. After all, John Vaughan was not more singular than many parents, who believe themselves to have fulfilled the whole duty of man toward their offspring.

Could there be a simpler story than this of Esther's, unless it were that of a daisy growing by mischance on the wrong side of a hedge, where the sun only peeped by transient glimpses? She knew many who lived similar lives, and found them all-sufficient; or so it seemed to Esther, who was accustomed to regard her own fits of incipient weariness and discontent as sins to be striven and prayed against. And now that the old life was over forever, she had tenderer thoughts of it, and made much to herself of the bright spots scattered through it here and there.

Meantime, Anna and Cornelia were holding sisterly conference.

"I spoke to Esther this morning about the breaking up," said the younger. "It's a good deal of a change for her, when you think of it."

"Humph!" said the elder, drawing her needle through her work with a twitch.

Anna was a slim, incisive blonde, with the coldest of pale eyes and the thinnest of lips; while Cornelia, on the contrary, was stout, with a comfortable aspect and florid good looks.

"Of course," continued Cornelia, "Esther will have a home with me, if she likes; but I thought it would be only right to speak to you about it. You've no children, you know."

"Frederick's father and mother live with us," said Anna, in her frosty voice; "and we have adopted one of his nephews; I'm not going to burden him with any of my relations while business is so dull; and Esther is nothing but a half sister, when all is said. If you take my advice, Cornelia Holt, you'll let the girl look out for herself."

"But what will people say?" reasoned Cornelia. "And after all, Esther is a nice, quiet girl, and she will be able to save me a good deal of trouble with the children, I'm sure. They take to her."

"Most likely she'll make you more trouble than she'll save," said the sharp Anna. "There's nothing of her but a spine and a bundle of nerves—a white, spiritless thing, just like her mother! It would be a great deal better for her to be obliged to exert herself. With the thousand dollars and the education she ought to have, after going year in and year out to the academy so long, she might easily take care of herself. It

will be no harder for her than for the rest of us."

"But consider the look of the thing," urged Cornelia. She was always aware of Anna's being the stronger party.

"Oh, the look of the thing!" said that tender hearted person with scorn. "If you are a slave to public opinion, I'm not, I can tell you. If you choose to burden yourself with that woman's daughter for the rest of your days, do it—do it; but don't expect me to help you."

"Esther may marry some time," said Cornelia, in faint protest.

"Oh, she'll never marry," snapped Anna, with another twitch of the thread. "Esther will be an old maid—she has all the signs of an old maid about her. You mark my words, Cornelia Holt; Esther Vaughan has always been a superfluity in this family, and she always will be."

"Well, well," said Cornelia, in deprecatory tones; and much confused in intention, let the matter drop. Neither of them saw a white face disappear from the doorway, convulsed with a sudden tremor of pain; neither supposed that Anna's last cruel words had fallen upon Esther's ears, and rang here mockingly, as she fled up stairs to the solitude of her little chamber.

A superfluity! The words pierced poor Esther's heart; they seemed to embody all the desolation of her life, past, present, and to come. Never to be necessary anywhere; never to find an anchorage for her lonely heart, which had beat about so long on cold seas, under a steely sky; always to sit in sight of the banquet of life, where there was no room for her, no invitation to come up higher; finally, to slip out of the world—old and gray, perhaps—nobody missing her, nobody seeing more than that a pale spark of life, never well-lighted, had gone out, leaving no perceptible darkness anywhere. Esther crouched down in the chilly silence, in an agony of forlorn distress. She could not help thinking how well it would be if she were out of the world; and out of everybody's way; there was no place for her; what had she to live for in all the long years that might be before her, if she waited for them to come?

The dark crowd of thick-coming temptations did not besiege Esther long; there were well-springs of strength in her nature which had never been tried.

"Get thee behind me, Satan!" she said to her counsellors. Surely, since God had sent her upon the earth, she was not a superfluity in his sight, whatever might be the verdict of Anna and Cornelia. Esther came out of her Gethsemane strengthened, if not comforted, and resolved to take up her cross and bear it to the bitter end.

Roused from her painful reverie by the jingle of bells, Esther, glancing from the window, saw Dr. Fletcher drive up. A thought entered her mind. Here was a link between her and that

unknown world lying outside her little horizon, towards which she began already to look, vague outlines of resolutions gathering more definite shape in her mind every moment. Why should she not consult the doctor? To whom else could she go? She had known him all her life; he had been a school-mate of her elder sisters; and lately, during the long weeks of her father's illness, they had become very good friends. Then, too, a faint under-current of neighborly talk had lately come to her ears—a whisper that Dr. Fletcher was beginning to "pay attention" to Mrs. Holt. It did not surprise Esther. Certainly, all the Doctor's calls could not be set down to the account of Arthur's colds and Amelia's cramps; and Cornelia, though not always grammatical, was attractive in her way, and possessed of a sufficient store of this world's goods with which to grace the altar of a second marriage.

It was not Esther's wont to begrudge others a fuller cup of life than her own; and she did not ask herself why, in glancing at these things, the world seemed to grow larger and lonelier, as if she were really a superfluity on the vast stage, to whom Fate had forgotten to assign a rôle. There was no time to indulge in self-analysis; she remembered that she would be needed downstairs presently. Cornelia's Arthur and Amelia, in their mother's opinion, were always either ailing or threatened with something; the house was continually pervaded with an atmosphere of paragon and hot flannel, the family rooms were almost hermetically sealed, and Esther and her faithful Bridget being rapidly reduced to the position of hard-worked courtiers of their small highnesses.

The doctor, as was his wont, exclaimed wrathfully when he walked into the sitting-room:

"You women shut up yourselves and the children in an atmosphere like this, and expect to be healthy! I wonder at you. How many times have I told you that when you have made yourselves sick, you must not call upon me to cure you? I can't do it."

"For heaven's sake, Dr. Fletcher! I hope it's not so bad as that!" said Cornelia, in some alarm. "Arthur's throat is a great deal better to-day; he was quite lively again this afternoon, poor little fellow!—weren't you, dear? Do come and look at him yourself, doctor."

"Oh, he's all right," said the doctor, patting the urchin's round head and smiling on him. "He would be perfectly well, if you would only let him out, like the other boys, to play in the snow and skate."

"Ah, you talk like Anna and Esther," said Cornelia, shaking her head; "but I think a mother's instincts are wisest."

"Well, well," said the doctor, aware of the hopelessness of an argument against maternal in-

stincts. "And how is Esther?" he added, abruptly, as if Esther were a sort of afterthought.

Cornelia drew a step nearer, to assume a more confidential tone.

"I'm a good deal worried, doctor, and you're such an old friend that I don't mind speaking to you about our affairs; and then, we're only three women with nobody to advise us, as you may say. I don't count Anna's husband anybody, for he's tied to his business. Now, doctor, if Esther were *your* sister, what would you do?"

"Do?" said the doctor. "Do? Why I'd take her home and take care of her, and glad of the chance. That is your opinion, too, I know, Mrs. Holt."

"Just what I said to Anna," said Mrs. Holt, a little oblivious as to what she really had said, but immensely fortified by the doctor's prompt decision—his view of the matter might be more important than Anna's, after all. Cornelia felt that it was safe to accept it. "It's taking a great deal on one's self, to be sure, and Esther only a half-sister; but, then, it's not her fault if father made a foolish marriage; I ain't one to remember things against people."

"No, no," said the doctor. "A woman as kind-hearted as you are—I should hope not. And no doubt you will find Esther's companionship a great comfort."

"Yes, there's the children to be considered; they're very fond of her already; I never knew them so ready to make friends with any stranger—unless it was you, doctor," said the gratified Cornelia, leaning on her adviser, and almost persuaded that it really would have been an injustice to her, if Anna had forestalled her in the offer to provide for Esther.

Five minutes later, the doctor, unceremoniously invading the kitchen in quest of a cup of warm water, found Esther there in her black dress.

"Always alone," said the doctor, surveying the little figure, not without secret compassion.

"Always alone," replied Esther, in a low voice.

"Bad theory of life—worse practice," said the doctor, moving about in his restless way. "You have had too much of it. That sister of yours must not let you shut yourself away from society as if you were preparing to enter the cell of a Trappist. I shall take the liberty of telling her so. I may, you know; Cornelia and I are old schoolmates, and I've rocked your cradle more than once when I was a little chap, like our friend, master Arthur."

The doctor's friendly smile called up no answering smile into Esther's face.

She looked up with sad, questioning eyes, and after a meditative pause, said slowly:

"Do you think I ought to go to Cornelia's, doctor?"

"I hope you don't prefer Anna to Cornelia,"

said the doctor, with an involuntary grimace. "Mrs. Holt has a good heart—she means well."

"Yes," said Esther, clasping her slender hands tightly before her, "but she don't need me—nobody needs me now."

According to the doctor's experience of woman-kind, a burst of tears was likely to follow this forlorn little confession; but though eyelids and lips quivered, that was all. Esther was not making a weak appeal to his sympathy.

"I thought I would ask you, doctor," continued Esther, when her lips were firm again, "if you would not be kind enough to enquire among your friends in the city, about a situation I could fill. I have a good English education, as you know, and patience enough; I could teach; and my handwriting might do for copying. I do not like to trouble you, but there is nobody else whom I can ask."

"Well, Ettie!" said the doctor; and stood still, thoughtfully pulling his moustache, and looking at Esther. Then he held out his hand, saying cordially, "Rely upon me for anything in my power, Esther. You know best what will suit you; but how will your sister take it?"

"I thank you with all my heart," was Esther's only reply, a wan smile coming to her lips at last. It was impossible to enter into an explanation of her relations towards Anna and Cornelia; but the doctor, with the ready sympathy for which he did not always receive credit from those who judged him chiefly by his somewhat brusque exterior, immediately understood and respected her reserve. He said nothing more about the sisters, but he spoke with her about her plans and prospects in a way that caused Esther, quick to feel changes and shades of feeling in others, to think that the doctor had never seemed so kind before. It was like unexpected sunshine, and warmed the lonely little heart that lay so chill in Esther's bosom. Afterwards, notwithstanding the comfort the doctor's advice and friendly sympathy had been at the time, she could not quite repress a consciousness that it would have been better, had they not been quite so much at her service. We are not assured that Lazarus was satisfied with the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. The doctor's kindness was a precious thing; but how if it were simply a vicarious tribute to Cornelia? Esther was as far as possible from being exacting; but she was not an exception to the laws of human nature.

It happened thus that, on the same day Dr. Fletcher was made the confidant of Mrs. Holt's good intentions, and of Esther's desire to evade them. Certainly, nobody could deny that it was the most natural and proper thing in the world for Esther to be received into her sister's home; indeed, as everybody had been saying, where else was she to go? But her unexpected reluctance to accept this convenient view of her destiny,

placed it in another light. The doctor could not put the matter out of his mind. All the evening, sitting in his comfortable library with a medical quarterly before him, the image of Esther, timid, solitary Esther, with an experience almost as unvaried as a nun's, going out into the bustling world of bargain and sale, whose tender mercies to the weak are apt to be cruel enough, kept flitting between his thoughts and the heavy columns of professional detail, in all its pathetic incongruity.

He rose at last, and paced up and down the room for an hour or two, according to his habit, the natural outgrowth of a restless temperament. The wind, howling at intervals outside in the drifting snow, perhaps gave a melancholy turn to the doctor's thoughts, for he presently found himself wandering from the consideration of his little friend's lonely position to his own; somehow, the large house, tenanted only by himself and his two servants, had never had such a solitary look in his eyes before. What did the doctor miss? and was it consistent with the course of his busy life to finish the evening by constructing a regular Babel's tower of an air-castle, story after story, until it culminated somewhere near the entrance to the seventh heaven? I am no metaphysician to decide. But I know that he came out of his reverie at last with a start, and some such admonition as this addressed to himself—"Pshaw! I'm too rough for *her*; only"—bringing his hand down on the closed volume of medical wisdom as if he were making an affirmation—"I should like to make the poor little woman happy."

But Esther did not hear that.

"She has more spirit than I expected," Anna said, when Esther's determination was made known. "But it's only a freak. She hasn't the courage to carry it out, brought up in idleness as she has been. Will she try to teach district-school or go out dress-making, I wonder? her mother was a dress-maker. But it won't last long, Cornelia Holt, you'll see!"

"I hope it won't," said Cornelia, with mournful visions of a lost nurse-maid flitting before her eyes—a nurse-maid whose services would have been invaluable, and whose pay next to nothing, and to whom she had fairly come to believe she had a right. "It looks so queer. As if I hadn't the feelings of a sister! And she gets along so well with the children! And the doctor saying how well it was for Esther that I had a home and a sister's heart to offer her, or something like that, for I ain't good at repeating other people's words; and now, what will he think of me?"

"How important his opinion is!" said Anna, with a sneer, tossing her borrowed flaxen braids with an emphasis that made Cornelia color and turn away. She was afraid of Anna's sarcasms, and aware of bearing the weight of her sister's disapproval. Did she—a widow with two children

—really intend to marry Dr. Fletcher? to “make a fool of herself,” was Mrs. Wyning’s caustic way of putting the case. “She might see what comes of second marriages, with Esther on her hands,” for Anna was not to be persuaded that Esther’s ambition to be independent was anything more than a freak.

Esther herself soon began to realize that being independent is something far easier in theory than in practice. She made earnest efforts. She wrote to a distant relative of hers, who was the principal of a large school, and never received any answer; she advertised in two or three papers, and waited patiently week after week for results which did not come; she corresponded with a governess-seeking lady, whom the doctor had discovered among his acquaintances, but, alas! Esther, with her little French, and less music, had no chance against the gold-medaled graduates of fashionable schools. She tried to be very brave. She determined to offer herself as housekeeper or seamstress, if nothing else came in her way, since a servant’s place and pay seemed preferable to dependence on those who, even if her blood ran in their veins, felt no sisterly tenderness for her.

Esther’s heart often sank very low. Even the doctor’s friendship had acquired an element of pain, and when he stopped at the farm-house, it began to be more and more her habit to steal out of sight into some remote corner, where the sound of his voice and of Cornelia’s talk and laughter could not follow her. And if the doctor inquired for Esther, Cornelia thought it enough to say, “Oh, Esther is busy.” Of what importance was Esther, to be sure?

The weeks passed slowly enough at the farm-house, but they passed; it came to be March, and some days of wind and sunshine were lowering the big drifts in the garden and by the roadside, and fringing the eaves with multitudinous icicles. The new owner of the farm was to take possession of it on the first of April. Mrs. Holt and Mrs. Wyning were preparing to return to their respective homes; and Esther—where was she to go?

She had had an offer from the trustee of the district school over the hill, a munificent offer of twenty dollars a month, and the privilege of boarding around; and her hesitation to accept it was interpreted by Anna as proof that she was beginning to repent of her freak, and by Cornelia that she would not lose her nurse-maid, after all.

“It will be so much better for Esther to go home with me, don’t you think so?” said Cornelia to the doctor one day, when he had felt Arthur’s pulse and examined Amelia’s tongue, as usual. “Now, I rely so much on your judgment and you have so much influence with all of us—if you’d only speak to Esther, you might induce her to listen to reason.”

“Yes, I’ll speak to her,” said the doctor, with a grim sense of humor, and marched off to the kitchen, where, between daylight and darkness, Esther sat trying to mend her nephew’s stockings, close to the narrow window.

“What’s this you are about?” said the doctor, with friendly abruptness, planting himself before her. “Do you really mean to throw yourself away on that one-horse, Crow Hollow school, and go boarding around to get dyspeptic on salt pork and sweet cake?”

“It seems to be all I can find to do just now,” said Esther, smiling a little. “It will not do for me to despise the day of small things, nor look down on the Crow Hollow school.”

“Hang the Crow Hollow school!” cried the doctor, drawing up his under lip, and taking two or three turns up and down the kitchen. Then he came back to his old position.

“If you think I came here of my own accord to meddle, you are mistaken,” said the doctor, oddly, as if he were arguing against a remonstrance of Esther’s. “Your sister sent me—Cornelia sent me. She wants me to induce you to listen to reason.”

“Cornelia!” said Esther to herself, bitterly. She thought she knew what was coming. No matter; as well bear it now as at any time. But she clasped her fingers tightly together, and turned her face from the waning light.

“But never mind that; I was coming on my own account, at any rate,” continued the doctor. He paused. Esther remained silent.

“Well?” said the doctor.

“Well?” said Esther.

“It is no surprise to you, perhaps, Esther?”

“Oh, it is no surprise,” said Esther. She rose up, white, with compressed lips, looking at her own clasped fingers, and nerving herself to hear what would make her more of a superfluity than ever.

“Will you give up Crow Hollow and the rest of it if I ask you?” said the doctor, taking the cold little fingers into his own warm grasp, with a tenderness Esther could not have expected in the prospective husband of Cornelia. It was too much just now; it wrung the girl’s heart. With a low exclamation of pain, unintelligible to the doctor’s ear, she made an effort to draw her hands away.

“Ettie, my little Ettie, does that mean that you don’t care for me?” cried the doctor, with a vehemence that thrilled Esther through with a sudden, incredulous joy.

“So you are not going to marry Cornelia!” she said, breathlessly.

“Cornelia be—sent to the Hottentots!” said the incredulous doctor. “No—I take it back, if she’s to be my sister-in-law. Esther Vaughan, will you marry me, or shall I go to my grave a miserable wreck of an old bachelor?”

It is needless to repeat what Esther said. We all know. And no pen can do justice to Anna's astonishment or Cornelia's wrath and dismay at this new aspect of Esther's affairs. However, they made the best of it in the end, and are at present on such good terms with the doctor and his wife, that neither of them would believe you, if you hinted that Esther had ever been considered a "superfluity" in the family. So there is no more to be told.

LIFE'S MIRAGE.

HOLLIS FREEMAN.

I read upon a summer eve
 'Mid the soft twilight's dusky birth,
 Of wondrous lands and far off seas
 Of this old earth.

And how the traveler wandering lone
 O'er burning sand, with rapture sees,
 Fair summer lands uprising sweet
 With waving trees.

Cool rustling palms 'gainst soft blue skies,
 White waters flowing deep and blest,
 And tower-topped cities rising calm
 Where mortals rest.

With springing step and joyous heart,
 Through burning sand he hasteneth on,
 When lo! the mocking vision fades,
 Is lost and gone.

I thought of many a mirage sweet,
 That lighting up life's darkness came
 To shine on eyes with weeping blind,
 A mocking flame.

How the wild firebrand of desire
 Recalls the light on that lost face,
 The flickering firelight shadowy falls
 On the old place.

We yearning stretch wild longing hands
 Across our wilderness of sand,
 An empty hearth, a silent home
 Alone doth stand.

Or wearied of our trackless path,
 We see upon the green clad shade,
 The flowers of hope by mirage stream
 Which bloom to fade.

Or on our lonely heart looks down,
 The queenly Venus from afar,
 Our fickle footsteps yearn to climb
 To that bright star.

Wild waters toss, fair girdled lands,
 Gay, gilded turrets urge us on,
 We near the golden shore of fame
 When lo, 'tis gone.

The dark horizon hems us in,
 Youth's flattering visions fading stand,
 Lonely we look o'er life's vast track
 Of barren sand.

A PECULIAR WOMAN.

BY FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.

"Ketch hold, Tom. There! I declare if you ain't spilled about a quart! I knew you'd get it too full."

"I didn't spill more than ten drops, Cousin Silence. How you worry over the loss of a little grease!"

"It's one of my principles to save, as you might o' learned long ago."

"I believe in prudence; but what's a few drops of lard more or less to you with this farm, and nobody knows how much in bank? You skimp and screw as if there were danger of your getting on the town."

"Well! you *are* the frankest young man I ever saw;" and Silence Withers put her arms akimbo, and gazed at her young cousin, Tom Lowey, as if he was a curiosity escaped from some museum.

"Yes; I was always noted for my frankness;" said Tom coolly, "and I never hesitate to speak my mind when duty urges. However, I don't want to hurt your feelings, Cousin Silence."

"No danger," said Miss Silence, with a laugh of derision. "I'm no spring chicken, and my feelin's have grown tough. But the idea of your duty urgin' you to speak your mind to *me*. Perhaps you don't recollect the whippin's I used to give you."

"I haven't forgotten," laughed Tom. "You used to make me do my duty in those days. But I wish I could convince you that it would be only a Christian act for you to send a little help to Mrs. Baldwin. You wouldn't feel the spending of fifty dollars out of your fifty thousand."

"Massy sakes! it seems as if other folks know more about my business than I do myself. Fifty thousand! Law! who said I was worth that much?"

"O, it's common talk," replied Tom.

"Well, it won't do *you* any good to talk. You'll never see the color of my money after I'm dead and gone. I've made my will, and since plain speakin' pleases you, I'll make free to say you aint mentioned in it. So there!"

"I calculate to take care of myself," said Tom, tilting his chair against the wall. "Leave your money wherever you choose; I don't want it."

"The day may come when you will want it, Tom Lowey, and then you'll be sorry for sayin' them words. I'll remember 'em, and so will you when your pride has its fall. There's plenty o' things I can leave my money to; it won't go begging."

"I guess not."

"You'd more'n *guess* if you was to live here a spell and see the stream of visitors I have. There aint a day but I don't get nagged about my money by somebody. Deacon Bonney thinks it's his bounden duty to advise me to leave it to found

an orphan's home. Old Mr. Craig wants it left to Wolfboro' Academy; Squire Darby has his mind on it for a public library; and the minister thinks I ought to remember what a debt's on the church. To hear 'em talk, you'd think I had one foot in the grave. I don't give none o' 'em any satisfaction, and then they say I'm peculiar. Well, perhaps I am, but I don't see no prospect of any change in my natur'."

Tom laughed. He was spending a couple of hours at the farm, which had been his only home until he began to "scratch for himself," to use his gaunt cousin's expression. Now he never let more than a day or two pass without looking in on the lone spinster to see if he could give her any help, and to-day he was making himself useful in lifting jars and boilers of hot grease on and off the stove; for Miss Silence was trying out lard.

Tom's law practice, as yet, was not very exacting, much to his regret; and he had more time on his hands than pleased him.

"But now do promise you'll send Mrs. Baldwin something for Christmas, Cousin Silence," said Tom, returning to the attack.

"I never promise what I don't mean to perform," was the characteristic answer he received to his pleading. "Martha Baldwin and I aint been on speakin' terms for these five years, and I'd be makin' myself pretty small to send her Christmas presents. I'd soon be on the town if I began to help all the poor folks I know. It 'pears to me you take a mighty deep interest in them Baldwins, Tom. Melissa Bonney let out a hint that you was sparkin' that Prissy Carrol."

"I wish Melissa Bonney would mind her business."

"Don't get riled. I dare say it's true. T'would be like you to court a girl without a penny, because you've not a penny yourself. Prissy Carrol's been raised out of charity by her aunt."

"That don't make her less lovable, Cousin Silence."

"Now, Tom Lowey," said Miss Silence, brandishing the big iron spoon with which she stirred the lard, "don't make a fool of yourself over a pretty face. Butter your bread before you eat it. There's Melissa Bonney, whose father's worth—"

"That's enough," interrupted Tom, and before Miss Silence could stop him he was out of the kitchen door and walking briskly down the path to the gate.

"Lawful sakes! what peculiar creatures men are! Talk of me bein' peculiar; why, I aint a circumstance to that Tom Lowey. He'll marry that Prissy Carrol now, if it's only to show me he don't care for my money;" and with a sigh, Miss Silence went back to her lard.

"Christmas gift, indeed!" she muttered, after

standing for some time in deep thought. "I think I see myself eatin' humble pie to Martha Baldwin." But somehow or other her conscience did not feel quite so easy as it had felt before Tom's call.

An hour later Tom was sitting in the widow Baldwin's small parlor, with his arm about a very trim waist, and a very lovely golden head resting on his shoulder. It was very evident that the closest economy was necessary with the Baldwins, for the carpet was patched and worn, the muslin curtains washed threadbare, and the furniture in sad need of varnish and new hair-cloth.

"I wish I saw my way clear to take you out of this, Prissy," said Tom, with a sigh; "but cli-ents are scarce enough in Wolfboro'."

"Now, Tom, where's the need to worry? I couldn't leave Aunt Martha, any way. We are both young enough to wait."

"You're too good for this world, Prissy," said Tom, with a kiss on the dimpled white chin.

"There's some one knocking; let me go," cried Prissy, springing up and running to the door.

It was no visitor, but the hired man from Miss Silence's farm with the spring wagon, which he had brought to convey Tom at once to his cousin's home, for Miss Silence had, not ten minutes after his departure, an hour previous, overturned a kettle of lard by accident, and been terribly scalded.

"Where's my hat?" cried Tom, in great excitement, while the man was telling how he had wasted time by going to the office first, and not finding him there had hunted him up.

"Let me go with you, Tom; I know I can help," cried Prissy, as her lover was springing into the light wagon.

"Oh, Prissy, if you only would."

"Wait until I get my bonnet and shawl, and tell Aunt Martha; I won't be gone a minute," and Prissy rushed into the kitchen where her aunt was ironing.

"Go, by all means," said Mrs. Baldwin, when she had grasped the meaning of the girl's incoherent explanation. "Stay as long as you are needed, and don't worry about me."

Miss Silence made no remark when Prissy entered her room with Tom. She was in great pain, and was thankful to see even this member of the hated Baldwin household.

For three weeks Prissy was chief director at the farm, and managed things so cleverly that Miss Silence had no chance to find fault. But the grim spinster had no words of commendation for the young girl's untiring industry.

"I calkerlate to pay you for what you've done," she said one day, as she watched Prissy making bread. "You needn't think you're workin' for nothin'."

"I don't want any pay, Miss Silence," said

Prissy, with trembling lips. "I am only too glad to do what I can, because—" she hesitated, and turned scarlet.

"Because you're in love with Tom," finished Miss Silence. "O, you needn't blush; I know all about it, and if he chooses to break his head agin a stone wall, I ain't agoin' to stop him."

At the end of three weeks, Miss Silence was able to be about again, and Prissy went home, declining the twenty dollar bill offered her for her services. But she had not been home three hours, before the hired man came from the farm with two large baskets, which he set down on Mrs. Baldwin's kitchen floor.

"Compliments of Miss Silence, and she sent these in place of the money," and was driving off in the spring wagon before Prissy could recover sufficiently from her astonishment to ask him any questions.

The basket was full of good things of every sort, and there was a royal Christmas dinner for the Baldwins the next day, much to the joy of the children, who had contemplated ruefully dining on mush and potatoes.

Prissy sent a note of thanks to Miss Silence by Tom, but she never received an answer.

Time went by, and Tom's law business improved so much that he persuaded Prissy against her better judgment to marry him.

Miss Silence did not grace the important occasion with her presence.

"I've no time to be gallivanting off to weddings," was her excuse when Tom reproached her for this slight.

"She is such a peculiar woman, we must not expect her to act like other people; but she has a good heart in spite of her queer ways," said Prissy, when Tom tried to make excuses for his cousin's remissness.

"But her greatest peculiarity lies in her not liking you, Prissy," said Tom, kissing his bride's soft cheek. "And I can't quite forgive her lack of taste."

All went well with the young couple for more than a year. They began house-keeping in a modest cottage Tom was paying for by installments, and were so prudent that they managed to gather about them many little comforts which made their home pleasant.

But fortune seldom smiles long at a time, as we all know, and reverses will come to every one. One bitter night in December, Tom's house caught fire, and was burned to the ground, nothing being saved except a few clothes belonging to Prissy and the baby.

Of course, Mrs. Baldwin opened her house to them at once, though it necessitated much crowding. Prissy suggested an appeal to Miss Silence, but Tom emphatically declined to make it. He was far too proud to ask for the help which he thought should have been earnestly offered. His

law books and papers had all been destroyed in the fire; for he had used a room in the cottage for an office, and getting a living was rather uphill work. Christmas was dreary enough that year, and even Prissy's courage sank as she thought of the future.

"Tom Lowey will have a chance to show now what kind of stuff he's made of," said Miss Silence. "He burdened himself with a wife and baby, and he'll have to look out for 'em. I told him I'd never give him a dollar of my money and I'll keep to my word, no matter what happens."

Miss Silence had thought herself proof against the weakness of falling ill; but in March she caught a severe cold, and pneumonia ensued. She felt that she should never get well again, and the doctor did not deceive her with false hopes, but told her frankly that in all probability she would live but a few days.

"I want to see the lawyer at once if that's the case," she said. "I must make a new will."

Mr. Simons, who had managed her business for years, came as soon as he received her message, and the will was made. He had hardly left the house before Tom called.

"I'm worse, Tom," said Miss Silence, feebly. "But I'm not afraid to go. Perhaps I'm peculiar in that as in other things. Deacon Bonney and the minister, Mr. Craig, and Mr. Darby, have all been here a urgin' of their several claims. I told each one o' 'em I'd consider the matter."

"Will they be disappointed, Cousin Silence?" asked Tom.

Poor fellow! he was in such a sore strait that he could not help a desire to have some small help from his cousin's board. He hardly dared hope she had left him a cent, and yet he was her only relative.

"That remains to be seen," was the unsatisfactory reply he received to his question. "But don't *you* cherish no hopes, for I aint left you a cent."

A bitter smile curled Tom's lips, but he made no reply.

"I suppose you think I'm peculiar in not leavin' you my money seein' you're the only kin I've got," went on Miss Silence, "but you've taken such precious pains to convince me you don't want it, that I've believed you an' acted accordin'."

Tom went home and repeated the conversation to Prissy, who shed a few tears, but tried to cheer up her husband's drooping spirits with hopes of more law business in the spring.

That night Miss Silence died, and the whole town turned out at her funeral a few days later.

"I expect Wolfboro' Adademy will find itself able to erect a new building when Miss Silence's will is read," said old Mr. Craig. "She told me she'd consider the matter, and I know she was impressed with my arguments."

"I rather think you're mistaken," said Squire Darby, "for I feel morally certain she's left her money to found a library."

The minister, who stood near, smiled to himself. He had not the slightest doubt that the debt which had hung over his church like a pall would now be lifted through Miss Silence's will.

Tom did not want to go to the reading of the important document; but Prissy insisted, and so they went together, though neither of them looked very cheerful.

Mr. Simons made no objection to the presence of Squire Darby. Mr. Craig and the minister, laughed and chuckled as Deacon Bonney entered, with a pleasant smile, for Tom, who knew well enough what sarcastic triumph lay beneath it.

The will was dated a few days previous, and every penny in the bank, and the large farm, were left unconditionally to Prissy Lowey. Her husband's name was not mentioned.

Tom's face was a study, while Prissy almost fainted from this sudden relief to all her troubles.

The faces of the other men present were studies, too. The Deacon left the house without a word, and the Squire looked grimly at Mr. Craig.

"She was a very peculiar woman," said the minister, wiping his brow, on which the beaded drops of perspiration stood thickly. His anxiety about his church had been very great, you see.

But Tom and Prissy could afford to forget their dead cousin's peculiarities, since she had kept her vow never to leave Tom a cent, and yet had managed to make him comfortable for life. There was an immediate flitting to the comfortable farm-house, and Tom furnished a nice office in town, and drove in every morning in the spring wagon. Past troubles and cares were forgotten; the Baldwins were made more comfortable; and considering all things, Miss Silence did more good with her money than if she had left it to found a library or lift a church debt.

WERE I to pray for a taste, says Sir John Herschel, which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it, and you hardly fail of making him a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest and the purest characters who have adorned humanity—you make him a citizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him.

GLENARCHAN.

A gay party of travelers had been five years in Europe, among them Ellen May, to whom this period was a time of study as well as of pleasure. Aunt Anne made the proposal, and paid the expenses, in this, as in most of Ellen's enjoyments, proving herself a veritable fairy godmother. It was all over now, and the young girl was nearing home; she was leaning on the side of the vessel, to which height she had climbed by means best known to herself, and pondering on the word *Home*. No two persons give the same definition of this word. To one it represents a life-centre; to another only a circumference. To one it is an interior, with curtains drawn, and a household gathered around a fireside; to another, it is a house without blinds. To Nellie, as her friends called her, there was no memory of early happiness; no magnet of home life to draw her back; no beauty, no interest; she was returning to the house where she was born, that was nearly all; and this is how it looked: A large country house, white, square, and with sharp corners and meaningless windows, all the same size, and in exactly corresponding positions, well situated among trees which heavily shaded it, with a lawn front and back, a front porch, with straggling vines, stretching themselves about in search of sunshine, a back piazza looking south, covered with a luxuriant clematis. This came first to Nellie, then the vision of her mother, loving, of course, all mothers are; but was she fretful or nervous, that even in memory the voice rasped her like a file? She could not see her in this mental picture without seeing the weary look, and the two babies always being soothed or fed. They must be six years old now, these twin sisters, but they did not often appear in the letters, so Nellie could not fancy how they looked. There was another baby, a boy. "I hope he is not heavy," was the thought with which he was dismissed. Then the father, was he always cross now? she had no recollection of him in any other state of mind; so she left him there. Were the meals still ill served, the servants untidy? Then there came up one bright spot, and it took this form: "Dear, dear Jack. I wonder if he is good, and kind, and noble yet—if he is full of mischief, and forever being sworn at."

Here she stopped and fairly shuddered.

"Nellie," said a voice, "I promised not to say a word to-day, but just once more let me—"

"If it's the same story it is useless, Rob," but the lovely face turned towards him belied the words. "Once more, Nellie, I offer myself and my life to you. Come back with me to my Highland home, come back to the mother who learned to love you in those few happy days. Let me tell your father of the home waiting for you. I must return in a week; go back with me."

Tears dimmed Nellie's eyes, but her voice was firm. "You have repeated the dear old story, Rob, so I must repeat its answer. Five years I have been absent; it is my simple duty to return and to try to repay to my parents the sacrifice they made in parting with me. Mamma's last letter was a very wail of sadness; my young brother needs me. I must go; give me one year, Rob."

"And what then?"

"Then I will decide where is my duty."

"Have you no duty to me?"

Whereupon Nellie irreverently laughed, "I don't see it in any of the Catechism duties, unless it comes under the head of 'love him as myself.'"

"Such love as you give yourself will not suit me at all; you are wronging yourself."

"Rob, dear Rob, are you not doing the same duty as I? You promised your mother to return to her because she is lonely."

"My mother has no one but me—husband and children are gone—she *is* lonely."

"My mother is heart-lonely; I have told you she is not happy," returned Nellie."

"How often may I write to you?" he asked, abruptly.

"You are not to write for a year at least; I will not have anything clandestine. Oh, dear boy, do be patient."

"Love is very unequal," remarked the young man, turning his sunny Scotch face away, "you have small difficulty in doing without me for a year."

Nellie was silent; she was trying so hard to do right, and her lover did not help her.

"Oh, Rob, don't be vexed. I must go home free. I will not go home with a secret from my parents."

"Why not tell them?"

"I have told you before, I do not wish them to look upon me as unsettled; I go home with no plan formed for leaving again. It must be so; it must, it must." And Nellie tried to convince herself that no bright future loomed up before her.

"If I come when the year is out?"

"You will find I have not forgotten you."

"Will any one meet you, dear?" asked a pleasant voice, "or shall I drive you up?"

"Aunt Anne will send for me, thank you."

"And you, Mr. Mackenzie, will you come up with us?"

"Thanks, but I am quite at home in New York, and ready to be of any service to you ladies."

"We will only need to be put in our carriages; our luggage will be left; Jones will see it through the Custom House." The interest of the familiar scenes occupied them then, and as others joined the party Nellie tried to put aside her conflicting emotions, and to feel patriotic as they

entered New York Bay, and buoyant as they neared the old wooden docks, which impress a foreigner with such an incongruous sense of dilapidation. The carriages were waiting, farewells said, and Nellie put in charge of Adams, the grey-haired negro, who had lived thirty years with "Miss Anne." Robert Mackenzie whispered, "I will see you this evening;" and then the rattle and the tumble, the hardly escaped collision with carts, carriages and omnibusses, till at last, bright, cheery Madison Avenue, with Aunt Anne's welcome, as warm and true as her own loving heart.

"My precious child," she exclaimed, after hours of conversation, "I wish you might stay with me; it is simply dreadful for you to return to that dreary old farm."

"Is nothing improved?"

"I fear not. I have not been there since you left. John is all I could wish when he is here, and Jack, who spent Christmas with me, is too loyal to tell home secrets. I judge from the boy's nature, if he could have told me anything pleasant he would have done so."

"I hope I can do something."

"But Nellie dear, how about Robert Mackenzie? He came to me with his troubles when he was here a year ago; don't you care for him?"

"Please forgive me, dear Auntie, for not answering that question. I want to go home free, and to do exactly whatever is my duty, before I answer Robert."

"Well, dear, you must decide for yourself: few girls have such a future as he has offered you. Will he be here this evening?"

"Yes, after dinner, but please tell me I am right: think of poor mother."

"Yes dear, you are right. God bless you."

CHAPTER II.

The next afternoon Adams put "the young Missus" in the cars; the luxury and beauty of life were left behind and the raging and snorting iron horse rushed madly towards the home life at May Farm.

"That's jolly! there you are," was the exclamation of the waiting Jack, who met his sister at the station. "Hi, aint you fine," he whispered as she kissed the sunburnt cheek, feeling a sense of satisfaction at his bright boyish greeting. "In with you, Nellie; trunk will come by the wagon; get up old Dolly."

"How are you all?" asked his sister, trying to feel very jolly indeed.

"Same old sixpences. Mother tired out, baby gettin' lighter every day, which is his chief virtue; Gov'nor cross as two sticks."

"Can't we brighten up things between us?"

"How so? think we'd make a team? I'm up

to any change. Back you in anything. It's awful jolly to have you home."

"Thank you, dear boy."

"Now, none of that. I'm a hard feller;" but tears were in his eyes, and what to do with them he did not know: if he wiped them off, Nellie would see. "Here we are. Well, I must say this is a poor welcome; not a soul in sight—whoa Dolly."

Ellen jumped out—everything was just as she left it, a shade dingier perhaps; she paused a moment, then a faint scream, a rustle, and her mother's arms were around her. "My darling, I meant to be dressed, but baby cried so—and—but I won't begin with my worries. How you are improved! You are a perfect picture. How dreary it must look to you." Ellen thought if the porch had been swept, and if her first look inside had not been met by hats, coats, hammers, saws, etc., etc., it would not have been so bad; but she followed her mother's self-denial, and only responded to her welcome. "Here are the children, big girls now," said the mother, as two pale, thin, unfinished looking little girls came to speak to sister Ellen.

A wail from above called the mother to the new boy, while Ellen made friends with the girls. While Jack was gone to the stable with the horse, she manfully struggled with heart-sickness as she looked for a clean chair to sit on; then seeing a broom beside the door, seized it with an eagerness that made her laugh, and sought the porch!

"Golly! if that don't beat the Dutch," exclaimed Jack as he came up, "I thought you'd be a great lady in silks, to be waited on; didn't expect to touch you with a long pole. Gimme that thing." A few vigorous flourishes improved affairs so much that Ellen sat down on the steps, with one little sister on each side of her. Something about the sweeping had lessened the distance between them and the wonderful stranger.

"Here's the Gov'nor," whispered Jack.

"Hello Nell, that you? Clear out, children; there's no gettin' into the house for brats. When did you come?"

"Just now," replied Ellen, giving her hand to her father, who offered no other greeting.

"Here Jack, you lazy villain, take Dolly and go down for the trunks. Tom says they haven't come; don't dare to send them up by the wagon."

"Dolly's been at work all day, and I was afraid you—"

"Shut up; go 'long, I tell you."

Jack said no more, but reharnessed the tired old mare, and drove towards the station. He met the wagon, and transferred the trunks.

"I must have half-price," said the man.

Jack was in despair, till he remembered he had his sister's purse, from which he paid the man, then paused to think what he had better do;

it would be hard on Dolly to keep her as long as it would have taken to go to the station and back, besides, something in Nellie's look determined him to return and "face the music."

Most fortunately, his father had gone; his sister still sat on the steps, while the two pale faces of the twins gazed calmly at her from an upper window.

"Good! Gov. gone?" cried Jack.

"Father is not here," replied Ellen gravely.

Jack gave her a quizzical look.

"All the better for me. I'll get the trunks up stairs. You must have all creation in 'em. "Here, Tom," to a man passing the porch, "give me a lift, will you?"

Tom kindly came up, and in a few minutes Ellen's trunks were in her room, and Jack beside her again.

"Wait till I put Dolly up, I want to show you something."

The patient creature, who had been stealing furtive glances at Ellen, probably mistaking her for an angel, was soon restored to her supper, and Jack to his sister.

"I say, Nell, you shan't sit on that porch till tea time, studying the horse block; come up stairs; its rather dreary, but mother and I have one surprise for you."

Ellen gladly followed her brother to her old room; he opened the door, the four sleepy eyes of the twins appearing as they entered.

"Oh, how lovely this is," exclaimed the young girl; "how did you get all this nice furniture?"

It was only a cottage set, but bright and fresh, painted in white and green; the carpet was also green, with a white vein running over it—everything new, and unmistakably clean.

"That's our surprise," said Jack; "how mother and I did it is a miracle."

"Thank you more than I can tell; you can't tell how lovely it is to me: do tell me how you did it."

"Mother has a little money, you know, and I saved up the rest."

"Saved up! you?"

"I don't wonder you laugh; it took a year. I hardly know how I did it. Boss gave me the walnuts, and I sold 'em; then Aunt Anne sent me the car fare when she asked me for Christmas. I managed to go down on the engine, and put the money in the stock. Then she gave me a green-back to spend in the city; I only spent a V—a feller has some expenses, you know—and I had to buy something for mother. Then Gov. gave me money for shoes, I bought hob-nails instead—and so on, no matter how. Mother and I used to count up once a week; we had a money chest and were like two misers; I kept it in a hole in a tree."

"You dear, dear boy, how good you are!"

"None of that now—I'm such a fool," as the

troublesome tears came again in Jack's eyes, and threatened to fall.

"I say, Nell, the best of it is, Gov. thinks Aunt Anne sent it for you."

"But that is not true."

"Well, I should rather say not; but don't blow, for he'd toss it out of the window if he knew."

"But, Jack—"

"Shut up, there he is."

"Most done prinking?" asked the father. "Nancy's made a fool of herself fixing up your room, Eleanor!"

He went down stairs.

"There, he's calling mother; she's in the kitchen making you some cream cakes; if she has to come up they'll be spoiled."

"No matter about them."

"But she will be so disappointed."

"Father," called Ellen, "won't you take me a little walk before tea?"

"Yes," he grunted.

"Whew! now you've done for yourself," said Jack softly, "do you really want to?"

"I want to help mother—oh, Jack, did you fill those vases with flowers?" but Jack had gone out of the window.

"Come along," said her father, not willing to show any pleasure; "got boots fit?"

"Yes, indeed; I'm ready to be a country girl again, and I want to see what changes you have made in these five years."

"Mighty few changes. What's the use? Here's a new fence this side the corn field."

"That's nice," replied Ellen demurely.

"'Taint at all; it's as cheap and rough as can be."

She tried again.

"Is there prospect of good crops, father? We had a great deal of rain in England."

"Pretty fair, had a drought here; wonder England don't get soaked through and sink; thought everything was going to turn to powder here and blow up. Oats doing well, timothy's pretty fair, potatoes will fail; 'taint much matter what fails and what don't."

"That's not a very cheerful view to take of it," laughed Ellen. "I suppose, on the average, one season is as good as another."

"Well, don't no, maybe in the long run, 'tis so. Work like blazes, then comes a drought. Get your hay down, then down comes a pouring rain. Plant best potato seed, and potato bugs stands ready."

"Life is hard," said Ellen in agreement.

"Hard! not for women; they sit in the house while men work."

"That's the hardest part of all; I can't imagine harder work than sitting still."

"Maybe you'd like to take a turn in the fields with the mercury 150."

"That is hard too; but women have work

enough with house-keeping and servants, sewing and children. You know "men's work is from sun to sun. Women's work is never done."

"What you talk of is *loafing*, not work."

"It's something that must be done, so I call it work; whether it is hard or not, depends on how those take it, for whom it is done." She could not resist this one shot.

"You're young," remarked her father, a slight shade of color mounting to his hair, "Here's a good calf, he'll bring something; but I lost a pair of oxen this summer, so that's more'n balanced."

"Father, your corn looks finely."

"Yes, guess I'll have half a crop. Blackbirds pulled up half the seed; to see the way them creatures did it was aggravating. They didn't care for scarecrows. Then I tried arsenic and poisoned them."

"What extraordinary birds they are," thought the foreign traveler.

"Oh, here's the dear little' brook, and the bridge, just as it used to be; how the children must love to play here."

"Play! Jack's dip-candles, do you mean? I never heard of their playing since they've been round."

"Poor darlings, they want some one to teach them. I'll show them what good times I had once."

"Better let 'em alone—teach them to darn stockings. If I die you'll all go to pot. Can't expect Nancy to take the whole kit and boodle of you."

"She certainly will not, if you call her Nancy," laughed Ellen, picturing to herself an elegant Aunt Anne, with her silks and laces, and luxurious home.

"Nancy's her name; I ain't a going to set her up with Anne; she's as proud as Lucifer now. Here we are at the sorghum field. Can you climb a fence?"

"As well as a mountain, and quicker," exclaimed Ellen, as she reached the other side; "there, I claim your praise."

"None of your stage fooling," but he smiled for all that, and Ellen began to think the cream cakes must be done.

"Your sorghum looks well."

"Yet, but it's a poor crop now; folks getting tired of it. It always had a taste I didn't like. The mill is in the hollow."

They turned to the barnyard, where the little yellow chickens were gathering under their mother's wings. Ellen exclaimed with pleasure, and her father experienced a momentary enjoyment; but not recognizing his good angel, he shook it off, and gruffly said:

"If you want any tea, you'd better come in now."

"I'm as hungry as a child," pleasantly said Ellen, "and there's mother looking for us; don't

she look pretty standing there under the vines?"

Her father saw only a faded woman, with streaks of gray in her hair, and lines of care in her face, and expected a weary, unmusical voice to say, "Tea is ready."

He made no answer to Ellen, whose bright face was doing its work on her mother; and she, not having been badgered this afternoon, said in a nearly cheerful tone, "Had a good walk? father, isn't it good to have Nell back again?"

The frightened twins were clinging to her for protection; but as nothing was said to them, she did not mind having no answer; silence was comparatively bliss.

Ellen was shocked; memory reminded her it was nothing new, so taking a hand of each little girl, she answered for her father—

"Yes, mother, we had a very nice walk; everything looks well on the farm, and the chickens—oh, children, have you seen the chickens?"

"No," they whispered.

"Speak up, you white idiots."

"No," they shrieked, bursting into tears.

"I vow girls ought to be drowned," was the rejoinder; "they seem born with tanks of tears, on purpose."

Ellen wisely made no remark, as her mother had not heard this, having preceded them to the dining-room. The tea-table was abundantly spread; there was no stint of food at May Farm; the cream cakes were perfect, and Ellen gave a grateful look to her mother.

"Where's Jack?"

"He was here a minute ago."

"What's that got to do with it? where is he now?"

"I don't know."

"Why didn't you say that at first? I hate dodging."

Jack entered.

"I was kept a moment by—"

"No matter; excuses are as plenty as blackberries; you come to your meals in time, or find another boarding place."

Having thus succeeded in destroying the comfort of every member of his family, this delightful paterfamilias subsided into his tea-cup. No one spoke; conversation was not encouraged at the table. The mother busied herself with her tea-pots; the twins devoured cream cakes, preserves and sweet cake; Jack made way with a beefsteak and a pie, then without a word went off—not, however, until he had managed to touch his mother's hand, to wink at Ellen, and make a face at the twins which nearly sent them into convulsions.

"Going to town meeting, John?" ventured his wife.

No answer. Whereupon Ellen said:

"Mother asked if you are going to town meeting, father."

"Did she? Well, perhaps I am, perhaps I'm not."

"Mother," said Ellen demurely, "father says perhaps he is, perhaps he is not."

"Thank you, dear," replied her mother greatly alarmed at this audacity. The father said nothing; he kicked over a chair when he left the room, but that hurt no one.

A sigh of relief came from among the tea-pots. Ellen struggled against an expression of a like feeling, and said:

"It is warm and lovely; let us go out on the porch."

"I've got a good deal of sewing on hand, dear, but I'll come for a little while."

The servant came in to clear the table then. She had on a clean white apron, which was washed expressly for her first appearance before the young lady; her face wore a fine expression of being worth looking at.

"That's Mary," said Mrs. May.

"How are you, Mary?" pleasantly said Ellen.

"Quite well, thank you, Miss. Hope I see you the same."

The kerosene lamp was burning dimly in the parlor; millers and beetles were enjoying its beams, preparatory to their fiery death.

"Don't go there, mother; come outside."

"Presently," whispered her mother, taking up her basket of work, a proceeding explained by the heavy footsteps coming down stairs.

"Good-bye, father," said Ellen, as he passed.

No answer.

"Is he off?" asked her mother.

"Vanishing down the road; do come out."

The work was so arranged that it could be quickly resumed, and the twins told to sit on the log by the gate, and to "tell mother when father turns the corner."

"He is rather uncertain," she explained to Ellen, "and it's nicer to know when he's coming."

Ellen took no notice; she placed a comfortable chair for her mother, and sitting down on the step beside her, remarked that the boy slept quietly.

"Yes, I gave him a little more syrup than usual."

"What kind of syrup?"

"Soothing syrup. I have to give him a little, father gets so nervous when he cries; it don't hurt him. I don't think it agreed with the twins, they're so pale."

"Rather," replied Ellen, remembering the rosy children seen abroad, "are you not afraid of narcotics?"

"Yes, but much more afraid of your father's way of quieting him."

Ellen changed the subject. "I want to thank you, mother, for the lovely furniture in my room; it is so fresh and beautiful."

"I'm delighted you like it, dear. Jack and I managed it: your father thinks his sister sent it; don't let him find out."

Ellen was shocked at these cool deceptions, but gave the required promise, thinking her labors were likely to be Herculean, among both moral and physical wrecks.

"I keep the twins up," continued her mother, "because I'm so lonely in the evenings; your father and Jack are mostly out."

"Where does Jack go? to the village?"

"Oh, I never ask; anywhere to get away."

"I will be with you in the evenings now; suppose we put the twins to bed early."

"They're not tired, my dear, they always look so; father says women are born tired."

"I was not," promptly replied Ellen.

"Juno brought you and Jack up; I don't have her success with the others."

"Dear old Juno, where is she now?"

"She has a cottage a mile off; it's too far for her to walk, or for me. Jack goes down with things; father don't mind our helping her a little, but I don't bring her much before his notice; it's better."

"Mother, I have come home to help you; how can I best do it?"

"By never seeming to do it. You did more for me this afternoon by taking your father out to walk, than I can explain. You will need the serpent's wisdom with the dove's harmlessness."

"Why do you not sometimes assert yourself, mother?" asked Ellen, struck with her clear reply.

"Oh, don't speak of it," she said, shivering; "it's not my nature; I can endure, but I can't fight."

The fretful voice had returned. Ellen hastened to banish it by telling of some of the amusing incidents of her voyage, when the twins suddenly rushed towards the house—"He's coming, he's coming!"

Mrs. May rushed to the parlor, resuming her darning; the little girls scrambled up stairs, tumbled out of their clothes, got into bed, and hid their heads under the cover.

Ellen had a hard struggle for composure, but continued her conversation in a louder voice, hating herself for the deception.

"It's a lovely evening, father," she said, as he came in.

"Is it? Where's your mother?"

"Inside, sewing."

"Hasn't she been out?"

"Yes, for a little while. She is hard at work now."

"Hem," he growled; "call her."

"Mother dear, come out, *do*; I'll help you sew to-morrow."

She ventured to do so; and was much amazed by her husband pushing a chair two inches towards her.

The heaven had already begun to work, for Mr. May had experienced the second pleasurable sensation of the day, in the sight of the young girl seated in calm repose in the fading light: it made him hate to think of his wife darning socks among the beetles. Ellen continued her story, and though there were no responses, she saw there was some interest. After a longer period of quiet than usual, Mr. May went inside to read the evening paper; he began by kicking over the work basket, and swearing at it; somehow he hoped it was annihilated. His wife heard it fly across the room, and stole a furtive glance at Ellen, who at once proposed a walk to the gate. The log on which the twins kept watch seemed more inviting than the porch.

"I have not been out for a week," said her mother, "somehow I'm always busy, and then I don't much like to leave the children."

"I can relieve you now; I mean you to go away to make a visit."

"Oh no, Ellen, it would be too hard when I come home; you know the galled horse on the canal feels the collar more when it is put on again." But somehow a faint hope dawned on the mother; she did not recognize it as such, but thought she felt rested, and that the air did her good. When they went in, Ellen managed to obtain a gruff 'good night,' before they went upstairs. "Father has the room opposite mine now; he says those children keep him awake; it's a great comfort to know they can stir without disturbing him."

"It must be," said Ellen dryly.

She was not sleepy, so she stood by her window, thinking of the far-off days when she had watched the stars come out, and wondered if any one called them. Her future looked dark; there seemed a mountain to climb, and on it there was no road. "Try, Ellen, to love me well enough to forsake all for my sake," still rang in her ears, yet she did not regret the reply, "All but duty." When duty and inclination coincide, life work is easy; when duty has weights, and inclination has wings, one is well nigh torn asunder.

A low voice called her; Jack was holding on by the edge of the piazza roof, his head just above it. "Creep down the back steps, Nell; come, let's have a walk; I've been dodging around watching for your light."

It was a delightful invitation; Ellen felt that Jack was her only helper, and soon he was leading her far from her trouble.

"Where have you been, dear old fellow?"

"I never stay home when boss is 'round; he and I don't take stock together."

"Oh Jack, *do* say father; it's dreadful to hear such words."

"Nell," and Jack's merry tone fell to deepest seriousness, "the word 'father' tells of care and tenderness on one side, and love and respect on

the other. I have no father. Farmer May has no son." Ellen made no answer. "Don't preach, Nell, that's a dear. I'm an uncommonly good boy, as boys go; better be content with such things as you have. I hate the governor, and he hates me, so the less said about it the better. I spent this evening with Juno, sitting on the steps of her shanty; she is crazy to see you. I told her you would go down to-morrow; the old soul is better now. Don't talk to me about the old man; when I think about Juno,"—and he whistled a rollicking tune. "Isn't this a lovely place; I've made moss grow on these rocks; it's as soft as a cushion; I come here and dream; there's room for two; now, Nell, look for the stars. I love to watch those glorious lights come out, and fancy that its some angel's business to light them up every night. We're just on the edge of the meadow—at night it looks like the sea—sometimes the wind makes great rolling billows of the grass, and I long to be tossing on the ocean. Tell me of the great world the other side; tell me of people who spend their lives in the enjoyment of other men's labors; tell me of castles, of palaces, of pictures, of statues, of days where it is all moral sunshine."

Jack gave her no chance to speak till he reached the one subject of his dreams, and Ellen wisely left their every-day world, telling him of Rome, of the old Rome whose giant foot-prints are yet uneffaced, of how they sweep across the Campagna, of how they stand grand in ruins, telling a story that is almost a resurrection; silent, with deep emotion, the boy listened, sometimes seizing her hand, sometimes throwing himself upon his face, but never spoke until she pained from weariness.

"Oh Nell, and *you* have seen it all. Father—Father in heaven give me patience," he cried stretching out his hands to the glittering tabernacle. "Will you tell me everything, Nellie, dear? I will see it sometime; but I cannot wait, I'm heart hungry."

"I will talk whenever you wish, dear boy," replied his sister, amazed at these developments; "but now ought we not to go home?"

"Home!" cried Jack. "Home! May farm is a fine home."

"Mother is there," said Ellen, quietly.

"Poor mother! Yes, we will go home; but time is nothing in the night, and the doors are never locked."

"But you will be tired for your work to-morrow."

"I will be tired *of* my work to-morrow. I rest better on these rocks than on any bed owned by Farmer May."

They went slowly home after that, and Ellen found it was two o'clock when she finally reached her room. She had been home ten hours—it seemed a week.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning a low fretting sound awakened Ellen; she started, wondering where she was, for the bed had tossed and rolled all night, and she fancied she was still in the small limits of her state-room.

A tired voice was soothing a moaning child, "Oh, dear, why did you wake up till I was dressed!—hush, hush, do stop, I shall go frantic; hush—hush my dear, lie still and slumber, holy angels—there now, you've waked the twins"—the mother always called these young ladies "the twins," because their father had named them Judith and Kezia. The weak voices of these damsels began their usual whine, and between these and "heavenly blessings without number," Ellen became thoroughly awake and alive to her position. She closed her door, which had been left open during the hot night, and made her toilet; a plain linen collar, with a venture in the shape of a blue bow, were her only ornaments; then, feeling as if she left peace behind her, she knocked at her mother's door.

"Good gracious! breakfast can't be ready," exclaimed her distracted parent. "Mercy, Ellen what *do* you want?—how lovely you look, dear."

"I came for the little girls; I will take them outside till breakfast is ready."

"Oh, thank you, dear; you *are* going to be a help. Children, are you ready?"

They looked frightened to death, but answered Ellen's pleasant "Come," by putting their cold damp hands in hers.

"Is the baby awake yet, mother? I haven't seen him, you know."

"He is off to sleep again," replied her mother; "better wait till later."

So Ellen and her two silent charges went down the back stairs, some instinct preserving her from going out the front door, where her benevolence could be overlooked. Off into the fresh coolness she led her charges, who received the first breath of the morning with shivers.

The morning was lovely, the birds were singing with wild joy; the twins clung closely to their sister. "Listen to the birds," she said. "Do you hear that robin?"

"Does that bird make that noise?" whispered No. 1.

"Yes, he does; stop now and listen."

"I don't hear him," said No. 2. The child was not deaf.

"Try to hear," said Ellen; "he sings so," imitating the bird; "do you hear now?"

"Yes, I hear," whispered No. 2.

Could it be possible these country children did not know the songs of birds?

Jack appeared. "Hallo; nurse-maid, hey? You're a picture, Nell; how fine you are."

"What, in this old traveling dress? I thought I was a pike-staff."

"It's you, then; I thought it was your feathers."

Ellen laughed a bright, merry laugh, such as was uncommon in those precincts.

"You sing the prettiest," ventured No. 1.

"Sing! I didn't sing." Whereupon No. 1 began to cry.

"Oh, you two geese," exclaimed Jack. "Kezia has made the first practical remark that has been perpetrated by any member of this lovely and highly-cultured family, and our traveled sister fails to appreciate. Yes, Kezy, my love, Jack thinks so too; don't cry, my well-spring of joy; Nell's laugh is the sweetest singing we have heard for many a long day," and Jack looked with some interest on this precocious one of the "dip candles," as he was pleased to call his sisters.

Ellen laughed heartily then. "I'm unused to flattery," she said. "Come, Jack, I want to show the chickens to the children."

"Keep close to the fence, then; no need to rouse the watch dog, who is shaving."

At this more tears came from the "well springs of joy," who whimpered they were afraid of dogs.

"I'll defend you," said Jack, "though there's no knowing how this excursion will please his majesty."

"What harm can there be in it?"

"None that you or I can discover, Nell; you go on, and I'll walk around the front and keep him busy; he'll begin at me as soon as he sees me."

Ellen was dismayed, but kept on, pleased to see a faint flush of color overspread the faces of the twins, as they saw the little yellow chickens.

"What are they?" whispered No. 1.

"Chickens, of course. They come out of the white eggs, like what you have for breakfast."

"Are they alive?"

"Yes; don't you see them run?"

"Baby don't run."

"He will when he is old enough. When night comes the old hen calls them, and they all run under her wings and go to sleep."

"Does she give them brown stuff in a spoon?"

"No indeed, they go to sleep without that."

"Does their father holler at 'em?"

"Oh, no! there's no need; they go to sleep quietly."

"Why does we have to go to sleep so much?"

"So that you can grow strong, and well, and tall."

This was very deep conversation, and the children began to droop; they could not attend long; a bell warned them to return.

Jack was on the piazza. "Hurry in; he'll be down in a minute; he's awful to-day, because he overslept."

Ellen determined to pursue her course bravely; they all went into the dining-room, where a bountiful supply of provisions stood in painful disarray on yesterday's tablecloth.

"Shall we wait for father?" asked Ellen.

"I'm sure I don't know; sometimes he likes it, sometimes he don't. I think we'll sit down."

Presently a stream of oaths was heard descending the stairs, "Nice behaviour; is anything left for me?" asked Mr. May, as he entered.

"Two beefsteaks, cakes and coffee," replied Ellen, cheerfully; "you won't starve, father."

"I'll see to that, I promise you." Jack handed the coffee, and the rest of the breakfast passed in silence. When he had done eating, Mr. May said to Ellen, "You'd better find something to do; we don't go wandering after pleasure on these premises."

"I'll keep busy, never fear," she answered; "but I must have a day or two to put my things in order and to feel at home."

"If they don't get in order pretty soon, I'll help fix 'em," with which alarming threat he went out, followed by Jack.

"I'll take some breakfast, now, dear," said the mother. "I thought I wouldn't disturb father to help me before."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A MIST OF SPRING.

CAROLINE A. MERIGHI.

What hath arisen from the snows,

The sunken snows of long unrest?

Was it the form that wears the rose,

The dream-sought rose of winter's quest?

Forgotten are the mournful days,

The mournful days when flowers had died,

When to the voice that called always,

No voice of any bird replied.

What seeks the soul through season sad,

That seems it swift will come again,

When winds of spring are warm and glad,

And vanished far the icy rain?

What secret bear the stream and tree,

The dazzling flight of butterflies;

When thrills the air with melody,

And streams are swift, and larks arise?

Why yearns the heart, why seek the eyes

The things to come, the yet unseen?

Why prayers as sad when naught replies,

As though no summer ere had been?

Saw not the gaze one year ago

As fair a rose? Came not the strain

Of thrush as sweetly on the morn?

Is't not the same, though come again?

Ah, faint and troubled soul, reply!

Give up the secret of thy song,

Tell why the thrush hath melody,

And why the winter day was long!

'Tis only this, the winter's blast

Says nothing to the heart in pain;

And the sweet summer-influence cast,

On souls, is *Hope* that lives again.

AUNT EDITH'S STORY.

BY MARION COUTHOUY.

Author of "Papers for Girls."

Mrs. Rodney was arranging her music. She sat on the floor, before a high, old-fashioned cabinet, with drawers, from whence she drew piles of loose sheets, and rare collections bound in pamphlet form, whose yellow covers she regarded with affectionate reverence. Her music-room was an attractive little nook of a place, and she was herself a pleasant woman to look at, in her graceful middle-age, with her matronly form, dark abundant hair, and kindly bright blue eyes. Her present lowly position detracted little from the native dignity which invested her, as if with a royal robe.

Some one knocks at the door, and she lifts her face—a face upon which her history is written, if one were skilled to read it. The chin is somewhat square, the jaw a trifle too broad, the mouth large, firm, and pleasant, the whole expression, strong, sweet, and *capable*. She is one who has struggled and royally overcome; and who is now enjoying the well-earned repose of an honorable maturity.

"Come in!" she cries, in the sweet, full voice which we would expect from such a mouth and throat.

"I thought you would be here!" says the young girl, who enters. "I wondered why the door was shut between this room and the parlor, and concluded you must be busy at something here."

"I'm sorting the music; and will you help me, Bert? I am delighted to see you. Kiss me if you can reach me, but don't step on Chopin's Nocturnes. I've just bought a new copy. Such confusion as this music had got into! I couldn't find anything I wanted, and some of my old books are coming to pieces. Here, can you put these sonatas together by the number of the leaves? They are to be re-bound."

"Yes; but auntie, here are some of Haydn's mixed in with Mozart's!"

"If you know them apart, then, separate them," said Mrs. Rodney; but as she spoke, she looked somewhat curiously into Bertha's face. "What is wrong with the child?" she thought. She went on very quickly, putting her music into the drawers.

After a long pause, Bertha spoke again. "The sonatas are right now, Aunt Edith; but did you know you had lost a whole leaf out of Chopin's Twelfth Nocturne?"

"Why, Bertie, you have the old book. I just told you I had bought a new one. And even if I had lost it, I don't think you would cry about it! You needn't keep your face turned away. I heard it in your voice. Face right about, Bertha!

I must know about this, my child. An engaged young lady, at the mature age of seventeen, in such a melancholy state of mind! Why, Bert!"

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed Bertha, bursting into tears.

"What is it, dear?" said her aunt, with deep sympathy. "Is anything wrong with Mr. Merivale?"

"No," said Bertha, more quietly, "not that; but—I'll tell you, Aunt Edith. Our engagement is broken!"

"What!" cried Mrs. Rodney, springing up. "Well, that's the most sens—the most *singular* thing I've heard of for some time. My child, how did it happen?"

"I—I broke it off," and Bertha's pretty young face looked as woe-begone as if she had said "he jilted me!"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Rodney, seating herself on a divan, and drawing Bertha down beside her; "I thought it would end in this way. I was sure you *could* not marry Mr. Merivale, and I am very glad."

"Don't say anything against him!" said Bertha, crying again. "He's perfect—absolutely perfect!"

Aunt Edith smiled. "Perfect, my dear, yet you sent him away? Come, clear up this mystery."

"I can't," said Bertha, "and it is *that* that's so dreadful! I don't understand it myself. I'm sure I love him, but I *couldn't* marry him. I really can't marry any one—I am afraid to promise—but yet I'm sorry I broke the engagement, for I miss him dreadfully! What shall I do? I cannot bear to have him or lose him—either one!" and she looked positively despairing.

"What does it mean, Auntie?"

Her aunt looked thoughtful, and sat, gently smoothing the girl's bright hair.

"I think I can tell you, Bertha," she said, after a pause. "You do not love him, and I am thankful that you found it out in time."

"I *do* love him," exclaimed the inconsistent Bertha. "He is handsome, and clever, and kind, and—oh, dear, I do certainly love him!"

"You don't know the A, B, C of love," said the aunt, with gentle scorn. "You are a child! Bertie, I have mourned over your engagement, especially as it was to have been a short one. To choose your life's path—one which you must follow to the end whether you will or no!—at your age, is the wildest folly, and *must* have ended in sorrow. You are attached to Mr. Merivale because he is your first love, and because, as you say, he is handsome, and clever, and kind, and you are accustomed to his homage, and will miss him. But oh! Bertha, wait for a great love, with a deeper foundation!"

"Oh, I cannot have another," cried the girl, sobbing. "I couldn't think of saying the same

thing to some one else—*promising* again, when I broke the first vow! It is so dishonorable—a broken engagement is dreadful!”

“No, you have not been dishonorable, but brave and true. Trust me, there is nothing so dreadful as a rash, ill-considered marriage. Oh, if only every girl would wait until she has the heart of a woman! A *wife* at seventeen—think of it, Bertha!”

“But, Auntie, *you* married at sixteen!” and Bertha looked up wonderingly into the earnest, agitated face beside her.

“Yes,” said Edith, and her lips were fixed with a strange look that Bertha had never seen upon her face before. “Yes, I married at sixteen!”

There was a world of suggestion in the fall of her rich, stern tones at the close of that sentence. The girl regarded her in silence.

“I will tell you my story!” cried Edith, suddenly, clasping the light form with unwonted passion. “I will tell you; and then you will be glad, thankful, as I am thankful for you, that you escaped what I have borne. But yet—will she understand how it felt?” she continued, speaking, as if to herself, and looking musingly in Bertha’s eyes.

“I think I will,” returned the latter, quietly. “I have suffered so much, in making my decision and in my conflict of feeling, that I seem to have added years to my life and understanding!”

“I can see that you have, my love. Then let me tell you. Remember that I have nothing to say against Mr. Rodney. The causes of my trouble lay more in myself than in him. You have seen his portrait; you know what his beauty was—those clear-cut, faultless features that are essential to beauty in a man, and dark brilliant eyes. I was a womanly girl for my years; I was romantic, and intensely self-willed. I was advised to wait, but the thought was maddening; I scorned every word that suggested moderation, in feeling or action. It was inevitable—I could not see clearly at the time. I remember how his every word and movement fascinated me; even the trifling fact that he was a graceful dancer added to my infatuation! Then his love-making was irresistible in my eyes! He was ten years older than myself, still a very young man, to be sure; but *I* was a child! So we were married. The honeymoon was all that could be desired; it was a dream of bliss; but waking comes after every dream, and it is a happy thing when the peace of the dream is carried into waking hours, and when the bright morning sunlight shines into our opening eyes. I awakened to a very gloomy twilight!

“I don’t intend giving you a detailed account of the first ten years of my married life; neither do I intend dwelling upon the faults that I found in my husband. They were no more, indeed they were far less, than many a wife has found;

but, as I told you, I was self-willed. I could not readily adjust myself to another’s nature, and here was a nature which opposed mine at every turn. I do not say that he was tyrannical; it was as natural that he should wish to have his own way as that I should wish to have mine; but the trouble was, that our tastes and desires never agreed! All the needs of our natures were at variance. I was passionate, eager, intense, and always sternly in earnest; he was light, gay, somewhat impressive, but rarely retaining impressions. And we never could like the same things, from a breakfast dish to a work of art! Forbearance, of course, was the cure for all this, but I had never learned forbearance; how should I? This was my first training. I was not naturally pliable, and I could not run myself into a new mould. Then, I had a world of thought which he had never entered. He did not care for my favorite books; and the music, which was my life, was little more, I believe, than a *noise* to him! Before our marriage, he had listened smilingly to my playing, and called it “splendid:” and I had hidden from my own consciousness the need which I felt of finer appreciation. After our marriage, however, he did not even pretend to be interested in my music; and I think it annoyed him!

“If we had quarreled more—strange as it may seem!—I believe we would have been happier. Had I broken out into passionate anger, placed myself in the wrong, and been forced to apologize, I might have excused him more, and blamed myself. But it was not my way. I did not storm at him, but I grew cold and scornful: he grew indifferent and neglectful. It was the old, wretched story! I will not, as I said, enter into details, or speak even of one *scene* that we had. It is enough to say that my love, which had never been of a self-denying character, gradually flickered and went out like the flame of a candle. I had married in ignorance of my husband’s mind and temperament, and in yet more total ignorance of my own; and I was a very miserable woman.

“I would not let my first-born child console me—my little Ernest!—I remember we even quarreled over his name! His father, I know, loved him devotedly, and I was not without the warm feelings of a mother; but I had grown so hard, and so morbidly wretched, that I refused to take comfort even in my child. I think that was my worst sin. If I were justified to a certain degree in my disappointment and unhappiness as a wife, I could at least have become *all mother*. I was kind to my boy—indeed, he was so beautiful and so gentle that no one could fail to love him—but it was a mournful kindness at the best; a sort of listless, regretful tenderness, as if I were continually sighing over his unfortunate birth into so dreary a world. You see I had staked

too much upon my marriage, and could not bear the hard realities of my life. And they were harder than I care to tell you now!

"During all this time, my grief was hidden from the world. I was far more recklessly, daringly gay than I had been in my girlhood. For my pride was not broken; I could not have borne that my own mother should pity me. I once, in my terrible need of sympathy, wrote an anonymous letter to a lady who was a stranger to me, but I received no answer. I learned afterwards that the medium of communication which I had suggested was inaccessible to her. I believed her to be one who could understand my trouble; but I think now that advice from her could have helped me but little, as she was younger than myself, and unmarried. But the incident added to my discouragement.

"At length I had an illness, which left me nervous and weak, and therefore added to the morbid intensity of my suffering. Shortly afterwards, a quarrel arose between my husband and myself. As regards the cause of that quarrel, I was to some extent the injured party; and, having kept silence for so long, my upbraidings were bitter and terrible. Sitting alone after he had left me, I pondered upon the state of my life, and a definite purpose rose at length out of the chaos of my thoughts. *I would not forgive him now; I could not—or thought I could not—bend to the mastery of a nature which had grown contemptible in my sight. I hated him; and my whole soul shrank from the prospect of living year after year with a husband whose love for me, as I decided, was dead, and for whom my own love had turned to loathing. My provocation at this time was really not small, for he had at length given me some cause for jealousy—slight cause, I own, yet more than I could bear, for my jealousy was of that bitter kind which springs up, not side by side with love, but from the empty place where love has been! I do not justify myself; I was a foolish, wilful, maddened woman. I decided to leave him.* That very night, I resolved I would take my child and go. I was well provided with money; I was fully capable of supporting myself by teaching music, and I had a certificate from my former master, whose name was everywhere well known. I would go to a distant city, and lose myself in the throng of workers; my husband, perhaps, would seek and find me, but I should refuse to return. No one could force me; was I not an independent being? I actually did not know that the law would deprive me of my child, and restore him to his father.

"At twilight, I dressed myself in a traveling suit, and got Ernest ready. His fair unconscious face shone upon me like an angel's. All purity, and love, and heavenly gentleness, were in the mystery of those deep-blue innocent eyes;

but I would not read my lesson there! He was only six years old—my little child, my own, own child! If I had known, as I kissed him passionately, that it would be—but I must not speak of that yet!

Mrs. Rodney paused, in a fierce struggle with deep emotion. Bertha sat spell-bound, clasping her aunt's hand closely, with loving, wondering eyes fixed upon her face. It was not long before the story was resumed.

"I took nothing with me but a small valise," continued Edith, "but it contained sufficient money to enable me to supply all present needs. I left no word—not even a note—I left the house quietly with my child. We lived in the country, and our grounds were extensive and beautiful. Avoiding the road at first, I crossed the lawn, and passed along the bank of a deep, swift stream of water that ran through a grove of noble trees on our domains. I intended to pass through a small gate which would lead me to a narrow path—the shortest way to the railroad station. Ernest ran before me—I did not notice him. The ground was uneven—how shall I tell you, Bertha?—he slipped and fell—my only child!—he struck his head sharply against a projecting branch, or snag—and dropped like a stone into the water!"

Her voice grew hoarse and deep, and sank.

"Oh, auntie, don't tell me—don't tell me!" cried Bertha, hiding her face.

"He never breathed again, Bertha," said Edith, in low, sweet, solemn tones. "God took him from me in a moment, and kept him until I shall be worthy to see him once more! * * * I plunged after him, but the cold water overwhelmed me; I struggled vainly, and my eyes grew dim. I knew nothing more until I found myself lying on the bank, in my husband's arms, and beside me—beside me—lay the body of my one little child! Don't cry, Bertha; he has never been lost or dead to me. The 'idea of his life' is always with me, and though I love my other children dearly, my first-born has been my guardian saint. Oh, in what mercy and goodness he was taken away! Never were the beautiful uses of sorrow so clearly exemplified. For that date was the beginning of my true life.

"My husband had come home earlier than was expected, and had heard the terrible cry I gave when Ernest fell. He saved me, and succeeded in drawing out our child's body; but the blow and the shock had done their work. I think the deepest and most passionate love my husband ever felt was for this son; his whole nature was changed and deepened by his loss. For myself, every particle of resentment, of self-love and pride, were whelmed in the flood of this sudden agony. I confessed all; I was forgiven, and I forgave. I cannot give you the history of those days—after our loss; I will tell you instead of the years that followed, when my struggle after

forbearance and love was carried on in earnest, and was rewarded by a true victory over myself; and when I made the discovery at last, that the most uncongenial natures become less trying to one another when each presents a surface softened by mutual tenderness, and ready to receive impressions. When I exacted less, I found that less was exacted from me; and as I became more and more unconscious of *self*, I found a new and better self growing within me—a self in which was rooted the life and happiness of another. In time, more children were vouchsafed to me, and I learned at last what the *another-life* is, in its utter and happy self-abnegation.

"I will not say that my husband ever realized my soul's ideal, but I was able to relinquish that vain and idle dream for the abiding reality of a self-sacrificing affection. He died, ten years after the catastrophe which cut our lives in two; and the last words we exchanged were words of peace and love. You know the history of my widowhood,—how I have worked for my children, and have been busy and quite content.

"I have spoken very freely to you, my child, because I wanted you to see what dangerous experiments these rash marriages are. People fancy that they love, because, forsooth, one is handsome and the other is entertaining; and afterwards, they have plenty of time to learn the truth. You will say that your experience *could* not have resembled mine. That is true, for you and I differ in many things. You are not self-willed, but yielding; you are brighter, and less self contained; Mr. Merivale also is unlike what my husband was. He is young—far too young; Your life would have differed from mine at every point, and yet the result would perhaps have been equally unsatisfactory, only in some other way. Had you married, I should have preached to you the utmost forbearance and self-sacrifice; *now*, I can only say, abide by your latest decision; follow this instinct of yours, this shrinking dread and painful doubt. You do not feel it without a reason, and you have acted wisely. Only don't let Mr. Merivale persuade you—"

"Oh auntie!" interrupted Bertha, "you don't know how good he has been. He does not persuade me; he leaves me free, and prefers to abide by my choice."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Rodney, with an odd little smile. "That is very fortunate just now; but I think that in the future my loving-hearted little niece will find what she needs, a more ardent and impetuous lover!"

And so she did!—but I have nothing to say about that at present, since I have finished *Aunt Edith's Story*.

THOSE who trample on the helpless are disposed to cringe to the powerful.

DOST REMEMBER?

A. M.

Dost remember youth's bright morning, when we wandered hand in hand,
Seeing naught but joy around us, as the hours sped on?

Then we trod a path of roses, smiled, and lived in fairy land,
Where no cloud of strife or sorrow dimmed our golden dawn.

Thrills my soul with wildest longing for those days of yore—

Dreams have vanished; hopes have faded, to return no more.

Be still, oh! yearning heart, be still; in vain are all thy sighs,

Thy rest will come when Springtime blooms again beyond the skies.

Dost remember when we parted, how the river murmured low,

While the stars, in silent pity, kept their watch on high?

Are they still in beauty shining? Do the waters ebb and flow.

Moaning ever with the tender cadence of good-by?

Storms have risen, oh! beloved, drifting me afar,

While above the darkening billows gleams no friendly star.

Be still, oh! restless heart, be still; the mists will pass away,

Thy soul be crowned with perfect love in life's eternal day.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A PARLOR DRAMA.

S. ANNIE SHEILDS.

Characters.

ALGERNON HARCOURT.

MR. LANGTON.

EDITH LANGTON.

LIZZIE, *Edith's maid*.

SCENE.—*A well-furnished parlor, with a large screen in the background. A centre table near foreground, with books and papers scattered over it, and a large chair beside it, facing audience. Sofa or tête-à-tête left of foreground. Window right of foreground.*

Curtain rises, discovering MR. LANGTON pacing up and down in a rage, EDITH sobbing on the sofa.

Mr. L. I never heard of such obstinacy!

Edith. People have no business to marry people in a will, like a stale old novel.

Mr. L. People have a perfect right to leave their money where they please. Your grandfather chose to leave his money to you and your

cousin Jeremiah, upon certain conditions. If you marry, you each have half; if either refuses, that half goes to the founding of a home for imbeciles. (*furiously*). And it is my opinion you ought to be the first one to apply for admission.

Edith. I had rather do that than marry my cousin!

Mr. L. You seem to have a strange dislike to your cousin, considering you have not seen him since you were ten years old.

Edith (*shuddering*). I don't dislike him at all. But I will not marry a man named Jeremiah Mudge! I will not! Never!

Mr. L. Well, if you marry your cousin, you must marry Jeremiah Mudge. What an idiot you are! As if one name is any better than another. I married a woman named Mary Ann Mudge.

Edith. Well, if her name was Mary Ann Mudge, she had sense enough to change it to Marian Langton.

Mr. L. It is my opinion, Miss Langton, that your obstinacy has some other foundation than your dislike to the name of Jeremiah Mudge!

Edith (*aside, very dramatically*). What can he suspect? Can some base spy have discovered my secret?

Mr. L. I was told yesterday, that that painter fellow that you met in New York, has been here.

Edith (*aside*). Be still, my heart.

Mr. L. Now mind, I won't have it!

Edith (*faintly*). Won't have what?

Mr. L. I won't have that painter fellow here. I must go to New York for a few days, but I will give strict orders that you are to have no visitors, excepting your cousin, who is coming from Lowell to make a visit.

Edith. I won't see him.

Mr. L. (*sarcastically*). You may do as you please until I return from New York. (*Angrily*). After that I will not put up with any airs.

Exit MR. LANGTON.

Edith. I won't marry Jerry Mudge! I won't! I won't! I'll die first! Mrs. Jeremiah Mudge? Ugh!

Algernon (*from behind screen*). My angel!*

Edith. What voice is that?

Algernon. Has the tyrant departed?

Edith (*looking from window*). He goes! The last flutter of his coat-tails is vanishing in the distance.

Algernon (*coming forward*). *Edith!* (*strikes an attitude*).

Edith. *Algernon!* (*strikes an attitude*).

Algernon (*making one stride forward*). My love!

Edith (*making one step forward*). My life!

Algernon (*opening his arms*). Come to my heart.

Edith (*rushing forward*). I come! I come!

*The acting of the scenes between *Edith* and *Algernon* must be in broad burlesque of tragic drama.

Algernon (*in a natural voice*). Don't rush so next time. You nearly knocked all the breath out of me! So the paternal relative is still resolved to sacrifice you to your grand-father's absurd will.

Edith. Yes! (*sighing deeply*). There is such a lot of money.

Algernon. And I am only a poor beggar of an artist.

Edith. But you have such a lovely, lovely name.

Algernon. H'm! Ye-es!

Edith. How long have you been behind that screen?

Algernon. I came in while my father-in-law elect was laying down the law about the Mudge fellow; and as he did not see me, I slipped in there to wait until you were alone. (*Gloomily*). And to hear the arbitrary planning to rob me of your love!

Edith (*dramatically*). No one can rob you of my love!

Algernon. Swear to be true to me! Swear by—let me see—the moon is old, and besides Shakspeare had the first use of its objections. On the whole, you needn't swear! It is commonplace, and don't amount to anything. But if you are false (*gradually growing dramatic*) my life is blighted. If I lose my *Edith*, my worthless life shall be forfeited. The day you marry any rival, my headless ghost shall haunt the marriage feast.

Edith. Oh, how sweet! (*Repeating*) My headless ghost shall haunt the marriage feast (*very dramatically*). Can you believe my heart will ever stray from its first, its only love? If my hand is given by tyranny, where my heart has no allegiance, my corpse shall fall across my bridegroom's feet!

Enter LIZZIE.

Lizzie. Oh, Miss Edie, you ain't got no more time for play-actin' now. Jim's come up from the depot, an' your pa's got a tellygrap an' your cousin's a comin' an' your pa'll be home any minute. Now, Mr. Algernon, you promised you'd go when I told you, an' not get me into no scrapes with Mr. Langton.

Algernon. I'll keep my word. Watch at the window, and when you see Mr. Langton turn the corner, I'll go out the back gate.

Lizzie. All right! (*goes to the window*.) But if the Snudge cousin comes too, I'm a 'thinking you an' Miss Edie can't do much more courting on the sly.

Algernon. *Edith*, you hear! Are you mine?

Edith. *Algernon*, I hear! I am thine!

Algernon. Will you fly with me?

Edith. I will fly with thee.

Algernon. Now? The fateful hour has come! Decide, my love! Will you escape, now and forever, from paternal tyranny?

Lizzie. My, ain't they poetrical!

Edith. Take me; I will never desert you!

Mr. Langton (*behind the scenes*). Dinner at six.

Lizzie. What awful sounds is those?

Algernon. You're a nice one to watch! Come Edith.

Exeunt ALGERNON and EDITH, behind the screen.

Lizzie (*peeping round screen*). Well, if he hasn't lifted her out the window, an' jumped after her. An' she is gone out the gate, an' not a mite of a hat or a cloak on. Oh, he's got a carriage, and he's a wrappin' her up in one of them lovely fur-lined cloaks that's on the seat. They've druv off!

Enter MR. LANGTON.

Mr. L. What are you doing?

Lizzie (*jumping*). Lor, sir, the start you give me! Oh! oh, how my heart palperates!

Mr. L. What are you doing?

Lizzie. I was only a straightening of the screen, sir! That window is awful draughty.

Mr. L. Why, it is open!

Lizzie. Yes, sir, I—I thought the room was close, sir, an' I just opened it a little.

Mr. L. Shut it down!

Lizzie. Yes sir! (*goes behind screen*).

Mr. L. Open window, indeed! and the thermometer at zero. What next? *Lizzie!*

Lizzie (*coming forward*). Yes, sir.

Mr. L. Go tell Miss Edith I want to see her.

Lizzie. Yes sir—that is, sir—she—Miss Edith went out!

Mr. L. Went out! Where did she go?

Lizzie. I—guess it was—to—to church, sir.

Mr. L. To church!

Lizzie. I didn't hear her say, sir, but I—I thought she—looked as if she was going that way, sir.

Mr. L. Is she in the habit of going to church in the middle of the week?

Lizzie. Well, not exactly in the habit—but once in a way—as one may say—

Mr. L. What are you talking about? Did my daughter tell you she was going to church?

Lizzie. No, sir!

Mr. L. Did she take her prayer-book?

Lizzie. No, sir!

Mr. L. What did she take?

Lizzie. Oh, my gracious! She didn't take nothing, sir (*aside*). That's no lie, for she was took.

Mr. L. Go down stairs. I believe you are all crazy together. When Mr. Mudge comes, show him up here.

Lizzie. Yes sir! (*aside*). Mr. Mudge will be on a wild goose chase, I'm a thinking.

Exit LIZZIE.

Mr. L. How can I make that silly child of mine listen to reason? I have kept Jerry out of

her way for nine years, because I didn't want any boy and girl nonsense, brotherly affection, and, all that stuff! And now, she defies me. There's not a handsomer, smarter fellow anywhere than Jerry, and just because he has a homely name—h'm! Mudge *isn't* a pretty name, but Jerry will have about half a million! There's all his father's money, as well as the legacy of his grandfather! (*sits down and takes up a newspaper*) H'm! h'm! more trouble in the Legislature! Fall in butter! Money market tight! When isn't it tight? One would think it was on a perpetual spree! H'm! (*reads*.)

Enter ALGERNON and EDITH. EDITH rushes at her father, and throws herself on her knees at his feet.

Edith. Father, forgive me!

Mr. L. Goodness gracious, Edith, what are you bouncing into the room in that way for? Get up! You will ruin your dress.

Edith. What care I for my dress? Say you forgive your child!

Mr. L. (*pettishly*). What have you been doing?

Edith. I have wedded the only man I can ever love (*rising and pointing dramatically to ALGERNON*). Behold my husband!

Mr. L. (*looking at ALGERNON*) Jerry Mudge!

Algernon (*sheepishly*). Yes, uncle. Jerry Mudge.

Edith. What? Do my ears deceive me? Do I hear aright? You! you—Jerry—oh, that frightful name!

Algernon. Hear me!

Edith. Never! Leave me! Go!

Mr. L. What are you quarreling about? Did you not say, two minutes ago, that this is the only man you can ever love?

Edith. I have been cheated! tricked! Never, never, will I be the wife of a—a—Mudge! (*sobs hysterically*). I will never forgive him!

Algernon. If you will only let me explain, my love!

Edith. I'm not your love! I am a wretched girl; you have—have—cheated—into being named—oh, I shall never survive it—Mudge.

Mr. L. But I do not understand all this.

Algernon. Permit me to explain. Knowing that Edith disliked my name, and being reluctant to be married for my fortune—

Edith. I never would have married you for your fortune. I hate your fortune! You promised we should live in an attic, and you were to paint pictures—and I—was to be your angel of inspiration!

Mr. L. Stuff and nonsense!

Edith. And we were to be so happy, and care nothing for filthy lucre—and now—

Mr. L. Now you will live in a brown stone front on Fifth Avenue.

Edith. I won't.

Mr. L. And have enough filthy lucre to buy all the pictures you want.

Edith. And be named Mrs. Mudge.

Algernon. Never.

Mr. L. What?

Edith. What?

Algernon. I am no longer Jeremiah Mudge. An act of the Legislature has given me a new name! I am Algernon Harcourt.

Edith (rushing into his arms). My Algernon!

Algernon. Always your Algernon, my Edith!

Mr. L. Was there ever such a pair of idiots? However, my consent was given long ago, and if (to audience) you give yours, I think they may yet come back to common sense, and think less of what's in a name.

[Curtain falls.]

SHADOWS.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUENA.

So much shines on our lives to make them bright
That in each cloud which drifts across our sky,
We only with a conscientious sight
Some mercy in its darkness should descry:
For what we have we should all thankful be,
Nor ought a murmur for that which we miss
Steal through our lips. Content's sweet melody
Should ring within our hearts, and stifle envy's hiss.
But if our conscious soul some knowledge holds
Of God's laws broken, aye, transgressed,
The shadows there, which close our days enfold
Ought rightfully to strike a terror unexpressed!
Ah, then it is we fain with pleading face
Would piteous beg for light, God's saving grace!

A SHORT WORD—a shorter thing. Soon uttered—sooner gone: "Now." A grain of sand on a boundless plain. A tiny ripple on a measureless ocean. Over that ocean we are sailing; but the only part of it we possess is that on which our vessel at this moment floats. From the stern we look backward and watch the ship's wake in the waters; but how short a distance it reaches, and how soon every trace disappears. We see also some landmarks farther off, and then the horizon closes the view; but beyond, that ocean still rolls far, far away. Memory contemplates the few years of our individual life; history shows us a dim outline of mountains; science tells us that still further back, out of sight, stretches that vast sea; reason assures us that, like space, it has no boundary; but all that we possess of it is represented by this small word—"now!" The past, for action, is ours no longer. The future may never become present; it is not ours until it does. The only part of time we can use is this very moment—"now!"

FUN FOR THE FIRESIDE.

A HELP TO MOTHERS.

Playing at Art.—No. 16.

JESSIE E. RINGWALT.

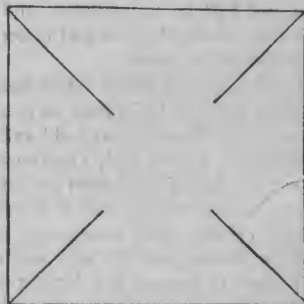
One of the earliest attempts at art, is generally the moulding of scraps of dough begged from the kitchen. Besides the miniature pies, cakes and most unappetizing loaves thus manufactured by dirty little fingers, rudely shaped animals are sometimes attempted, but the material is too untractable for satisfactory results. In some happy regions, the pretty brook-sides furnish soft clays, that are much better suited to artistic purposes.

Putty, ever dear to a boy's heart as ammunition for his pop-gun, is also excellent as a plastic, and is specially delightful as being dirty, sticky, and decidedly disagreeable in odor. Tenderly do many adults remember the sheep, moulded of this substance, in years gone by, which, when clothed in tufts of wool, awakened a thrill of pleasure more acute than that which afterwards responded to the genius of Angelo.

Modeling clay has, of course, superior advantages, and a small supply of it is a most desirable treasure for the nursery, especially when some older person will become interested in the work, and direct the little artists. A box of nice, clean sand in which to dig, also furnishes a delightful employment, which children only can appreciate.

Among the earliest forms of artistic manufacture that will attract the attention of the child may be included the plain, old-fashioned toy, known as the pin-wheel. A child will soon learn to make these playthings, and receives a useful

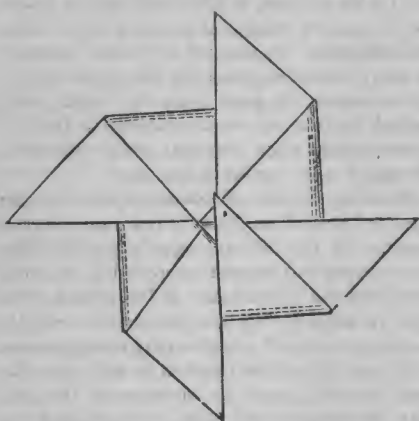
Fig. 1.



lesson in accuracy and neatness from the care essential to their construction. The experimental essays may be made with writing paper, as some stiffness is necessary. A piece of paper, five inches square, is first folded from corner to corner, forming a triangle; this is then doubled by the opposite corners, making another triangle with folded sides. These foldings must be exact, and sharply scraped with the finger nail. They will be three in number, and each must be cut

down neatly a little more than half way to the centre of the paper. When opened, the paper will present the appearance seen in Fig. 1. The alternate points are then brought gently and neatly into the middle, where they are fastened by a stout pin, squarely, into the end of a slight stick or wand. These latter foldings must be left rather loose and round, so as to catch the wind, and the wheel will then revolve rapidly when held by a running child. The appearance of the completed pin-wheel is given in Figure 2. A tiny girl took great delight in making these toys out of various colored papers as presents for her friends, and the group of little children rushing along with the gay pin-wheels in each hand, formed a pleasant incident of a bright, breezy

Fig. 2.



afternoon in springtime. A child confined to the house by bad weather, or a trifling illness, will find wholesome exercise by running with this toy through a cool hall or vacant room, and return thereafter with refreshed spirits and better temper to some quieter employment.

Scrap-books generally afford much pleasure to the little ones, and can be so used as to supply a fund of fun for the fireside. Any old and useless volume can serve for the early experiments, and the little worker should be allowed perfect liberty in the exercise of individual taste in the selection of subjects. Pictures from newspapers and torn books will be chosen, and the ugly and the odd frequently seem to possess the highest interest. Through these experiments, the taste will be developed sometimes with great rapidity, and the child will soon show a greatly improved choice and skill in the successive pages. With experience, a better volume will be found necessary, and the genuine scrap-books will be found often both expensive and difficult to obtain; a substitute can, however, be readily made at home. Any bound volume can be made to serve the purpose by cutting out a few pages occasionally to prevent bulging; the cuttings being made a little within the

sewing, so as to leave a slight margin of the paper. If there is printed matter upon the leaves this can be covered by pasting over it either white or tinted paper, upon which the pictures will produce much better effects. Handsome new volumes can thus be made from the pictures saved from the wrecks of old treasures, and cuts can also be adorned with water color and crayons by the youthful artists. Various objects may also be combined to make a new picture, and thus exercise the inventive talents of the child.

A great incentive to industry in the construction of these small scrap-books was once found in the pleasure given by them to the little patients of a children's hospital. The young invalids were charmed with the tiny books of only a few pages, which were readily handled without fatigue, and a warm welcome was given to the odd little volumes, with the equally odd dedication written in a straggling infantile hand:—"Made by little Louise for a little sick child."

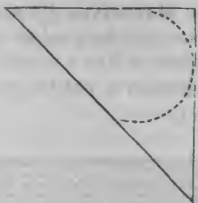
The beauty of the colored cards and album pictures, now so abundant, has induced many persons to gather collections, and very neat albums can be formed of them. Placed at haphazard upon the pages, much of their beauty is lost, while by an exercise of taste, the value of the volume can be much increased. Thus, if the book is arranged in double pages, with a separate design for each of these pairs, a very good effect is obtained. A little girl, in this manner, placed upon two pages companion figures of two young girls, with corner pieces of flowers, and vines to frame the double page into one picture. Another double page treated of winter, another of summer, while gorgeous autumn leaves adorned another, and the volume with this trifling care became a gallery of pictures, rather than a mere collection of unregulated scraps.

Almost every fireside in the country has been affected in some degree by the prevailing china mania, and the passion which has so seized both upon men and women has descended to the children in a modified form. Uncolored wooden plates of great thinness are prepared to resemble in shape an ordinary tea or dessert plate. They are, of course, very fragile and liable to split, but as they are retailed at a penny apiece, the expense is but trifling. They can be adorned with figures in water-color and lead-pencil, and little boys and girls both are pleased with the occupation, and are frequently quite successful in the preparation of these "plaques," as they are styled by the decorative artists. Those who are unable to paint or draw restrict their efforts to pasting little highly tinted groups and wreaths of flowers upon these plates, which during the present mania have been regarded as very acceptable presents.

A pretty employment for leisure hours can be found in the manufacture of paper flowers, and some of the simpler forms may be made by chil-

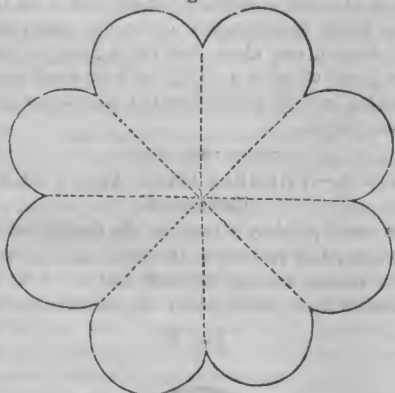
dren after very little instruction. A square of paper is first folded diagonally, or across from corner to corner; it is then folded again in the same manner, and then for the third time, until it assumes the shape shown in Figure 3. It is next cut near the loose or unfolded end in a curve, shown by the dotted line.

Fig. 3.



When spread open the paper will exhibit the shape seen in Figure 4. The outer edges can then be bent upwards slightly by being drawn over the blade of the knife or scissors, and will represent the petals of a flower. If several squares, of slightly graduated sizes, are thus cut and moulded, they can be placed inside of each other so as to make a very fair presentment of a rose. The effect is improved by cutting a deeper curve in the smaller petals, and giving but a shallow rounding to the largest square, which forms the outside of the flower. These graduated pieces can be threaded upon a wire, and fastened in place by moulding a fragment of wax like the head of a pin on the end of the wire, while another bit of

Fig. 4.



wax is pressed against the outer petals to keep them in place on the stem. When a greater resemblance to nature is desired, a bunch of yellow yarn or wool is placed on the end of the wire, as a centre for the blossom. Thin paper, either white, or tinted with buff, yellow, cream, or rose, will look quite well, and some of the blossoms can be so creased and curved as to appear but half-blown, to prevent too much uniformity.

If, before unfolding the paper, the curved edge be neatly and closely cut into a delicate short fringe, a chrysanthemum can be made in the manner described for the rose. A small fringed piece of yellow paper in the centre, will make an improvement for this flower, and when cut in white, rose color or purple, the representation may be quite true to nature.

Such childish work can be utilized in decorations for the school-house, and the flowers will add much to the charm of the festival or exhibition, giving the youngest pupils a personal interest in the "celebration" at which they thus assist. Mingled with greenery, and placed at a distance from the eye, the flowers can readily pass as "real," and when intended for wreathing a cornice, they may be made speedily available by merely threading the petals upon a fine wire, or even twine, and can be easily tied in the appointed places. When intended to be viewed more critically, the stems of wire should be wrapped with green paper, and bent so as to avoid any unnatural stiffness and uniformity. Green leaves can be purchased to accompany the blossoms, but as it is better to teach the children the genuine pleasure of self-dependence, the flowers may be much more appropriately grouped with sprays of arbor-vitae or other evergreen, or with pressed ferns and leaves, which the children can prepare with their own hands as proofs of their own taste and industry.

TREATMENT OF WOMEN.—From the fall of the Roman empire in the West to the fourteenth or fifteenth century, women spent most of their time alone, almost entirely strangers to the joys of social life; they seldom went abroad, but to be spectators of such public diversions and amusements as the fashions of the times countenanced.

Francis I. was the first who introduced women on public days to Court; before his time nothing was to be seen in any of the Courts of Europe but gray-bearded politicians, plotting the destruction of the rights and liberties of mankind, and warriors clad in complete armor, all ready to put their plots into execution.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries elegance had scarcely any existence, and even cleanliness was hardly considered as laudable. The use of linen was not known, and the most delicate of the fair sex wore woollen underclothing. In Paris they had meat only three times a week; and ten pounds was a large "portion" for a young lady. The better sort of citizens used splinters of wood and rags dipped in oil instead of candles, which in those days were a luxury rarely to be met with. Wine was only to be had at the shops of the apothecaries, where it was sold as a cordial; and to ride in a two-wheeled car, along the dirty streets, was reckoned a grandeur so enviable that Philip the Fair prohibited the wives of citizens from enjoying it.

In the time of Henry VIII., of England, the peers of the realm carried their wives behind them on horseback when they went to London, and in the same manner took them back to their country seats, with hoods of waxed linen over their heads, and wrapped in mantles of cloth, to secure them from the cold.

✻WORK DEPARTMENT✻

FIG. 1.—BRETON LACE.

This pretty lace is easily and quickly worked; the foundation is Brussels net, the design being braided with fine lacet braid.

MATERIALS REQUIRED FOR ONE YARD OF LACE: One yard of net, one piece of braid, one skein of Nun's thread, No 4, one yard and three-quarters of pearl edge.

Fig. 1.

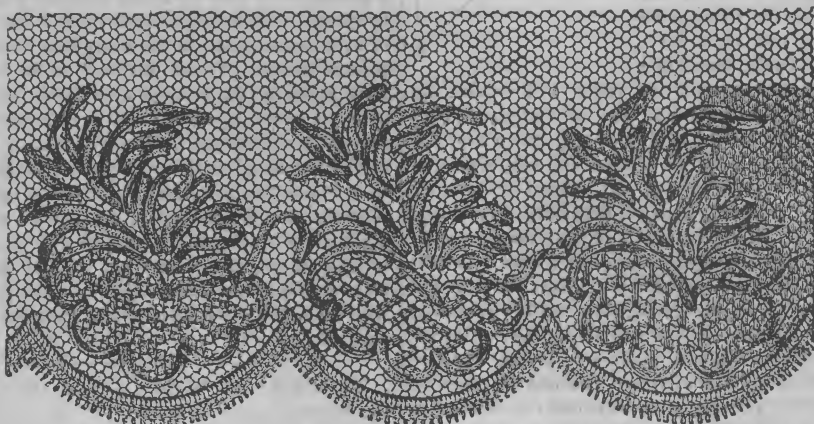


FIG. 2.—TRIMMING: CROCHET AND MEDIAEVAL BRAID.

For the heading:—

1st row: Fold the braid as shown in the design; work two trebles in a picot, at the left-hand corner of fold, five chain, pass over one picot, three double trebles into next, keep the top loop of each on the hook, pass over two picots, fold the braid again, three triple trebles into the two centre picots together, pass over two picots,

Fig. 2.



three double trebles into the next picot, draw through all the loops on the hook together, five chain, pass over one picot, two trebles into the next, three chain. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

2d row: One treble into top of each of first two trebles, and one into the next stitch, four chain, one treble into centre of cluster of double trebles, four chain, pass over four chain, one treble into each of four next stitches, two chain, pass over two stitches, one treble into the next. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

3d row: One treble separated by one chain into each alternate stitch of last row.

For the edge, one treble into the picot in the depth of a fold of braid, * one treble into the two next picots together, five chain, one single into the second, one chain, one treble into the same two picots of braid, repeat from * six times more, working into the folded braid at the point instead of two picots.

FIG. 3.—THIMBLE-CASE AND EMERY-CUSHION.

A small pill-box is used for the foundation of the case; it is padded in the inside and covered with velvet, leaving just sufficient space in the centre to admit the thimble; the bottom of the box

Fig. 3.



must be sewn to a larger circle of card-board covered with velvet; a round cushion filled with emery-powder and covered with velvet, is placed on the top of the lid, the sides of which are ornamented with a band of embroidered perforated card.

FIG. 4.—TRICOT AND POINT MUSCOVITE JACKET, FOR CHILD OF TWO YEARS OF AGE.

MATERIALS REQUIRED: 5 oz. white and 3 oz. scarlet Berlin wool, and a bone tricot-hook, No. 10.

For each front part make a chain of sixty stitches; this will make the jacket a suitable size for a child about two years of age. As a guide for the increase and decrease necessary to shape the jacket, a paper pattern should first be cut; place the work over it from time to time so as to make each part a correct shape.

Fig. 4.



1st row: Work up and off in ordinary tricot.

2d and following rows: Instead of taking up the front perpendicular loop as in ordinary tricot, take up the back loop, work off in the usual way. To increase, draw up a loop through the horizontal and through the perpendicular loop of a stitch; to decrease, draw up a loop through two loops together.

For the back, to commence, make a chain of eighty stitches.

For the sleeve, begin at the lower edge, making a chain of fifty-four stitches, increase one at each side after the first six rows. When sufficiently long at the sides, work four rows gradually shorter to form the round at the top. The sleeves and other parts of the jacket are sewn together.

The border is worked with scarlet wool in point Muscovite, for which work—

1st row: * One treble into the edge of jacket, then put the hook through the next stitch, work five chain, work through the same stitch with one treble, repeat from * across the bottom of jacket.

2d row: Like 2d row of tricot for jacket.

3d row: Like 1st row of border.

4th row: Like 2d row.

5th row: Like 1st row.

6th row: Like 2d row.

Two rows of point Muscovite are worked down each front, and one row round the throat.

For the edge, work one double into a stitch of last row, three chain, pass over two stitches and all round.

For the cuffs:

1st row. Work with scarlet wool one treble into the edge of sleeve, one chain, pass over one stitch and repeat.

2d row: One double into a stitch of first row, pass the hook through the next stitch, three chain, work one double into the same stitch. Repeat.

3d row: Like 2d row.

4th row: Like edge of border.

An elastic or ribbon is run through the holes in the first row to draw the sleeve in a little at the wrist. The jacket is fastened at the throat by cords of chain stitch, with a tassel of wool at the end of each.

FIG. 5.—HUNTING POUCH.

Pouch of yellow leather, with belt and strap, to be passed over the shoulder. The belt is of green leather. The front of the pouch has a pattern worked in knotted work with fine thread and green woolen cord. The flap is covered in the centre with soft kid, and is bound with green leather. At the back are partitions of leather, lined with cardboard, measuring $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 3 inches, to hold the cartridge boxes. At the upper

Fig. 5.



edge are leather straps, fitted with brass hooks to hold the birds. The pocket at the back is fastened with buttonholes and buttons at the side. When it is empty it is buttoned back, as shown in the illustration, with a narrow strap.

Mantel-cloths may be made of Utrecht velvet, bordered by a flounce of guipure mounted on silk of a bright color. Scraps of silk are capable of being made up into very gay mantel-cloths by being cut into vandykes and sewn together in alternate points, say of amber and black, or scarlet and black, or dark blue and crimson. The seams should be followed with lines of feather-stitch.

FIGS. 6, 7, AND 8.—TIDY.

This novel tidy is of Java canvas, worked with crewels in cross-stitch. The design for the cross-stitch is shown in the full size in Fig. 7; it is worked with red, olive-green, light and dark

blue, bronze, and gold colors. In the chain-stitch border shown in No. 8, the same colors are used; the straight lines of cross-stitch are worked with dark blue. The tidy is edged with a rich fringe combining all the colors.

Fig. 6.

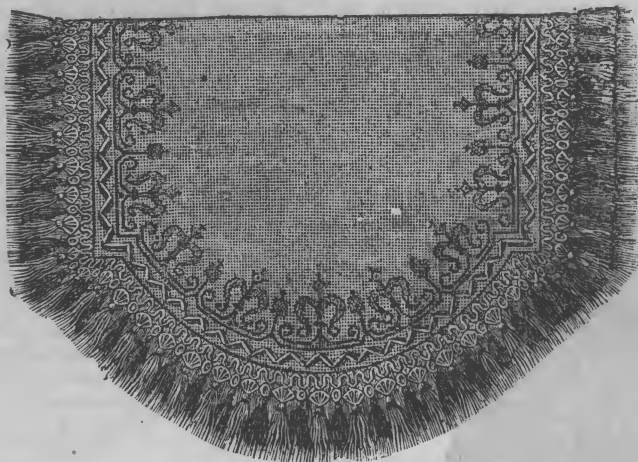
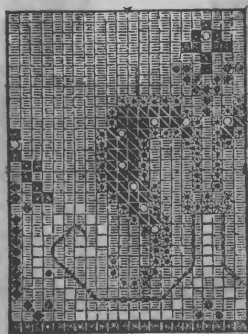


Fig. 7.



Red.	Olive-Green.	Light Blue.	Dark Blue.
Bronze.	Gold.		

Fig. 8.

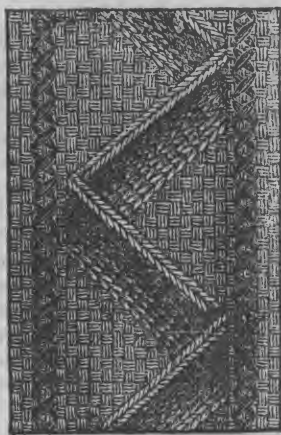


Fig. 9.

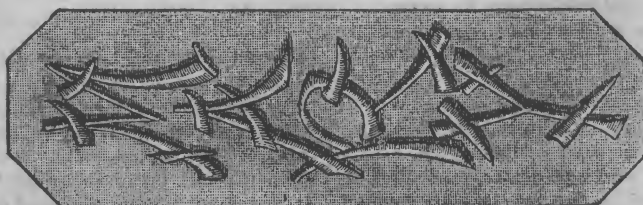
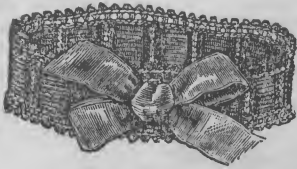


FIG. 9.—THE NAME "MARY" IN CUNEIFORM LETTERS FOR MARKING HANDKERCHIEFS.

FIGS. 10 AND 11.—CROCHET GARTER.

For the crochet design shown in Fig. 10, commence with twelve stitches, work backwards and forwards three times with one double into each stitch, fifteen chain, two trebles into the other end of last row of doubles, work on the twelve stitches as described for first twelve. Repeat until you have made a length sufficient to go round the leg, then join round.

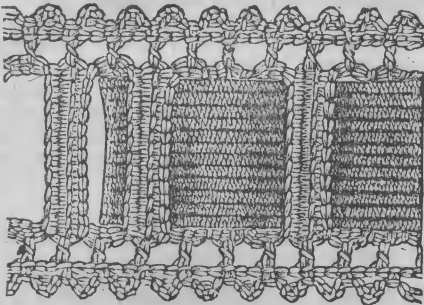
Fig. 10.



For the edge :—

1st row: One treble into the end of double-stitches, two chain, one treble into the trebles between the rows of doubles, two chain. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

Fig. 11.

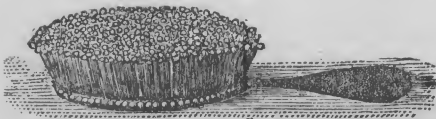


2d row: One double over a treble, three chain, one double into the first of three chain, pass over two stitches, and repeat.

The other edge is worked in the same way.

A wide silk elastic is passed in and out of the straps of double stitches, and is joined in front under a bow of satin ribbon.

Fig. 12.

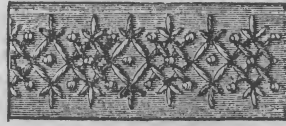


FIGS. 12 AND 13.—PINCUSHION IN THE FORM OF A BRUSH.

This is a pretty cushion for a toilet table. Two pieces of mill-board are cut the size and shape of a hair-brush. The top piece is covered with cerise satin, the cushion being formed of the satin. The underpiece is covered with cerise

velvet, and ornamented in the centre with the monogram and a border of fancy stitches; see design 13. The pins are stuck between the two

Fig. 13.



covered pieces of cardboard, which are secured together, and also at the top of the cushion, which is filled with bran.

In a hall one often requires a receptacle for hat and clothes brushes, button hooks, straps, etc. The most useful baskets to hold these odds-and-ends is one of those sold at all basket-shops for carriage-baskets. As they have flat backs they can be hung to the wall and may be made very ornamental by the addition of a lining of colored chintz. This lining must be full, and finished off round the edge by a close ruching of the same material.

Wall-baskets like these will be found useful in many parts of the house. Those in the shape of a French peasant's "hotte" or basket carried on the back will be found handy for many purposes, as they are to be had in so many different sizes; the large ones would be useful in a hall; those of a medium size will hold a pot of flowers or trailing plants.

Very effective screens to fix to the wall at the back of washstands may be made by first nailing to the wall a piece of glazed calico about three-quarters of a yard wide and the same length as the washstand. Then take a piece of figured net or muslin half as long again as the piece of calico, and rather wider, so as to allow for a good deep hem at the top and bottom; hem the sides narrowly, and at both top and bottom make a hem $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and, at the distance of an inch from the top of each hem, run a line of tiny stitches. In each of the spaces thus made run a piece of narrow tape and draw it up until of the length required.

INFANT'S SOCKS.—Swan skin, which is a sort of twill with one side like lint, braided in red, make pretty little boots; but warmer than these are the rabbit-wool socks, which can be simply bound with a colored ribbon and sewed together.

LAMP SHADE.—A pretty lamp shade may be made with a network of white and colored, or gold and silver beads. Thread the white beads in sets of twelve, divided by one of color. In the next row pass the needle through the colored bead, at the sixth white, alternately, placing a colored bead.

RECIPES.

ALMOND PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One-half pound of sweet almonds,
One-half dozen of bitter almonds,
One-quarter pound of butter,
One-half lemon,
Four eggs,
One ounce of sifted sugar,
One gill of sweet cream,
Two ounces of pulverized sugar,
One tablespoonful of flavoring extract.

Shell and blanch the almonds, and pound them in a mortar, moistening with cold water till they make a smooth paste; warm the butter, and work it into the almond paste; add the other ingredients, using the yolks only of the eggs, well beaten. Butter a pudding dish and pour the mixture in. Bake in a moderate oven until brown, and set to cool. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth with the pulverized sugar and juice of half a lemon. Spread over the pudding and set in a moderate oven until brown. Serve cold with sweet sauce, or cream and sugar.

CHEESE OMELET.

Ingredients.—Three eggs,
Two tablespoonfuls of Parmesan cheese grated,
Pepper and salt to taste.

Beat the eggs till very light, add cheese, pepper and salt, and beat all well together. Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into the omelet-pan; as soon as it is melted pour in the eggs, and holding the handle of the pan with one hand, stir the omelet with the other by means of a flat spoon. The moment the omelet begins to set, cease stirring, but keep shaking the pan for a minute or so; then with the spoon double up the omelet, and keep on shaking the pan until the under side is of a good color. Turn it out on a hot dish, colored side uppermost, and serve quickly with Parmesan cheese sprinkled all over it.

APPLE BATTER PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Six tart apples,
One cup of sugar,
Six eggs,
One quart of milk,
Flour enough to make a batter.

Pare and core the apples, and stew them till soft. Strain through a colander and sweeten. Make a stiff batter of the flour, eggs, and milk; add the apples. Bake in a buttered pudding dish in a hot oven. Serve with sweet sauce.

JOHNNY CAKE.

Ingredients.—Three cups of sour milk,
Two eggs,
One-half cup of melted butter,
Salt,
One tablespoonful of sugar,
One teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in the milk,
Corn meal sufficient to make a batter.

Mix well and bake in thin cakes on a griddle.

SPONGE CAKE.

Ingredients.—Eight eggs,
One pound loaf sugar,
Three-quarters pound of flour,
One lemon,
One-half nutmeg.

Grate the lemon peel and nutmeg. Beat the eggs till very smooth and light; add the sugar, lemon peel and nutmeg; beat well together. Add the flour, stirring till thoroughly mixed. Butter a tin pan, pour in the cake, and bake in a moderate oven. Makes a very nice dessert served hot with sweet sauce.

BOILED ROCK FISH.

Ingredients.—Rock fish,
One bunch of parsley,
Two lemons,
Salt to taste.

Wash and clean the fish, and lay it in a kettle; put the bunch of parsley over it, and salt to taste. Into sufficient cold water to cover the fish, squeeze the juice of two of the lemons. Cook very slowly, letting the water simmer, but not boil. When the fish is white and tender, lift it out carefully, drain and dish. Garnish with a little fresh parsley, and one lemon cut in thin slices. Serve with drawn butter. A very nice drawn butter for fish is made by thickening half a pint of milk with one egg, and boiling as if for custard. When about as thick as good cream, stir in butter the size of an egg, a little salt and pepper, and one hard boiled egg, chopped very fine.

BLANC MANGE.

Ingredients.—One quart of sweet milk,
One and one-half ounces of isinglass,
One-half lemon,
One-quarter pound of sifted sugar.

Put the isinglass into the milk, and stir over a slow fire, gently, until dissolved; let it simmer fifteen minutes longer, adding the rind of the lemon cut in very thin pieces. Add the sugar just before taking from the fire. Strain through a hair sieve. When nearly cold pour into moulds dipped into iced water, and set on the ice to cool. Turn out carefully, just before serving.

VEAL LOAF.

Ingredients.—Eight pounds of fillet of veal,
One teacup fine bread crumbs,
Two ounces of butter,
One slice of fat pork,
One egg,
One tablespoonful of sweet marjoram,
Pepper and salt to taste.

Take the bone from the fillet. Chop the pork fine, and mix the crumbs, butter, egg, pepper, salt, and sweet marjoram with it, to make a stuffing. Fill the cavity left by the bone with this, and tie the meat up very tight to keep firm. Lard with tiny pieces of fat pork put in close together. Roast three hours in a moderate oven. It is delicious, hot, but makes a very nice luncheon dish cold, and cut in thin, round slices with the dressing in the middle of each slice.

SUGAR DROPS.

Ingredients.—One pound of flour,
One-half pound of butter,
Three-quarters of a pound white
sugar,
Four eggs,
Wine glass full of rose water.

Stir butter and sugar to a cream; add eggs well-beaten, and rose water. Sift in flour, a little at a time, stirring constantly. When well mixed, drop one teaspoonful in each cake, on buttered paper. Bake in a quick oven, and dust with powdered sugar while hot.

PRICASSED CALVES' FEET.

Ingredients.—One set of calves' feet,
One pint of milk,
Three eggs,
One teacup of fine bread crumbs,
Two ounces of butter,
Salt and pepper to taste.

Clean the feet and soak them in cold water for three hours. Mix the milk with one quart of cold water; put the feet in this, and simmer gently until the meat shrinks from the bone. Cut in pieces, not very large, and set aside to cool. Beat one egg till light, and add a tablespoonful of sifted flour, stir into two teacups full of water over the fire till thick, add the butter and keep hot. Beat two eggs till light—dip into them each piece of the meat, then dip each into the bread crumbs, and fry in boiling lard until a delicate brown. Arrange on a hot dish, and pour the sauce over them. Serve very hot. A little lemon juice improves the flavor to some, so it is well to have a sliced lemon to serve with the dish.

POP OVERS.

Ingredients.—One pint of milk,
One pint of flour,
One ounce of butter,
Three eggs,
Salt to taste.

Mix milk and flour to a smooth paste, add butter, eggs beaten very light, and salt. Bake in small buttered tins, filling each one half full. May have a few raisins or dried currants added.

THIN GINGERBREAD.

Ingredients.—One quart of molasses,
One teaspoonful of soda,
One cup of butter,
Two tablespoonsful of ginger,
Flour to make a paste.

Boil the molasses twenty minutes; add, while hot, the soda, butter and ginger. Mix well, and stir in flour till thick enough to roll out. Roll in thin sheets, and put on buttered tins, cutting into squares before baking. Bake in a quick oven. Caraway seeds may be sprinkled on while hot if desired.

COTTAGE PIE.

Mince any kind of cold meat together (beef, mutton, veal, pork, or lamb), put it about an inch or an inch and a half deep in a pie-dish, and cover it with gravy; do not spare salt and pepper; cover it over with mashed potatoes, smooth at the top, and cut it across in diamonds with a knife; bake till it is crisp and brown at the top. A little Worcester sauce may be considered an improvement, if onions are not objected to.

LEMON JELLY.

Ingredients.—One-half dozen of large tart apples,
One lemon,
One cup of sugar,
One egg,
One teaspoonful of flour.

Pare and grate the apples—to the grated pulp add the rind and juice of the lemon, the egg well beaten, sugar and flour. Beat all well together, and put in a farina kettle. Set over the fire till it boils. Strain into jelly moulds dipped in iced water.

SAUSAGE ROLLS.

Ingredients.—Sausage meat, puff paste,
One egg (white only).

Roll out the paste very thin; cut into small squares. upon each square put a tablespoonful of sausage meat; dredge over this a very little flour, and meet the corners of the paste on top, pinching them together. Glaze each with white of egg, and bake in a quick oven till brown. A very nice breakfast dish, to be eaten hot.

BIRTHDAY CAKE.

Ingredients.—One-half pound of butter,
One-half pound of sifted sugar,
Four eggs,
One pound of flour,
One-half pound of dried currants,
One-half pound of raisins,
Two ounces candied orange peel, or
citron,
Twelve almonds,
One teaspoonful of baking powder,
One teaspoonful mixed spices.

Beat the butter and sugar to a cream; add the eggs well-beaten: the flour, and the fruit picked and floured. When all well mixed, stir in the baking powder last. The almonds must be blanched and chopped, and the orange peel or citron shredded fine. Mix very thoroughly, and bake four hours in a moderate oven. May be iced if desired.

NOUGAT CANDY.

Ingredients.—One pound of white sugar,
White and shell of one egg,
One-fourth pound of almonds.

Blanch and chop the almonds. Put the sugar over the fire with a teacup full of water, the shell and white of egg, and simmer gently till brittle. Test it by raising it on a spoon and letting a thread run out. If it breaks, it is done. Stir in the almonds. Pour into a buttered pan, and cut into long sticks. Cool quickly on ice or snow. If cooled too slowly, it is tough and sticky.

PIE CRUST ROLLS.

Ingredients.—Paste, made as for pie crust,
One pound of currants,
One-quarter pound of beef suet,
Three ounces candied orange peel,
One-quarter ounce mixed spice.

Mince the suet very fine; shred the peel, and stir the ingredients, excepting the pie crust, all well together. Roll out the paste till thin; over half of it spread the fruit, spice, etc. Lay the other half of the paste over these, and mark out the whole in little square cakes. Bake in a quick oven—break apart while hot, and serve with powdered sugar, dusted on.

HOME AMUSEMENTS AND JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

PUZZLES, ETC.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

The central word extending downwards describes a misfortune, which my kindest reader may wish for his friend and yet avoid for himself.

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The upper line is fond of fighting.

The second is an equal.

The third means to rise in waves.

The fourth is what you want to make.

The fifth may count fifty.

The sixth is near the stern of a ship.

The seventh is a body of soldiers.

The eighth is an ornament for the head.

The ninth means to excuse.

GEOGRAPHICAL ARROW.

The shaft and point of the arrow begin and end with the same consonant. The four words forming the feather also begin and end with the same letter.

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+ + + + + + +
+ + + + + +
+ + + + +

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The shaft of the arrow expresses the name of a town in the state of New York.

The words representing the feather express. 1. A town in Scotland. 2. A town in Ireland. 3. A town in Wales. 4. A town in Switzerland.

The letters forming the point of the arrow are the end of the town in New York.

ENIGMA.

In every mob in foremost rank I stand,
First in my place and always in command;
Yet without me no mercy can exist,
Nor mildness be, unless I there assist.
The chemist vainly laboring with the ore,
Needs but my help to turn it into more.
The printer sees me in his measure plain,
While men and women use me in their name.

ANAGRAM.

Take but my pen and turn it round,
Now add it to a pleasant sound,
And at its spell you'll promptly see,
Arise a heathen deity.

CHARADES.

No. 1.

Dear is my first when storms loom near,
Yet 'tis my second makes my first more dear,
My whole with prudent care my first preserves,
And thus my second's honors well deserves,
Unworthy used—my whole was once applied,
To trifle dangling at my second's side.

No. 2.

A pet that dearly loveth home,
And from it rarely cares to roam,
Will by my first be told.
Foremost in learning stands my next,
Without it you were sore perplexed
A student's place to hold.
My third transpose, what then you see
To farmers still must useful be,
Their heavy loads to bear.
Where waters rush in headlong might,
My whole appears, a glorious sight,
And bids all men beware.

TRANSFORMATION.

Head me with B, and I am a cape.
Head me with C, and I am a prefix.
Head me with D, and I am a river.
Head me with S, and I am an offspring.
Head me with T, and I am a weight.
Head me with W, and I have gained.
Head me with Y, and I mean distance.
Head me twice, and I will mount to the sky,
But I with twice myself will make you cry.

AN OMISSION.

Omit my 5, 6, 7, 8, and there remains an American coin.

Omit my 4, 5, 8, and transpose, and there remains English coin.

Omit my 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am a metal.

Omit my 1, 2, 3, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am a deep excavation.

Omit my 1, 5, 6, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am used by fishermen.

Omit my 3, 4, 6, 7, and transpose, and I am used by gamblers.

Omit my 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, and I am the nickname for a boy.

Without omission I am an insect.

WORD SQUARES.

No. 1.

1. A river famous in English poetry.
2. A vessel often mentioned in poetry.
3. A mountain much mentioned in poetry.
4. Your present relation to the solution.

No. 2.

1. A harmony of sounds.
2. A woman famous for her beauty.
3. The book in which she is described.
4. A city of Japan.
5. To furnish with a dower.

LITERARY NOTICES.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia:—

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An interesting and valuable text book for the student of elocution, containing clear and comprehensive chapters upon the History of Speech; Theories of the Origin of Speech; Laws of Speech; Diction & Idioms; Syntax; Grammatical and Rhetorical Rules; Style; Figures; Poetic Speech; Prose Speech; and Poetic Prose Speech. To authors and speech-makers the book is commended as full of useful suggestions.

SEBASTIAN STROME. A novel. By Julian Hawthorne, author of "Garth," etc.

This is the most powerful work yet offered to the public from the pen of Julian Hawthorne, who fairly rivals his great namesake in the originality and vigor of his novels. It is in every sense a remarkable work, carrying the interest of the reader swiftly over the pages, and giving evidence of genius in character drawing, and dramatic situations, that few modern works of fiction can equal.

From WILLIAM S. GOTTSBERGER, New York:—
UARDA, a Romance of Ancient Egypt. By George Ebers, from the German of Clara Bell.

The author of "The Egyptian Princess," Prof. Ebers has again selected ancient Egypt as the scene of a work of fiction, the story being a thread upon which are strung interesting descriptions of Egyptian life and manners and amongst the highest and lowest classes, containing accounts of the religious beliefs and festivals, and much very curious matter relative to embalming the dead and the superstitions attached to the ceremonies. The female characters are of unusual beauty; the noble princess, Bent Anat, and the lovely heroine Uarda, both being types of pure womanly grace. The young priest, Pentaur, is a finely drawn character, and throughout the book the force of the characterization is wonderfully sustained, when the epoch is considered.

From S. R. WELLS & Co., New York:—
HOW TO EDUCATE THE FEELINGS AND AFFECTIONS, by Charles Bray. Edited with notes and illustrations from the Third London Edition, by Nelson Sizer, author of "How to Teach," etc.

A book which claims to give much instruction in the art of educating disposition, aspiration and natural impulses, as well as intellect, and which is certainly well worth reading by those who have the care and tuition of children. It is rich in suggestion for the conscientious parent and teacher.

KEY TO GHOSTISM. Science and Art unlock its Mysteries. By Rev. Thomas Mitchell, Brooklyn, N. Y., Author of "Philosophy of God and the World."

A new effort to throw the broad light of common sense and research upon the absurdities of so-called Spiritualism. In it are embodied some curious

confessions of "mediums" and others, whose experience seems to prove that the love of the marvelous will make the dupe doubt no revelation given under the mask of "spiritual manifestation," however against all rules of nature and probability such revelations may be.

From ROBERT CLARK & Co., Cincinnati:—
HYGIENE AND EDUCATION OF INFANTS, or how to take care of babies, by the Societe Francaise D'Hygiene, Paris. Translated from the French by Geo. E. Walton, M. D.

A small volume telling the young mother, in a pleasing and accurate way, all that is necessary to know concerning the minute details of the baby's life: how to clothe it, how to feed it, how to wean it, etc., etc., etc.; and, by its lucid explanations, will relieve her of the many anxieties which, to the inexperienced, wait on every moment of the baby's young life. It states all that is necessary, nothing that is superfluous.

From the SOUTHERN PUBLISHING Co., New Orleans:

PARRHASIUS; or Thriftless Ambition, a dramatic poem, by Espy W. H. Williams.

A short dramatic poem, upon the well-known story of Parrhasius, the artist, and the model of his Prometheus, written in smooth, pleasing, blank verse, and with a fine dramatic climax.

MUSIC RECEIVED:

From GEO. D. NEWHALL, Cincinnati.

NO NAME SCOTTISCHE; composed by E. J. Abraham.

GLAD TIDINGS—Valse Sentimental; by Edw. Muller.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN FUNERAL

MARCH; Solo and Quartette, by Jack Sparrow.

AH, SUNNY DAYS HA' PAST AND GANG. Song and Chorus. Words by Will P. Hale. Music by Will S. Hays.

REMEMBER, I'M YOUR FRIEND—Song and Chorus; by Will S. Hays.

From G. W. CARLETON & Co., New York;

HILDA AND I; a Story of Three Loves, by E. Bedell Benjamin.

Mrs. Benjamin's novel is as fresh and breezy as sea air; full of originality in plot and incident, and with well drawn characters, who live and move with individuality and interest. The heroine, Hilda, is at once charming and a new creation in fiction. The peculiarity of her life work, the care of animals, is handled with so much force and delicacy combined, that the scenes of her labors are prose poems. Nothing more tender and womanly, as well as courageous, can be imagined than her care of "Leo," the grand dog, who so well repays her ministrations.

The author follows the prevailing fashion in American literature of carrying her characters to Europe, but she gives us also much American matter, both in character and scene, passing from Long Island to Heidelberg, and bringing one of the "love stories" to a happy conclusion in Rome.

→*OUR ARM CHAIR.*←

APRIL, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE do not answer correspondents through the BOOK. All communications requiring an answer must give name and address, and have a return stamp enclosed.

Mr. Darley has made a most happy selection for the plate which we offer our readers this month. The scene is from the well known poem of Whittier, "The Ranger," and the merry, laughing girls are urging Martha Mason to join their boating party, in the words—

"With our rally, rings the valley—
Join us,' cried the blue-eyed Nelly.
'Join us,' cried the laughing May;
'To the beach we all are going,
And, to save the task of rowing,
West by north the wind is blowing,
Blowing briskly down the bay!
Come away, come away!
Time and tide are swiftly flowing,
Let us take them while we may!
"Never tell us that you'll fail us,
Where the purple beach plum mellows
On the bluffs so wild and gray.
Hasten, for the oars are falling;
Hark, our merry mates are calling;
Time it is that we were all in
Singing tideward down the bay,"

while in the drooping figure and downcast face of Martha Mason, we read the weary, heart-sick answer—

"Nay, nay, let me stay,
Sore and sad for Robert Rawlin
Is my heart,' she said, 'to-day.'"

The contrast between the animation and merriment of Nelly and May, and the sad, love-sick Martha, is very fine, and one of the great artist's best effects.

In our mammoth colored fashion plate are given the latest Paris fashions for Spring, and our readers will notice the new effects of draping and style.

The diagram pattern for a boy's spring street costume, will be very useful to mothers, whose lads keep them perpetually making and mending. It is easily cut from the pattern, and is at once stylish and comfortable.

Several pages of fashions for street and house costumes, bonnets, wraps, and other details of a complete spring outfit, are given in this number, making it valuable to all who are throwing aside heavy winter garments, for those suitable for April's softer air and sunshine.

The music pages are arranged expressly for our readers, and will be found to contain a gem of melody.

In the Work Department there are several novelties, including an entirely new style of letters for marking handkerchiefs, a knitted sack for a child and a very handsome pattern for a hunting pouch.

This Department of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is meeting with highest praise from all quarters, and the interest taken in its various novelties from month

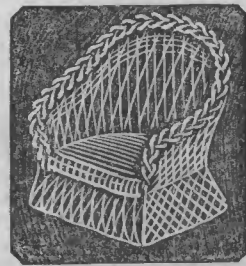
to month by our fair friends, is very gratifying and encouraging to us.

Our literary columns, with the interesting chapters of Roslyn's Fortune, give the commencement of the new serial, "Glenarchan," an Easter story, by Kate Crosby, a young writer, who promises to take a prominent place in the list of writers, and several sketches and poems by popular authors.

HINTS ON HOME ADORNMENT.

Every one knows how comfortable bamboo, rattan or willow wicker chairs are, and some one has been bright enough to think of upholstering them and making them ornamental for parlor use, a pretty fashion which seems to "take" well. 'Tis not expected, however, that more than one such chair shall be kept in a parlor, but that one—if tastefully ornamented with cushions and ribbons—makes pleasing variety, and a convenient addition to the furniture of the apartment; as it is so light that it can be easily moved, and always looks restful and inviting. The Bamboo chairs, being of foreign manufacture, are expensive, but the American wicker ones are made in good shapes and are durable and reasonable in price; they range from \$5 to \$7, the style represented in Fig. 1. being a

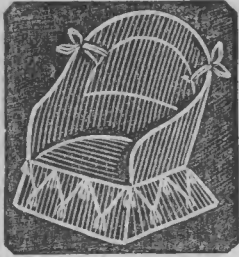
Fig. 1.



popular and pretty form. The upholstering consists of two movable cushions, one for the seat and a smaller semi-circular one for the back—the latter being tied on to the chair with satin ribbon—and sometimes a strip of the same material as that used for the cushions is made into a lambrequin trimming for the lower part of the chair. This strip is cut in points, and tassels of silk—to match the material—are attached to these points, and also hung between them, making a pretty finish. Fig. 2. shows this strip, and the manner in which the back cushion is put on. The chair should be painted black, and afterwards varnished, being allowed to dry very thoroughly before the cushions and trimmings are put on. The cushions are covered with satin, or with silk plush, and make good contrast with the black wicker. Amber, old gold, garnet, Prussian blue, or dark green, are the best colors. Black is generally preferred for the bows, though sometimes a double faced satin ribbon produces a good effect—the colored side of it of course matching the hue of the cushion covering. A rich material now made for upholstery, called "American Turk satin," is used for these cushion coverings; it is 60 inches wide, and \$3.50 per yard.

This material has all silk face, and linen or cotton back, and is said to be durable; it is very elegant for table covers, especially if a band of silk plush of

Fig. 2.



the same color is added as a finish for the edge, and above that a vine or delicate sprays of flowers should be embroidered in silk or crewels. The modern "art embroidery," the "Kensington stitch," etc., is a revival of the style of fancy work which our great-grandmothers used to do; if evenly done (without "puckering" the material) and in good design, it is very pretty. The thread is kept to the right all the time, and a series of "back stitches" produce a flat design quite different from the modern French embroidery, with its raised leaves and variety of stitches. As it is not intended that the work shall look raised (or "stand out") only a few shades of each color are used, but it is important that these colors should be correct, and the design artistic and graceful. English crewels are the best in color and make, and they will also wash; but in their love of "conventional" forms, English designers produce many stiff and crude patterns, the French and Germans excelling them in grace and beauty. A novel bordering for a satin table cover (edged with silk plush) is made by sewing on a band of feathers, in such a manner that they will be laid partly on the satin and partly on the plush. If your "country cousin" will collect and

Fig. 3.



save for you the feathers of Guinea-hens, turkeys, and the long dark green cock-tail feathers, you will find that they will be as ornamental for this purpose as the expensive plumage of rare birds. On a

garnet satin table cover, for instance, the black and white Guinea-fowl feathers arranged as shown in Fig. 3, (b) will make a handsome trimming; or even the stiff tail feathers of the turkey (a) will contrast favorably with the rich color of the material. The feathers must be sewed on very carefully with fine silk of suitable color; making a long stitch on the under side of the satin, and a short stitch over the central rib or quill of the feather, on the right side.

E. B. C.

CHILDREN cry for **Pitcher's Castoria**, because it is sweet and stops their stomach ache. Mothers like **Castoria** because it gives health to the Child and rest to themselves, and Physicians use **Castoria** because it contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate is prepared according to the directions of Prof. E. N. Horsford, of Cambridge, Mass., the well-known authority on nutritious bread and the cereals. Useful in Dyspepsia, Nervous Diseases, Mental and Physical Exhaustion, etc.

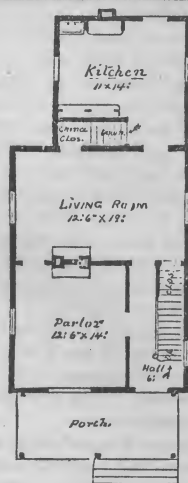
A TRUTH FOR PARENTS.—The Rev. Dr. Duff remarks: "I am prepared from experience to say that, in nine cases out of ten, the hoards of accumulated money given to children, by whom they were never earned, and who acquired no habits of industry, or thrift, or laboriousness, prove, in point of fact, rather a curse than a blessing. I am prepared to substantiate that as a matter of fact, not merely from my own knowledge of the subject, but from the statements of men who have been of watchful and observant habits, cultivated not only in Great Britain, but in America. But it is a melancholy fact that so little do parents know of the mass of misery they are accumulating for their children in heaping up these hoards for them—so little do they think how big with misery these hoards are." The remark is worthy of the best consideration of parents, and the truth it inculcates should constrain them to use their wealth in doing good, and not hoard it up to injure their children.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.—"Cut your coat according to the cloth," is an old maxim, and a wise one; and if people will only square their ideas according to their circumstances, how much happier might we all be! If we would come down a peg or two in our notions in accordance with our waning fortunes, happiness would be always within our reach. It is not what we have or what we have not which adds to or subtracts from our felicity. It is the longing for more than we have, the envying of those who possess more, and the wish to appear in the world of more consequence than we really are, which destroy our peace of mind, and eventually lead to ruin.

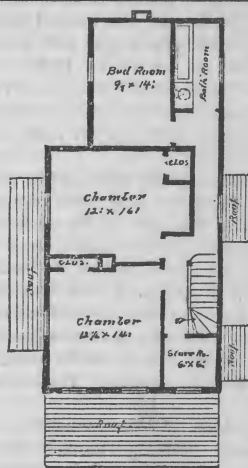
So perfect were the Egyptians in the manufacture of perfumes, that some of their ancient ointment, preserved in an alabaster vase in the Museum at Alnwick, still retains a very powerful odor, though it must be between 2,000 and 3,000 years old.



PERSPECTIVE



= FIRST FLOOR PLAN =



= SECOND FLOOR PLAN =

GOTHIC COTTAGE.

DRAWN expressly for CODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, by Isaac H. Hobbs & Son, Architects,
520 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

The above design contains eight rooms upon the first and second floors, and two fine large chambers in the attic. This cottage, with full accommodations, bath, sink, water-closet, cellar under living rooms, built of good frame weatherboards, slate roof, a good finish, is remarkably

cheap. We have estimates from competent builders who will contract to build it for \$1,553, painted in best manner. We are prepared to furnish specifications and full plans for the above cottage for the sum of \$10, if unaltered.

FASHIONS.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent application for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice.

The publishers of the *LADY'S BOOK* have no interest in this department, and know nothing of its transactions; and, whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the *Fashion Editress* does not know.

Orders accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, are to be addressed to the care of the Godey's Lady's Book Publishing Company (Limited).

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editors nor the Publishers will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of navy blue silk and damasée, made with one skirt kilted in the back, plain in front, edged with a plaited ruffle upon the front and side breadths, headed with beaded passementerie. Puffs up each side edged with passementerie, ribbon bows up the front. Jacket with damasée sleeves, and trimmed with fringe and passementerie. Chip bonnet color of dress, trimmed with beaded lace, ribbon, and deep red roses, lace strings.

Fig. 2.—Bride's dress of white satin, in the princess shape, made plain, with a long train trimmed with two platings upon the skirt in the back, and one in front. A plaited piece of satin trims the waist, and extends down upon the skirt, divided up the front by a wreath of orange flower buds and foliage; it is finished around the edge with a fringe of flowers and leaves. Mechlin lace trims the sides of the skirt of dress, the side breadths being of damasée, as are also the sleeves. Illusion veil and wreath.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress of olive-green silk, and wool goods in cashmere colors. The underskirt is of the green trimmed with one ruffle, the polonaise is open up the front, fastened across with straps; it is trimmed upon the waist and sleeves with silk the same as skirt; belt and rosette also of silk. Tuscan straw bonnet, with cashmere colors run through it, and trimmed with feathers and silk.

Fig. 4.—Carriage dress of purple silk made with a train, and having a sash of a lighter shade fastened at the sides, loosely knotted in front of skirt. Coat basque made of brocade of the same shade as trimming on skirt, trimmed with darker cuffs, pockets, and collar. Chip bonnet of the same color as dress, trimmed with ribbon and feathers.

Fig. 5.—Dinner dress of gray silk; it is made with one skirt trimmed with two ruffles, and basque bodice with vest and collar. The front of skirt is trimmed with a drapery of pink satin embroidered

in gay colors, and trimmed with fringe and ribbon bows; the vest is also of the same.

Fig. 6.—Street dress for child of four years, made of gendarme blue cashmere, made with a coat jacket, which is trimmed with striped satin.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Hat for girl of seven years; made of English straw, trimmed with blue ribbon, with rosettes of cashmere colors at the side; shirred silk faces the brim.

Fig. 2.—Hat for girl of nine years; made of white chip, trimmed with white satin ribbon, ostrich feather, and bird, satin shirred inside the brim.

Fig. 3.—Dress for girl of six years; it is made with an underskirt and polonaise, of turquoise blue cashmere, trimmed with Pekin satin.

Fig. 4.—Dress for girl of ten years, made of gray cheviot; it has an underskirt, overdress, and deep basque, trimmed with bands of damasée in cashmere colors; there is also a vest of the damasée.

Fig. 5.—Walking dress for lady, made of striped wool goods blue and gray; the underskirt is trimmed with a deep kilting edged with a band of blue silk, the overdress is trimmed with a knife pleating, and wide ribbon bow in front. The basque has vest, revers, and cuffs of silk, and is trimmed to correspond with underskirt. Gray straw bonnet, with blue threads through the braid, trimmed with ribbon and feathers.

Fig. 6.—Damasée dress with deep basque; collar composed of seven rows of Breton lace, with ribbon passing through an insertion at the throat, fastened by a bow in front; a lace stands up above this around the throat; lace cuffs.

Fig. 7.—Fashionable boot, intended to be worn with an evening dress; it is of pale blue satin, embroidered with flowers in their natural colors.

Figs. 8 and 9.—Front and back view of dress for child of four years, made of wood color summer serge. The skirt is kilted with a basque over it, with vest of striped satin, also collar, cuffs, and trimming on pockets.

Figs. 10 and 11.—Front and back view of lady's wrap, made of black silk; embroidered with silk and jet, and trimmed with a handsome fringe of silk and chenille. Hat of white chip, trimmed entirely with feathers.

Fig. 12.—Fan and chatelaine; the fan is composed of pearl and cardinal ostrich feathers, with gold chatelaine, to which is attached the scent bottle.

Figs. 13 and 14.—Front and back view of house dress, of black silk and damasée. The skirt is trimmed around the bottom with a box pleated ruffle; above this the skirt is shirred with a plain breadth of damasée up the middle; a pleated scarf passes across the skirt in front edged with fringe, and the back is draped and trimmed with fringe. Basque bodice with vest, collar, pockets, and cuffs of damasée.

Fig. 15.—Hat of mottled brown straw, trimmed with silk in cashmere colors, and stiff feather, spotted lace veil, tied in a bow in the back.

Fig. 16.—Hat of white chip trimmed all around with a band of ostrich feathers, with colored wing at side.

Fig. 17.—Black chip hat with old gold through it, trimmed with old gold satin, long feather and bird.

Fig. 18.—Evening dress of cream colored silk and damasée; the skirt is plain in front, with a plaiting in the back trimming it. The front has a double apron, one of the silk, the other of the damasée, trimmed with a fringe with handsome heading; a single overskirt in the back trimmed to correspond, and looped with large pink roses. Deep pointed bodice, low neck heart shaped, trimmed with a collar of damasée, elbow sleeves.

Fig. 19.—Lady's night dress; the front composed of rows of insertion, lace and muslin; it is cut square in the neck, the sleeves are made to correspond with front.

Figs. 20 and 21.—Front and back of bodice for evening dress; it is made of silk, the front is trimmed with ruchings of lisse, and diagonal straps of silk ruching, fastened with pearl buttons; the right sleeve is ornamented with a rose and foliage, the back is arranged in pleats and is laced; the sleeves are ornamented with bows of ribbon.

Figs. 22 and 23.—Front and back view of evening dress; the skirt and tunic are of pale blue gauze, trimmed with puffings of the same and fancy silk; the tunic is trimmed with a kilting and pleated ruches of gauze and a trail of variegated foliage; pointed bodice of fancy silk, trimmed with ruches of gauze, trails of foliage, and loops of satin ribbon.

Fig. 24.—Muslin fichu, trimmed with Languedoc point lace.

Fig. 25.—Walking dress made of gendarme blue damasée; the underskirt is trimmed with two plaited ruffles, headed by two puffs of plain silk; the skirt is shirred above this. Short panier overskirt trimmed with fringe. Round waist shirred, and worn with a belt. Tuscan straw hat trimmed with Isabelle yellow and gendarme blue ribbon, and feather.

Fig. 26.—Bow for the neck, composed of striped brocaded ribbon and Languedoc point lace.

Fig. 27.—Bracelet of links of gold, with gold pendant hanging from it.

Figs. 28 and 29.—Front and back view of evening coiffure, arranged in puffs, with half wreath of flowers and leaves arranged in the back. Two styles of trimming gloves for evening wear.

Fig. 30.—Bow for the neck, composed of two loops of wide brocaded ribbon upon one side; the other of narrow pale blue satin ribbon.

Fig. 31.—Bag to hang at the side, made of the material of the dress; it is trimmed with fringe.

Fig. 32.—Suit for girl of six years, made of dove-color summer camel's hair; the skirt is composed of three folds up the sides and back, trimmed with bands of black velvet; it is box-pleated in front, and finished with velvet bows. Jacket with revers of velvet, and deep collar. Dove-color straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and cashmere-colored feathers.

Fig. 33.—Dress for little girl of four years; it is made of white cashmere; the skirt is trimmed with rows of Breton lace, with green velvet collar, cuffs, and pockets. White chip hat, trimmed with field flowers, green velvet, and feather.

Fig. 34.—Dress for girl of thirteen; it is made of

beige; the lower skirt is kilted, the polonaise is cut up the front and around the bottom in deep turrets bound and trimmed with buttons. Straw hat the color of dress, trimmed with feathers of different shades.

Fig. 35.—Dress for girl of seven years, made of fawn-colored chevot; the back of skirt is kilted, the front is gored with a broad piece of brocade silk up the front, and a scarf of the same across the skirt. Straw hat, faced with red satin, and fawn-colored and red trimming the outside.

Fig. 36.—Dress for girl of eight years, made of striped mummy cloth; the skirt is trimmed with narrow ruffles, the polonaise with a knife pleating and torchon lace. Black straw hat, trimmed with gay colored feather.

Our diagram pattern this month is for a walking dress for boy of three years; this is a pretty pattern for a spring suit, and can be made in any of the numerous wool goods that are both pretty and reasonable in price, or if preferred for later in the season, wash goods can be used. The pattern consists of five pieces, half of front, half of back, one sleeve, cuff, and quarter of skirt.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

As the season advances we each day see new and beautiful goods opened, many of the same texture as last season, which proved popular, and many new kinds whose merits have to be tested, before they can be appreciated or discarded. The importation of new cotton goods, for spring and summer dresses, is a revelation of what French manufacturers have lately done in the way of improved coloring. They have taken Eastern stuffs for their models in color and in pattern, and have imitated these designs so beautifully, that many of the prints recall the hand painted and embroidered decorations done with so much labor on the silks and fans and porcelains of China, India and Japan. There are many India patterns of the cashmere colors in palm leaves, such as have been worn during the winter, but the special success in spring goods has been in reproducing Japanese effects, with their characteristic fruit and flowers, the plum tree blossoms, chrysanthemums, and dwarfed peonies, with reeds and grasses, not omitting an occasional dragon, with bees, butterflies and other insects. These figures are brought out in their natural brilliant colors, strewn upon a light ground of some pale tint. When the costume is made, the gay stuff serves only for part of the dress, and to combine with it is self-colored goods of the same quality in the dull and light tint of the figured fabric. A few dark grounds are shown, with peacock blue for the prevailing color, or the dull red of Kaga ware, brown and olive shades, and the superb blue of old Nankin porcelain.

We at once inquire if these goods will wash well, and we are informed that such is believed to be the fact, or they would not have been imported. However, great care must be used in washing them, and the laundress should first "set" the color with sugar of lead for blue, alum for green, and salt for

various colors. The improvement in fabric consists in dispensing with dressing and glaze, and making all cotton goods "soft" finished, that is without stiffening or lustre. The laundress must, therefore, omit all starch, and iron the dress on the wrong side, to restore as nearly as possible its original appearance.

Fleur de the, one of the new fabrics, is as thin as linen lawn, but made of cotton threads, and is, like crape, so elastic that you can stretch it in your hands. It is said to return to its natural crinkle after having been moistened. It is best to select this in the dark grounds, such as peacock blue, dull red, brown, or black, strewn so thickly with tiny flowers that the ground is nearly covered. These goods are handsome enough to be made up over silk.

A pretty fabric that looks like the crinkled silk of Canton crape, but is altogether cotton, is called crape Yeddo. This is as thick as percale, but as soft and pliable as silk. The gay Chinese colors and designs prevail in it. Yokohama crape is similar to this, but is mostly shown in robes with borders of artistic colors in wide stripes, while the remainder of the robe is a pale shade, either the green of jade or tea rose color, strewn with very small leaves or buds.

The rough-surfaced mummy cloth that proved so popular last year is imported again in stripes and figures, with the faded out coloring peculiar to it, and which, having been well tested, shows that it does not fade further by washing. These are shown in figures, Japanese objects, especially fans, flowers, and different shaped leaves, ferns, palms, &c. Palm leaf stripes are lovely with dark grounds, and there are designs producing twilled effects like those on rich cashmeres. Plain mummy cloth is shown in turquoise blue, in bright Chinese yellow, in cream and pink shades, to be used with the figured cloths.

Another novelty called *faille*, is repped cotton as firm as gros grain, though not nearly as heavy as repped pique. This is in French designs with its Watteau designs of pinks, fleurs de lis, marguerites, and arabesques. The grounds are white, cream, lilac, and Severs blue.

Foulard batiste is a thin fabric as soft as foulard, and has white grounds, on which are brilliantly colored feathers, designs of flowers, fruit, and leaves, and sometimes real Japanese letters, that may mean a poem, and again may not.

Jaconets and organdy muslins are very largely imported, and are very beautiful; their soft colors, and bright designs will make them very popular for afternoon dresses.

Cheviot is a name given to several different kinds of goods; there is cheviot of wool like cloth, then there is a thinner wool goods of the same name. Scotch cheviot is the name given to plaid gingham, which promise to be very popular for street suits; they are in soft quiet shades mixed with bright colors, and make up prettily and effectively.

The silks are very similar in design to those worn last season, and figured and damassé goods are invariably used in combination with plain; the tints are of the most lovely delicate shades, so blended

together that it makes one exclaim, and wonder where one commences and the other ends.

Wool goods for suits are in endless variety, plaids, figures, and plain contend for the supremacy, but all are equally fashionable, only that two kinds of goods are usually made up in one dress, one for underskirt, the other for overdress and trimming.

Beaded passementeries are largely used for trimming silks and satins, used in costumes and wraps for the spring. Buttons continue to be of the most fanciful colors, both in tinted pearls and in metals, and are both painted and engraved.

One of the most popular modes of making suits that are to be worn without an outside wrap, is with one of the masculine coat-shaped basques, now so fashionable. Oriental cashmere of many colors combined is used for the basques and panier drapery, but the same design is also made up in the brocade silks, satins, and satin de Lyon of a single color, or else black. A dress of black silk, plain and brocaded, forms part of almost every lady's wardrobe, instead of the plain black silk, which has so long been popular.

Many walking dresses are made quite *en princesse*, edged with one or more kilts, as fancy dictates then a kind of tunic scarf buttons on below the figure, and is pouffed at back. Kilt skirts are also again worn, and instead of having a scarf of serge or whatever the costume is, bright colored Oriental cashmere scarfs are worn, simply tied in a knot behind.

As we before stated, it is very seldom that a costume is composed of one material only, but often three and four different materials are used in a single costume. Parti-colored materials in mille-fleurs and jardinière patterns are still used for trimming woolen materials, although cashmere colors are more popular. The latest style is most effective for trimming black toiles, and looks exceedingly rich. Strips of velvet and satin are now sold embroidered for trimming dresses, and with care this trimming will ornament two or even three costumes. A plain princess dress can be soon made stylish with Oriental cashmere scarfs across the front, draped up the centre and sides, forming paniers, and an end falling over the train at the back. A plastron of cashmere also improves a dress, and the cuffs and collar should match.

A good model for a plain walking dress, to be made of any of the inexpensive wool goods, which make up so prettily, and at such a trifling cost, is to have a short skirt edged with two narrow pleatings, then a deep polonaise draped high at sides and back, with double breasted front, trimmed with broad and narrow military braid.

Another inexpensive, yet stylish dress, is composed of an underskirt of brown satin, edged with one plaited ruffle, or it can be plain if preferred. Over this is a polonaise of light brown camel's hair, or cashmere, trimmed with a braided or embroidered band, in the same shade as dress, and a slight touch of color.

Further importations of spring millinery confirm the earliest advices, that there will be little change in the shapes of bonnets, and those of medium sizes neither very large nor very small are most

seen at present. Poke shapes of the moderate sizes promise to be the most popular, and are shown in the English split straw, Tuscan, chip, lace straw, satin braids, and Leghorns. A special novelty is the cashmere effects given to these new straws by introducing colored threads in the lace-like design; pale blue, heliotrope, and red threads are very effective when combined with the natural hue of the straw. There are also mottled effects of color given to chip hats to match the costume with which they are to be worn, and sometimes two shades of colored chip form alternate stripes all around the bonnet. Black chip bonnets have merely the crown of chip, while the scoop brim and the curtain are formed of straw lace, which is heavily beaded with fine jet beads; sometimes old gold straw is arranged in stripes in the black chip bonnets.

The Marie Christine, is the name given to a dressy affair, which is neither a bonnet nor a hat, but something between, and is to be worn by young ladies at fashionable watering places. It has a prominent crown, with a wide brim rolled back from the front, and split in two from the edge to the crown; this split is to come directly on top of the head, and the crown is to be placed quite far back on the head. The flaring brim is to be faced with a becoming color, and the crown is to be trimmed down one side with a long *Mercutio* plume, and down the other with flowers. The yellow Tuscan braid is most used for this Spanish head-dress, with Spanish lace strings, and the new Spanish yellow, called *Isabelle*, will appear in the trimmings, combined with red in the flowers, to complete the national colors of Spain.

Gypsy hats are very largely shown in the most coquettish shapes, to be worn well back on the head, with the sides tied down, and the front projecting in poke shape. Then there are hats with halo brim that frames the face and shows off handsome hair, as they are to be merely perched on the back of the head. Almost any large hat kept from last season can be worn, as the shapes are not so different as to make them look odd.

Ribbons will be much used for trimming bonnets. Satin ribbons are especially pretty when double faced in the new way, that makes the wrong side exactly like the right, or rather does away with the wrong side altogether. The new colors are *Isabelle* yellow, pheasant brown, and new shades that have purple for their base. Lutestring ribbons are revived; these were worn twenty years ago. Very rich Gobelin ribbons are shown that appear to be literal copies of stripes of old tapestries, and there are polka-dotted and damassée ribbons of endless varieties that have but one thing in common, viz., the soft pliability that makes them easily twisted and turned into knots and bows.

Fichus and barbes of black or of white Spanish lace are to be used to drape summer bonnets. Those richly beaded with pearls or with jet will be very largely used, but a great deal of Spanish lace will be used without beads. For creamy laces the Languedoc point is shown in the dark *écru* tints, now called *Isabelle*.

All the space devoted to our *Chit Chat*, might

easily be filled with a description of the different flowers used for trimming bonnets, all the old-fashioned flowers being again fashionable; but our space warns us that our description must be brief. Those with yellow and red shades predominate, and include the marigold, sunflower, dandelion, buttercups, carnations, asters, dahlias, and other stiff-petaled flowers; chrysanthemums, poppies, and peonies, not, however, of the largest sizes.

Ostrich feathers come in the three small tips, representing the Prince of Wales' plumes, and are now in different shades of one color; these are to be used for straw and chip hats. For more dressy lace bonnets, the light fluffy *marabout* feathers of a delicate hue, tipped on the edges with cashmere colors are used. For walking hats and bonnets, stiff feathers, mounted breast feathers, and wings, that trim the hat as in the winter. Quantities of green bugs and beetles are set about on these feathers, and again the feathers form butterflies, rosettes, or thistles.

HINTS UPON THE DOINGS OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

Every year the custom of celebrating marriage anniversaries becomes more popular, not that upon the return of each succeeding year an entertainment is usually given to all friends, but the family usually are invited, and an interchange of gifts between husband and wife, and from children to their parents, shows the expressions of good will that exist, not that very near kins-people and very dear old friends may not also take the liberty of sending gifts, but usually if cards are issued, "no gifts received" is engraved in the corner of the card, and if other than relatives, or very old and dear friends, disregard this wish after being requested to restrict their generosity, they need not be surprised if the act be considered an impertinence, and resented accordingly; of course flowers or a book can always be sent, and received. The value of a gift has come to be measured, by persons of delicacy, by the motive which prompted its bestowal, and there is a decidedly serious effort being made by our refined and influential leaders of society, to escape from an unpleasantness that may be suffered equally by the giver and receiver of formal presents. People of superior breeding regard anniversary contributions to their household effects with distaste, if not with aversion, and such gifts, if not presented by those who possess a natural right to make such bestowals, are likely to be returned to their donors. The marriage anniversary, which falls after five years, is called "a wooden wedding;" after ten years, "a tin wedding;" after twenty, it is "crystal;" at twenty-five, it is "silver;" at fifty, it is "a golden anniversary;" and at sixty the "diamond wedding" occurs. The prevailing style of cards of invitation to an anniversary party or reception, is just the same as to an ordinary entertainment. A wedding bell, or a horse shoe of white flowers, with the date of marriage wrought into it with colored blossoms, or a bride's cake dated by confections, and placed upon a separate table of honor, informs the guests of the reason for rejoicing after their arrival, when congratulations follow as a matter of course. If

a quarter of a century of married life is to be celebrated, it is customary to mention the fact upon the cards.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM DRAKE

request the pleasure of your presence,

ON MONDAY EVENING, APRIL SIXTH, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK,
to celebrate the

Twenty-fifth Anniversary of their Marriage.

No gifts received.

No. 432 Broad Street.

When such an impressive anniversary has arrived, it is customary for the host and hostess to secure as many guests as possible from among those who were present at their wedding. The clergyman who performed the ceremony is bidden, and, if possible, the wedding garments are again worn upon the occasion. After the clergyman has completed his part of the ceremony, which consists in returning thanks for the prolonged life of the pair, and such other interesting formalities as are impressive, without being oppressive, then congratulations are offered as at a wedding reception. When a formal supper is provided, the host and hostess lead together, and the guests follow in convenient order, as at an ordinary reception. If there is dancing, the bride and groom usually lead the first set, which is usually a cotillion upon such anniversaries. Upon taking leave, the guests express wishes of many more years of health and gladness to their entertainers. After-calls of formality are expected, as a matter of course. There are many beautiful and suggestive decorations possible upon such an occasion. Sometimes all the floral ornaments in the house are fully-blossoming roses and ivy, or rich foliage and no bloom. Among the loveliest and most suggestive of house decorations for a golden wedding anniversary are groups of palms and gracefully drooping heads of wheat, tied up in small sheaves. Garlands of laurel and autumnal foliage are also both charming and pleasantly significant of the afternoon of a happy life.

As dresses can be as elaborate as the taste of the wearer may desire, at the receptions, we will give a few models. The first, which will serve as a type of the most stylish patterns of the season, is of pale rose colored satin, and satin striped gauze. The dress itself is of satin, made with a long train, and trimmed in front only with bars of satin, edged with white Duchesse lace, and fastened in the centre with clusters of roses. The bodice is cut low. The overdress is of the striped gauze, with bodice cut heart shaped, and open to show the satin bodice, covered with white lace and roses. The gauze dress fastens together for a little way at the waist, and thence opens once more, showing the underskirt, also trimmed with lace and flowers. The edge of this skirt is trimmed with white lace, and with a delicate wreath of rosebuds as a heading to the lace border. This overskirt is draped up at the back with a very wide sash of rose colored satin and a wreath of roses. Long Duchesse lace sleeves over the short sleeves of satin. Some of the handsomest dresses we have seen are made with overdresses of crape elaborately worked in colored silk and bead embroidery, and edged with fringes to match. They are worn with dresses of white silk or satin. A pretty dress for a young married lady is of

white satin, made with a long princess tunic, the skirt of which is cut out in deep peaks edged with white lace, veiled over with a fringe of white silk spangled with silver. The underskirt is covered with narrow puffings of white tulle, and finished with tulle flutings. A Sultana scarf of multi-colored soft thick twilled silk, is loosely tied round the waist, with a bow and tassels falling on the left side. A small scarf of the same material is draped on the bodice, finished at the top with a lace border. A deep fall of lace forms the sleeves. A spray of various flowers is placed high on the left side of the bodice. Young ladies wear short silk underskirts of white, pale blue, pink or mauve, over which are draped overskirts of tulle or gauze, fastened up with satin bows and wreaths of flowers. Their hair is arranged with extreme simplicity in a coil or plait in the nape of the neck, and ornamented with a single flower on one side.

For more sedate matrons, dresses of black or colored velvet are made to open over a plastron and tablier of silk or satin, either shirred or covered with narrow flutings. A very costly, though still very elegant style of toilet, can be made up with a jacket of brocade over a silk skirt, trimmed with bands or facings of the material of the jacket. For the evening, the brocade should have a somewhat brilliant design upon a light ground; pale polar blue is a favorite shade, with a floral or arabesque design in peacock-blue and old gold. Moss greens also look very well upon a light rose-colored ground. Jackets of this description can be worn with several skirts, and are very useful for *finishing* dresses of a former season. They are made, if not quite *decolletée*, at least open in a square or heart shape. The sleeves are generally made short to the elbow, and trimmed with lace.

There are many ladies who never wear anything but a black dress of an evening; this may be of silk handsomely trimmed with lace or only of itself. Of course a sombre toilet like this can be very much improved and lightened by the addition of white lace at the throat and wrists and gay colored flowers. Many dresses are made entirely of black lace with designs wrought upon them in fine cut jet beads; these are both elegant and costly, and are made up over black silk. Thread lace shawls can be utilized as overdresses, to be draped over a black or colored silk dress; and if the shawl is handsome, a very elegant dress can be made with the addition of a lace flounce as trimming for the underskirt and trimming upon the waist. We will describe another dress for a plain reception, and then close; it is of Indian cashmere, brocaded in old gold colored silk over a peacock-blue ground, and of plain peacock-blue cashmere. The skirt is deeply kilted round the bottom. The second skirt is formed of two very wide scarves—one of brocaded and one of plain cashmere, very prettily intersected in front and draped behind. The bodice is a *casquin* of the brocaded cashmere, with a narrow square opening in front, filled up with shirrings of plain peacock-blue satin, and finished with a turned-down collar of brocade. This bodice forms an obtuse point in front and a postilion basque at the back; a narrow satin fluting shows below it.

FASHION.



F.O. Darley

1840 D. 114

The weary man that part
 Of life, what he has passed
 In this world,
 And the names he loved to hear
 The young man's name, his name, his name





GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR MAY 1880





Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5

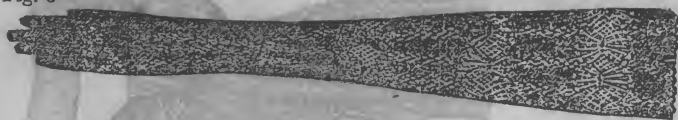


Fig. 6



Fig. 7



Fig. 8



Fig. 10

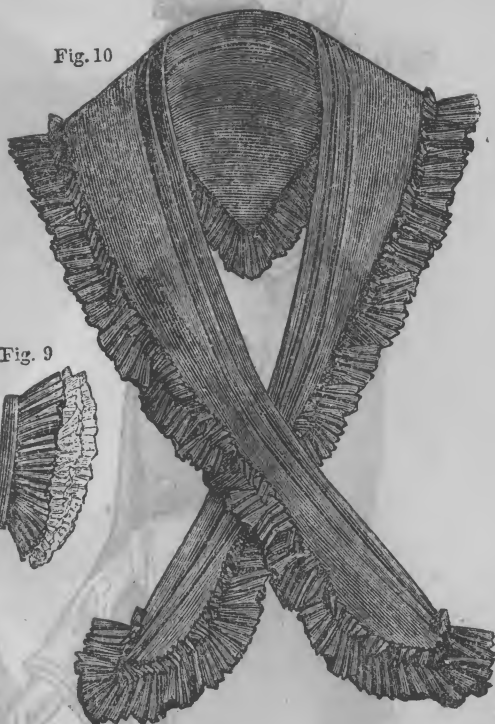


Fig. 9



Fig. 11



Fig. 12



Fig. 13

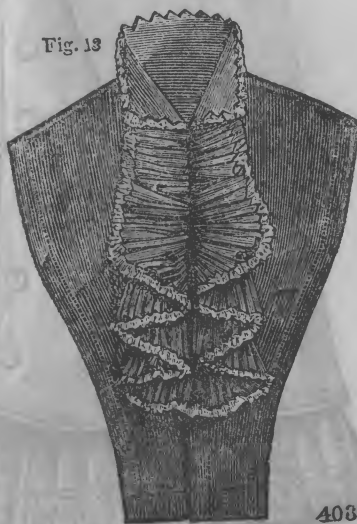


Fig. 14



Fig. 15



Fig. 16.



Fig. 17.



Fig. 19.



Fig. 18.



Fig. 20.



Fig. 21

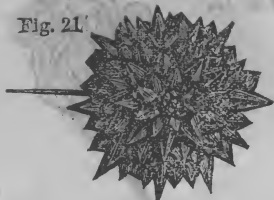


Fig. 22



Fig. 25



Fig. 23



Fig. 24

Fig. 26



Fig. 27.



Fig. 28



Fig. 29.



Fig. 30.





Fig.



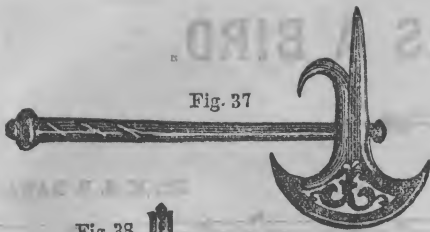


Fig. 37



Fig. 38



Fig. 39



Fig. 40



Fig. 41



Fig. 42

FLEE AS A BIRD.

Mrs M. S. B. DANA.

S: Moderato espress.

1. Flee as a bird to your moun - tain,
2. He will protect thee for - ev - - er,

Thou who art wea - ry of sin;..... Go to the clear flow - ing
Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing tear;..... He will forsake thee, O

foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean;
nev - er, Shel - tered so ten - der - ly there;

Published in sheet form, price 30 cts., by WM. H. BONER & CO., agts.,
No. 1102 Chestnut Street, Phila.

FLEE AS A BIRD.

Fly, for th'aven - ger is near thee, Call and the Sa - viour will
Haste, then, the hours are fly ing, Spend not the moments in

hear - thee, He on his bos - om will bear thee,
sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry ing, The

un poco ritenuto.
Thou who art wea - ry of sin, O thou who art wea - ry of
Sa - viour will wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sa - viour will wipe ev - 'ry

sin.
tear.

Fig. 43



Fig. 44



Fig. 45



Fig. 46



GODEY'S Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME C. No. 599.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1880.

ROSLYN'S FORTUNE.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

Author of "A Gentle Belle," "Morton House," "Valerie Aylmer," "Nina's Atonement," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII. (CONTINUED).

"Is it not?" says Lovelace, stung more deeply than he would have believed possible. "If you mean to you, that may be true; but to me it is a matter of supreme importance. I feel as if nothing else in the world was of importance, compared to it; and I hoped—I believed—"

He stops short, seeing that he has gone too far; for now like a flash, pride and anger came to Roslyn's aid. She turns her eyes on him, and he sees in their expanding glow that he has failed in what he wanted to draw from her. Many women, as he is well aware, would have cried out anguish-stricken, "I, too, love—is there no hope for us?" But this girl is not made of such stuff. Were what she suffers ten-fold greater, she has the courage and strength to say:

"You hoped and believed that it would be of supreme importance to me, also? I am glad to tell you that you are mistaken. It is not your fault that it is not so—I am aware of that—but I am quite able to wish you much happiness, and to be very certain that your feeling for myself will not long disturb your peace."

It is the simple instinct of pride and self-respect which gives her power to say this, but if the most subtle knowledge of man's nature had dictated it, she could not have spoken better. To Lovelace, she is at this moment irresistible—her spirited indifference giving the last touch of fascination to the charm she has for him.

"I do not deserve your reproach," he says, "for I *am* glad that I have not involved you in my miserable suffering. I had not thought of danger when I met you first, nor did I realize

that I loved you until very lately—too lately to draw back from the peril. Indeed, some peril is so sweet, that a man can ask nothing better than to perish in it."

"But a man of honor has no right to draw others into peril," says Roslyn, proudly. "I do not mean to reproach you—nor is there any need to do so—but I cannot forget much that it seems you have forgotten."

"I have forgotten nothing," he answers. "If I have let my love speak in glance and voice, if I have sought your society and made you feel that your presence was the highest good in life to me, how could I help it? I never knew, I never dreamed, that I could feel for any woman what I feel for you; but I could as soon let the blood out of my veins as alter the fact now."

The passionate sincerity of his tone affects the girl as nothing to which she has listened has ever done. She is trembling from head to foot, and she feels that the scene must end, or she cannot answer for her self-control. The desire to escape is the one overmastering desire of which she is conscious, and she rises to her feet as she says:

"I do not think I care to listen to such words. They mean nothing—or, rather, they mean a breach of honor, after what you have told me. It seems strange that I should need to remind you of what I thought every gentleman felt, that honor must be held before all things. Even if—if I loved you, I should say that. There is, indeed, nothing else to say. Now will you be kind enough to return to the Stanhopes' and let me go home alone? I should prefer it."

"But why? Why should you banish me?" he says imploringly. "Nothing is different from what it was before—I have only told you what you must have known."

"Nothing different from what it was before?" she repeats. "What? You tell me in the same breath that you love me, and that you are engaged to your cousin, and you think I could have

*All rights reserved.

so little perception of what is fitting, so little self-respect, as to suffer matters to go on as they have done? No, Mr. Lovelace, your amusement is at an end. I shall not decline to see you if you come to the house—for that would render explanation necessary—but I hope you will not come often; and I think that the best thing you can do is to go away."

"Are you in earnest? Do you mean it?" he says, in the tone of one moved to the quick.

"Can I fail to mean it?" she answers, lifting her head. "It seems to me it is the only honorable thing to do. I take it for granted that you wish to do what is honorable, even at this late day."

Certainly, in the experience of most of us, "it is the unforeseen which happens;" but never has the truth of the proverb been so clearly illustrated to Lovelace, as at the present moment. Least of all things which he had foreseen, was such a spirit as this in Roslyn; and in his surprise and perplexity, he feels that it is better to let her go than to attempt to detain her in her present mood. Uncovering, therefore, he says:

"I cannot defend myself; but perhaps you may think of me more kindly and justly after a time. At least, if I have been wrong, it is I who will suffer the penalty. Will you not say good-bye, if I may not go with you? Will you not give me your hand? It is surely no crime to love you!"

But she does not answer, and she does not give her hand. She turns, instead, and flies away like one who seeks a haven of safety. Where she is going, or what doing, she does not know until she finds herself at the familiar garden gate. Then she looks round half-bewildered, as if questioning whether all that has so recently passed is not a dream, and as one rousing to consciousness out of stupor, cries:

"Thank God, I did not let him know!"

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. STANHOPE AMUSES HIMSELF.

It chanced that while Lovelace has been in the woods with Roslyn, Mr. Stanhope having some reason of business or pleasure to go into Kirton, and not thinking it worth while to order a horse of his own while one stands ready saddled before him, has mounted the animal which Lovelace left, and gone into the town.

This trifling event would not be worth recording—although it is the occasion of much impatience on the part of Lovelace, when he returns, to find that his horse has vanished—but for the consequences flowing therefrom, and flowing very immediately. Having transacted his business, Mr. Stanhope is briskly riding out of Kirton in the yellow light of sunset, when to his great sur-

prise, in sharply turning a street corner, he finds himself by the side of Colonel Duncan, who, also mounted on horseback, is riding out of town.

They exchange salutations, and then, seeing that the latter gentleman looks rather curiously at his own horse, Mr. Stanhope says:

"You recognize your horse, eh, Colonel? It is by a mere accident that I happen to be riding him. Lovelace called at my house an hour or two ago, and when he left, wanting to go over to Mr. Vardray's by the foot-path—in order, I suppose, to keep some tryst with pretty Miss Roslyn—he asked me to send the horse round by a servant later in the evening. After he left, thinking of something I wanted in Kirton, and this animal being convenient, I mounted him and rode in. He goes well—remarkably well."

"He is a fine horse," says Colonel Duncan, "and I know you to be a judge of fine horses, Mr. Stanhope."

"Well, yes, I have a little knowledge of horse-flesh," admits Mr. Stanhope modestly. "Not much more than your friend, young Lovelace, however," he adds with a laugh. "He is as good a judge of a horse as of a pretty woman."

Colonel Duncan frowns slightly, for this mode of talk is as objectionable to him as possible—but for the first time it flashes across his mind that Mr. Stanhope probably knows much more of his "young friend Lovelace," than he does himself. This ignorance would not seem to him a matter of any importance, were he only concerned himself, but those words, "keep some tryst with pretty Miss Roslyn," have suggested a fear that has come to him more than once before; that, in fact, has been a potent cause in bringing him home unexpectedly and unannounced. He has an instinct that Lovelace does not possess the high sense of honor, which alone can make it safe to trust a man in a position of temptation; and an awakening consciousness of this, roused him out of his dull lethargy of pain to the realization that he had not acted well in leaving the girl he loved exposed to such a danger. Now a pang contracts his heart—a very unselfish pang—as he thinks, "Have I come too late?" and for her sake, he proceeds to draw out Mr. Stanhope.

That gentleman is easily drawn out—reticence, unless to serve some end of his own, being by no means, one of his characteristics. In the space of fifteen minutes, Colonel Duncan is greatly and not encouragingly enlightened, concerning the character and antecedents of the man who is a stranger within his gates; and then follows a still greater shock, for Mr. Stanhope does not hesitate to assert that a regular "love-affair" is in progress between Lovelace and Roslyn.

"It has not seemed my business to warn anybody concerned," he says, with a careless shrug, "but it is a pity for the girl—a great pity! It is

not in the least likely that he thinks of marrying her—he can hardly keep his head, financially speaking, above water now, and is the last man in the world to indulge in the expensive freak of marrying a woman for her pretty face—but even if he were inclined to marry, he's not the man I'd like to give my daughter to."

"But is it likely—have you seen or known of anything to make you believe it likely—that Miss Vardray has become attached to him?" asks Duncan, hating himself for the question, yet feeling that he must learn all that he can, in order to be sure of his ground for future proceedings; and being aware that, through Lettice, Mr. Stanhope has opportunities of acquiring accurate knowledge on the subject.

The other laughs—a slight laugh, but more significant than many words.

"You know Lovelace," he says. "Does it strike you as probable that any girl could hold her own against the attentions of a man as well fitted to please women as he is?"

There is no reply. Colonel Duncan answers the question to himself, but it is not an answer he is disposed to give Mr. Stanhope. Indeed at this point their roads separate, and the former says:

"If you see Lovelace, I shall feel obliged if you will let him know that I have returned."

"I'll send him word to that effect when I send the horse," replies Mr. Stanhope. "I am not likely to see him again to-day. Good evening."

He turns into the road leading to his own house, with a cheerful air and light spirit. He has done a bit of work which satisfies him very well. Many an old grudge has he against Colonel Duncan—such grudges as the black sheep of civilization generally have against their white brethren—and he feels comfortably conscious that he has paid them all off in the news which it was his good fortune to communicate. As for Lovelace, if he bears no grudge against him, neither has he any reason to spare him; and since his chief delight, from his youth upward, has been in the doing of mischief simply for the sake of mischief, he is very well pleased with that which he has just had the opportunity to do.

Meanwhile, the man to whom he has done this good turn, has been inwardly execrating him almost as heartily as if he had known of it, as he sits on the piazza in the twilight, waiting for his horse. Lettice has come out to explain the absence of the horse, and to do a little duty work in the way of entertaining him; but she finds the latter very up-hill work, for Mr. Lovelace is distinctly and unmistakably in a bad temper. Indeed, so marked is this, that it occurs to the shrewd young maiden that some deeper reason than that which appears on the surface must be the cause of it.

"I hope you found them all well at Verdevale," she says with the most innocent air. "I

have not seen any of the family for a day or two."

"I have not been to Verdevale," answers Mr. Lovelace, quite shortly.

"Ah, you met Roslyn, then?" she says in the tone of one drawing a natural and inevitable conclusion.

Lovelace is very much inclined to exclaim, "Why the mischief should you suppose that?" but some vague idea of the courtesy due to a woman interferes to prevent the speech, and he reflects that there would be no good in denying that he met Roslyn, since it is so easy for Lettice to discover that he did. Therefore he answers, with more than a shade of irritation in his tone:

"Yes, I met Miss Vardray."

"And she did not come back with you to see me!" says Lettice, ignoring the irritation. "I consider that very mean on her part—unless you stopped her in order to enjoy her society all to yourself."

"We took a short walk," says Lovelace stiffly, "and then she returned to Verdevale, while I decided to come back here for my horse."

"I am sorry you should have to wait for him," says Lettice—while her thoughts are busy with the problem thus set before her. Something is plainly the matter—something which has ruffled the equanimity of Lovelace to a most unusual degree. "Can things have gone so far that he is forbidden to visit Roslyn, and is making a convenience of us in order to meet her?" she thinks.

While she is pondering this question, Lovelace rises to his feet with an exclamation of relief. "There he is at last!" he says—and goes hastily forward, as Mr. Stanhope comes riding up to the door.

"What, my dear fellow, are you here?" says that gentleman cheerily. "Why, this is quite unexpected. Was Miss Roslyn not at home?"

"I decided to return for my horse," replies Lovelace brusquely—"and I have had to wait a considerable time for him."

"Sorry to hear it," says Mr. Stanhope carelessly, "but I bring you some news in return for having borrowed him without leave. I met Colonel Duncan as I was leaving Kirton, and had the pleasure of riding a mile or so with him. He asked me, if I saw you again, to let you know that he has gone on to Clifton."

"Indeed!" says Lovelace, without any indication of surprise. He feels little interest in the announcement, for Colonel Duncan may come or may go as far as he is concerned now. He mounts his horse almost as soon as Mr. Stanhope has dismounted, and, with scant adieux, rides away.

"He was in a very bad temper at not finding his horse, papa," says Lettice quietly, as her father comes on the piazza where she sits.

"Very likely, my dear," replies Mr. Stanhope

calmly. "He is a young gentleman much given to bad temper when things do not suit him—but what brought him back, when he said that he did not mean to come?"

"I don't know," answers Lettice, the prudent. "He only mentioned that he met Roslyn and took a walk with her."

"And she sent him back here!" says Mr. Stanhope with a laugh. "She is a sensible girl, and knows how to keep things smooth at home. But I think Mr. Lovelace will have some good reason for bad temper before long," he adds with a complacent nod, as he walks into the house.

A prophet could not have spoken more truly, for Lovelace has reason for very bad temper indeed, before he is many hours older. Colonel Duncan is a man without the faintest power of simulation, and it would be impossible for him to meet his kinsman as if no change had come over his feelings toward him, when in reality he is filled with wrath and indignation. In his first greeting, Lovelace sees tokens of this, and divines what is to follow—what does follow speedily. Duncan is not a man of many words, so the reproach, when it comes, is keen, the charge direct. It's very directness makes it almost impossible to evade it, were Lovelace disposed to do so. But he is not. To-night, at least, he is reckless, ready to avow the worst, ready to say, "If this be treason, make the most of it!" And, as is natural, his candor disarms the elder man somewhat. What can he reply to such a *mea culpa* plea as this?

"Yes," says Lovelace, "your instinct, or your information, is correct. I have behaved like a scoundrel, I suppose—and you may call me one if you like. That is, I have fallen in love with Miss Vardray, and I have made love to her—the last, however, not until I told her the whole truth. I told her that I was engaged, but that I had the misfortune to love her; and she told me scornfully, that the information did not interest her in the least. That is how the matter stands: so you see that I am the only injured person—which ought to be, no doubt, a solid and substantial comfort to me, but is rather the reverse; for if she had acknowledged that she loved me, I should as certainly break my engagement with my cousin, as I stand here now."

"And do you think that would be honorable conduct?" asks Colonel Duncan.

"Who can tell?" replies the other. "It is hard, sometimes, to know where honor lies. It strikes me that it would lie rather in marrying a woman who loves me and whom I love, than in making a cold-blooded marriage of convenience."

"You should have considered the cold-bloodedness of a marriage of convenience before engaging yourself to make it. A matrimonial engagement once made, is something from which no man of

honor can recede. Roslyn Vardray is not the girl I believe her to be, if she did not tell you that."

"She did tell me so—with the most unmistakable emphasis," says Lovelace. "But—she did not *deny* that she loves me; and what a woman does not deny, she almost affirms. That is my only hope."

"You have no right to talk of hope while your engagement binds you," says Colonel Duncan, sternly. "Remember that it was I who introduced you into the Vardray household, and therefore I feel myself accountable for your conduct—I should feel it in the case of any girl, but especially do I feel it with regard to Roslyn, for whom I have always entertained a peculiar affection. I insist, I have a right to insist, that you do not see her again under present circumstances. If you choose to break your engagement, you can then go to her as a free man, and see what she will say to you—but *now* I am determined to shield her from bitterness of any kind, and I repeat that you must go away without seeing her again."

"I am by no means sure that you have a right to insist upon it," says Lovelace coolly; "but it is pretty much what I have myself determined to do. Only"—he pauses an instant—"I hardly see how breaking my engagement will bring me much nearer to her; for, placed as I am, I confess that it would be simple madness for me to think of marrying a portionless wife."

"And will you tell me," says Colonel Duncan, with deep, concentrated indignation, "why you did not think of this before uttering a word of love to a portionless girl?"

"Because the utterance came like the love itself, without thought," answers Lovelace. "Some impulses are beyond a man's control."

"Beyond *some* men's control," says Colonel Duncan dryly—and there abruptly ends the conversation.

CHAPTER XIV.

TAKING COUNSEL.

Colonel Duncan's meditations during the night which follows his conversation with Lovelace, are of a very perplexing order. Setting aside his own feelings altogether—as with the unselfishness of a great nature, he is able to do—he decides that it is incumbent on him to apply whatever remedy may be in his power to the state of affairs between his cousin and Roslyn. He does not doubt that the latter returns the passion of Lovelace, and the only question in his mind is, whether it might not be better that she should suffer from that common calamity of youth, "an unfortunate attachment," than to unite her life to one who, according to his own instinctive judgment, as well as Mr. Stanhope's verdict, would

not be likely to make any woman happy. This is the question which he debates during the long watches of the night; and his final decision is, that he will see Roslyn herself, and be guided by what he can learn or can judge of her state of feeling. "If the attachment is strong and likely to endure with her," he thinks "matters must be arranged so that she will not suffer. I could endure anything better than to see that radiant face clouded by sorrow and despair."

Acting on this resolution—of which, however, he says nothing to Lovelace—he mounts his horse the next morning, and rides over to Verdevale. He is welcomed cordially by all the family, with the exception of Roslyn, who does not appear; and when he inquires for her, he is told that she is not at home.

"She went early this morning into Kirton," says Mrs. Vardray, "to spend a few days with her Aunt Lavinia."

"I will call and see her, then," says Colonel Duncan, "since I am going to ride into Kirton myself."

An hour later he is dismounting at the gate of a large, old-fashioned house, set far back from the street, in the spacious greenness of a wide, grassy yard, which is the residence of Mr. Vardray's widowed sister, Mrs. Parnell. Her only daughter having married and moved away, she lives here alone, save when provided with companionship by the visits of her grand-children, or of Roslyn, to whom she is greatly attached. But being one of the people who are always the centre of a social circle, she cannot be said to lead a lonely life, although it is, in great measure, a solitary one.

Colonel Duncan feels it necessary to ask for her, although he is burning with impatience to see Roslyn, and Roslyn alone; but it is only in the power and presence of some great emergency that we can violate the useful and necessary conventionalities of civilized life. He is shown, therefore, into Mrs. Parnell's sitting-room, and received by her most kindly. She is a blithe, elderly lady, with a cheery manner and a charming smile, whose popularity arises from her genuine warmth of heart—although this warmth is not indiscriminate. She has her favorites, and, among them, few rank so high as Hugo Duncan. It has long been one of the chief desires of her heart that he may succeed in winning her pretty niece; and she has consequently regarded, with the most marked disfavor, all other candidates for that young lady's hand.

Duncan's eager eyes sweep the apartment as he enters, in search of Roslyn—not knowing hardly until this moment, how hungry is his heart for the sight of her—but she is not to be seen. Only Mrs. Parnell rises from her accustomed seat and comes forward to welcome him.

"This is a very unexpected pleasure, Colonel
VOL. C.—27

Duncan," she says, "though not the less great for being unexpected. But I heard of your departure some weeks ago, and did not know that you had returned."

"I only returned yesterday, quite unannounced," Duncan answers. "It is among the doubtful privileges of a bachelor existence, that one can come and go when one likes, without feeling bound to give warning of arrival or departure."

"A very doubtful privilege, I should think," says the lady, shaking her head. "I don't know which is most desirable, to have some one to say good-bye when one goes, or to welcome one when one returns."

"But if one is not so fortunate as to possess any one to perform either of those gracious offices, one must find what consolation is possible in the freedom of loneliness," replies Duncan, smiling.

"I don't believe there is much consolation in it for you," says Mrs. Parnell. "I have a better opinion of you. But however that may be, your journey has not done you any physical good, if I may judge by your appearance. You are looking fagged and worn."

"A usual result of travel and warm weather," says Duncan—and then, being so much pre-occupied in mind, that it is with an effort he sustains the conversation, his eyes wistfully travel round the room again.

Mrs. Parnell catches the glance and smiles.

"I know who it is you want to see, my dear Colonel," she says; "and I am not so obtuse or hard-hearted that I intend to monopolize your visit. I will send for Roslyn presently—but first will you let me ask something about the young man of whom I have lately heard a good deal as being with you at Clifton? Lovelace is his name, I believe."

"He is a son of Ada Duncan, a distant cousin of mine, whom you may remember as having been at Clifton once in her girlhood," Duncan answers. "I confess that I know little of the young man himself. He came to my door as a kinsman, and you know the clanship feeling that goes with Scottish blood. It was enough for me that he *was* a kinsman, until—until lately."

Mrs. Parnell nods.

"Yes," she says. "I understand. It was like a man not to think of consequences—not to realize that his being a kinsman was not warrant enough for letting him carry off our bonny Roslyn."

"Has it come to that?" asks Duncan, in dismay. He thought he had prepared himself to know the worst—to know that her heart had gone forever beyond his reach—yet the certainty which seemed to him contained in Mrs. Parnell's words, sends a sharp, sick throb of pain through all his being.

"I am afraid it has," replies the lady. "I have heard rumors and reports, of course—you

know how such things get about—but I would not believe that there was any danger until the child came to me this morning. The first look in her eyes was enough to tell me that a change has come over her, that she has lost the gayety of an untroubled heart and drank her first draught of sorrow. I don't know what her coming here means, but I will tell you what she said—I think you have a right to know.”

“If the desire to serve her is a right, I have,” says Duncan.

“She said,” Mrs. Parnell goes on, “I have not come to see you from an entirely unselfish motive, Aunt Lavinia—in fact, not from an unselfish motive at all. I have come because I want to be away from home for a few days. I may be forced there to see people whom I do not want to see, but here I can refuse myself to whom I like.”

“Of course I did not ask whom she wished to avoid—I only kissed her and told her that I was glad to see her from whatever reason she came, and that she should refuse herself to whoever she liked. But I had no difficulty in conjecturing whom she meant, and neither, I suppose, have you.”

“I know very well,” he answers. “I have heard the whole story from the man whom I blame myself bitterly for having left in a position of temptation. It is because I have heard it that I am here this morning to see Roslyn.”

Mrs. Parnell looks at him hesitatingly for an instant before she speaks. Then she says:

“I do not know whether or not to ask if you feel at liberty to let me know the whole. It is needless, I am sure, to say—you will understand this—that my interest does not arise from curiosity, but from my love for the poor child. If I can be of no service in any way, we will not waste time in a useless discussion; but if I can help you by advice or otherwise, you know how glad I shall be to do so.”

“I think, perhaps, you may help me by advice,” he says. “I feel the need of counsel, and I know that you are competent to give it—that I may rely both upon your good sense, and your love for your niece. I will tell you, then, all that I know, and see whether your opinion coincides with my own, as to the course which I have thought of taking.”

So he tells it all—his accidental meeting with Mr. Stanhope on the preceding evening, the gossip which that gentleman related, his indignation against Lovelace, the story of the latter, and his own mental debate thereupon.

“You see, I reproach myself so much for having introduced this young man at Verdevale in the familiar manner I did, that I feel responsible for the result of the intimacy thus established,” he says. “He could not, even if he had been presented by myself, but in a mere formal way, have had the vantage-ground of such unrestrained

intercourse as my heedless folly gave him; for I am confident now, in recalling various slight but significant circumstances, that Mrs. Vardray, had an instinctive distrust of him from the very first. She would have been on her guard, and would have kept him at a ceremonious distance, but for my unreserved endorsement of him as my kinsman. And since it is by my fault that this unfortunate state of affairs has come about, it is incumbent upon me to do what I can to smooth matters. I must straighten the tangled threads, if it is in my power to do so.”

“I do not, I confess, see any way by which you can do so,” says Mrs. Parnell. “If the man is engaged to another woman, and ruined besides, it seems to me that the only thing, as well as the best thing, is for him to go away—the sooner the better. He has certainly not acted as a man of honor.”

“He certainly has not,” says Duncan, “but remember that he is young, impulsive, and the temptation was great. Few men in his position would have acted differently, many would not have acted as well, for he might have told his love without telling of his engagement.”

“A man does not tell his love only in words,” says Mrs. Parnell. “He tells it in unnumbered ways—in look, in tone, in devotion of manner. Do you think women are blind?—do you fancy we are insensible to the whole course of wooing until the end comes in the question ‘Do you love me?’ If Mr. Lovelace wishes to save his character for honor in *that* way, I consider it a very shallow device. By every means in his power he tried to win Roslyn's heart, and then he says that he told her of his engagement before telling her of his love! What right had he to mention love then? I should have called it an insult!”

She speaks with energy—color flushing her cheeks, and fire flashing from her still bright eyes; and Duncan feels that a female Daniel has come to judgment, on whom no plea of mercy will have effect.

“No doubt you are right,” he answers. “I cannot condone his conduct—I cannot even excuse it on any ground save that of overwhelming temptation. Of course he would not have yielded to the temptation, strong as it undoubtedly was, if he was not weak as well as—”

“Unprincipled,” was the word he is on the point of uttering—but he checks himself, and goes on after a scarcely noticeable pause, “Putting him out of the question, however—for, on his own merit alone, he would receive no consideration from me—I must ask you to remember this, which is my sole concern in the matter, that we have every reason to believe that Roslyn loves him, and it is *her* happiness of which I am thinking, and which I desire to secure.”

Mrs. Parnell looks at him as if she would read the very depths of his heart, were such a thing

possible. What is the man made of? she wonders. Does he love Roslyn himself, and if so, by what power of self-abnegation can he talk so calmly of securing her happiness by giving her to another man? These are her thoughts, but she does not express them when she says:

"To gratify an unwise passion would be to ensure her unhappiness, rather than to secure her happiness, believe me, Colonel Duncan. I, for one," she continues very earnestly, "am altogether opposed to anything so short-sighted. Say that she *is* in love with the man, what then? She will not be the first girl by many, who has suffered a heart-ache and been cured in due time—and she will not be the last. Neither do I think that she *is* likely to suffer long. But, even if she does suffer, will not that be better, a thousand times better, than for her to marry such a man as this must be?—a man without stable principle, a *mauvais sujet* of the worst description, a friend—companion, at least—of Randolph Stanhope! Why, if I knew nothing else unfavorable about him, the fact of his being the intimate associate of so disreputable a man, would be sufficient to make me think that anything would be better for Roslyn than a marriage with him!"

"I am afraid she would not agree with you in that opinion," says Duncan quietly; but there is a look of pain on his face which causes Mrs. Parnell to regret having spoken so warmly and unguardedly; and she exclaims quickly:

"Forgive me if I seem too harsh in my judgment, and if I forgot for the moment that one so totally unlike yourself is your kinsman."

"There is no need to apologize for anything that you have said," he answers simply, "you cannot think more harshly of him than I am inclined to do. But I wish to be reasonable and just—and indeed, as I said before, it is not of him that I think—it is of her."

"And you wish to do what is best for her, I am sure?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Suppose that Roslyn was your daughter—all the circumstances of the case being the same as now—would you permit her to marry Mr. Lovelace, if you could prevent such a thing? I am confident that you would not," she continues, as Colonel Duncan hesitates an instant. "You would feel it your duty to oppose such a marriage to the utmost. And do you think it right to encourage, if not promote it, as you propose to do in the present instance?"

Duncan rises from his seat and takes a turn up and down the floor before he answers. Then he sits down again, and says in a low tone:

"I cannot endure to think of her suffering as she will—as she must suffer if she loves him and has to give up her love—and to feel that I am to blame for it."

"You will be still more to blame if you involve

her in the life-long wretchedness of an unhappy marriage," says Mrs. Parnell, gravely. "And there is another thing to be considered. Since your cousin is ruined in fortune, and frankly says that he must marry money, how do you expect him to marry Roslyn, who will have nothing till her father dies, and then very little?"

"I should settle that by securing *my* fortune to her," answers Colonel Duncan, calmly.

Mrs. Parnell regards him with the air of one who is unable to credit the evidence of her ears.

"I beg pardon," she says, "but did I understand you rightly?—did you say secure *your* fortune to her?"

"I said that," he replies. "Is it strange? You surely know how deeply I am attached to her—what better use could I make of what is mine, than to secure her happiness with it?"

The simplicity of his manner, as well as of his words, carries conviction of his sincerity to his listener; and, if for a minute she does not speak, it is because the tears, which rush to her eyes, also choke her. Then:

"And you—you love her like this," she cries at last, "to a point of generosity beyond anything that I have ever heard of any other man, and are yet so blind as to think of giving her up—for her happiness, indeed! For her lasting misery, you will find, if you succeed in carrying out your scheme of ill-judged generosity!"

"But you forget," he says, "that it is no question of 'giving up' with me. I do not think I should be magnanimous enough for that. She has told me distinctly that she can care nothing for me—I suppose I was a fool ever to think that she could—and shall I be selfish enough to let any thought of myself stand in the way of what may make her happiness?"

"Putting aside the fact which I have already repeated often enough—I mean, that I cannot believe you would secure her happiness in this way," says Mrs. Parnell, "have you wholly forgotten yourself—your own future? Surely you are not so foolish as to fancy that life is over for you, because a silly girl has said No."

"I do not fancy that in any sense, it is over for me," he answers; "but I am certain that I shall never marry, and hence I have a right to dispose of my fortune as I like. What I desire, is to see Roslyn, and learn from herself how she regards Lovelace—for all depends on that."

"I have always trusted a great deal to Roslyn's sense," says Mrs. Parnell, "and Heaven grant I have not trusted in vain! I will send her to you; but before I go, I must say that I think it is an honor to have seen and known a man who can so nobly forget himself."

With this, and before he can reply, she has left the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JEANNETTE.

BY JAMES E. MARSHALL.

Miss Marion lightly tripped off of the porch and airily made her way down the gravel walk toward her columbarium. It was rather unnecessary for her to clap her hands to call her bright-eyed pets, who no sooner caught sight of her advancing, basket in hand, than they began fluttering and cooing about her for the feast to begin. She numbered the eager brood, and to her surprise, they were an even dozen, though for two weeks past, since a certain pure white bird had mysteriously disappeared, there had been but eleven. Suddenly she dropped her basket, regardless of contents, and caught in her hands a rather shy white bird, giving a cry of joy. "Where have you been, you false bird, these weeks past?" demanded she, placing the bird a moment against her bright cheek; an attention which the bird in nowise seemed to relish, as it beheld its companions in a mass on the ground devouring the grain. "And a message attached to you," continued the young lady, beginning to nervously untie a note from its body. "What can it be?" Written in a neat hand, were these lines:

To the Unknown Owner:—Two weeks yesterday, on going to feed my birds on the flat, I found this bird with a broken wing among them. I cared for it, and its wing healed nicely. It became accustomed to me so soon, that I knew it must be some one's pet; and now I release it, hoping that its sorrowing owner may be soon comforted.

JEANNETTE."

At the breakfast table, Miss Marion, as she poured out her father's coffee, wondered what sort of a Good Samaritan Jeannette could be, and drew an imaginary Jeannette, standing on a high picturesque tower, with her birds sailing around her, and watching the released bird winging its way across the great city, as she conjectured where it was bound. The Professor doubted whether tower was a convertible term for flat, but his daughter held firmly to her romantic picture. During the day the wanderer disappeared again, and on the next day returned accompanied by a strange bird. By stratagem Miss Marion trapped the stranger, and having attached the following note, she released the bird in the hope that her thanks would be borne to the unknown Jeannette, as it was probable that her own bird had returned to the place of its kind treatment and enticed the stranger away:

"My Unknown Friend, Jeannette:—I take the liberty to call you friend, and wish to express my thanks for your care of my truant birdie. It was very good of you, and shows that you have a tender, loving heart, be you old or young. My father has laughed at me for the romancing I

have built on your little note, and has sarcastically advised me that it will be but fair to sign myself, your equally unknown,

"MARION."

In a few days an answer came back, and several exchanges by the pair of birds ended in a regular correspondence growing up between their owners. The short notes grew into long ones and the long ones into letters, chatty and descriptive of every day matters and each other's surroundings and history. "I live very high," said Jeannette in one of her earlier letters, "actually seven stories high: we have gotten up in the world, to be sure, since we lived in that dear little home in far away Strasborg. Cottage, you would have called it, but papa called it, in his grand way, Chateau la Belle: and Chateau la Belle it was to every one. It was a beautiful little home, and all the grand palaces in the world were not, to me, of half its beauty." Again she wrote: "You must know that *mon pere* is an artist, and our home was just such a home as artists dream of, and love to paint into their pictures, yet scarcely live in; but ours was after papa's own dreamings. I can readily believe as I look back with the past seven years' experience, that it was not a very practical house, but to a child of twelve, there was not a house in or about my dear city I would have exchanged it for; and in that particular we were all children together. There was a balcony at one end like a Swiss chalet; a German Gothic vine-covered porch in front, facing an English lawn with a terra cotta copy of an Italian fountain; and gables, dear me, I'm almost afraid to say how many, but I think there were seven. No doubt you will think it was a very ridiculous affair, but when I dream of happiness, I'm back in my sunny home, in that vine-covered porch, seated with *ma mere*—poor beautiful mother—and papa telling us of the great picture he would paint. Yes, poor mother! The wearers of crowns in their haughty pride must bring cruel war to batter down our city, and bury my dear mother beneath our shattered home. A great shell burst within our very door: my mother was killed, I a cripple, and papa all but heart-broken. I can hear the great guns roaring now as they roared in those dreadful days when they dealt death and ruin on every hand. When it was all over we had no desire to stay longer: our home was in ruins; our hearts heavy; and the insolent conquerors went marching up and down our streets as though war was a pastime, and we should take pleasure in our shame and loss. We then went to Paris, papa and I, and remained there more than three years. On the first anniversary of the fall of our city, we went in that solemn procession of exiles that wended its way to the Place de la Concorde, to the foot of the statue of Strasborg, and with bitter hearts and scalding tears, laid our floral offerings at its

foot. Through long lines of bare-headed and sympathetic spectators, we marched along, I in papa's arms, and slowly wound around the statue. The fountains were playing in the Place, and as the central jet, of the nearest, shot up its spray and showered down on the bronze Tritons and Nereids beneath, there was formed in the bright sun-light, a nearly perfect bow. It seemed so bright and glorious as I looked over the sea of sad and gloomy faces around me, and it gave me such a thrill of pleasure, despite my heavy heart, that almost involuntarily I clapped my hands and called out, 'Oh, look at the beautiful bow.' 'Ah, yes, the bow of promise; thou art right, my child,' said a scarred veteran in the front ranks. I saw many a face dry its tears, and their lips repeat, 'A blessing on thy head, my child.' Many a time since I have thought of that bow of promise when we knew cold, hunger, and sickness, and my heart was ready to break under the trial; but then I would think of some of our old merry songs and our crust of bread would almost taste like a feast. But then came Robert, thy countryman, my Mademoiselle: he seemed almost as poor as ourselves, but the sunshine came with him. We had three orders in the week after we knew him; and he must needs enroll himself *mon pere's* pupil and call him master, and toast him as 'The Unique.' 'Thy landscapes, my master, are real bits of sweet sunshine and fresh earth, and thou doest the world a favor to paint them; paint them and thou art immortal; but forgive me when I say that these same battle pieces, in which thou seemest to glory, are but so-so: am I not right, little one?' to me. It was thus that Robert brought us sunshine, for until him, no one had dared to so plainly point out my father's source of trouble. Since those cruel Strasborg days, he had been all for blood and war, and his pictures were masses of carmines, blues and blacks; the sweet peaceful ways of old were forgotten. He had worked harder than ever before, standing all day long before his easel in great hussar boots and military coat, working his own high-wrought feelings into the figures on the canvas before him; yet it brought us but little bread: as Robert said, they were but so-so. When Robert came to us, he half persuaded, half forced the hussar boots and military coat to be laid aside, and the old methods and little canvases to prevail.

"I was one day sunning myself in the Luxembourg Gardens; I could not walk in those days, but father would bring me to the garden, place me in a sunny seat, and leave me there while he returned to his work, and watching the sparrows, half envying them the crumbs which the idlers fed them, when a rather carelessly dressed young stranger came and seated himself on my bench and began to call the sparrows about him: it was Robert. He did not appear to notice me at first,

but when he did he handed me a piece of bread supposing I would be pleased, child-like, to feed it to the birds. I was hungry—I was always hungry in those days—and without another thought but that I had bread in my hands, I ate it with ravenous speed. Not till I had finished it to the last crumb did I notice that the stranger was regarding me with marked astonishment. Without a word he jumped up and rushed across the Garden. I remember that in my ignorance my heart smote me with fear lest in robbing the sparrows I had committed a crime in the stranger's eyes, and he had gone to cause my arrest. When he returned, he brought meat patties and a flask of wine, and merrily bade me eat and drink. He won my heart at once, only as a child's can be won, and as we ate, my tongue ran on, and I told him of my papa and of our troubles because no one would buy his pictures. 'They must be idiots,' said he, 'my little one; I have seen some of thy father's pictures, and they turn me green with envy. I'm a painter, too, and paint landscapes, but, bah! I'm not fit to stretch his canvas.' When I managed to tell him of the hussar boots and military coat, he looked grave, groaned to himself, and vowed we must turn back to his old ways. It was getting late and past the hour that papa usually took me home. 'We must go seek that foolish papa of thine,' said Robert, laughing as he caught me up in his strong young arms, and I directing, we turned homeward.

"And we did make way with the hussar boots and military coat; and Robert brought his country people to our studio, and bought papa's pictures for them, whether they wanted them or not, telling them he was doing them a service. He must, also, bring out my poor little efforts with the crayons, drawings of my old friend of the Luxembourg Gardens—the sparrows, the children, and the battered invalids—and, praising them as precocious and unheard-of performances, dispose of them at prices that make me hold my breath with astonishment. 'My compatriots,' he would say, 'do not appreciate cheap things, my little one; they must get rid of their money somehow, and we but do them a favor.' There were others whom Robert brought, toward whom he dropped all his lofty and patronizing tactics, listening to their remarks with attention and pleasure; and if they bought less than the others, they were the most welcome of our visitors.

"One evening he came to us dressed quite as an elegant gentleman; his whiskers were trimmed and shaved and the usual slouch hat was replaced with a shining silk. He took me on his knee and told me he was going home. 'And little one,' said he, 'thou thinkest me as perfect of men, but listen how I have sinned.' He told how he had been reared in wealth and leisure, and having conceived a love of art, in spite of his father's wishes and commands, had run away

from home and come to Paris. Between the money his mother would send him, and what he had earned, he had sufficient for his wants, and more might have done him injury. The people he had brought to us he had known in his father's house, and it was thus he was able to play the grand seignor with them. 'But little one,' said he, 'my father is dead and I must now go back to my mother, who is sick; my art, nothing, shall stand between me and her wishes. But mark this, I did very wrong to leave that mother of mine and grieve her heart, very wrong; but I can go back to her now, deeply repentant of that act, yet look her in the face and be not ashamed of the years I have passed here. Remember this, my little one, for some day I hope to tell thee something, and thou must not think that I have been as some.' And so he went, and half my life seemed to go with him. I treasured up some little things that had belonged to him; and my father spoke of him as a son. Though he was to return in a year, he wrote at its end that he would surely come the next year; of his home; of his mother; and of his friends. For nearly a year after M. Robert left us, all went well in spite of the loss of our savings in a foolish speculating venture, but one evening papa unluckily attended some re-union of his exile townspeople, and it was not long before the great canvases were set up again, and the hussar boots and military coat were brought out of their hiding-place. I had been quite cured of my lameness before M. Robert left, and in that year I shot up to nearly my full height—my father said I was as handsome as my poor mother had been. I imagined time and time again, how surprised and pleased he would be to see me so grown; wondered if he would call me 'little one;' and was quite sure he would not dare to take me on his lap. Whenever papa would notice me sitting idly and dreamily before my drawings he would say, 'Thou art dreaming of M. Robert,' though I might not have been; 'it is well: angels' visits are few and far between;'—and, straightway he would proceed to mow down a whole column of Prussians with his brush. I was glad to be still able to gain money from my drawings, it was all we had to depend upon.

"In one of M. Robert's letters, which came farther and farther apart, he urged papa to come and pay him a visit. 'You must have made a pretty pot of money by this time,' he wrote, 'and can well afford to take a vacation: come, and bring the "little one" with you; and if you will but write, I will be sure to meet you.' He did not know that papa had again declared war with Germany. Finally, when matters had gone from bad to worse, I received an offer, through the dealer to whom I disposed of my drawings, to come to America and design for a wall paper manufacturer. I had often thought that if I could

but get papa to America, and under the influence of M. Robert, he would again do himself justice, you must believe me, my dear Mademoiselle, that I did not think of myself. Papa at first stoutly refused to come, but the temptation of seeing M. Robert was at last too great to be resisted. 'How he will rejoice in our change of subjects,' said poor papa, pointing to his last canvas, more terrific of carnage than ever; 'we will show his good countrymen how a battle should be painted. Perhaps, my little one, we will do the Bunker Hill for them; we will see.'

"So we came, though not informing M. Robert of our intention. Papa said we would surprise him; and I was glad so to think that papa took that view of it, as I should have been mortified to have exposed M. Robert to his friends, in receiving a couple of poor second-class passengers. Papa could scarce wait until we were settled in our lodgings, before he must have the precious battle piece unpacked, and hiring a hack, have us both driven to M. Robert's house, in spite of all my objections. We rang some time before our summons was answered, and then but to learn that M. Robert had gone from home a month before, and was supposed to be in California. I was sorry, I was glad. Papa picked up his picture and walked back to the hack, and from that moment, never ceased to upbraid himself for leaving fair France. All heart and hope seemed to have gone out of him, and he sat listlessly in his room day after day, until he sank down on a bed of fever. His life was saved, but before he was about again, I knew his work was over. He imagined, and still does, that we are in Paris, and that he is the Great Emperor, and passes the days in planning campaigns and writing orders and proclamations.

"More than a year ago we came to our present quarters, seven stories high. We have the whole floor to ourselves, and are away from every one, save our general domestic, Marie, which, in papa's condition, is much the best. The back half of the building is a story lower, and topped with a low parapet. Over this flat is a great awning stretched, while on the parapet I have boxes of flowers, and in one corner are my pigeon pets. We are far above the heat and tumult of the city, and in the cool fresh air I work out the long days over my designs, while papa, at his own table, is busy with his plans. Whenever we need a change, we take a short journey into the country, and papa attributes the lack of fortifications about the city to the terror of his great name. And what of M. Robert, you ask me, did I not try again to find him? No, my dear Mademoiselle; he could do my poor father no good. No: it is best for him to think of us as still in fair France, happy and contented. Am I not happy and contented here? what more can one wish? M. Robert may have forgotten us; may be he is mar-

ried and has other cares to occupy him : I do not know, I will not ask."

"Well, my daughter," said the Professor, as Miss Marion finished reading the notes and letters that went to make up this resume, "I suppose you have also written your history up to date."

"I had very little to give her in return for her eventful story: I could but tell her of our pretty home, and my little cares. And I'm almost sure she would not have told so much if I had not so repeatedly urged her. She spoke of having lived in Strasborg and at once I was all curiosity to know more. I think that if I had been she I should not have been so open about Monsieur Robert, though I can understand how she has been led to give me this confidence, living as she does away up there away from all the world and knowing, presumably, not a soul in the whole city outside of her own employers. I wish I could go and see her and be friends; but I described to her that last party I attended, and I'm afraid I wrote too gorgeous an account and made it appear altogether a grand affair. For, when I suggested that we should know each other personally, she thought it was best as it was. She says, 'I do not doubt your goodness of heart and sincere sympathy, my dear friend; my life has been much sweeter, since I knew you, but it is not good, I think, that we should come together now. I can not leave papa, and he is better alone, and then think how far apart we are socially. Some day, when I may, I shall come to see you, and then, perhaps, we shall never be again as good friends as now.'"

"What do you suppose has become of young Robert," asked the Professor; "has he forgotten those Paris days, or is it a chronicle of a heroine without a hero: what says my romancer? Robert has behaved pretty well, so far, I'm sure, and may be allowed without the slightest reproach to appear on the scene at any time with his wife and six children."

"O, shocking, sir! I blush for you and hope better things of him."

When the next letter came, after an unusually long interval, there was a deep border of black around the envelope and Marion opened it with an eager, trembling hand, and read:

"I write you with a sad heart, my good friend; he has gone to his long rest." Marion paused with a frightened look as she glanced across the room to her father.

"It ends worse than I hoped," said the Professor, with a sigh, meeting his daughter's glance with one of sympathy.

Marion read on, "A week yesterday, as I was returning home from an hour's absence, I noticed as I drew near that a crowd was gathered about the door leading up to our rooms; and on approaching nearer with haste, I saw with sadness that the attraction was my poor papa."

"O, it's the poor child's father that's dead," said the Professor, "I thought—but, go on."

"He had brought down his easel and that last picture and was delivering a lecture on its merits to the wondering mob, while our Marie stood helplessly by, crying and begging the people to go away. As I pushed my way through the crowd, I saw it parted on the opposite side, and a strong form and noble face that I had never forgotten, stepped forth and grasped papa's hands: it was M. Robert. Papa knew him at once, and I saw the old light come back into his wild eyes. We had just landed from Paris, papa explained, and we were waiting for M. Robert to come and receive us: if M. Robert had been detained, he must not apologize; he had come, that was enough. We led him back to our cool rooms as quietly as a child; he was the gentle papa of old. He talked of Strasborg, and the days at Paris as we sat by his bed, those two days. He passed quietly away, and his last words, as he held our hands within his own, were, 'Mes enfants, c'est bien.'"

Mrs. Robert Denmann, who is still called Jeannette, and Miss Marion, do not correspond quite as frequently as formerly, but they more than make it up with visits.

TWO BRIDALS.

BY ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

She stood in the dim cathedral,
And the flickering, changing light
Stole over the beautiful features
Of her sculptured face so white.
The air was rich with perfume,
And sweet was the organ's tone,
But the soft low strains of music
Fell on my heart like a moan!
Loud rings the joyful cadence
Of the silvery wedding bell,
But it falls on the air like a verdict,
Falls like a funeral knell!
For the stately girl at the altar
With face so white and cold,
Has bartered away her honor,
Has sold her hand for gold!
Sweet came the breath of flowers
Over the sunset's gold,
And robin warbled a secret,
He could no longer hold.
In a little rose-twined cottage
Was standing a maiden fair,
No ornaments glittered about her,
But she wore a rose in her hair.
The robin furnished the music,
That echoed o'er daisied dell,
Keeping time to the sweet low chiming
Of the fairy lily bell.
A halo of golden sunshine
Sent from the Father above,
Streamed like a benediction
On the two who wedded for love.

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN OF OUR OWN AND OTHER LANDS.

NO. 21.

REBECCA BOONE.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

The name of Daniel Boone has been sounded from one end of the continent to the other, and the fame of his exploits as a dauntless hunter and pioneer, is world-wide; but comparatively small mention is made of Rebecca his wife, who had all the hardships of a rough and roving life, with little of the glory.

The first meeting of the youthful hunter with the girl who afterwards shared his uncertain fortunes, was decidedly romantic.

The father of Daniel had a large farm on the borders of the Yadkin, in North Carolina; and his nearest neighbor was a Mr. Bryan, the father of Rebecca. The meeting occurred when young Boone was engaged with a friend, in a night-fire hunt for deer; and this style of hunting is thus described:

"Two persons are indispensable to it. The horseman that precedes bears on his shoulder what is called a *fire-pan*, full of blazing pine-knots, which casts a bright and flickering glare far through the forest. The second follows at some distance, with his rifle prepared for action. No spectacle is more impressive than this of pairs of hunters thus kindling the forest into a glare. The deer, reposing quietly in his thicket, is awakened by the approaching cavalcade; and instead of flying from the portentous brilliance, remains stupidly gazing upon it as if charmed to the spot. The animal is betrayed to its doom by the gleaming of its fixed and innocent eyes. This cruel mode of securing a fatal shot is called in hunters' phrase—*shining the eyes*."

The two young men directed their course to a corner of Mr. Bryan's farm, early in the evening, and Boone soon signaled to his companion that he had shined the eyes of a deer. Having dismounted, and fastened his horse to a tree, he examined his rifle to see that it was in order; and cautiously approached behind a screen of bushes to get the right distance for a telling shot.

The soft eyes of the deer have a remarkable beauty when under the influence of this shining process; and the dewy brightness of two great orbs guided the hunter to his prey. There was a strange expression in the luminous eyes before him; and wondering at an inexplicable sort of feeling that came over him, Boone missed his shot, and his practised ear detected a rustling sound of escape.

Some presentiment told him that it was not a deer that had eluded his murderous attempt—

although the light bound of the game, in its flying departure, seemed wonderfully like it. In another moment he was moved to pursuit, and away he went in the direction of the rustling, leaving his companion to amuse himself with his fire-pan as best he could.

The young hunter was almost as fleet as a deer, and he gained rapidly on the object of his pursuit, until it suddenly cleared a fence at a single leap, while he, laden with his rifle and other belongings, had to be satisfied with the slower process of climbing. The deer, that wasn't a deer, went swiftly on to the house; and as the outline of the distant form became plainer, Boone discovered that it was quite a different kind of game from that he had imagined it.

It was no wonder now that the liquid blue eyes had such a human expression, as he saw them in the glare of the pine-knots; and his heart almost stood still, as he thought of the consequences had his rifle not fallen just at the critical moment.

He followed the fleet footsteps to the house—resolving, at least, to see what manner of creature it was; and amid the inhospitable barking of a regiment of dogs, the young man introduced himself to the master of the mansion, as the son of his neighbor Boone.

Having received a hearty country welcome from the family, the visitor was just wondering what had become of the flying figure, when a sudden apparition precipitated itself through an opposite door.

A girl of sixteen, in great agitation and panting for breath, rushed into the room, as if trying to escape from some terror; while her small brother followed and acted as spokesman:

"Sister went down to the river, and a painter chased her, and she is almost scared to death," he announced.

Painters, or panthers, were too common in those days to cause much excitement in well-regulated families; and very little was made of Rebecca's fright. The girl had a bright complexion and flaxen hair, and was altogether pleasant to look upon; and she soon recovered herself sufficiently to be aware that a handsome young man in hunting dress was leaning upon his rifle, and staring at her as if she were by no means a disagreeable object.

"Rebecca, this is young Boone, son of our neighbor," was the simple introduction that followed; and it did not take long for the two tongues to become unloosed.

The guilty hunter probably related *his* experience with 'painters,' without referring to his adventure with the deer; but their mutual relations of pursuer and pursued were destined to be kept up through a reasonable period of courtship. Those soft shining eyes, fixed on him with terror, had suddenly found their way to the hunter's heart; and he blessed through a long life the

fortunate failure that prevented him from killing his game.

For Rebecca Bryan became Rebecca Boone; and her courageous affection and enterprise were so thoroughly tested in the exciting life she led with her roving husband, that it might almost be said of her, as of Tennyson's Princess:

"Over the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Through all the world she followed him."

Almost as soon as they were married, leaving his bride at her father's, Daniel Boone started in quest of a spot, not too near neighbors, where he could best pursue the combined occupations of farming and hunting.

A wild, beautiful place was found near the head waters of the Yadkin; and the girl-wife, uncomplainingly, left home and friends to follow her hero into the wilderness. 'In a few months, her home had assumed a pleasant aspect; a neat cabin stood on a pleasant eminence near the river, surrounded by an enclosed field; the farm was well stocked; and with the abundance of game, in the woods, the settlers had no lack of means for comfort and enjoyment. The rude dwelling frequently offered the traveler shelter; and by a cheerful fire and table loaded with the finest game, with the enhancing blessing of a hospitable welcome, was many a tale of adventure narrated—while as yet the surrounding forest was untouched by an axe.

But the trail of the serpent, in the shape of smoke from a neighboring chimney (as the story goes), finally penetrated to this sylvan bower; and when other emigrants followed this opening wedge, until actual villages were visible to the eye, Boone rose up in disgust, and resolved to strike his tent and seek a more quiet home.

He joined an exploring expedition to Kentucky and Tennessee—a region that was almost unknown in 1766, but from which chance adventurers had brought marvelous accounts of the beauty of the country—the richness of its soil, and abundance of its game—and, feeling that this was the very place for him, he went with his elder brother and four other enterprising spirits, to examine into matters for himself—leaving wife and children in the little cabin on the Yadkin.

The place proved a perfect Paradise; and Boone determined to stay no longer among the barren pine-hills of North Carolina. In returning, the party divided to take different routes; and Boone and his companion were captured by roving Indians. They escaped before long, however, and Boone joined his brother; but his former companion and another of the party were killed.

Unfortunately for the cause of emigration, the stories of the returned travelers in regard to the beauty and luxuriance of the country were *more*

than balanced by the dreadful narratives of others who could talk of nothing but the horrors perpetrated by the savages, the dangers from wild beasts, etc.; so that it was two years before an enterprising band could be gathered to form a settlement in Kentucky.

There were about eighty of them altogether; and in crossing the wild and rugged range of the Alleghanies in a narrow defile, they were startled by the yells of Indians, and six of their number were killed, while some of their stock was scattered and lost. The frightened emigrants refused to proceed to Kentucky; and turning back forty miles, they formed a settlement on the Clinch River—or rather joined a number of families who were already there.

Among the six killed by the Indians was the eldest son of Daniel Boone; and his surviving wife now felt as little interest in the Kentucky enterprise as the other emigrants. Poor Rebecca Boone! her checkered married life was prophetically opened by her narrow escape from being shot by her future husband at their first meeting.

For some little time, the Boones, too, took up their residence on Clinch River; but in 1774, Daniel Boone was sent by the Governor of Virginia, to guide a party of surveyors to the falls of the Ohio. The next year he superintended the erection of a fort on the Kentucky River, which was afterward called Boonesborough; and this fort consisted of one-block-house and several cabins, surrounded by palisades.

Boone left his family on Clinch River until the fort was finished, for the work was one of difficulty and danger from the hostile Indians. No white women had ever penetrated so far before; but when the move was once made, they were more than pleased with their new surroundings—the only drawback being the danger of attacks from the savages, which made constant watchfulness a necessity.

One of Boone's little daughters and two of a neighbor's were carried off by the Indians, as they were gathering flowers in the woods, on a midsummer day; and were not even missed until some time afterward. They were rescued, however, the next morning, after their captors had been chased for over thirty miles—the rescuing party taking care not to be discovered in time for the children to be murdered by the savages.

The life of the Boones and other emigrants to these western wilds was full of excitement and danger; and with the beginning of the Revolution and the shameful employment of savage allies by the British, frightful scenes of violence and massacre were common in all the small settlements.

Their only chance of safety lay in being closely united, and looking upon every neighbor as the member of a clan whose duty it was to protect each other even to the death; and the first care

on reaching their destination was to select a spot for the new dwelling, usually chosen on a gently elevated ground of exuberant fertility, where trees were sparse and there was no underbrush to prevent the hunters riding at full speed. The growth of cane, wild clover, and paw-paw, marked the best soil. Cabins were put up for immediate use, and the little settlement was converted into a station. For this purpose it was necessary to enclose a spring or well, near a salt lick or sugar orchard, if practicable; then a wide space must be cleared, so that the enemy could not approach close under the shelter of the woods.

The station was to overlook, moreover, as much of the country as possible. It included from half an acre to an acre of ground; and the trench was usually dug four or five feet deep, and planted with large and close pickets, forming a compact wall ten or twelve feet above the surface of the earth. The pickets were of hard timber, and about a foot in diameter; and the soil around them was rammed into great solidity. At the angles were small, projecting squares, called *flankers*, with oblique port-holes from which the fire of sentinels within could rake the external front of the station; and in front and rear, two folding gates swung on enormous wooden hinges. The gates were barred every night, and sentinels posted alternately—one being stationed on the roof in times of peculiar danger.

These fortified places in the wilderness had their clean-turfed area for dancing, wrestling or other athletic exercises; the inmates of the fort passed their evenings socially together, cheerful fires blazing within the enclosure, and suppers of venison and wild turkey, wild fruits, and maple beer, were enjoyed with double relish amid the distant howling of wolves, or the Indian warwhoop, heard like the roar of the dying storm.

Such was Bryant's station in 1782—the nucleus of the earliest settlements of the rich and lovely country of which Lexington is the centre; and such were others built at that period.

The picture is scarcely an attractive one in the eyes of extra civilization; and there is little doubt that by this time, the timid heroine of the fire-hunt had become inured to worse terrors than wild animals.

Her next great trial, after the loss of her son, was the capturing of her husband, and his supposed death at the hands of the savages. The last attack of the Indians upon Boonesborough was in 1778; and the renowned Daniel was taken prisoner and carried off, his family knew not where. All their efforts to obtain any information of his fate were unavailing; and at last, it seemed certain that he had been put to death by the savages.

Believing herself a widow, Rebecca Boone bitterly called Kentucky, where she had suffered

so much, a "dark and bloody ground;" and resolved to return to her friends in North Carolina. These friends had heard nothing of her troubles after the settlement at Boonesborough; and naturally supposed the family to be in a happy and prosperous condition.

It was, therefore, both a surprise and shock to them when, at the close of summer, a strange-looking group of travelers were seen approaching on pack-horses, clothed in primitive fashion; the mother in deep mourning and bowed with grief, while the eldest son and daughter looked almost equally sad; and the faces of the younger children only were free from melancholy.

The procession stopped at the house of Mr. Bryan, who soon recognized in the sorrowing widow his emigrant daughter, who had started five years before for the wilds of Kentucky; and neighbors gathered from far and near to listen to her thrilling story. Letters, in those days, were few and far between—their transport being so uncertain, as well as the time and inclination for writing them; and every returned traveler, therefore, was expected to furnish a verbal volume or two of his doings.

But the effect of Mrs. Boone's tragical narrative was soon entirely destroyed by the unexpected appearance of her husband, who had succeeded in escaping a second time from Indian captivity, and had then entirely driven the enemy from Boonesborough. After these exploits, he set out to cross the mountain in search of his wife and children—meeting with the usual adventures and delays on the way; and here he was, as much alive as ever, and doubly dear and precious.

When summer came again, back went the procession to Boonesborough; quite different though, both in outward appearance and in inward feelings, from the melancholy cavalcade that arrived at the farm on the banks of the Yadkin less than a year before. The garments of skin which they brought with them from the wilderness, were replaced by good homespun, and the sorrowful faces were now wreathed in smiles, for they were returning to home and safety.

After this adventure, Daniel Boone figured in many exciting scenes; and his numerous perils and escapes kept his wife in a constant state of anxiety. But she was a fit mate for the indomitable pioneer; and aided and encouraged him in his almost reckless enterprises, not a little proud of the mingled bravery and tenderness that made him both admired and loved.

Meanwhile, hard work had no terrors for one so habituated to it as Rebecca Boone; and the daily life of a pioneer household was anything but play to "the women-folks"—for, as the historian records:

"They milked the cows, prepared the meats, spun and wove the garments of their husbands and children; while the men hunted the game of

the woods, cleared the land, and planted the grain. To grind the Indian corn into meal on the rude and laborious hand-mill, or to pound it into hominy in a mortar, was occasionally the work of either sex. The defence of the country, the building of forts and cabins, fell most properly to the share of the men; though in those hardy times, it was not all uncommon for females, during a siege, to run bullets and neck them for the rifles."

It is interesting to read of their ways of doing things in those primitive times; and the same chronicler continues:

"Deer-skins were extensively used for dress, to compose the hunting-shirt, the long overalls, the leggings and the soft and pliable moccasins; the buffalo and bear furnished the principal covering for the night. Handkerchiefs tied round the head often supplied the place of hats; strips of buffalo hide were used for ropes."

Stores or shops were unknown; wooden vessels either prepared by the *turner*, the *cooper*, or their rude representatives in the woods, were the common substitutes for table furniture. A tin cup was an article of delicate luxury, almost as rare as an iron fork. Every hunter carried a knife, too aptly called a *scalping-knife* in the hands of the white man as well as in those of the Indian; and one or two knives would compose the cutlery of families.

The furniture of the cabin was appropriate to the habitation; the table was made of a slab, or thick flat piece of timber, split and roughly hewn with the axe, with legs prepared in the same manner. This latter instrument was the principal tool in all mechanical operations; and with the adze, the auger, and above all the *rifle*, composed the richest mechanical assortment of Kentucky. Stools of the same material and manufacture filled the place of chairs.

When some one more curiously wise than his neighbors chose to elevate his bed above the floor (often the naked ground) it was placed on slabs laid across poles, which were again supported by forks driven into the floor. If, however, the floor happened to be so luxurious as to be made of puncheons (another larger sort of slab), the bedstead became hewed pieces let into the sides of the cabin by auger holes in the logs.

The cradle of these times was a small rolling trough—much like what is called the *sugar-trough*, used to receive the sap of the sugar maple.

Even May-day in the wilderness (that happened with the Boones at almost any season of the year) did not disturb the wife's equanimity; and the paraphernalia of pack-horses and children fastened in creels on the top of the bedding for security, came to be a familiar experience and quite "in the day's work." Now it was to the woods on the banks of the Great Kanawha, drawn

thither by the attractions of plentiful deer and buffaloes; then, the greater advantages of the vast prairies and unexplored forests of the Missouri drew the adventurer in that direction.

Away they went, husband and rifle, wife and children, the stock being driven before them, "over the hills and far away," passing through Cincinnati, and settling in St. Charles county, about forty miles above St. Louis, in 1798.

Here they found abundant room and game, and enjoyed almost uninterrupted solitude until after the admission of Missouri into the Union, when the tide of emigration poured so steadily in, that the white man's hunting-ground was destroyed again, and farms sprang up as if by magic.

But old age was now coming upon the hunter with giant strides; and fifteen years after their removal to Missouri, the patient and heroic wife died.

Daniel and Rebecca Boone rest side by side in the cemetery near Frankfort; while vast distances beyond the places where they sleep, armies of settlers have forced their way, and built up cities on the very edge of the Pacific.

NO. 22.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

BY H. G. ROWE.

In a humble home on the wave-washed island of Martinique, on the 23d of June, 1763, was born one whose life, in its strange vicissitudes, exceeds in romantic interest the wildest tale that the imagination of man ever invented.

Josephine Tasher was the child of a retired army officer, who settled upon this island only two or three years previous to its transfer to the French power, content to forego the glory and peril of a military life, and devote himself in this charming seclusion to the care of his small estate and the rearing and education of his beautiful and gifted daughter.

Among the many gifts with which nature had so lavishly endowed the lovely creole, one of the first to attract the attention of her parents and friends was a voice—sweet, clear, and joyous as those of the wild birds that filled the air of her island home with their untaught melody. To this natural sweetness of tone Napoleon referred when, in after years, he said:

"The first applause of the French people sounded to my ears sweet as the voice of Josephine."

Her remarkable memory and quick intelligence made study a pleasant amusement to her. Her own words were:

"Nature gave me a great faculty for anything I undertook. Learning to read and write were mere pastime."

There is a curious story told of a remarkable prediction by a so-called magician, an old mulatto woman upon her father's plantation, who was believed by the superstitious negroes to have supernatural power in foreseeing future events; that, although a matter of simple amusement to the careless hearted girl, to the Josephine of after years—the stricken, friendless widow who, in a Parisian prison, waited in hourly expectation of her summons to the guillotine—recurred with startling force and distinctness, and actually helped to re-assure and encourage her in the midst of her terrible grief and peril. We give the interview in her own words:

"The old sybil, on beholding me, uttered a loud exclamation, and almost by force seized my hand. She appeared to be under the greatest agitation. 'Come, my good mother,' I said, 'what am I to hope and fear in the future?'"

"She raised her eyes with a mysterious expression to heaven.

"On your head be it, then; listen: You will be married soon; that union will not be happy; you will become a widow, and then—then you will be Queen of France!"

"Henceforth," continues Josephine, "I thought of the affair only to laugh at its utter absurdity; but afterwards, when my husband had perished upon the scaffold, in spite of my better judgment this prediction occurred to my mind again and again, until at last I came to regard its fulfillment almost as a matter of course."

At the early age of seventeen, Josephine was united in marriage to the Viscount Beauharnais, a man then in the prime of life—handsome, accomplished, and possessed of many noble qualities.

Soon after their marriage, the Viscount took his beautiful young bride to Paris, where she was presented at court, and received many flattering tokens of favor from the Queen, Marie Antoinette, who, then in the full blaze of her glory as queen of one of the most powerful nations of the world, little dreamed that in the lovely creole, whose girlish grace and beauty had won her royal favor, she saw the successor to her own crown and palace. But scenes of courtly splendor soon palled upon the unspoiled tastes of Josephine, and she gladly retired with her husband to his ancestral domains in Brittany, where she gave birth to her only son, Eugene, afterward the distinguished Viceroy of Italy.

Two years later, a daughter, Hortense, was added to the family group, and the young mother's joy was complete. Happy in the love and confidence of her husband, the first five years of Josephine's wedded life glided peacefully away, leaving scarce a shadow upon their track. But, alas, her season of tranquil and innocent enjoyment was soon cruelly disturbed by those unfounded jealousies and cruel suspicions that seemed to

have been inherent in her husband's nature, and which at length reached such a height of madness, that he insisted upon a separation, both from himself and son—a blow so cruel to the loving hearted Josephine that, for a time, all her natural firmness forsook her, and she returned to her island home, a heart-sick, world-weary woman, her only solace the companionship of the little Hortense, whose infant loveliness and precocity went far to wile away the weary months of her sad exile.

With the generous forgiveness of a truly great soul, she responded lovingly to her husband's first advances toward a reconciliation, losing no time in setting out on her return to France.

So great was her poverty at the time, that it was with the greatest difficulty that she procured the necessary articles of clothing for herself and child during the voyage; and it was in reference to this fact that she once remarked to the ladies of her court, who were amusing themselves in looking over her magnificent collection of jewels:

"Believe me, my young friends, that splendor is not to be envied which does not constitute happiness. I shall doubtless very much surprise you, by saying that the gift of a *pair of old shoes* afforded me at one time greater satisfaction than all these diamonds now before you ever did."

And in reply to their curious questioning, she told the following story:

Upon embarking on board the ship that was to carry her back to France, she had been unable to provide the little Hortense with more than one pair of shoes, hoping that, with care, they might last through the voyage.

The little creature, who was a miracle of childish grace and activity, became a great pet with the sailors, for whose amusement she delighted to show off her skill in dancing, so that before long her frail shoes were worn to tatters. This fact she concealed from her mother for several days, until by some unlucky mistake she wounded her foot upon a nail in the deck, and her bloody footprints revealed to her tender mother the ragged state of the unfortunate slippers. This, of course, could be allowed no longer, and the child was peremptorily forbidden to indulge any more in her favorite amusement.

To Hortense this was a terrible deprivation, and she cried bitterly; while her affectionate mother, sympathizing in her disappointment, could not restrain her own tears. At this juncture, an old quartermaster who was especially fond of the child approached, and upon learning the story of their dilemma, exclaimed bluntly:

"Shiver my timbers, madam! is that all? I have an old pair somewhere in my chest. You, madam, can cut them to the shape, and I'll splice them up again as well as need be."

The shoes, coarse and clumsy, but strong and warm, were soon finished, and the little Hortense,

the future queen of Holland, and mother of an Emperor of France, danced in them upon the deck, to the great delight and satisfaction of her ingenious old friend.

"I wish," added Josephine, at the conclusion of the tale, "that I had enquired more particularly of his name and history; it would have been such a pleasure to me to show him my gratitude, now that I have it in my power to do so."

But Josephine's happiness in being thus reunited to her husband and son was of short duration. Although an earnest Republican, and one of the first to strike a blow for liberty in France, Beauharnais was a man of prudence and humanity, and he turned with unconcealed disgust and loathing from the merciless policy of the Jacobins, with the fiendish Robespierre at their head, dragging to the scaffold alike hoary age and helpless womanhood, until Paris,—gay, beautiful Paris—became one vast slaughter house, whose victims all fared alike, whether innocent or guilty. When the heads of Louis and his lovely queen fell beneath the bloody axe, the voices of the sturdy viscount and his noble wife were raised in honest denunciation of the terrible deed, and, as in those days disapprobation meant death, Beauharnais was quickly torn from the bosom of his family, and after a farcical so-called trial, in which the only crime proven against him was that he had been born an "aristocrat," he was condemned to death, and after a short imprisonment, perished on the scaffold. Manly, brave, and undaunted to the last, he employed the last hour of his life in writing a last message of love to his wife and children, enclosing a lock of his hair that he had *purchased* from his brutal jailer, when in accordance with the usual custom his long tresses were shorn from his head to facilitate the work of the executioner.

Josephine, who was arrested shortly after her husband, was confined in the prison of the Carmelites, where, in company with many other noble victims, she waited in hourly expectation her summons before the dread tribunal, who only tried to condemn. In after years she often alluded with wonder to the conduct of many of her fellow prisoners of the highest rank, who, so far from being daunted by the almost certain approach of a bloody death, spent their time in plans for future gayeties and amusements which they once more be at liberty. For herself, she seems, by her calm, cheerful spirit of submission, and her unflinching sympathy with the sorrows and anxieties of others, to have been like a ministering angel to the discouraged souls about her. Her own principal solace was found in writing to her family and friends, a privilege, that was accorded her, under the inspection, of course, of the prison authorities. In these graceful epistles, written under such trying circumstances, one is

struck with wonder and admiration at the tone of unvarying cheerfulness, and more than all the womanly unselfishness with which, making light of her own trials and anxieties, she enters heart and soul into the sorrows and joys of others, exhorting her husband to patience and hope, and diverting his mind by many a touching story concerning the unfortunates about her. To her children she writes in a tender, often lively tone of motherly admonition, never referring to her own sorrows, except the crowning one of her separation from them.

To a young friend, an English lady of rank, who, in spite of every blessing that earth can bestow, seemed to have discovered and sighed over every crumpled rose-leaf in her path, the forlorn prisoner of the Carmelites writes in a strain of tender, half wondering reproach, that must surely have shamed the fair hypochondriac into a more cheerful and contented humor:

"Need I assure you of my participation in your afflictions, imaginary though they be? The greatest of all misfortunes is to doubt that which we love to think true. Adieu, my friend: *Courage!* Must this word be pronounced by her who languishes in a prison? Ought she not rather to preserve for herself the exhortations which she sends to you? My children are well—De Beauharnais' affairs assume a more favorable turn—why, then, should my fortitude fail? Once more, adieu."

Soon after her husband's execution, his faithful wife, with seventy of her fellow prisoners, were condemned to death on the following morning. That night the plots against Robespierre, that had long been secretly maturing, came to a head. The monster was dragged from the council chamber to the guillotine, where he perished amidst the execrations of the fickle populace that, glutted with blood, had at last begun to awaken from its temporary madness, to turn with horror from the author of all the butcheries that the last terrible months had seen committed. Josephine and her companions were saved.

Although soon afterward released from prison and re-united to her children, the widowed Josephine was, for some time, reduced to a state of the most abject poverty, being, as she afterward said, indebted even for her daily bread to the charity of a good woman whom she had once befriended, and who now gladly extended to her the aid of which she stood so much in need. The danger too, as an "aristocrat," still remained so great, that in consideration of his personal safety she was obliged to apprentice her son to a carpenter, thus identifying him with the then triumphant *canaille*.

But the wife of Tallien was her fast friend, and through her influence, a part of her late husband's confiscated property was restored, and the beautiful widow again appeared among her old asso-

ciates in the fashionable salons of Paris, where her grace and wit made her a universal favorite.

Her first acquaintance with General Bonaparte was in 1795, after his return as the hero of Toulon, when, as commandant of Paris, he was charged with the work of disarming the citizens. The sword of Beauharnais in this way fell into his hands, and Eugene, then a noble youth of fifteen, resolved to gain possession of the weapon that was the most precious heir-loom and memorial of the gallant soldier who had never in his life disgraced it. Presenting himself before the commandant, the brave boy plead for the beloved relic with such manly earnestness, that Napoleon himself granted his wish, and, with tears of joy, the sword was restored to its old place of honor in the Beauharnais mansion.

On the following day, Josephine called to thank the commandant in person for this unexpected favor; and thus began an acquaintance that, in less than a year, ended in a marriage between the two, much to the satisfaction of her friends and children, to the latter of whom Napoleon never ceased to show the love and care of a father.

The steps by which Napoleon became in time the idol and at length the autocrat of the French people, belong rather to history than to the biography of Josephine, but it is certain that, so far from sharing in his inordinate ambition, his faithful wife, rendered more clear-sighted, perhaps, by her love for him, often prayed him with tears and entreaties:

"Do not make yourself a king."

That it was optional with himself, she seems never to have doubted. Her belief in him as the "man of destiny" was as unfaltering as his own, and his gradual ascent to the highest elevation that man can reach, seemed never to dazzle or surprise her; although dim forebodings of the sorrows in store for both would sometimes cast their shade over her heart in the midst of her greatest splendor.

Never were dignity and sweetness more happily blended than in Josephine, and as she moved with her own stately grace through the lofty apartments of the Tuileries, all alike bowed to the wondrous power of her fascinations; for, with a tact born of real kindness of heart, she never by any chance sent away a guest from her presence, be he king or peasant, with a feeling of pique or mortification rankling in his heart.

Bountiful almost to a fault, the delight of her life was to relieve the sufferings of others, not alone by a largesse from her own overflowing coffers, but with words of the tenderest sympathy and advice. Having herself tasted the bitter cup of poverty and sorrow, she was able to sympathize with the trials and cares of the common people. In her wise and well-directed munificence she formed, as in all other respects, a striking contrast to her unfortunate predecessor, who,

cradled in the lap of luxury, was so ignorant of the situation of the masses of her subjects that, when the starving citizens of Paris clamored for bread, she asked, with a childish ignorance that was, under the circumstances, a crime: "If they cannot get *bread*, why don't they eat *cake*?"

In spite of his impatience of contradiction, Napoleon was often influenced even in matters of great public importance by the tender importunities and wise arguments of his magnanimous, clear-sighted wife; and it was for this even more than for her unbounded popularity that the aspiring, envious Bonaparte family hated and maligned her, taking every occasion to arouse the suspicions of her jealous, irritable lord, who, realizing as he did every day of his life, the faithful devotion to himself and his interest that no neglect or harshness on his part had power to change, still never scrupled, when in his capricious moods, to wring her loving heart with his unworthy doubts and cruel reproaches.

To be sure these bursts of jealous ill-temper were only occasional, but the sensitive heart of Josephine trembled with constant apprehension, in her happiest hours. Proud of her beauty and grace, and sensible of the advantage to himself of her well-deserved popularity with the nation at large, still the despotic monarch could not refrain from ill-natured jibes upon her dress and manners when in the mood, while even the openly expressed love of the French people for one who had been their unfailing friend and benefactress, was resented by him at times as so much taken from the adulation that he constantly craved.

If Josephine's love for her capricious and tyrannical husband had not been of the deepest and purest, his injustice and ingratitude must inevitably have estranged her woman's heart from him forever.

As it was, she bowed beneath all his tyrannical exactions with cheerful submission, while his taunts were met with words of love; and the bitter tears that his cold neglect cost her were shed in secret, lest the world, seeing her pain, might cast a shadow of reproach upon him.

There is, there can be, no question that Napoleon loved his wife as well as it was in his selfish, absorbed nature to love anything outside of himself. And yet, despite the loving devotion of years, despite her piteous prayers and entreaties, despite even the unavoidable passion that wrung his own proud heart, the haughty founder of the Napoleonic dynasty calmly decided to divorce the faithful wife of his youth, the sharer of the hopes and fears, the reverses and triumphs, of the twelve eventful years that had passed since their marriage, and by an alliance with an Austrian princess, not only strengthen his throne, but bequeath to his successor a share in the proudest blood of Europe.

How sadly, then, did the friends of the broken

hearted Josephine recall her words, spoken years ago in reference to her husband's soaring ambition:

"The nearer my husband approaches the highest step to which fortune sometimes elevates men, the dimmer becomes my last gleam of happiness."

Still submissive to his will, she signed with her own trembling hand the deed of divorce; then bidding adieu to the stately palace where she had so long reigned as mistress, she sought the lovely seclusion of Malmaison, the home of her bridehood, where, still honored and attended as an Empress (for Napoleon still insisted upon her retaining that rank), she set herself to work to find solace for her own wounded heart in alleviating the woes of others.

The room that Napoleon had occupied still remained as he had left it, and here the broken-hearted wife spent an hour each day alone, carefully dusting and arranging the various articles that had belonged to him. No other foot was allowed to enter, no other hand took part in the work that in her loving imagination she was still able to do for him. The stately visits that he sometimes paid his "good Josephine," as he still continued to call her, while looked forward to and enjoyed with feverish delight, only made more sad by contrast the unshared loneliness of her lot.

"He has no delicacy," she would exclaim with bitter tears, after listening sympathetically to his proud confidences and plans in regard to his expected heir. "He wrings my heart, and heeds it not."

When the thunder of cannon proclaimed the birth of an heir to the throne of France, Josephine forgot her own womanly griefs in her joy and exultation that the sacrifice that she had made had not been in vain.

"The Emperor has a son!" she cried joyfully, "let us celebrate the event so glorious to France, by a grand *fête*."

And while her ladies were gaily dancing in the grand salon of Malmaison, its mistress, with a full heart, sat down to write her congratulations to the proud and happy father:

"Amid the numerous felicitations that you receive from every corner of Europe, can the feeble voice of a woman reach your ear, and will you deign to listen to her who so often consoled your sorrows and sweetened your pains, now that she speaks to you only of that happiness in which all your wishes are fulfilled?"

Brave, unselfish heart, true in sorrow as in joy, when the terrible overthrow in which the haughty Emperor of France became the lonely exile of Elba took place, removing from his side wife and child, and hurling him from the throne that he had so ably, if despotically filled, Josephine's loving heart clung to him more fondly than ever, and, in spite of failing health and all the perils of the voyage, she eagerly implored permission to join him in his doleful exile.

But this generous project was not to be carried into effect. Her sickness increased rapidly, and it was soon evident that she was passing away from earth. A few moments before her death she rallied, and smiling lovingly upon her weeping children, murmured with infinite content:

"At least I shall die regretted; I have always desired the happiness of France; I did all in my power to contribute to it, and I can say with truth, that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a single tear to flow."

Words that few crowned heads have been able to utter in their last solemn hour, when the soul stands face to face with its God, and one the truth of which a mourning nation gratefully acknowledged.

MY COTTAGE HOME.

BY ANNA BISHARD.

A cottage hid from view, by cedars dark and tall,
A holly hedge with berries red as wine,
An oriel window—a climbing vine—
Wherein the tiny sparrows build—does twine,
And screens from view the low dark wall.

A cool gray twilight made by lofty ancient trees,
A mossy nook, where wild vines run at will,
A vale—a river—and a ruined mill,
With ponderous wheel moss-grown, and now still
Listening to the summer breeze.

A forest where dryads their voices raise in song,
A voice that comes from neither sky nor air,
But seems to be around you everywhere,
And through the forest dim it seems to tear,
While on the wind its length prolongs.

The flutter of a wild bird rising from its nest,
Amid the sprays of ferns, all dark and rank,
Sweet water-lilies, growing near the bank
Of a strange lake, sedgy, reed-grown and dank,
Whereon they dream, sweetly at rest.

A WORD TO GRUMBLERS.—Don't be a grumbler. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners and disagreeable things. Half the strength spend in growling would often set things right. You may as well make up your mind, to begin with, that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it; but you are to take your part of the trouble, and bear it bravely. You will be sure to have burdens laid upon you that belong to other people, unless you are a shirk yourself; but don't grumble. If the work needs doing, and you can do it, never mind about the other boy who ought to have done it, and didn't. Those workers who fill up the gaps and smooth away the rough spots, and finish up the job that others leave undone—they are the true peacemakers, and worth a whole regiment of growlers.

NYSSA'S MASQUERADE.

C. LEON GRIMPEST.

Miss Nyssa Cumbermede, having been invited to a grand masquerade party, had been occupied for nearly a week previous in conning old books of costumes at the Mercantile Library, and in imagining all sorts of possible and impossible toilettes, reminiscences of weird things and strange colors which she had seen either asleep or awake, in dream or at the theatre. None of these suited her, however. She was hard to please. She desired to be original. A haughty, headstrong and beautiful girl of eighteen, with an intellect, ought not to be forever a slave to the commonplace; and Miss Nyssa Cumbermede was more anxious to please her lover, Mr. Edgar Ottersson, a talented journalist, than her host of friends.

When her mother came into her dressing-room on the eventful evening, she found Nyssa not only *en dishabille*, but also in despair. How lovely the daughter looked as she stood before the tall mirror and gazed abstractedly at her own beautiful reflection.

"Ma," she exclaimed, "I must have a toilette to please me, or else not go at all—has Mr. Ottersson arrived?"

"No, my dear."

"Thank fortune I have at least an hour to conjure up something new!" She glanced at the tiny Parisian clock over the mantel.

"You remember, my dear," said Mrs. Cumbermede, "the exquisite masque worn by Miss Selden, at Newport, last season—a costume of the fourteenth century."

"One of Gustave Doré's whimsicalities, I suppose," suggested the daughter.

"Why, you saw it yourself; was it not superb?"

"So, so!" replied the daughter languidly.

"Why, my dear, it was a true picture of the time. You know how grand she looked in that claret velvet train, gold embroidered—held up by a page so charmingly attired; how magnificent—how historical, my love."

"Nonsense, dear ma! I've no time to prepare claret velvets and trains and pages—I've hardly an hour, now."

"That's your fault, my love!"

"Of course."

"You have plenty of dresses, and you had plenty of time. You know I want you to make a sensation!"

"It is so easy to make a sensation, as you call it, now-a-days, dear me, that I would rather not try it. Please suggest something more difficult for a young lady about to enter society?"

"I'm sure I do not know what to advise, Nyssa dear!" replied the mother.

Nyssa stood a moment in deep thought before the glass, and then turning to her mother, clasped her hand, kissed her, and said:

"Now, leave the room, mamma dear! allow me to put into practice my invention. It came upon me like an inspiration—it will be the sensation of the evening—it will surprise everybody, and that is more than half the pleasure of a masquerade. Tell me when Mr. Ottersson comes. Oh, these fancy parties, how wearisome they are."

"The carriage may be here at any moment, my dear," said Mrs. Cumbermede, "so I advise you to get ready without delay." She kissed her and left the room.

Mr. Ottersson arrived not ten minutes later, and was ushered into the parlor. In ten minutes more, Nyssa entered, attired in a plain chintz dress. Ottersson was in raptures.

"What simplicity, Miss Cumbermede!"

"That is my character! I go as *Simplicity*!" said Nyssa laughing, and throwing a shawl about her shoulders.

"My child, you are a perfect fright," exclaimed the mother, as she drew her daughter to one side and looked at her steadily. "Why, I'm positively ashamed of you. What in the world made you put on such a dress as this?"

"I have hit on a character at last, dear ma!" laughed Nyssa, her eyes beaming with a pure fire and her countenance lighting up, "I go as a peasant woman!"

"For shame! where are the velvets and laces your father bought you?" said Mrs. Cumbermede.

"Up stairs, in the chamber. I am not good enough for them, dear ma. I came to the conclusion that I am a very ordinary personage after all. I bear no queenly title, and ought not to have any. I think this dress will attract attention—don't you think so, Mr. Ottersson?"

"Decidedly! The simplicity suits me exactly," said Ottersson, rapturously, for the young girl looked far sweeter at that moment than he had ever before beheld her.

"That is all I desire," said Nyssa; "the critical judgment of the press. I suppose I have a right to be humble once in a great while if I choose! I am not so hard to please myself, but I am so averse to playing a part, that I have no heart to imitate great people. There will be plenty of queens and princesses there, depend upon it, and I imagine I shall enjoy a lovely solitude in this chintz. Is the carriage waiting?"

"It is!" answered Ottersson.

"Then good-bye, ma," and after she had kissed her mother, who had hardly recovered from her astonishment, she turned to Ottersson, and said "Tell the driver to go by Orland Place, first!"

"Why?" demanded Ottersson; then he said, "I beg your pardon, Miss Cumbermede; of course, if you wish it; but it is late, I'm afraid!"

"There's plenty of time," answered Nyssa, "I have a good reason for sending him out of the way. Let him stop at 16 Orland Place, if he can see the number in the dark!"

She took from the top of the piano a small parcel and a basket, and moved to the door.

"What in the name of sense does all this mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Cumbermede, following the pair to the door.

"A change of attire, dear ma. A surprise at least. That is all—my, how chilly it is! Well, good night."

When they were snugly seated in the carriage Nyssa said: "You know the times are so hard, and yet people are so extravagant. I don't think the poor have equal chance to fight the battles of life with the rich; do they now?"

Otterson's reply to this naïve remark was: "Why, Miss Cumbermede, I am really not prepared to discuss the relation of capital and labor at present. I ought to have been warned beforehand, and would have had a speech full of statistics all prepared." He laughed, and she said:

"You are sarcastic—I am in earnest."

"I beg to be forgiven," returned Edgar, "for my part, I love all earnest people—I love them —"

"And so do I," responded Nyssa. "You think me whimsical, no doubt, Mr. Otterson; but I hope and pray that the spirit which prompts my whims is a good one. I am going to Orland Place for a purpose, and I hope a good one."

They had passed the glitter of the business thoroughfares, and had entered a labyrinth of dark lanes, illuminated here and there by the feeble glare of the street lamp. Then the carriage stopped, and the driver's face appeared at the window.

"I can't tell if this is the house or not, Miss," said their guide, "but this is Orland Place."

"I find it, depend upon it," answered Miss Cumbermede. "It is No. 16—open the door, please." The driver had the door open in fact while she was giving the command, and she leaped out into the gloom of the narrow and ill-paved street.

"Stop a moment, Miss Cumbermede!" ejaculated Otterson, following her, "where you go I ought to go, although I've not been invited; but surely I must protest against this adventure, unless I am permitted the pleasure of seeing you safe along this wretched foot-way."

So he stood a moment, and she caught his arm and said: "Certainly, certainly, you must come with me." They walked a few steps and stopped.

"This is the place," exclaimed Nyssa, "I know it well by those wooden steps. Come up with me, I shall not be long. The driver won't fall asleep, I hope."

"I'll see to that, Miss Cumbermede," replied Otterson, "but where do you go? What does this mean?"

"Nothing at all, as you shall find out soon," said Nyssa, giving a knock upon the door. After an interval a shadowy figure appeared at the por-

tal, and a voice ejaculated "Oh, Miss Cumbermede! You here? Come in; mother will be so glad to see you."

They entered a forlorn apartment, dimly lighted by a coal oil lamp, and in its sickly glare they beheld a wan woman, a pale, deathlike face full of suffering, reclining, propped up by pillows in a chair. This wretched face seemed to glow and to take the colors of life, and the eyes shone with something like delight, when Nyssa entered, and the thin lips—the pale, pale lips of the woman sufferer—framed the words: "Thank God for his many blessings—I have been praying for the sight of your dear face, Miss Nyssa!"

"Oh, Mrs. Lathrop," said the young and beautiful Miss Cumbermede, now thrice beautiful as she threw off the wrap about her shoulders, and placed the parcel and basket upon a rickety table close to the invalid. "I am glad to see you look better! I have brought you some trifles. There are a few little things in the basket hefe which may do you good—wine, preserves, and such like—and in the parcel you may find something better. I came in a great hurry; I had hardly time to dress. This is Mr. Otterson, Mrs. Lathrop—a good friend of mine, Mrs. Lathrop."

The young girl who had ushered them in exclaimed:

"Oh, how good of you, dear Miss Nyssa, how good! Mother has been so ill. You see, things look so bad. The factory has stopped, and I can't get work anywhere. What would we do if it wasn't for you, dear, dear lady?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Nyssa. Then turning to her bewildered escort, who hardly understood the scene, she said, "Sit down, Mr. Otterson, make yourself comfortable. These are good friends of mine; good people."

And then she addressed herself to the young girl and said:

"Times may be better soon, I know they will. There'll be plenty of work. Things are not so bad as they look. Cheer up; keep your spirits, girl, and do not despair. I'll stand by you! I'll do what I can. You'll find a check for twenty dollars pinned to a small parcel in that basket. Father gave it to me to-day! Oh! it's perfectly good. What are you staring at? Here, no crying. Crying won't mend matters, Jennie! Mrs. Lathrop, Jennie and you are not to worry, mind that. The rent's paid, so cheer up, and look as handsome as you can. You might have a brighter light here, I think. There's nothing like plenty of light."

So she rattled away, and then went over and turned up the dismal lamp until it fairly smoked, put her arms around the young girl and kissed her, and then going over to where the poor invalid sat silent, tearful, and silently dazed by this angel visit, she took her thin hand in hers and said:

"To-morrow I will see you again, and you will be better then, I know!"

"God bless and preserve you!" sobbed Mrs. Lathrop.

Jennie ran up to Nyssa and hugged her close, ejaculating:

"How can we ever thank you enough for your kindness, dear Miss Nyssa!"

"Don't fret; your mother will get well, and you will get work, so keep cheery. And now I must go! Good night, I'm off like a ghost at dawn!"

"Please don't go," pleaded Jennie, holding on to her benefactor.

"But the carriage is at the door, and Mr. Otterson and I have another visit to make. Good-night—good-night, and a good night's rest to you, Mrs. Lathrop, and when I see you in the morning, I know you will be well and hearty, and dancing, perhaps, as I mean to dance to-night."

She darted to the door and opened it. Not only Jennie and her mother were petrified with the mingled emotions of the occasion, but Edgar Otterson, her lover, when he rose to follow this strange, this beautiful, this good woman, had traces of tears in his eyes, and he could not speak. And in the silence, as they passed out into the night, the figure of the poor woman's daughter loomed from the dark doorway of the squalid house, watching the carriage as it rolled through the grimy Orland Place, and long after it had been lost to sight and hearing.

When Otterson could speak, he said to her whom he loved so deeply, now more deeply than ever; "Shall we go to the masquerade?"

"Yes, of course!" replied Nyssa. "Why not? I feel so happy in my chintz."

"You have made more than one person happy, Miss Cumbermede—I have been transformed by this event, and I am made happy also! I am too happy to wish to go anywhere or to be with anybody but you!"

She made no reply. The carriage rumbled on—and after a long silence, Nyssa exclaimed:

"There are the lights. We are here at last! You have my mask, I believe, Mr. Otterson!"

Otterson whispered to her as he assisted her from the carriage—"If you only knew how I love you!"—but she seemed not to hear.

They entered the gay rooms and mingled with the maskers. It was late when they left. Nyssa had not danced. She seemed to have lost her cheeriness of spirit the moment she mingled with the revellers. She appeared sad, she was so quiet, so meditative, and so unlike herself. Otterson noticed it, but he loved her in any mood.

It was only in the carriage, on her way home, the glare and glitter of the brilliant rooms still burning in her memory and paining her brain, and the crash of the orchestra still reverberating in her ears, that she murmured:

"If I can make you happy, Edgar, you know that is all I live for!"

And her beautiful head fell upon the shoulder of her lover.

Thus ended Nyssa's masquerade. They were married a few months after.

GLENARCHAN.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"You ought to have asked," exclaimed Ellen, indignantly, "or rather, we ought to have seen that you were helped. I forgot the pleasant part of my duty; but oh, mother, is it always like this?"

"To be sure it is. Father has done very well for him since your return. Try not vex him, dear; do what you choose quietly—then, if he is angry, there will only be one fuss."

"What can you mean? one fuss?"

"Whatever you propose he will be sure always to say 'no;' you are rather determined, and will probably do what you like, therefore it will be better to say nothing about your plans beforehand."

"But I don't want to do what he will not like; I would rather give up than vex him."

"So would I; but suppose he should wish you not to go to church, for instance?"

"He cannot object to that."

"He can object to anything; but we are pretty sure he will be out till the one o'clock dinner, then he bobs in and out constantly; don't vex him, dear."

Ellen felt she must be alone, her heart was very heavy; but on reaching her room she found thinking too painful, and the Highland piper forever intruding, so she hastily arranged her possessions and then prepared to go to see Juno.

"Mother," she called, as she heard the slow footsteps come up stairs, "I'm going to see Juno; I shall take the twins, they can play outside while I talk to her."

"Father won't let them go to see her, dear; take the biscuits that I left on the table, put them in brown paper, then if you meet him, you can hide them somewhere."

"I would rather carry them openly."

"Then he may forbid you taking anything again, and what would Juno do?"

"I thought he did not object."

"One never knows when he may do so."

"Mother, this life is dreadful."

"Certainly it is, but I see no help for it."

Ellen's footsteps were not so light as usual, for she bore a new weight; she seemed forced into the family compact to deceive its head. What should she do?

The air and walk with the thousand sights and sounds of early summer soothed her, and soon old Juno's arms were around her heart's delight.

"My baby, my own downy chile, Mas'r Jack said you'd come; blessin' on yer dear face; tank de good Lord I libed to see dis day; 'pears like I can't git enuf ob lookin' at yer."

"Thank you, dear old Juno; I'm so glad you are so much better."

"Yes, tank de Lord, I'm 'bout agen; t'aint much I ken' do, but I sews some, and I won't neber be hungry while Mas'r Jack's 'roun'—tank you, dear, fur dese biskits, deys a pictur; Miss Elly made 'em I'll lay a dollar; she can't come see me now, but Mas'r Jack's as brave as a lion; Miss Elly puts up tings for him to bring. Tell me 'bout your own self, chile; goin' to git married? or anyting like dat?"

"No indeed, not now. I've had five whole years of pleasure, I'm going to help mother now for a year, certainly."

"All rite, chile, 'ceptin' 'spose de Lord wants more'n a year."

"I'll try to do whatever he says, Juno, but I hope I need not stay longer than that at the farm, I feel as if I'd been there a month."

"Tink of Miss Elly, chile; she ain't had no rest for twenty years; help her all you ken."

"Juno, I mean to. I've come home feeling like a missionary; but I don't know where to begin; it was so different when you were there."

"Shall I tell you fur back how de troublel began?"

"Yes, Juno, tell me all you can."

"It 'pears like a lifetime, when Miss Elly was as peart as you are dis minit. She war de idol ob her par and mar, dere warn't notin' too good fur her. One 'ob de visitin' places ob de Mas'r. an' Missis, war Miss Anne May's, dere Miss Elly fust see Mas'r May. He was took wid her in a minit, after a while she come to me, 'Juno, I'se to going marry Mas'r May.' 'No, chile,' ses I, 'don't you neber go for to do dat, he's got de ebil eye.'

"She larfed like ebery ting. 'Dat's your ole substitution,' she says; 'his eyes is fine, dey shine like de stars in de sky.' 'Dey is in a dredful cloudy sky,' says I. But in dem days, you might as well talk to de wind as Miss Elly, she hadn't neber had no said to her, so says she, 'I'll habe a lubly house in the country, an' you are to lib wid me, an' moder and fader is to come see me,' den she danced off like a kitten. Oh, dear! 'pears like I can't go back to dem times. Put some coffee in de sars-pan fur me. Mas'r Jack made me some las nite, it's in de pitchet. Well dear, she tole Mas'r May wat I sed 'bout de evil eye, he larfed den, but he kep it in his heart. Dey was married, and dere neber was a more beautifuller bride dan Miss Elly. 'I'll send for you soon, Juno,' ses she, de bery las ting when she got in de coach. But—we didn't hab many letters. After a while she come to make a visit—tank you dear, dat's good and hot, coffee keeps me

up, gib me a biskit, fur I didn't eat no breakfus; wat was I sayin? Oh, she made a visit, she telled her mar dat Mas'r May tout she'd 'joy comin' down, more'n habin dem up to de farm. We sed notin', jes made her as happy as eber we could. Wen she went away ses she, 'Juno, I ain't comin' no more, it spiled me fur goin' back. I don't no wen I'll see you agen; I ain't made to lib in de the country, its kine ob lonesome.' Back she went to de farm, and her par and mar went to Europe. I went to Miss Anne's to lib, she was kine ob worrisome 'bout Miss Elly, but I neber said notin', I waited. One day dere came a letter, Miss Elly was dyin', an mus hab ole Juno. Anuder cup, chile—oh, dem was dredful days—Mas'r May was well skeert, he don't like folks dyin', so ses he, 'Do all you ken fur de Missis, Juno.' I jes wanted to say, 'I spec you's kilt her,' but I kep' still, an 'jes' went up stairs. Dere was my lamb, wite as a snow bank, lyin' on de bed, an' yô war long side, as rosy an' big a baby as I eber see. De dear lamb put out her arms, 'Oh, Juno, dear Juno,' ses she, and den she faynted off. I know'd wat to do fur her. She wanted keer' an' lub. Wheneber dem eyes ob de Mas'r's looked at her, she'd be all ober ob a shake—de pore lamb. Well, she got up after a long time, and I neber sed notin' 'bout goin' away. I took keer ob you, an watched ober my lamb. I used to tink, if she'd perked up a little, de Mas'r wouldn't have down-trod her so, but she jes' sat quiet all de time, neber sed' notin', bad nor good. One day, wen' you was 'bout four year old, she got a letter dat her par an' mar was a comin' home. She was a thinkin' an' a studyin' 'bout it, till she got brave enuf to ask if she might 'vite dem to come up an' see her. I neber will forget de look Mas'r May gib her, ses he; 'When you larns to do yur dooty, an' look smilin' an cheerful, an' not go 'roune wid dat winey piney look, den' you kin' ask yur mar an' par.' She neber said notin', but jes' fell down all in a heap. Mas'r May walkt off swearin'. Ses I, 'Dat's de bes' ting you kin' do.' Den' I took up my lamb, an' dat nite a little dead baby was born into dis world. When I telled her it was dead, ses she, 'Tank God.' Well, anuder year pass away, an' dey stayed on in Europe, den dey sailed in dat ship, you knows; anuder one run inter it, and de captin' didn't know as his ship was hurt; so ses he, 'go long, we's all rite,' so de one ship went 'long, an de oder one went down; dey was all los, 'cept like Job's foks, some libed to tell 'bout de oders. Dat time wen de news come, I tink de Mas'r was reel sorry. 'Tell me, John,' ses yer mar, so he up an telled her. It was de same ole story, she fell down; but dis time Mas'r May ketched her, an carried her up stairs, den he went fur the de doctor, an, deary me, Mas'r Jack was born. He was splendiferous, but my lamb neber smiled on him. Taint good luck fur de mudder not to smile on her baby."

"Jack has done pretty well, on your smiles."

"Well, I *did* lub him; he's de bes' feller dat eber libed, jes as kine an tender as a girl, 'cept I don't tink he cares fur dem twins."

"They're pitiful little creatures."

"Well, I larfed at Mas'r Jack, and tossed him roun', but my lamb was a long time a gettin' up. I was 'most sorry for de Mas'r he was so lonely and cross, 'cept fur you. You neber was 'fraid ob him, you used to run after him; he'd say, 'go 'long home, an you'd jes larf an run 'long; he liked it, he allers liked it; he liked ebery ting strong an well, an to have anwers back agin."

"He don't encourage talking now," laughed Ellen.

"Dat may be, he neber 'courage anyting, but he likes it all de same; don you be cowed down. After dat, de mas'r used to get mad at me ebery day; I didn't mind till de Lord sent me de bone ache. I could skerce drag roun'. I kep up till I began to be sick off an on, 'fore you went away; den you was sent to bording school; you was twelve, an Mas'r Jack was five; I kep 'long, seein' my pore lamb grow witer ebery day, neber sayin' notin'; Mas'r May grew wus an wus, den de twins was born. Wen de mas'r named 'em, your mar jes cried till her heart was fit to brake, and Mas'r May larfed. You see, he hates tings still and solemncolly, he'd ruther fite dan hab peace. Den you went to Europe. One day de Mas'r was dredful aggravatin, an de missis neber seed a word. 'Don you mean to speak?' says he. 'No,' ses she, 'I don't know wat to say.' 'I'll teach you,' ses he, an he up an hit her a clip. 'Oh, Juno,' ses she. Den I jes tole him he was a brute beast like Neddersezzar. He neber forgot dat. De nex day says he, 'Juno, you kin go an lib in de lane, an mine you keep dere; don let me neber see you here no more.' Oh, dat was a dredful day. After a wile, two tree year, dis las boy was born. I was 'lowed to see my lamb den, an was at de baptizin'; but laws, chile, did your mar tell you dat Mas'r May named him Nebber-sezzar?"

"*Nebuchadnezzar?*"

"Yes, he did, *sure*," and Juno laughed till the house shook.

"Oh, that poor baby; surely it can't be, Juno."

"He did, an when he scream he puts a pillar over his face till he can't breathe. Somehow de missis got better after dis las chile, an she ses she aint half as 'fraid now. I wish she'd perk up."

"What a horrible story; what *can* I do?"

"I'll tell you, chile. Jes pray to de Lord to gib you de strength of Samson, or Harklis, an den you jes anser him ebery time; let him swear, mebbe some time he'll git de bad stuff all out; dress up, make de missis perk up, do jes as you like, so as you do no wrong, don stop for his talk; dere's plenty ob money, I know dat; den if he say 'go long,' you go to your Aunt Anne."

"But what good can I do then?"

"Neber fear, you'll come back. Don you tell no lies to him, let him know he ken trus' you; it makes a man mad to have folks plottin' agin him."

"But now to-day, mother told me to hide the biscuit, if I saw him."

"De dear lamb, did she do dat? Don you do it, child; hold de biskit in de light ob day, an if he don like it, Juno 'll not starve; don go rite agin him; he's got de rite to say about his own truck."

"Well, dear Juno, I'll try, but pray for me; I feel to-day as mother does, that I'd rather submit. There is one more thing; what does mother give the children?"

"Laus, child, don no."

"Something to make them sleep; the baby sleeps all the time."

"Oh, bless de good Lord, dat my lamb should do dat sinful axchun."

"I think she is so afraid of father hurting them if they make a noise; so she keeps them asleep."

"Oh, deary me; my lamb, my lamb!"

"Mother is afraid for her children."

"I allers hop'd de missis—wats dat word you wite folks say—*'sert* herself."

"Assert herself, do you mean?"

"Yes, dats it; now honey I knows your work: save dat child."

"How can I? if he cries, father threatens him."

"You jes take care ob him yourself."

"I—take care of that baby?"

"If de Lord says do it, you ken."

"But, Juno—does He?"

"Pears like He speaks berry loud. It's hard chile, but jes you try. Don back down."

"I have amused the twins a little; but think of those names—Judith, Kezia and Nebuchadnezzar."

"I 'clar, I jes hate dat man."

"Now, Juno, I thought you loved him!"

"I'se bad, like all the res; but les try to make him happy. I hear de horn fur de men; you mus go; mine you dress up for tea."

Ellen laughed at this, and bidding her faithful nurse "good-bye," took up her cross and went home.

CHAPTER IV.

Jack met Ellen at the door, "Gov. has gone off to see some land; won't be home till six—hurrah!" There was a jubilee in the house, against which Ellen inwardly struggled, trying not to feel as if a load were lifted. The twins were a shade less terrified, the mother looked nearly calm; "I can hardly believe it," she said.

"Bring the baby, I have not seen him yet; do brother?" said Ellen, from down stairs.

"He's asleep," said Jack.

"Can't he be waked? he sleeps as child never slept before—he would be better outside; the bed is hot and weakening."

"A Daniel come to judgment," exclaimed Jack; but the baby slept through dinner-time.

Ellen found a clean table-cloth, showed the willing Mary how to place the dishes by order and rule, and for once they had a happy meal; "made memorable," said the irrepressible Jack, "by a faint smile from a twin."

Ellen looked reprovingly at him, at which he replied she must have looked up old Luther's ghost, she was so successful a reformer; then off he went to his work.

"Jack talks as if he had read; where does he get books?" asked Ellen.

"He does manage to get them somehow, and keeps them at Juno's, where he goes to read; he is a dear, dear boy."

"You've grown careless about your dress, mother dear," said Ellen, "since you have had no daughter to take care of you. I've brought you a lovely plain silk, all made; come, put it on and surprise father."

"Oh, dear no, it frightens me to death. Just don't try to alter anything; your father hates change."

"Children hate medicine too, but no one hates beauty and appropriateness; come, let me dress you and we will be seated on the piazza when he returns."

"No, Ellen, he would say some hateful thing."

"Don't mind that; do what is best."

"He would talk till I do mind. I just dreaded your coming home; do let me alone."

"No matter then, I'll go and see the baby."

He was asleep, pale, thin, with rings of black around his eyes, and a drawn expression about his mouth. "Oh, mother, you are killing him," was the involuntary exclamation.

Her mother burst into tears: "What else can I do?—he is dreadful when he cries."

"I don't think that is a reason for making an idiot of him; for idiot he is sure to be, if he is kept drugged."

"I declare, Ellen, you do use such strong language; and I always was a coward."

"May I take care of him for a week? father's room is not as near mine as this is."

"You will get us both in trouble."

"Let me bear that."

She took him up; he raised his heavy lids.

"Dear baby, poor little boy. Come to me."

He made no resistance; she took him to the window, he was heated and feverish.

The twins stood by in stupid wonder.

"Mother, show me how to put on a fresh dress, he is to go down stairs with us—there, he looks

better already, now get me that blue ribbon on my bureau for his sleeves, please?"

The mother silently brought it, but the poor thin arms were not improved; Ellen took it off again.

"Now, mother, I must have my way. I won't insist on the new dress, but somebody must wear my ribbon. You shall have it in your hair; there, baby, lie still a moment. Come, I will arrange it, you must have puffs on top, your head looks too meek; look, you are growing lovely fast, such thick hair, too; now the braids, there!"

"I *am* improved," sighed the mother, "he will hate it so."

"No he won't, really. He will scold at first to be consistent, but he won't keep it up, and I will; you are never to be careless again, and while I change my dress, please give a little touch to the twins."

Ellen ran off, not waiting an answer, wisely picking up her baby brother by the way.

Her toilette was soon made, and, at the head of her family, she marshalled them to the shade of the back piazza, which, from a hint to Mary, was nicely swept. The most comfortable chair was brought out for her mother; the entreaties for the stocking-basket yielded to; the twins seated on the steps beside her, they were so used to sitting motionless, that they needed no teaching—the baby she kept in her own arms, rocking him gently in her chair.

"Now mother, I'm going to read to you."

"Oh, dear! the first day, too; if you'd only wait."

"No, you must help me: it is better to begin at once, we are doing what is natural and right; baby is better already, he has opened his eyes and looked around twice."

But the head sank heavily after each effort. Ellen could hardly repress her indignation at the weak cowardice that had reduced him to this condition.

She began to read; suddenly the twins jumped: "He's coming, he's coming."

"Hush," said Ellen, "sit still."

A great stamping was heard, a shout for Ja to take the horse. Ellen did not stop, she was the position to be first seen. Her father car through to the back door.

"Hallo! what's all this?"

"This what?" asked Ellen.

"All this foolin', and dressing up and playing company."

"I don't know what you mean; everything is just as usual, except that I fixed mother's hair, and she looks ever so nice."

"Nice—humph! I'll find some other way for you to employ your time."

"Very well," returned Ellen, "let me know what you want me to do; I finished everything to-day, and now am holding baby for mother."

Dear child! he don't look very well; how do you think putting him in sunshine every day would suit him—that's the way the French children are treated."

"Tie him under a tree and let him eat grass," replied the father of Nebuchadnezzar.

"I think living under a tree would do him good," was the calm reply. "I don't know about grass; by the by, did you ever read this book?—we enjoyed it on the vessel; come out, father, when you are ready, and I'll read to you."

Something in the audacity of this proposal amused Mr. May; his only answer was a hearty and most unmistakable laugh; as he went inside, he stopped to listen, though, which Ellen discovered, so she went on as before.

In a few minutes Jack came home.

"What a state of things!" he exclaimed, "Is it Paradise regained? Why you darling old mother, how lovely you do look."

"Oh, Jack, don't say so, dear, he won't like it."

"Mother," said Jack, with earnestness, "as he never likes anything, we may as well try what we like."

Ellen interposed, hearing a heavy step.

"Take mother and the twins for a little walk, Jack, there's a dear boy. I would rather sit here."

In a moment they were gone; as Mr. May came out he looked around.

"I thought I was invited to make one of a happy family."

"So you were," replied Ellen, "but as you gave no answer, I supposed you were not coming."

"Silence gives consent."

"So I have heard, and will remember in future. Now you are here, do listen to this."

She recommenced reading, and to her surprise, her father listened, or seemed to, for a half hour; then starting up, went off to see to something that "Tom, that lazy lubber," had forgotten.

So far Ellen did not feel discouraged, but she had no time to think; her attention was then needed for the important duty of feeding the baby; Mary brought the food.

"Shall I feed him?" she asked, trying to rouse the child; the heavy lids raised, and with a faint cry he took the food. "He ain't used to being out so long; better not try too long at first," said the girl.

"Do you know about babies?" asked Ellen.

"Yes, indeed, I've taken care of lots of them; this child has something wrong in its head."

Ellen was glad to stand up while Mary held the baby.

"I'd often, often like to help you with him, but Mr. May won't let me; shall I carry him up for you? I don't dare to stay with him," said she.

"Thank you, take him to my room;" and

Ellen wondered if this kind-hearted girl was the one whom she already had heard called by so many hard names. She stood a moment; the sun was sinking gloriously, everything told of peace and rest—what evil spirit reigned at May farm? Why was happiness impossible? The care of the child would be a burden, but she was strong, and determined to watch it faithfully, lest that poisonous mixture should be poured down its unresisting throat. The girl came back to her; "Are you going to take care of him, Miss Ellen?"

"If I can," she replied.

"Are you—going to get him asleep by yourself?"

Ellen knew what she meant.

"I hope to," she said

"Then, while you are at tea, I'll go up the back stairs and pat him; for as sure as he cries, there'll be trouble."

"Thank you," was all Ellen answered, making no sign of understanding. "How good she is," was her thought, little suspecting what a new joy entered the hard-working life, when her own young fresh face, unworn, unwearied, came into the house—how the girl could hardly work for watching her, and wondering at her beauty, her bright hair, her marvelously made clothes—for where lives the woman that cannot recognize a Paris cut? The heavy steps approached; Mary fled, and Ellen waited.

"Nell," said he, "I don't know that you mean any harm, but just you let things alone. I won't hurt you, provided you don't interfere with me. I ain't goin' to have changes made. You may take care of that crying baby if you like, but mind I don't see any idling ways. I'm master here, and (warming with his subject), I *mean* to be. None of your party-goin' nonsense; do your share of work, or I'll make you, dy'e hear?" with a shout.

"Perfectly; I couldn't avoid it, unless I were stone deaf," calmly replied Ellen, conquering a shiver.

"Mind you attend, then."

Ellen turned away.

"Dy'e hear?"

"I do; silence gives consent."

To her amazement, her father burst into a hearty laugh.

"No one can be all bad who laughs," thought Ellen, "evidently he likes audacity."

The baby was tossing restlessly.

"He seems uncomfortable," thought this inexperienced nurse; it was a very warm evening and the poor child was not undressed. Suddenly this thought struck her, and she hastened to put on his night clothes; it was hard work, for she was afraid of hurting him, he seemed so frail and badly put together; at last he was placed on the cool linen-sheet, with everything loose and comfortable; at that moment his mother came up. "Mercy! Ellen, cover him up, he'll get cold."

"Not in this furnace," she replied, laughing.
 "Father said I may take care of him."

"Said—you might—take care of him!"

"Yes, he really did."

Mrs. May was more frightened than she expressed at this, but the bell rang then and all went down to tea. They were soon seated.

"How can you leave your baby?" asked her father.

"He is asleep on my bed."

"Is he?" and the anxious parent went up stairs to investigate.

"He'll do something to him," whispered the mother.

"No, it is only to see if I am telling the truth," said Ellen.

His real reason was one Ellen did not suspect—it was to see if Mary was watching the child; she heard him coming, and scrambled out of the window, letting herself down from the edge of the piazza roof, which was not far from the ground, and was standing quietly in sight of the back door, when the "master" came down again, having only discovered a pale baby half asleep, fenced in the bed by chairs and pillows.

Jack had seen the whole performance, from the first appearance of legs over the roof to the serene composure of the maid when Mr. May spoke to her from the back door. He was nearly exploding with laughter.

"What's the matter, Jack?" asked Ellen.

"Can't reveal," said he, "circumstances alter cases."

"Thank you, father," said Ellen; "was he asleep?"

No answer.

"I'm so glad he's asleep," said Ellen to Jack.
 "I'm to take care of him, and I don't want him to be awake at tea-time."

"How'd you know he's asleep?" growled Mr. May.

"You said so."

"I didn't."

"I mean, I concluded so, because you did not answer; you said silence gives consent."

"If you say that again there'll be trouble."

"I'll not say it, father, if you dislike it."

"Stop your nonsense with your 'father: father!'"

"What shall I call you?"

"Stop talking, and there'll be no need to call me anything!"

There was silence for a while; then Ellen said:

"Mr. May, please hand me the bread?"

Jack handed it to her. "Mr. May" only remarked:

"You do beat all for impudence."

"I don't mean to be impudent, but I do not understand your rules and regulations. I am used to talking and laughing, and having a good time generally."

Jack could scarcely contain himself; the descent of the legs had not vanished from his memory, and Ellen's coolness delighted him.

"They talk of making a tunnel under Mount Ceniz," said this determined young lady to nobody. "It will be a magnificent piece of work."

No reply.

"We crossed in a vetura, and had enough superb views to make us glad that we did so."

"Jack," said Mr. May, "what do they ask for the town hall for an evening?"

"Ten dollars, and lights," said Jack.

"Engage it; and have placards put up that a foreign lady will lecture on a European tour."

"Yes, sir," said Jack, almost choking with fun.

"Get me tickets," said Ellen. "I won't fail to go."

"That so," said her father.

"As I was saying," said Ellen, "the views from the summit are glorious."

"Shut up."

"Oh—must I? I was just going to tell you about an avalanche."

"Tell ahead."

"Just as we were approaching a projecting peak, where the road turns suddenly around a corner, we heard a terrible noise, then a rushing like a torrent of stones; the air was filled with dust—some butter, please father?"

He handed it silently; Ellen ventured a glance at Jack.

"The horses stopped in great terror; the veturino jumped down, we got out and all of us went, to the turn and looked around; great masses of ice were still crashing down the mountain, having carried away a part of the road, and were bounding and rolling down the precipice into one of the great gorges. It was perfectly terrific—our road was gone; one instant sooner, and we would have been crushed."

"What in thunder did you do?"

"We had a fearful time; the road was too narrow to turn the vetura, so narrow that it was difficult to lead the horses between it and the edge of the precipice; they were taken out, and led round carefully, then we ladies had each to hold a horse; poor fellows, they were trembling all over; one was cut by a piece of ice; the one I held laid his head on my shoulder, as if I could protect him. Then some of the men went to a small hamlet for help, while the rest tried to turn the vetura around; they could not do this, so they took the horses, and we walked to the hamlet to get shelter for the night; the men all turned out to clear and mend the road, and by working all the bright moonlight night, they made it passable by the next morning; we could not find any place to sleep, though the women were very kind, but we rather enjoyed the adventure, and were no worse for being awake one night. Oh, there's the baby; excuse me, mother."

CHAPTER V.

At this culmination of her triumph, Ellen thought it wiser to go to her charge up stairs. Triumph her success certainly was, though over very insignificant enemies. The child was under her care, the silence of the tea-table broken; she had gained her father's attention, and acknowledged her mother's position as she left. This in less than two days was a very satisfactory record.

Mary was at her post.

"Were you here when father came up?" she asked.

"No, miss. I heard him coming, and went through the window and let myself down."

"That must have been what amused Jack so."

"Gracious sakes! did he see me? I got well scratched, but I did it."

"Thank you for helping me; go down now, I will stay with baby."

He still slept, the heavy dose before dinner not having lost its power. Below, there was quiet; Mrs. May was still at the table; she always preferred to bear the ills she knew, rather than venture on those she knew not of, so in whispered consultation she and Mary washed the tea things. Mr. May soon stamped down stairs, and out for the evening; in justice to him I must say, simply to produce some sign of life. He liked health and vigor, and wrestled in spirit with the frightened and feeble condition of his family, as one does with nightmare; his way of shaking off this incubus, was to storm at the innocent cause. Already Nellie recognized this difference between a storm of anger and one of hopeless vexation; but she felt as if she were required to work with bricks without straw. Even Jack sympathized without directly helping her. His cheery voice fell on the echo of his father's steps.

"I say, Nell, you're a brick. I nearly choked with your coolness and the descent of Mary's legs; only immense self-denial kept me from shouting, 'Weel dune, cutty sark.' Leave that bit of chalk and come out with me."

"No, Jack, wait till twilight, I'll go with you then; or you can climb up on the roof, I can talk there and watch baby. You were near betraying me at tea; the way your eyes twinkled was too much. There's some fun in father, too."

"Let it alone then; don't rouse anything new in the Gov'nor, he'll bite as sure as you live."

"Go off, croaker, and tell Juno about it all."

"If I talked as much to Juno as she wishes, I would have short time to read. I'll tell her, though."

"Your reading does you good, dear boy; when you don't talk slang, you show your study."

"Thanks, fair professorin; a school-boy composition of which I heard was of much use to me; it began in this oracular way: 'It is pretty impossible to communicate to others, those things whereof we ourselves are not possessed of.'

Ergo I have endeavored to be 'possessed of' certain great facts; such as the creation of the world, the lie that Washington didn't tell, the color of Queen Elizabeth's hair, the number of her dresses, the difference between Platonian and Aristotelian philosophies, or theories and practices—the multiplication table, Pythagorean—was it not?—the——"

"You ridiculous boy! If you don't go, you cannot come back."

"Right, Socrates, though I believe that old party only asked questions. Have I impressed you with my stores of wisdom? if not——"

Ellen put her hands to her ears.

"I am utterly overwhelmed," she said, "I hardly know whether I prefer your sense or your nonsense; but do go, I must attend to the baby."

He was beginning to toss again—if so feeble a motion could be described by so vigorous a name—and Ellen tried to relieve him by taking him to the window and changing his position. This always relieved him, and Ellen's summer evening was passed as is that of many a mother, by a child's bedside, the time for thought was not ungrateful to this weary reformer. She first thought of her Herculean task, then remembered something she had overheard Mrs. Mackenzie say to one of her servant girls, "My child, do one thing at a time, keep your thoughts on what you are doing, don't work at bed-making with your mind on dusting; follow the Master—did He think of the blind man while He healed the Leper? One duty at a time, child, you have strength enough for that."

So Ellen strove to heed the lesson, for to-night the child was "the charge" she had "to keep." She was almost tempted to wish he might die; boys would torture him for his name, men would laugh at him, and what woman would ever say, "dear Nebuchadnezzar!"

"But that too is beyond my present duty," she exclaimed, as she laughed at the absurdity of her thoughts, "all I have to do is with the present, and with God's help I will strive to conquer one difficulty at a time. He will not suffer me to be tried beyond my power."

In the strength of this resolve she lived her life and did her life-work.

Days lengthened into weeks, while Nellie struggled on, sometimes encouraged by a period of comparative peace; then the courage of youth and strength failing before the darkness spread through the moral atmosphere by a coming storm, and which no effort could prevent. *When it broke*, the strength came with the need, for the promise never fails; and young as she was, Ellen knew where to go for help.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN ERROR IN JUDGMENT.

BY SUE CHESTNUTWOOD.

Her life had made her what she was—a cynic. She had always seen her mother depreciated, sneered at, trodden on, as the weaker vessel. Her father had brought up her only brother to glory in the fact that he was a boy, and if he lived, would one day be a man: when a child, if asked how many children his parents had, it had been his habit to answer, "one;" he generally added: "to be sure, there is a girl; but then girls don't count," and people laughed at him for a bright lad. She had taken a secondary position always; even in baby-hood had been forced to yield every wish to the will of this incipient lord of creation. In childhood, girlhood, and early womanhood, she, with her mother, had been constrained to serve and bow to these two. She did this under a mental protest always—at first she was unconscious that she was protesting; but at length this took form and shape, and broke into open rebellion. She despised her father and brother, and hated all mankind. Was it narrow and contracted for her to judge all, by two? Perhaps it was, but it was natural. They were the only two that she knew intimately, and we are apt to judge the unknown by the known. She had heard women railed at always, their mental capacity scorned, their physical strength laughed at; and she, a woman, was angered, insulted, embittered. She did not stop to consider that mockers of women are always men of ignorance and conceit; men inflated with themselves, puffed up and bloated with self-pride: did not stop to review the growth of intellect, and to discover that in nations of most refinement and culture and education, women met with honor and esteem; but in barbarous nations where the order of intellect was low, where men were debased, and brute force prevailed, she was least regarded. These two men, with arrogance absurd in itself, assumed to know all that was to be known upon every subject, whilst she constantly found herself in possession of a fund of knowledge which to them was a closed book. She met them at every point with sullen silence; was bitter, hard, unsympathetic to every one but her mother. She believed that all men considered women made to serve them, to make their homes orderly and pleasant: believing thus, her position, as we have said, was but natural.

When she was twenty-four her mother died. In her last hour, the crushed, though latent strength of her character revived; she demanded a lawyer, and in the very presence of her husband and son, willed her somewhat considerable property wholly to this, her only daughter, and appointed as her sole executor a comparative stranger, one whom she had scarcely met a dozen times, but whose face she trusted. Standing on

the border of the spirit-land, she had had the courage given her to do this thing. The daughter sat holding the hand growing steadily colder, with a look of despair; the husband stood with a slow red creeping up to his white forehead, then dying away, and leaving him pale in the presence of this rebuke; whilst the son, a coward in the presence of death, shivered and left the room.

That was a year ago. In all that time, she had devoted to her father's magnificent home all the conscientious care that her mother had bestowed upon it during a life time; had treated these two with a cold politeness, the chill of which had penetrated even their self-complacency. They were not comfortable in her presence, and she, only a woman. In that year, she entertained their guests for them. Their meals, when alone, were silent and embarrassed; hence, for relief, they had constant visitors. Among these, she won the name of being a brilliant woman, but cold as an iceberg. In that year she even had offers of marriage; she declined them each, with the horror and scorn that a freed slave would feel for renewed vassalage. This very scorn, this very bitterness, had its power; men of intellect and culture eagerly sought her society, charmed by her well-stored mind, her ready wit, and the underlying vein of disbelief and sarcasm that continually cropped out. At length, when her mother had been in the better country a whole year—such respect did this man show to custom, and her memory—he announced at the dinner table, in the presence of his son, as if he had lacked courage to tell her when alone, that he purposed bringing home a bride. She did not make a comment; for a few moments there was silence—full of miserable discomfort. Her face was thoughtful and quiet, like one who considers before making a decision; then she said, and there was not even a tremble in her voice, "The house will be prepared and at your disposal."

They both understood her as well as if she had explained her plan. The same deep red that had crept up to his forehead at the making of his wife's will, did so now, and the same pallor followed, but he said nothing. The son, whose manner, until this past year, had been a perpetual sneer, was silent also, and handled his fork nervously. That evening Mr. Hollister, her executor, received a note, requesting him to call the next morning, as she wished to see him on a subject of considerable importance to herself; she was sorry to trouble him, and would make a point of being as brief as possible.

Her father had invited this gentleman to the house continually. They both felt the embarrassment of the position, and sought to cover it over with good will, hence the invitations were accepted as given. To Mr. Hollister, the circumstance in which he found himself, was unaccountable. Why a lady in dying should have appointed him,

a stranger, to fill the place of the natural guardians of her daughter, puzzled him exceedingly; but he was a true man and a true gentleman, hence accepted the trust as such, explaining the fact by supposing domestic difficulties, of which the world was ignorant.

Miss Shelley was also an enigma to him. She had wealth and home, apparently everything to make her happy, yet even in her most brilliant mood, her discontent, her distrust, were apparent, and her pleasantly modulated voice always rung with sarcasm; so characteristic was it of her, that he seemed even to hear it in reading her note.

Mr. Hollister was a man of wealth and standing; though forty years of age, he was unmarried, and made his home with a sister. It was evening, and they were in the library, when he read her note. The whole family were there. His brother-in-law was reading the paper, his sister sewing, and the children at their games. After reading it, he put it back in the envelope, and placed it again in his pocket; then, a moment after, took it out and read it again. The second time that he was replacing it, he caught his sister's eye, and with an odd smile on his grave face, handed it to her to read. They had bantered him about his singular trust from the first, and that he was interested in this girl he frankly acknowledged, thinking himself safe in his very frankness. His sister read the note twice also, then sent the children to bed. When the last one had gone, for there were six, Mrs. Gilder said, in the tone of one who has settled a question to her entire satisfaction:

"There is to be a wedding somewhere; either she is going to be married, or her father."

He quietly ignored the first supposition, though it made him uncomfortable. "It hardly seems possible that Mr. Shelley could think of marrying so soon," he said.

His sister's tone was full of raillery as she replied—"But there is nothing to, render such a step impossible to Miss Shelley."

He called the next morning as requested. She was waiting for him in the reception room. She sat by a table, her hands folded in her lap, her face pale and resolved; he stood in the door a moment before she discovered him; when she did, she arose and went toward him, with extended hand; and the grasp of her hand was cordial, but her voice was cold, "I am sorry to have called you to your business in the morning; it was inconsiderate; I should have asked you to choose your own time," she said. He waived her apology and took the chair she placed for him. She came directly to the subject, as she had agreed.

"My father purposes bringing home another wife, a week from to-day. I intend, the day preceding, to seek another abiding place. Can you recommend me to any such?"

He did not ask her if she had considered this

step well—if her mind was fully made up; it was quite unnecessary; but he looked at her in his grave, kind way. As she met his look, her lip quivered; she arose and paced the room back and forth restlessly. It was a face that her mother had trusted, why should she not trust it too? Perhaps all men did not thus scoff at her sex. There had never seemed mockery in the courtesy of his manner; it had always seemed sincere and honest. For a moment her better nature, her better judgment, conquered; the next, those long years education put it under foot—the lip that had quivered, curled instead. She stopped before him, with all the pent-up rebellion and anger of the years on her face and in her attitude. "Do not think that I am prompted to this act by any miserable little jealousy for my mother's memory; nor yet for any such feeling, on my own score, in renouncing the direction of the household. I have not a hard feeling in my heart for the woman who is coming here. I am only sorry for her; for long days, and months, and years, she will hear her, kind railed at, jeered at, as being feeble in body and mind; she will, as a consequence, become either weak or wicked. See—it has made me wicked; there is not one whom I trust—I shall not stay to see her wooed as a bride, and sneered at as a wife."

Mr. Hollister looked at her in silent surprise. The pallor on her face gave place to a sudden flush; the defiance of her manner to that of embarrassment.

"I beg your pardon; when a thing is trodden on, it turns. I should have chosen a different audience; I forgot that I was speaking to a man who has never had a wife," she said with a cold laugh.

After that there was silence; he was the first to speak. "You have acquainted your father with your intention?"

She bowed assent.

"I will do all that I can for you," he said, and rising, held out his hand. She placed hers in it; the grave kindness in his voice and manner touched her; there were sudden tears in her eyes; he kept her hand while he said:

"Miss Shelley, you say that you doubt every one; yet the mere fact of your sending for me, shows that you trust me."

It was very quickly said, and before she had time to retort, he was gone.

"Conceited like the rest," was her first angry thought; the second was different: "Yet he has never seemed conceited, and the act did imply confidence. I am afraid that he is right; I am afraid that I do trust him, and that I have this long time past." There was a sudden flash of joy in her face, but it gave place at once to gloom. "I will not believe it," she said.

A week later Miss Shelley had possession of one of the front chambers in Mrs. Gilder's quiet,

elegant home. She felt this kindness exceedingly; she was not accustomed to such consideration. Mr. Hollister was constantly at the house—came in every morning on his way to business, and spent his evenings with them. The children depended on him, so did Mr. and Mrs. Gilder; so did Miss Shelley, though she did not know it. We are all so constituted that we depend on some one; no one, man or woman, is wholly independent.

From the first of her making her home with them, Miss Shelley did not seek privacy; Mrs. Gilder cordially invited her to be at home, and make the general sitting-room hers as well, and she did so; sitting in the window with a bit of embroidery in her lap, or an open unread book, she literally spent her time watching the children. Mrs. Gilder used to watch her curiously; she was as much absorbed in what they said and did, as if the solving of some moral problem depended upon them; and so there did. The lady could not draw her into conversation; as far as they two were concerned, there was unbroken silence; they seemed in a fair way never to become acquainted. Sometimes in a sort of desperation she went to her husband about it, but got always the same comment: "Yes, wife, I know it is trying, but there has something gone wrong with her; leave it to time, and it will right itself. She looks lonely. I'm sorry for her."

As we have said, there were six children—three girls and three boys. They were frank, open-hearted, impetuous. They had their quarrels continually, but they always settled their own difficulties, and they did so justly; there was no tyranny of boy over girl, or girl over boy; their rights were equal; the thought of their not being, never seemed to have suggested itself. Whenever any of these differences occurred, Miss Shelley watched them with keen, jealous attentions. She could not in any way find fault with these three boys; one day they would be three men—"As the twig is bent, so will the tree grow." Perhaps she had made a rule out of an exception. She began to be in doubt, and when we are in doubt, sometimes the smallest act will carry great influence; just as when a balance is almost effected, the adding of a tiny weight will perfect it. This was the act, this the weight.

She had been embroidering a very handsome sofa cushion, and had left it on the library table; one of the older children had been using the ink, and had left it on the table also, with the stopper out of the bottle. The two younger children, a girl of six years, and a boy of four, were having a game of tag there. She was in her room, and hearing them, came down to watch them, but before she reached the room, their romp was over, and there was perfect silence. At the door she discovered the cause; the ink was upset all over her beautiful cushion. She went in quite as if

she had not noticed it, and stood in one of the windows to watch the passers in the street below. A few minutes' silence intervened, then they came beside her; even then she did not move, until the little boy plucked the skirt of her dress. It was the little girl who spoke:

"Miss Shelley, I am so sorry; I tumbled the dreadful ink all over your splendid cushion."

"But see didn't do it all her own self," cause I did part for chasin' her," put in the boy, who did not speak quite plainly.

Miss Shelley looked from one to the other; such sudden tears came into her eyes, that she had to dash them away.

"It is nothing at all, I do not care a bit," she said, and the bitterness and sarcasm going out of her voice, left it almost childlike in tone. She stooped and kissed each of them, then went at once to her room.

"See said see didn't care a speck, and for all yat see cried," said the boy, in a puzzled tone.

"It wasn't 'bout the cushion, though. I wonder what for," remarked the girl, curiously.

"See kisses mos' as sweet as mamma. Didn't s'pose see ever knew how," said the boy.

Mr. Hollister, from his seat in one of the draped windows, heard and saw all this with a smile on his grave face.

That evening his sister told him all about it alone in the parlor, where she had motioned him to follow; he listened to the recital without a comment.

"She is so peculiar I wouldn't dare offer to replace it; when I apologized she said, excitedly, 'I beg of you, do not speak of it; it only made me glad.'"

Mr. Hollister smiled.

"I confess I cannot understand her," continued the lady, then added, "She made each of those children a present this afternoon; Robbie a very expensive rocking horse, and Bell the handsomest doll I have ever seen."

When they returned to the library, they found her surrounded by the six. She was scarcely recognizable; her cheeks were flushed, her eyes lustrous, her manner animated, whilst her eager listeners were sending forth peals of laughter, Mr. Gilder like the rest was wholly interested, and his newspaper was sliding slowly and unheeded off his lap. At their entrance, she stopped in sudden confusion. "Please go on; mamma and uncle Nat will keep real still," urged one of the elder children, followed by a chorus from the others; but not until little Robbie plucked her dress as he had done in the afternoon, did she make the effort—then she wound up with a spirit that called forth a burst of applause, and, breaking away from the little group, took her roll of fancy-work to the table that held the drop-light, picking up Mr. Gilder's paper for him as she passed. Two weeks ago, she would not have

extended a voluntary hand to wait upon any gentleman, hence the little act was a moral, as well as a courteous one. He looked pleased at the attention. Something, she could not tell what, made her glance at Mr. Hollister; she saw the same grave, kind face, that was slowly growing to be a part of her life; but there was a new light in the eyes, that looked almost like a smile. She felt her cheeks burn as she bent low over her work.

She entertained them all that evening, and when at ten o'clock, she bade them good-night, Mrs. Gilder turned to her brother, exclaiming, "Whatever has changed her so? to-night she has been captivating."

"I knew it would come out so; I knew she was made of the right metal, though we had never heard the ring," observed her husband. Mr. Hollister said nothing except good-night.

When he was gone, Mrs. Gilder remarked confidentially to her husband:

"Nat loves her, one could see that if one was blind. I have wondered at it until to-night, now I can understand. But does she, or will she ever love him? It will be too hard if she doesn't. How can she help it?—such a splendid, noble fellow."

In the days that followed, they saw but little of her. She spent the most of her time in her own room; evidently she was passing through a struggle; this spoke in her manner, now unduly energetic, now weary and languid; it showed in her face too, which was thoughtful and troubled. Several times Robbie, entering her room without knocking, found tears on her cheeks; he never told it—the loyal little fellow would not for the world have betrayed his new friend.

She could not at once give up the experience of a life time; not at once renounce doubt for faith, distrust for confidence. But this quiet, happy home life, where so many natures lived in harmony for all their differences of disposition and temperament—where each one's rights were acknowledged and respected—worked out at length in its natural way, a great moral revolution. This was why Mr. Hollister had brought her here. One day sitting alone in her own room, this knowledge came to her. She no longer hated the whole world, she had a sort of feeling of friendship for it; she even was conscious of pitying her father and brother. With a sudden impulse, she arose, put on her fur wraps, and was just tying her bonnet strings, when Robbie came into the room and stood beside her.

"Where is oo 'doin', Miss Shelley?"

For a moment it was hard to tell it even to this child, but she did so, "To my father's."

He did not put another question: some children have fine intuitions, and he had, he even changed the subject. "When this used to be Uncle Nat's rooms, 'fore you comed, he used to

let me and Bell rummage all fru his bureau," he said.

A sudden flush swept up Miss Shelley's face to her very temples. She hastily drew open one of the drawers saying: "You can do so now, Robbie, whenever you want to," and kissing him good-bye, left him in happy possession. She went downstairs slowly, drawing on her gloves on the way. She did not like to admit how this bit of innocently imparted news pleased her; she seemed uncomfortable to see set up against this kindness, the words she spoke to him that day before she left her father's home. She had an indefinite determination of some day apologizing. The library was at the foot of the stairs; as she was passing, she glanced in; he was there alone, standing before the grate fire, his back to the room. The indefiniteness suddenly resolved itself into definiteness; she was possessed of a purpose, disagreeable, painful, but she was possessed of it. She hesitated only a moment, then entered the room.

"Mr. Hollister." He turned instantly. She went over and stood at one corner of the hearth, he at the other. Then followed a short silence, she tapping the fender with her foot, as if impatient of herself. At length she said with an effort: "I believe it is considered that to a noble nature, when once convinced of error, an apology is easy—I am not noble, hence I find it very hard."

"Why make it then?" he said, coldly.

She flashed up at that in her excited, undisciplined way. "Why? because I do not intend at every turn to be met by a duty unperformed; do not propose becoming the slave of a neglected act." She had never seen his fine, grave face so cold and forbidding.

"And I, Miss Shelley, do not propose being the recipient of an apology made simply for the sake of duty."

A sense of all his kindness suddenly rushed in upon her, and more than this, the consciousness of this new faith which he had been the means of forming; her face, her manner changed, her eyes filled with tears, her lips quivered. "Mr. Hollister, I have been mistaken in my own impulse, hence it is natural I should have misled you and make you for the moment despise me. It is not because it is merely a duty, but because it is just and right. I want to take back all that I said that day. I was narrow and contracted. I looked out at the world through the small loophole of my own experience, and reduced all that came within the range of my vision to the size of that through which I viewed them. You have given me a broader, happier life; I am very grateful to you."

She did not look at him as she spoke, and when she finished, was hastily leaving the room, when he called her back. He came to meet her;

his hands were extended, and his face had a new light.

"Miss Shelley, I love you."

Her hands trembled excessively, but she placed them in his. He quietly drew off one of her fur gauntlets.

"Have I a right?" he asked with a quizzical smile, and then kissed her hand.

A few minutes after, Bell standing in the sitting-room window said:

"There go Miss Shelley and uncle Nat down the street, both of 'em together, mamma."

Mrs. Gilder got up so quickly that she dropped her scissors and thread. She joined the little girl at the window, and watched them out of sight, with a smile partly of delight and partly of satisfaction at her own penetration.

"Don't they look nice together?" said Bell. She had inherited her mother's quick eye for discerning a romance.

FUN FOR THE FIRESIDE.

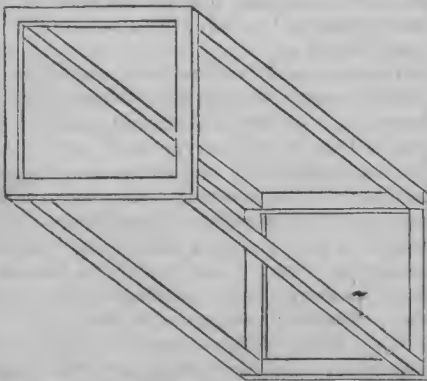
A HELP TO MOTHERS.

The Toy Theatre.—No. 17.

JESSIE E. RINGWALT.

Toys of this kind have become recently very popular. In the shops, they can be seen of quite large size, and very elaborately perfect in every detail. In the finer styles they are supplied with a curtain that rolls up by machinery, and figures which are suspended by wires so as to move about the stage, while rows of little candles serve as foot-lights. Such toys are, of course, quite expensive, and they have the serious drawback

Fig. 1.



of being suited only to the enactment of a single play or drama.

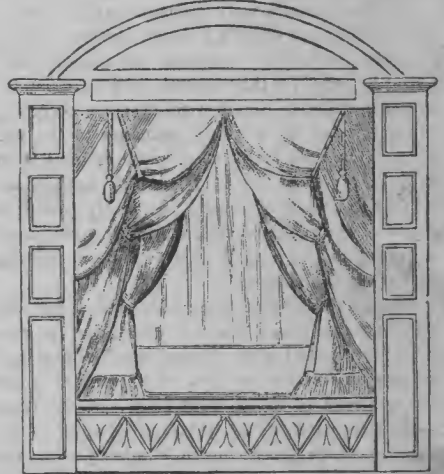
As material for fun for the fireside, a home-made substitute is much to be preferred, and the one herein described has furnished much employ-

ment, and a vast amount of amusement, to the boy-owner.

The frame of the theatre, shown in Fig. 1, is made of wood, being twenty-seven inches in length, eighteen inches in width, and eleven inches in height.

A front for this edifice was made by drawing two side pillars of about three inches in width, which were surmounted and joined together by

Fig. 2.



an ornamented arch; a slight drapery of curtain being drawn inside of this as further adornment. This picture was pasted on stiff card-board, neatly cut out and tacked upon the front of the theatre. The general design of such a front is seen in Fig. 2. Experience taught, however, that this style of adornment would not bear the rough usage to which the toy was subjected, and was also in many ways inconvenient. As an improvement, therefore, a new front was pasted on strong pasteboard, and merely set up against the front of the frame, which supported it quite firmly while the theatre was in use, and it could be packed away conveniently, with the rest of the scenery. In this case the front can be made larger than the frame, and makes the edifice appear much more imposing. A suitable size was found to be nineteen inches in width by sixteen inches in height, leaving a clear open square of about ten inches, through which to view the interior.

Another picture was then made to represent the curtain, and also pasted on strong pasteboard. This curtain should be about twelve inches in height, but not more than sixteen inches in width, so that it can be slipped up and down readily inside the frame without grazing or catching. A slender stick was then nailed from side to side upon the top of the frame, about half an inch behind the front, as a firm rest for this curtain, which was

lifted or dropped as needed between it and the front frame.

Another slender stick was nailed in the same manner about the same distance in front of the back of the frame to keep the back scene in place, this scene being dropped in or lifted out of position in the same manner as the curtain.

Three stout wires or cords were also drawn across the top of the frame at about equal distances between these two sticks, to serve as support for the side scenes.

The back scenes were prepared and mounted on pasteboard exactly like the curtain. Many pictures from the illustrated newspapers were used to serve for this purpose, and were painted water color, or tinted with crayons, according to the taste of the youthful manager of the theatre. When too large, these pictures often bore little clipping down to suit the service, and when too small, they were frequently pasted on paper of the requisite size, while the young artist exercised his own skill in drawing and painting in the needed margin.

It was found that three side-scenes for each side were required for full effect, that is, each "set" or scene for the theatre required one back scene with six sides or slips, which must of course be arranged so as to front each other. These sides were each pasted, or mounted, upon slips of pasteboard, twelve inches in height by about two and a half inches in width. One of these is represented by Figure 3.

Fig. 3.



When these sides or slips are placed in position against the cords already mentioned, a very complete presentment of an enclosure will be seen from the front, while there is plenty of space left between them for moving in and out of the stage such toys, dolls or furniture, as are required for the drama.

The preparations are really more simple than they may at first appear.

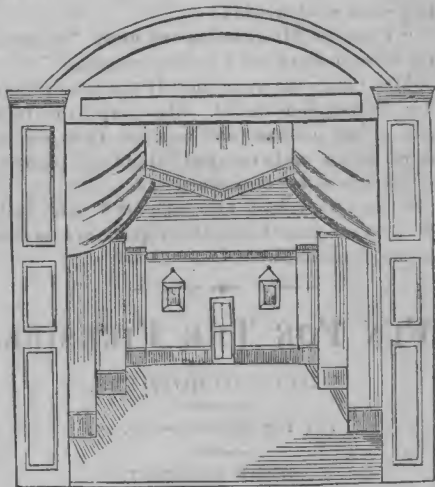
Thus for instance, if a back-scene has been procured exhibiting the view of a street or the outside of a house, the side scenes can be prepared with but little trouble. Each of the six sides need present merely a

bit of wall, either stone or brick, or the corner of a house, with a door, or part of a roof. It is perhaps even easier to make a woodland view, or a garden, by drawing a tree, flowering vine, or bit of trellis-work, upon each of the sides. Cutting the outlines with considerable irregularity adds much to the effect of a garden or forest scene, and when convenient, some sprays of real evergreen can well be introduced into the front of the scene, with a few bits of stone or some pretty shells upon a piece of green paper that serves as grass.

For an interior view, the back scene can be

made with little labor by pasting upon cardboard some wall-paper or fancy paper of suitable tint; a door and a couple of small pictures framed in gilt paper, will be all that is absolutely necessary in addition. The sides in this case can also be made of the paper with a few pictures, or better still, some scraps of lace or muslin draped for curtains.

Fig. 4.



One such rough interior, with a pretty little forest scene, will be sufficient for the presentment of the favorite and always thrilling drama of Little Red-Riding Hood. A toy wolf from a Noah's Ark, a pretty paper doll for the heroine, and a grandmother in a toy bedstead, are all the actors absolutely essential to this drama, for which nearly every child can furnish a ready-made dialogue.

Figure 4 gives a presentment of the theatre when the back scene and the sides are appropriately arranged in their places, and the scene is ready for action.

Toy theatres of various kinds are especially popular among the people of Germany, and a great variety of scenery designed for them is imported from that country. It is prepared in printed sheets, which are appropriately colored, and ready to be mounted upon pasteboard. A number of the favorite operas and dramas have thus been prepared, with complete sets of scenery for each act, and pictures of the characters in every disguise or change of dress that they assume in the course of the play.

Small jointed dolls are sometimes fastened to long wires, so that they can be moved about with ease, but paper figures are generally considered as the most convenient. Old torn toy-books often furnish plenty of these, and figures from the fashion plates are also appropriate. Paper furniture is also more readily managed than anything more cumbersome. Pretty and gaily tinted chintz

makes an excellent carpet, and baize or green muslin serves as a grass-sward, while certain tints of light brown paper can present a sandy soil. It will also be found that when the theatre is well established, the thousand and one trifles of a well-appointed baby-house will be borrowed to add brilliancy to the effects of the stage.

In attempting to render the toy imitation resemble a real theatre, it is usual to paint the curtain to resemble a drapery of cloth; but this will be found difficult of execution, and every purpose can be as well served by substituting a plain piece of paper-muslin or cambric, firmly pasted upon pasteboard—dark green being a favorite color; red also does well, and has a brighter effect. To suit a more lively fancy, a pretty and highly-tinted landscape may be used instead of the muslin, and a few strips of gold paper can be placed on the front, and the curtain as a further decoration. A band of high-colored paper or muslin can also be pasted on the lower bar of the front, to conceal the wood. When the curtain is made to imitate drapery, pieces to represent festoons in the same style are frequently tacked so as to fall below this bar or sill to the entrance. Some of the printed sheets also contain a clever little picture of an orchestra full of musicians, that can be attached below the front with very good effect.

There are now many wall-papers which represent the tinted marbles and other building-stones—by the use of these a back scene and sides to represent a street, or exterior, can be made with little trouble. A palace or prison can also be manufactured readily with the same material, the sides being made to represent stone pillars, and a grated window or iron door being outlined on the back with strips of black paper. A carpet or floor of the same paper will serve equally well for a marble hall or a dungeon keep.

A very pleasing and really realistic effect can be produced by preparing the back of the stage with a landscape or garden, and then placing a little way in front of it, a scene to represent the interior of a room with an open door and window. A door or shutter can be readily made to play upon paper hinges, as in a paper house. The front and sides may then be dressed as an interior or room, and the little actors can pass in and out of the door at the back.

A remarkably successful nautical drama, founded upon the history of Robinson Crusoe, was once produced at a toy theatre. The back scene was the picture of a storm-tossed vessel, cut from an illustrated newspaper. It was fitted for the stage by the addition of a little margin of white paper, then pasted carefully on card-board and allowed to dry thoroughly under pressure. The sky was then painted blue, and the waves green, leaving the crests of the waves to remain

distinct in their snowy whiteness. Instead of the usual side scenes or slips, a picture was then blocked out as large as the back-scene. At each side of this was drawn a high, bleak rock, with, when necessary, a little foliage; these sides were then connected below by a line of running waves, painted to bear some resemblance to those at the back. Three of these scenes were made, having some slight variations in outline, and they were then cut out and mounted on card-board. Fixed in the places of the side scenes, the effect was very good, making to the eye an appearance of a continuous sheet of water over the whole stage. A picture of a small boat was then fixed upon the end of a long slip of pasteboard. A slit was next made carefully from side to side through the back scene, and up through this slit was slipped, from behind, the picture of the little boat, which was moved across the scene with a rocking or undulating motion, that well counterfeited reality, and produced a great sensation among the young audience.

The more striking incident of a conflagration was produced on the toy stage with equal success and safety, by preparing a house of paper well supplied with open windows, curtained by flowing pieces of tissue paper. This house was placed in safety on a little hill of mineral specimens, and a trail of very light torn scraps of paper heaped behind it; when these were fired, the flames crept up to the house and burst through the open windows and perforated the roof with thrilling effect.

ALONE.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

No home! so in a lodge

I wait beside the sea,

More moanings answer mine;

But do not comfort me.

No love! What *seemed* so true,

So perfect, so divine,

Was but a moonlit cheat,

That won, to mock at mine.

No hope! The night has closed

Without a moon or star;

And desolate I wait

Beside the harbor bar.

No home! No love! No hope!

All on the other shore,

I wait. O, white sail, come,

To bear my spirit o'er.

INTO whatsoever house ye enter, remain master of your eyes and tongue.

MANY who find the day too long, think life too short; but, short as life is, some find it long enough to outlive their characters, their constitutions, and their estates.

PINKY BOWLES' WEDDING.

BY L. L. P.

My cousin Felicia declined to go to walk with me, on a certain September day, for urgent reasons.

"I must make my apple jelly to-day, and have Dilsy squeeze the grapes for wine," she said decisively, tying on an ample white apron. She was a notable housekeeper, and not to be moved from the path of duty by any frivolous amusement. My fond conviction that she regarded me with favor began to be considerably shaken when she declined, day after day, to neglect marmalade or jelly for the sake of the pleasure of my society, but, although disappointed, I was not permanently crushed; the day was too perfect and the country too lovely, for the continuance of low spirits. At first I wandered about rather aimlessly, but catching a blue glimpse of the river in the distance, between the fringe of trees on the bank, and remembering that I had a fishing line in my pocket, I decided to turn my steps thitherward. I went across country, climbed fences, jumped ditches, and scratched my way through hedges of blackberry bushes. Suddenly, behind one of these, I caught the flutter of a pink sun-bonnet, and heard the low sound of a girlish laugh; I shifted my position slyly, and, through a gap in the hedge, beheld a charming tableau: in the background flowed the river, with its stately fringe of trees, stretching their green boughs down to untold depths of shadow; then a half-ploughed field, the freshly upturned earth red and mellow in the September sun, the plough sticking still at the end of the furrow; the grey horse cropping great mouthfuls of leaves from the hedge; on the fence, the ploughman, perched uncertainly, leaning down to put his arm around the waist of a lovely girl, whose head rested momentarily against his shoulder. The young lady's sun-bonnet hung by the strings about her neck; one brown and shapely arm was thrust through the handle of a basket of roasting-ears; her face was a perfect type of rustic beauty—brown eyes with long, curling lashes, pink cheeks, a lovely dimpled mouth, and chestnut-brown hair curling in tight rings about her temples. Altogether as pretty a girl as one would be likely to see from Hudson's Bay to Cape Carnaveral.

Unluckily, an inopportune sneeze revealed my presence to the lovers, and cut short their interview; the young lady whisked over the fence with rustic agility, revealing a pair of ankles as bare and brown as Maud Muller's own, and disappeared behind the thorny barrier which separated us. Her sweetheart, becoming suddenly mindful of his plow, gave it a sharp jerk out of the furrow, shouted gee and haw to his horse untimely snatched from his leafy repast, and left me to my own reflections, which were tintured with surprise that so harmless an apparition as myself

should have occasioned such evident consternation.

The girl's face haunted me as I threw my line into the ripples and waited for a bite; it was so trustful, so innocent and so pretty, unhackneyed by fashion and flirtation, and therein different from most of the girls' faces I had seen of late—except, indeed, Felicia's.

I did not catch any fish that morning; perhaps the restlessness of my mood imparted a jerky character to my line, not calculated to deceive an astute bass or a penetrating eel; so I put up my tackle and started home—not across country as I had come, but by a long road which stretched its dusty length up in the direction of my cousin's house—so indeed I supposed, and did not begin to doubt that I was going the right way until I found myself in an unfamiliar green lane, bordered on each side by cherry trees, which threw a welcome shadow across. Between the trees I caught a glimpse of an old weather-beaten log-house, with a rough porch running the entire length in front, and half covered with a straggling vine. Between the house and the road extended a vegetable garden, planted with cabbages and onions, which showed unmistakable signs of having suffered from the depredations of roving cows.

As I entered the lane, I heard the angry tones of a woman's voice, mingled with a sound of sobbing and crying, and upon drawing nearer, I distinctly heard blows. I paused a moment with that involuntary sense of indignation that comes to one with the consciousness that any defenseless creature is being maltreated or abused; and while I paused the woman's voice sounded again, with the accompaniment of a vigorous exercise of a stick.

"You good-for-nothin', no 'count, triffin' hussy; will you do it agin now?—will you—will you—*will you?*"

At each repetition, the voice rose higher and more shrill, and was emphasized by a stinging blow, and followed by a scream from the victim, and protestations of—

"Indeed, I wont, indeed, indeed—oh, don't, don't—oh, please—please—"

My blood boiled with indignation. Without stopping to consider that this was no business of mine, I determined to rush in and put a stop to it; but no sooner had I opened the gate, than the sound ceased utterly, and by the time I set my foot on the loose boards of the porch, I could almost have fancied, from the entire stillness of the place, that the whole thing had been a delusion. The door of the house was open, and through it I had a view of the greater part of the premises. Everything in the house seemed to have received a recent coating of whitewash; walls, chair-boards, raftered ceiling, mantel-piece, even the tall eight-day clock in the corner had

not escaped, but bore the resemblance of a whited sepulchre, the face at the top appearing jaundiced and yellow by contrast. The back door standing open also afforded me a vista of an untidy backyard and wood pile. The chickens, finding this short-cut through the principal apartment more convenient than the circuitous route around the house, ran unceremoniously through; and while I waited, after having rapped at the door, a rooster, marshalling a hen with a brood of chicks, came clucking and scratching across the boards to the spot where I stood. Simultaneously, by another door, entered a tall, gaunt female, who spread her skirts and rushed at the intruders, crying, "Shoo! shoo!"—whereat the whole party rose in the air, with cries of astonishment and dismay, and after much awkward floundering were finally driven out, and the door closed and bolted behind them.

This incident disconcerted me, and made me forget my original errand; also so great a time had elapsed, that when the woman approached and politely inquired what I wanted, I thought it would be rather out of taste on my part to reply that the motive of my visit was to prevent her beating and abusing her child. I therefore, after due reflection, made answer that I had lost my way, and would like to be directed to Mr. Marbury's.

She was quite willing to enlighten me. She came out on the porch and pointed out the way with a long curved forefinger.

"You jest go 'long this road 'till you come to a bare place in the woods, then you strike inter grandmother's pines and keep along that tell you come ter a cross-roads; you kin take the one that'll bring you out at ole' Mr. Ankerse's cuppen, bekase from thar you kin' see the tops of the chimbleys *plain*."

"I am afraid I can't find the way by that direction," I said, with a latent desire to find out the truth about another matter. "Haven't you a child who could go part of the way with me? I would pay it well for the trouble."

"Thar ain't nary child about the place," she averred.

"A young man, or girl, then!" I persisted.

She looked at me narrowly.

"The young men is all whar they ought ter be—at work," she replied, "an' I wouldn't send no gal, ef thar was one, a galavantin' about the country with you."

"Good morning, madam," I said, turning away with the conviction that further parley would be useless; but she relented suddenly, and said "she reckoned she'd go a piece with me herself."

My gratitude for this courtesy was somewhat abated by the discovery that it was prompted by an intense curiosity with regard to my affairs, which she hesitated not to gratify by a course of most

relentless questioning. My inclination to tell her lies was too strong to be altogether overcome, and I regaled her with several marvelous fictions, so that when we parted in the classic precincts of "Mr. Ankerse's Cuppen," she was in a state of astonishment not wholly unmixed with awe.

Felicia stood on the porch awaiting me.

"Barely in time to escape a scolding," she said, "and you have just five minutes to get ready for dinner."

"Always dinner!" I remonstrated, sinking into a chair. "Let me sit down first and tell you my adventures."

"No," she said, "your adventures will keep, and dinner will spoil. So away with you."

Now this was manifestly unkind, and calculated to repress that gushing confidence which I was inclined to repose in Felicia. I determined that any further reference to my adventures must come from her, and that I would only yield an account of them under urgent coaxing, and persuasion. This, Felicia, divining my thoughts perhaps, was not disposed to accord. She sat on the piazza after dinner and sewed a long seam, affording me a view of an excellent profile. Silence reigned, for her father, worthy man! had gone to sleep with his face covered up with a newspaper. At last, to tease her, I tried a plan which I had never known to fail with other women.

"Felicia," I said, "who is the prettiest girl in the neighborhood?"

"Why?" she asked, raising her eyes to mine.

"Because I think I saw her to-day."

"Indeed!" rather huffed. Silence again; then curiosity asserted itself: "What was she like?"

"Brown eyes, long lashes, curls, pink cheeks, dimples," I said, emphasizing each charming attribute in so marked a manner that Felicia's suspicions were aroused; she looked up sharply, and caught me.

"You are trying to make me jealous!" she cried.

"And I have not succeeded, have I?" with indiscreet triumph.

"Of course not—who would be jealous of Pinky Bowles?"

"So that is her name, is it? Well if you are a friend of hers, you had better advise her to be more discreet in her love-making in future?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that a young lady should not have private interviews with her lover where she is likely to be interrupted by accidental spectators."

"I believe you are slandering Pinky," cried Felicia, indignant. "She's as good a girl as ever lived." Injured silence on my part, lasting for some minutes; total surrender on the part of Felicia.

"Tom, do tell me what you saw?"

"To be accused of circulating scandal again, I suppose."

"Oh! no, Tom; I didn't mean that; indeed, I was just provoked for the moment. Do tell me, please?"

"Please—what?"

"Please, Tom."

"Try it again; that won't do."

"Please, *dear* Tom."

This being a wonderful concession for Felicia, I yielded, and told her what I had seen.

She looked grave and distressed.

"That was very wrong of Pinky," she said; "and very imprudent. If her stepmother hears of it, there will be a dreadful row."

"Why?"

"Because Pinky's father left her a little money, and Mrs. Bowles is very anxious that she should marry one of her sons. When she found out that Pinky was in love with Stephen Ryder, there was a terrible scene. She was ordered not to speak to him again; and he was warned off the place with a shot-gun. Those Bowleses are by far the roughest people in the neighborhood. I am afraid they'll be the death of poor little Pinky."

"Do they ever beat her?" I inquired, vaguely connecting her with my morning's experience.

"Why?" said Felicia.

"Because somebody was getting a terrible thrashing at a house I passed by on the road this morning."

"What sort of a house?"

"A tumble-down log house, with a porch in front, and cabbages."

"That was the Bowles's! And you say they were beating Pinky?"

"I don't know who they were beating. Somebody was getting the worst of it; but when I went into the house, all the noise had ceased, and the woman who came to the door looked so mild, that I did not like to accuse her of it."

"She is as crafty as an old fox," said Felicia. She considered a moment, and then tossed her work into her basket, in a mood which made her unmindful of her usual orderly ways; then she went into the hall, and tied on a broad straw hat that always hung there.

"Where are you going?" I asked her when she came out again, her eyes dark and her cheeks bright with the warmth of her generous indignation.

"I am going to see Mrs. Bowles, and find out the truth of this affair. She shan't be allowed to abuse and maltreat an orphan girl if I can prevent it."

"But how can you prevent it? I suppose the old woman is the girl's natural guardian, and you may only make matters worse by interfering. The best way would be for her to marry this young fellow she is in love with, and let him take her away, and take care of her."

"But the marriage of minors without the consent of the parents is not legal in Virginia; and Pinky is only nineteen."

We talked the affair over in all its bearings as we walked along, and gradually Felicia's zeal yielded to my cooler counsels. Nothing could be gained by exasperating Mrs. Bowles, and Pinky's cause might be materially injured by such a course. To see Pinky privately and learn the truth from her own lips, might enable us to devise some plan for improving her condition; and this, we decided, it would be best to do. When we reached the farmyard, we were met by a string of pigs, dogs and chickens, who came trooping out to welcome us. I defended Felicia with a long stick, from the too pressing attentions of these animals, and we reached the door in safety. A thin young woman in a limp calico gown, with a sallow face and untidy hair, received us, and requested that we would "take cheers an' set down." Having accepted this invitation, Felicia asked for Pinky.

"She's gone to the cuppen with mother," responded the young woman, "she'll be back afore long." She took her seat in a rocking-chair, and rocked noisily back and forth. Felicia, to put a stop to the rocking, entered into conversation.

"You have been married more than a year, haven't you, Mrs. Bowles?"

"Two years come nex' Christmas," responded Mrs. Bowles promptly. "Lawdy me, don't seem like it had been any time at all, since I was a gal at home, an' Sammy wus a comin' courtin'—laws, he used to come thar Sunday nights an' set on the steps; but he never sed nothin', an' I never thought nothin' er *Sammy*. I never suspicioned he wus a comin' to see me; I *might* a knowed it *too*; but sakes, I allus had sight er beaux, an' I never *did* think nothin' er eny er'em. Mother, she often sez ter me, 'Kate,' she sez, 'I do b'lieve you'll be a old maid *yit*—you do treat the boys so shameful;' but laws, things often turn out different from what a body would think they would."

She sighed philosophically, and resumed her rocking.

Felicia looked amused.

"Well," she said, "when did Mr. Bowles declare himself?"

Mr. Bowles' better half looked mystified, and Felicia simplified her question.

"Well, I'll tell you about it," she said frankly, "it was real funny. One day I got a letter, an' it was wrote ter Miss C-a-t-e Cate Grinders, 'Why hi!' sez I, 'who kin this be a writin' ter me, C-a-t-e Cate?' but I mistrusted that it must be Sammy, an' sure 'nuff, when I opened the letter it was from Sammy, a axin' me ter have him. Well, then, I just sot down an' wrote back an' told him he could ax Pap ef he could have me, and ef Pap sed he could, why then he *could*."

Well, that wuz 'long o' the Fo'th er July, an' Sammy asked Pap fer me August courts Monday; an' well do I remember what Pap sed. Pap sez, 'Well them that makes their beds must lay in 'em;' that jest what Pap said: 'Them that makes their beds, must lay in 'em.' Many's the time I've thought of it sence; he alius *would* say something real comical like that; seem like you never *could* ketch him—'Well,' sez Pap, 'them that makes their beds, must lay in them.'"

Felicia did not seem to be particularly struck with the cleverness of this oft-quoted remark of pap's. She fidgeted a little in her chair, and looked out of the window for Pinky; but Mrs. Bowles, having been once started upon an interesting theme, was in no hurry to relinquish it.

"Well," she went on, "I was engaged August Court Monday, and warn't married 'till Christmas—warn't that a long time to be engaged?—but then we was a gittin' ready ter go ter house-keepin', an' I had all my weddin' things to make up. I had reel nice things, and they wus all trimmed too! Tucks, an' puffs, an' insertin'—sights of it, too. Laws what a time I did have a makin' of 'em: why ef you b'lieve me, I had *six* weddin' shimmys; *now* I aint got but *five*, 'cause when old a'nt Kitty Bowles died, they sent ter me fer one er mine ter lay her out in. She had 'em, you know; but they wus all in the *wash*. Well, laws, some folks thinks it is a fine thing to go ter housekeepin', but sakes, I *don't*; why ef you b'lieve me, when I fust went to housekeepin', I had *five* pots er peserves; but every time Sammy'd come inter the house, he'd say: "Kate, git me some peserves," an' now ef I've got a peserve in the world, I hope I may *never*!"

She wound up her harangue with this asseveration, for Mrs. Bowles, senior, entered the room, and the attention of the company was diverted in her direction. On perceiving Felicia, she wiped her large bony hand on her apron, and came forward with it extended in greeting:

"Why, how d'y Miss Felishy," she said, "tain't often you come to see a body!"

"My cousin, Mr. Fenwick, Mrs. Bowles," said Felicia, presenting me.

"Why, law! is he your cousin?" cried our talkative acquaintance from the corner to which she had withdrawn; "why, now it wuz allus my opinion that he wuz your brother-in-law."

"Shet up," said the elder Mrs. Bowles, severely, and her namesake withdrew under cover of an embarrassed silence.

"Where is Pinky, Mrs. Bowles?" said Felicia. "I came to speak to her about her Sunday-school lesson."

"She's down in the spring house a strainin' away the milk," replied her stepmother.

"Then I'll just step down there and speak to her about it," said Felicia with alacrity.

But Mrs. Bowles intercepted her: "I reckon

she's got through by this time; I'll jest step to the door an' call her."

Felicia sat down again disappointed.

It was some time before Pinky came in. She had put on a clean frock, and combed all her frolicsome tresses into a plain knot behind her ears. She was very pale, and there were blue circles around her eyes. Once when her stepmother spoke to her I saw her start and tremble. She brought the Bible Felicia had given her, and the two girlish heads bent over it; the patrician grace of the one contrasting with the rustic beauty of the other. But there was absolutely no chance for them to say a word to each other; the lynx eyes of Mrs. Bowles never wandered from them for a moment, and all Felicia could do was to give her little friend's hand a warm squeeze at parting. Before she went away, however, she made one more effort to accomplish her purpose.

"I should like to have Pinky come and sew for me two or three days, if you can spare her, Mrs. Bowles."

"Well, I don't rightly think I *kin* spare her, Miss Felishy; this is a busy time, an' there's apples to be dried, an' wool to be carded up an' spun, let alone other things. I recon you kin git one er the Solomon girls; they goes out by the day."

Felicia turned away abruptly, and left me to make the adieu for us both. As we crossed the yard, several rough-looking, long-legged young men got over the fence and approached us. They had guns in their hands, and were surrounded by dogs. These quadrupeds charged at us and begun to bark furiously, showing a wolfish array of teeth; whereupon one of the young men lounged forward, and kicking them away with a "Clare yerself, Ring," and and a "Git out, Bone," sent the curs howling into retirement.

Felicia, on our return home, expressed herself very vehemently, as to the way Pinky was treated.

"Pinky is fortunate in having such a champion," I said.

"Well, I have known her always," said Felicia, "her father used to be a sort of overseer for papa before the war, and before Mrs. Bowles entrapped him into marrying her, which soon proved the death of him. Pinky's mother was a nice woman, too; she used to do knitting and spinning for mamma, and would give me a turkey egg or some such delicacy whenever I went to see her; in return I used to give Pinky my old dolls and picture books, which was not very generous of me, considering I did not want them myself," she added with a laugh, "whereas turkey eggs always rank very high among rural commodities."

Several days went by without further developments; but Felicia's preserving being done for the most part, we took long rides and drives in the delicious autumn weather, and drifted into closer and tenderer relations.

One evening we were lingering around the tea-table, and a bright fire snapped and crackled upon the broad hearth, although the windows were open, and through them we had a view of the western horizon, resting a broad margin of pale orange on the dark and dense masses of the distant woods. While we thus lingered, entered Demas with a bunch of partridges, golden-brown, depending from his sable fist.

"Oh, Demas," cried Felicia, to whom they were proffered, "where did you get them?"

"A young man out do's brung 'em fer you Miss, an' he say he'd like ter speak ter you a minute, if you is so exposed."

Demas' English language was not always strictly accurate, but the elegance of his manner was indisputable.

Felicia rose immediately and went out. In a short time she came back and beckoned to me.

"It is Stephen Ryder," she said, in a low voice, at the door. "I want you to hear what he says."

He was a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow, with a yellowish beard, and pleasant, honest blue eyes.

"Taint that I'm afeared of 'em Miss," he said, in a slow monotonous voice, resuming what he had been saying before my arrival. "I could whip 'em all single-handed, if I could take 'em one at a time, an' I have done it afore now. But I'm free to confess I ain't a match fer the whole *five*. So when they come ter me t'other night, an' tole me they'd give me 'tell nex' mornin' to quit the country, I sed I would, an' let on I wuz mighty skeered; but all the same, I made up my mind I'd lay low an see what they wuz up to."

"I haven't ben able ter hear nothin' tell to-day; when Abe, a black boy, what's a friend er mine, come ter me onbeknownst, an' sez:

"'Ef you think you'll git a invite to the wedding' you better be brushin' up your bes' clo'es."

"What weddin',' I sez.

"Why, Miss Pinky's," sez he; "she's a goin' up ter Leesburg a Monday, to be married to Ned Bowles."

"Can that be true, Stephen?" cried Felicia. "I can hardly believe Pinky would do that."

"She wouldn't ef she could help herself, Miss; but she is a timid, fearsome little thing. Abe says the colored woman what lives there, told him that old wild-cat beat her 'tell she could hardly stand up. She seen the black marks all on her neck an' arms."

He was evidently putting a strong constraint upon himself, in order to speak calmly; for his voice came between his set teeth; and his hands were clenched tightly around the barrel of his gun. There was silence for a few minutes, and then Felicia spoke softly:

"What are you going to do about it, Stephen?"

"That's just what I've come to ax you, Miss. I know you've always been a friend o' her'n, an'

I thought may be you mought be able to do somethin' to help us."

"I assure you, I will do anything that I can," said Felicia, earnestly.

"Well, Miss, I've been a thinkin' an' a thinkin', an' the only thing I kin come to is this: If we could git over to the Maryland side, we could be lawfully married; an' arter I had the right to perfect Pinky, an' the law on my side, I'd snap my fingers at the whole raft of 'em. I'd ruther cut her little throat ter-night than see her married to that sneakin' Bowles; he's allus a layin' about drunk, as if he warn't a big enough rascal when he's sober."

"Well, what do you want me to do?" said Felicia.

He shifted his position a little, and his manner showed the first traces of embarrassment. After some hesitation he said:

"Well, Miss, you see to-day's Friday. Now, I thought ef I could go an' git the license to-morrow, an' you could git hold of Pinky an' meet me somewhere, say Jackson's Ferry, we could go across an' git married to-morrow night, an' then when Bowles come ter look fer Pinky, p'raps I might be able to let him know whar she wuz."

"The trouble is to get hold of Pinky."

"Yes, Miss, I know; I'd go up there myself, but one er them blackguards might put a bullet in me, an then Pinky would be married an' gone afore I could lift a finger to save her."

"That's true," said Felicia. "Well, you must get the license and the minister, and meet us at Jackson's Ferry. I will bring Pinky if I can; and if, as you say, those men have threatened you, you had better have them bound over to keep the peace."

"I will, thanky, Miss," he said gratefully.

"But where will you go to live when you are married, Stephen?"

"I've got a piece o' ground near the Ferry, Miss, an' a house; it ain't finished yit, but the neighbors helped me put up the logs, an' I've been a chinkin' an' a daubin' of it at odd times. It'll do fer the present, an' I'll make out to finish it by cold weather. Good night, miss."

"Good night, Stephen. I am very much obliged for the partridges."

That night I hummed, being gifted, by the way, with rather a fine baritone, an old song,

"I'll borrow an axe and I'll cut down a tree.

And I'll build a house for my sweetheart and me."

"That is the language of true love, isn't it, Felicia?—the love that rises superior to all obstacles!"

"Yes, I dare say; but don't let's talk about true love. Tell me what I must do about Pinky."

"I told her several excellent things to do, but she scouted them all; so I relapsed into silence, and left her to decide for herself, which was what she had intended all along. After some reflec-

tion she decided that the only course open to her was to have "a quilting," and invite all the neighbors.

"Such a thing was never done in our family," she sighed, "and it will be an inexpressible nuisance; but there is no other way."

"But I don't see what good it will do," I objected.

"Don't you see that in such a crowd it will be easy to have a private interview with Pinky."

"Yes, but a private interview will not be sufficient."

"But it is absolutely necessary to acquaint her with our plan beforehand; then, when they are all ready to go, you must offer to walk home with Pinky. Demas will meet you in the Old Road with the carriage; there I will join you, and we will be at Jackson's Ferry before Mrs. Bowles can say Jack Robinson."

"I see but one objection. What is to prevent me from overpowering Demas, and myself absconding with the charming Pinky?"

The next day dawned auspiciously. Demas was dispatched at sunrise to deliver the necessary invitations, and returned by breakfast time to announce that they were all accepted. From the kitchen, all the forenoon, issued savory odors, and Felicia, in a white apron, was far too busy for conversation, but consoled me from time to time for the loss of her society by administering specimen tarts and "taste cakes." By dinner time all was in readiness, the library was cleared to make room for the quilting frame, and an ancient quilt, intended to represent "the rising sun," and considered too hideous, heretofore, to be utilized by even the frugal housewives of the house of Marbury, was tacked upon the frame, while Felicia, charming in pink calico, flitted about, putting the finishing touches to all her arrangements. Very soon the company began to arrive, the old women in sunbonnets, the young ones in jaunty hats trimmed with gay ribbon and flowers. Mrs. Bowles and her daughter-in-law were not behind the rest.

"Where is Pinky?" said Felicia; receiving them graciously at the door.

"Pinky wouldn't come this evenin'; I tried to persuade her but she 'lowed she wuz too busy. She's a willful gal, is Pinky; an' awful sot in her ways. Many's the time I've sed her pore father'd never have died, ef he'd knowed what trouble I wuz goin' to ter have with that gal. Sakes alive now! ain't that a pretty quilt; but I bet sixpence you never pieced it, Miss Felishy?"

"No, my Aunt Dorothy pieced it," said Felicia. "Let me take your bonnet, Miss Susan. How warm you look, Mrs. Ankers; pray have a palm leaf fan? Mary Jane, have you gone to work already? You will find thimble and scissors in my basket."

Thus auspiciously begun the quilting, as I judged from bits of the conversation which drifted to me through the open window. When Felicia could escape, she came to consult with me on the piazza.

"What do you think of their not bringing Pinky? Can they have discovered our plot?"

"Of course not; nobody knew it but ourselves."

"What is to be done?"

"I shall go and see her, and tell her about it."

"Oh, if you would! And Tom, tell her to come here at six o'clock, because then we will all be at supper, and the servants will be busy; and to go straight up the back stairs to my room, and lock herself in till I come."

I promised to follow these directions, and set out upon my errand.

I found the heroine of this true story in a very sad plight. She sat in the kitchen, paring and slicing apples to be dried. The room was full of the ripe, mellow fragrance of the fruit, which lay in a golden heap upon the table; and over it hornets and yellow-jackets hung in ecstatic trance, droning a lazy song of contentment over the abundance of the feast. So strong was the impression the little scene made upon me, that even now, after the lapse of years, I cannot smell a ripe apple without seeing a drooping little figure, sitting in a flood of sunlight; a fair, pale, tear-stained face, a small, quivering, rosy mouth, and hazel eyes brimming over with ready tears. It was pretty to see the changes that came over her as I told her my story; the sudden transition from despair to delight, and then from delight to positive terror, from which she had to be coaxed into a sort of fluttering happiness again. She told me artlessly of her horror of Ned Bowles, and her dread of his attentions.

"I was goin' to try to drown myself before Monday," she said simply. "They told me they had drove Steve off for good. So I thought there wouldn't be anybody to care."

An accidental noise suggested the approach of an intruder, and cut short our interview. Pinky promised to obey Felicia's directions to the letter, and I sauntered homeward across the fields.

At six o'clock, I, from my place at the tea table, saw a dark little figure flit past the window, and heard a light step on the stairs. I glanced at Felicia, and saw in her eyes that she had seen and heard it too, but in the faces around me I observed no sign; the worst part of our undertaking was over. As soon as tea was over, Felicia interviewed Demas.

"I want you to put Toby Crackitt into the rockaway, and bring him to the west door."

"Lord, Miss, not Toby Crackitt; he'll smash everything into splinters."

"I am not afraid of him; you must do as I tell you."

As soon as the guests were gone, and they took advantage of the brief twilight in order to reach home before dark, Felicia rushed up stairs and brought down the expectant bride. She was dressed in a mouse-grey merino, with which I had some pleasant associations, relieved with knots of rose-colored ribbon; but she was pale and trembling. Felicia sat beside her on the back seat of the rockaway, and I on the front, gathering up the reins, admonished Toby Crackitt that we were ready to go. He needed no second hint. Several days of durance in a dark stable had taught him the pleasure of the free use of his limbs, and he certainly lost no time by the way. It was a good ten miles to Jackson's Ferry, and the road was wretched. To make matters worse, the moon rose, and produced such fantastic effects of light and shade that it required sharp eyesight to tell shadow from substance; but Toby Crackitt minded none of these—past wood and field, thicket and stream, cottage and cabin, he went like a flash. Once we heard the sharp report of a gun, whereat Pinky screamed, but Toby Crackitt left it far behind. My arms ached and the reins had cut into my hands, when we drew up at the Ferry; but the trip had been safely accomplished, and all fear of pursuit was over. Stephen was waiting for us with a small parson in a great overcoat, whose teeth chattered with the cold. The ferryman came out with a lantern which gave a sickly light in the white radiance of the risen moon. The river rippled a veritable flood of silver; the shadows of the trees were so perfectly reproduced, that the trees themselves seemed to be inverted in the tide. Every now and then a loosened leaf floated down through the frosty air, and drifted away on the quiet current. We all felt a thrill of solemnity when we stepped into the great flat-bottomed ferry-boat, and felt ourselves being pushed away from the shore. In the middle of the stream the boatman stopped, and dropped his anchor over into the water.

"Just go ahead, Boss; this river belongs to Maryland," he said to the clergyman; "none of the Virginia laws kin reach us here."

Thus admonished, the clergyman produced a prayer-book from his pocket; and to Pinky and Stephen standing before him, while I held the lantern, begun reading the marriage service. Felicia deftly supplied a ring, for which want Stephen was not prepared, as it is not required in the Methodist ceremony, to which they were most accustomed; and I gave away the bride. Altogether the scene was pretty and touching; so pretty and touching that I felt an aching sense of having no deeper interest in it than that of a mere spectator; and suggested the same to Felicia, who so far unbent as to cling to my arm in the uncertain motion of the boat.

"Dear Felicia," I said (in a whisper of course),

"there has been one wedding; why shouldn't there be two? What more felicitous occasion could present itself—here under the benign influence of the moon, in the presence only of these innocent rustics—the hollow world with its deceptions and frivolities left far behind."

The boat bumped the shore here suddenly, and we all fell backward in one promiscuous heap. So my speech was not finished until a subsequent occasion; but we all landed in good spirits. The little minister received his fee, and the ferryman was paid for his trouble, while I rewarded myself for any slight pains I had taken in the matter, by being the first person to kiss the bride; which proceeding I enjoyed the more, because I fancied there were at least two people present who looked on with disapproval. We all said good-bye on the river bank; and Felicia and I restrained Toby Crackitt with difficulty while we watched out of sight the two figures going, hand in hand, along the moonlit road, to that distant cabin, which, however it might lack for "chinkin' an' daubin'," would be a happy residence as long as it was furnished with love.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY ROBERT C. MEYERS.

We couldn't have resisted it, you and I, if we had tried, which we wouldn't have—no, not even you and I; then how much worse for other folks was it! I don't know if it was built in with the mortar and bricks, or not; but there it was, safe and sound and snug, and if there had been an oldest inhabitant—which, praise be, there wasn't—I don't doubt but the same verdict would have been arrived at; and which was, that laziness in the house was inherent, and, like a ghost of paralysis, choked the natural current of action belonging to any one who inhabited it. The people couldn't help themselves. There was John Jackson—as respectable a white-washer as ever ruined a carpet. He gave up business in no time, and his wife supported him by the sweat of her brow, as the saying goes; and which I always thought an odd poetical license. He had begun all right, mind you, John had, and his stock of brushes and brooms and lime was something to look at. Early in the morning he would go out, late in the day he would come in, and down would go his implements after a hard day's work. This went on for three weeks, when gradually the spirit of the place caught hold of his legs, and he didn't go about quite as briskly. Then the spirit grew fonder of him, and he didn't go out at all, but would stand with his hands in his pockets and yawn up to the slate filled with orders; but that was all. He couldn't account for it as a scientist, because he hadn't read himself ignorant with theories and ologies and effec-

tive causes, and things of that like. No, he was still intelligent, and he said it was in the place. His wife, a very respectable doer up of linen, found it out too when she forgot her curriculum and put starch in the wrong places. Those Jacksons moved out. Then, in swift succession, followed other people. One ambitious lady, with pale hair, undertook a shop, where were exposed for sale wonderful incongruities called tidies, which, were anything but that, being frowsy to a degree and "yokes" and things all worked in little holes, which seemed very funny. This shop she started on the first floor, and let the basement to a nice man who was a plumber. In no time the tidies fell from their hooks and were not replaced, and were covered with dust; the water-pipe in the basement burst, and the plumber didn't mend it. So the place was empty again. So on, so on, from family to family; shoemakers, candy-makers, grocery people, rag and paper people, all kinds of people, and always with the same result; till it really, in time, became painful to watch the different and new faces that were always at the windows; and then from the pain came a listlessness, a laziness of vision, and you would not watch them at all, for the infection was so insidious, it even affected those who looked. And there is an infection in laziness; I have seen it in workshops, in great business localities, hotels, everywhere. Put any respectably lazy party in with a set of steady young people and watch the result; one lazy soul can take the energy out of any dozen brisk ones I ever came across.

But to the place in question! The eyes of the neighbors recovered sufficiently once to see that there had been a bill on the window for over a month. That was wonderful. Before this it had always attracted tenants, as the flame of a smirchy candle attracts gnats. Yet now the house was silent, even preoccupied. Neat-looking fathers of families would be seen peering at the bill of Sundays, when they took the youngest out for a walk in the stiffest and fullest of petticoats; and you'd hold your breath, fearing that these sprightly people were being drawn into the vortex. Or a charming old lady would be seen looking up to the roof, as all ladies looked at unoccupied houses, and you would perhaps sigh to think that the old creature had done well for years, and had come to this at last. Yet these folks never took the place. No! After a month of idleness was over, who should come along but a tiny little thing, dressed all in gray like a daisy, and with a smooth kindly face, and bright, healthy eyes. Now, she walked like a woman, but seemed like a baby. You know you can take liberties with a baby and say all sorts of nonsense. She astonished people by going up the steps of the little house, opening the door, reaching up ever so high and scratching off the bill with the nose of the key—that is, with the

part of a key that ought to be its nose if it had any. She had taken the house! Now, there was pity for the fathers of families, there was pity for the old ladies, but there was none for this little thing; there was only curiosity, or a desire of watching a new experiment. You felt instantly by the same intense instinct which tells you someone is looking at you, even though your eyes are averted, that the house had got its match. No little woman who had such a figure and such eyes, and was so tiny and snug, was going to be worsted by a mere pile of brick. Oh, no! There was scrubbing, there was a pitching about of echoes; broken window-panes and a large Irish lady who ruined soap were paramount, and everybody watched with silent awe. If the laziness had been a stain, like the marks of blood upon the floors of old castles, I believe that Irish lady would have done away with all such nonsense, or else the Lord had given her her strength for nothing. All this was charming; there was a mill between the daisy and the bricks; daisy up, bricks down—Irish lady holding sponge; time called! daisy won the belt, sponge-holder's occupation gone! You wouldn't have known the place with its neat shades at its windows—no, and you wouldn't have known the place had you seen the tin sign on the door, saying in sarcastic letters, SCHOOL FOR CHILDREN. School for children! Never!

It was all very well to admire the preparations; but if you had had a dozen children under seven years of age—which intellectual authority will tell you is the time for beginning your education—you would not have imperiled their moral and mental obligations, by sending them to a place which had been so long fraught with the disease of inaction. No scholars came; no children went up the steps with slate-pencils in their mouths, to the imminent peril of their thoraxes; the little woman in gray could be seen looking out of the window anxiously, and then disappearing, I suppose to reckon up on the blackboard the census of children in that part of the town. All alone she lived, and I suppose all alone would have died, had it not been for possessing a basement. Now this basement had been empty ever since she came there, and it did really look respectable to see the house a school, even though there were no scholars. But respectability is like love when there is nothing to back it—you may keep it to yourself, but it won't put bread where bread ought to go; for we are not all chameleons, or else air would be sold by apothecaries' weight. At any rate, a bill was on the basement, and respectability ogled. There was a nice young oysterman, with a new red shirt, who wanted it, but I presume the little gray woman did not desire bivalves in the school-room, and bivalves in the cellar too, so *he* didn't get it; a splendid old man in the rags and iron way looked wist-

fully at it, but no; the fiat had gone forth. I am afraid the daisy looked higher than daisies usually do—wanting the sun itself, and not its rays. But on one particularly sunny Monday morning in the pleasant month of daisies, the basement, opened as a bazar for the dispensation of polite literature—a place for the sale of brains turned from their lawful purpose, as it were—papers, books, pencils, inks, and all the paraphernalia of a shop opened by some one who didn't understand the business and the possible contingencies of the neighborhood. And there was a young man behind a little counter. He was done for! You'll see! The want of customers is a dreadful thing; but when love comes in instead of a purchase and absolutely takes everything from you, whatever are you going to do? Whatever are you going to do? Why, you are just going to say to that little god: "Son, you've got my heart; if there's anything else in the establishment you'd like, just name it!" Son always names it: Love's never a very bashful youth.

The stationer had not been in that basement two days before a little gray woman grew up close beside him and touched his eyes and blinded them to everything but herself. She looked down of a morning, saying in a chirpy voice:

"Any customers yet?"

"No," he would respond, getting scarlet in the face in his suppressed endeavors to appear natural; "No customers, Miss. Have you any scholars?"

"Not yet," she said, and once varied the reply by adding, "But I'm in hopes; a stout lady who wheezed a good deal says she *may* send her daughter if I won't ask her to study—and, dear knows, I wouldn't disoblige anybody."

"Ah, indeed! And a gentleman asked me for a penny song, and said that if his wife would teach him the tune he'd stop around for it. You can't really expect one to buy the words of a song without knowing the tune, now can you?"

"Certainly not," she said smilingly, "and it'll all be right after a while," and went up stairs.

But the scholar didn't come, and as the song remained in stock, it is barely possible the gentleman's wife was not of an accommodating mood, or else he hadn't any "ear." And the oddest part of the thing was that these two people never had any visitors; the neighbors, with the best intentions in the world, watched for such visitors, and never saw them. Somebody must have known and cared for them sometime, for every one of us was chief in some heart once in a time, and if not, it's our own fault. But behold, after some days the postman pounding on the sign, holding a letter in his hand, and being unable to get in goes down to the basement and asks the young man to deliver it for him, which is against the rules of the Post Office, anyhow. The young man takes the letter—he looks at the superscrip-

tion. Ha! it is in a man's hand! He delivers the letter to the little woman, who says she was busy thinking and did not hear the postman.

Thinking! The infection of the place is upon her! She looks at the letter, laughs, kisses it, and runs in.

The young man doesn't laugh—oh, no! he just slams his door shut and thinks it is a damp little hole anyhow. No more did he see of her that day. He heard her singing, though, softly, as we sing in the twilight; and he thought people ought to have consideration for other people, and not disturb other people's thoughts. He was hopelessly gone now, as the saying is.

He had his hands in his pockets all day long, and I dare say he didn't eat very much and knew that he inherited dyspepsia. His books looked gritty, his papers would have given you a full installment of goose flesh; a frown settled upon his face and he didn't try to remove it. Not that he owned to himself that he overly liked this little daisy of a woman; not that he owned to himself that the May sun and the warm southern air and the twitter of the tiny brown street-sparrows had anything to do with his odd condition. He looked up day after day as the postman took a letter regularly to the school, and he got to hating the poor man.

"I know he's married," he said, "I'll bet he is!" He thought it was a mean, despicable business, that of letter-carrier, anyhow; it was not elevating to stand outside doors and have to read postal cards without understanding one word of what they related to. And so as regularly as the little woman came down and said good-morning to him, and asked him how he was doing, he'd look scornfully at her, and say haughtily:

"Pretty well, thank you, miss."

"Sold much?"

"Two slate-pencils and a piece of chewing-gum."

"Are you lonesome?"

"Not at all, miss—a man's always good company for a man."

"Is he? Dear me, I wish a woman was."

She didn't mean exactly that—she meant she wished a woman was good company for a woman.

Then he said bitterly: "I should think your letters were good company for you."

"My letters? Oh, you see them come. Yes indeed; happy, happy, little letter, to contain so much!"

"Yes, I suppose they *do* contain much," he responded hysterically.

She looked at him quietly, and left him without a word. A boy coming in a minute later for a sheet of paper, came out white and said "he felt like he was going to be sick"—the young man had been so fierce, you know, and had made

the poor child take exactly the kind of paper he didn't want. Now everything must have an end, though you wouldn't think so when you read some stories that contain very little after all. The world, the largest thing we have ever come across, is said to be gradually nearing its end; though for my part, I don't believe it, for I *do* believe the earth is round, and I *do* believe you can't square a circle; I *do* believe a circle has no end, or else what'll you do with its periphery? The basement was at low tide! The stock had grown faded and listless, and the proprietor was not inviting.

The little lady now came rarely to see him, except to get the rent. The young man couldn't give up the place—he had grown that low down; where even the money for the rent came from, is for neither you or me to know; but he recklessly paid it, and that's all we need care about.

But, as I said, everything must have an end! The literary mart was closed one day, the young man stood outside. Along comes the carrier with that inevitable letter for the school.

"Will you take it, sir?" asks he.

"No, I won't take it; what are you here for?" surlyly responds the young man.

The carrier looks at him and laughs immoderately—oh yes, surely that carrier was a married man.

While the door of the school is open to receive the letter, in pops the young man.

"Good morning!" says the little lady.

"I've come to pay my rent and give up the place," says he; the spirit of the place fell upon him as he grumbled.

"Give up the basement," she says in a little trembling voice.

"Yes; there's something in the place. I can't work, I can't attend my business; I—I wish I was dead," he blurts out.

"There is indeed, something in the place," says she; "I have tried to get scholars, and can't. I don't know what I've ever done, that people should mistrust me so they won't let their children come to me. There's something in the place, and its coldness and neglect and reserve, and I shed these tears because I do not deserve it all."

"You can't be neglected when you get a letter from him every day," says the young man, glowing at her, and feeling glad that he has a nice sharp razor at home, and your jugular can be found easily if you cut all around your collar.

"From him?" she says, raising her eye-lids.

"Yes—your lover."

Then to see her laugh; then to see her hide her blushing little face till it wasn't like a daisy at all, but just the sweetest of sweet red roses, all full of early dew. But the young man did not like this either. There are times when nothing can please us, and this was one of his times.

So she just said: "The letters I have received are from an old snuffy lawyer; and in this one he tells me he has been successful in gaining some money for me, which was a cousin's who died intestate. I don't care now if I don't have scholars; for although I'm an orphan, and there's none in the world who c-a-r-e-s for me, I-I can go-o on j-ust the same as ever. Oh, oh, oh, that I should have lived to see this day, you wicked man you." Then she wiped her eyes and looked at him, and said, "You thought the letters came from my lover! I haven't such a thing, I thank you. There's none in the wide, wide world—oh, me, oh, me, what's in the place that I can't help crying."

Then this young man darted towards her, crying out: "There's love in the place, there's love in the place," and took her to him as she put her head upon his breast and asked him how he dared do such a thing. And so there *was* love in the place, and it was the offspring of laziness perhaps, for the Irish lady couldn't tear the house down with soap, and in every house there is something that haunts it, something apart from the people who occupy it, and which either glorifies, or debases and ridicules them. And so, with the money left to the little gray lady, a larger store was made of the school-room that had never been school-room after all, and an increased literary stock was added, and customers did come. And in course of time another little daisy had bloomed in the little place, for the little gray lady held a tiny little baby up for its conceited young father to kiss. A haunted house? Oh, bless you, the ghost was laid, and there was no more laziness within those walls, for that baby had magnificent lungs—I have the doctor's word for it—and I'd like to know who can be lazy when fresh lungs are exerted? And if it were not for this very baby, I should apologize for making the story of the house at all; but there's a good deal in a baby—tyranny, cannibalism, and the like—and such a baby can frighten away all the ghosts that ever turned your hair white in a single night, as some men have grown from sudden fright, particularly if you hold it and look into its little eyes that see no better heaven than your own gentleness affords it.

ONE person always appears well dressed; another never; yet the one who is ill dressed may pay his tailor twice as much in a year as the other. So it is with the dress of women. One who does not understand the adaptation of style and colors may be loaded with costly garments and finery, and yet never appear well dressed. To some persons, taste in everything seems natural; but in all it admits of cultivation. And the cultivation of one's taste not only saves money, but it is a source of much satisfaction and happiness.

AUNT MARGARET'S STORY.

BY KATE CROSBY.

Aunt Margaret was the sweetest, the loveliest of "old maids," that had ever gladdened a mortal's heart. She was a woman, in the highest, fullest sense of the word; and a woman to whom no one who came in sorrow or distress, ever came in vain. A woman upon whom one could lean, and feel as if they rested on a firm foundation; and lastly, one eminently fitted for the office of wife and mother; but fate, inexplicable fate, had snatched away from her youthful lips love's sparkling goblet, ere she had tasted of its contents; and so she remained Margaret Hamilton, the most charming of womanly women.

And Aunt Margaret was happy. If ever one pang for the "might have been" stirred her heart, as she gazed with loving tenderness on her sister's children, no one knew it save herself and—God.

How those children clung to her; how soft seemed her cool hand, as it gently smoothed the hot, tiny brow, when sickness came; how soothing was the low, tender voice, with its clear, firm tones, that made her slightest remark, either of praise or reproof, of greater weight than even the mother's more lavish endearments or petulant anger.

She was not what you would call a handsome woman, but at first glance you would exclaim; "What a lovely face!" Her eyes were a dark gray, shaded by long black lashes; they were not sad eyes, but one could tell that the woman had suffered, and had suffered silently. They were peaceful eyes, like clear, deep-running streamlets, which, like the silvery water, sometimes even sparkled, yet that was rarely. A clear, pale complexion; a mouth which, though a trifle firm, was remarkable for its sweetness of expression. Her hair was dark, with a thread or two of gray intermingled. A form tall, and rather stately. In fact, Margaret Hamilton was a "perfect woman, nobly planned."

The town of Glendale had been Miss Hamilton's home since she first saw the light of the world, in which she was to know so much of sorrow and pain. Until she reached her twentieth year nothing occurred to render life eventful, and her fair young face wore the bright, unclouded look of perfect peace. 'Twas the charming expression, the lithe, graceful figure, and above all, the beautiful soul which shone in the gray eyes, which won the fancy and then the heart of Gerard Lancaster, a lawyer, who settled in Glendale about this time. He was a young man, but having considerable means, had traveled quite extensively; and this fresh, unaffected, unflattered village maiden, was the first woman who had ever caused his calm, and, as he often laughingly remarked, "formerly well-regulated heart," to beat one throb, too quickly.

There was not a spark of the coquette about Margaret, and so when six months later Gerard Lancaster asked her to be his wife, it was with the light of the pure, enduring love, radiating her sweet, blushing face, that she replied, looking at him quietly but tenderly, with a straightforward; "Yes, Gerard, I give you my hand right willingly, and with it all my heart." There was nothing gushing or "missish" about the answer, which was a little old-fashioned perhaps; but it was for this very reason that the low, gentle voice, with its clear, firm tones, which were never known to fail her but once, sounded doubly enchanting to the man whose former life had been thrown with the shallow, artificial women of the world.

Among the inhabitants of Glendale was a man named Oscar Middleton, who had been rejected by Margaret sometime before Gerard Lancaster came to the town. He was a creature wholly without scruples of any kind, and his enmity toward young Lancaster was bitter in the extreme. He never hesitated about throwing out little insinuations, entirely without foundation, detrimental to that gentleman's character and position in general. Oscar Middleton was without doubt a coward. His remarks were never those of which one could take hold; but it was a certain manner that he had to perfection, which implied a thousand things that he would not for the world speak. He was one who would

"Assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike."

The relations between the two men were not openly hostile, and as far as Gerard was concerned there was no emotion felt, save a kind of contemptuous pity, that so fine a frame could hold so small a soul.

Lancaster's confidence in Margaret's love and trust was so strong, that he knew no word of Middleton's could stand ground against his own.

Late one afternoon in August, Gerard and Margaret were sitting in the summer-house, on the lawn of Mrs. Hamilton's residence, she stitching some dainty feminine work, and he reading "Evangeline," his deep, mellow voice giving heartfelt expression to the exquisite verses, when the book dropped from his hand and turning to the girl, Gerard said smiling, yet earnestly; "And would you wait for me, even as Evangeline did for Gabriel?"

A half-startled look showed itself in the soft, gray eyes that were turned toward him; but it was quickly displaced by the fervent glow of perfect trust and faith, as she answered solemnly, "Gerard, I would wait forever."

"I know you would, God bless you, my rare, pale Margaret," returned Lancaster, kissing the soft, rosy palm that he held in his own.

At that moment a telegram was handed him, which he gave to Margaret, saying: "I must go at once; my father is dangerously ill. I shall say 'good-bye' now, as I have barely an hour to prepare for my journey, and catch the train." Then putting his arms tenderly around the graceful figure, he said: "Do not forget me. Evangeline; and whatever comes, be true to Gabriel."

"Gerard, don't," exclaimed Margaret, a great fear falling on her heart.

"Foolish little girl," replied Lancaster, "dispel all the dismal forebodings that I see in those tell-tale eyes. I will write immediately upon my arrival, and as often after as I can. If father needs care, I am the only one who can give it; so be lenient, and until I come, God be with you."

With an effort, Margaret controlled herself and said firmly: "I pray, He may be indeed, and with you also, Gerard, dear."

Another embrace, and he was gone.

The days dragged on wearily enough without her lover; not dragged either, for Margaret busied herself with the poor of the town, and in a thousand ways tried to pass the time which seemed so long. The letter from Gerard, written when he reached home, was read and re-read; the promise of writing soon was so often repeated, that the girl knew each word by heart. Yet no tidings came, her letters remained unanswered; and so the pretty, pale cheek grew paler, as the faith in her heart grew stronger, in all the weary days.

Mr. Middleton tried to make himself vastly agreeable; he would join Margaret in her walks, and interest himself in her works of charity, till sweet, simple Margaret, thinking he might be sorry for his past behavior—and in her woman's heart, she could not help saying, "'Twas for love of me"—softened a little towards him, and after some time said kindly:

"We would be glad to see you at the house, Mr. Middleton."

And Mr. Middleton took advantage of the invitation, and rendered himself almost necessary to Mrs. Hamilton, in many ways, for she greatly missed her son, as she called Gerard Lancaster.

So the weeks went on, and Margaret waited in vain for a letter from her lover, and Mrs. Hamilton saw with pain, and then anger, the look of pale, patient waiting, on the usually peaceful face of her silent, suffering child.

One day toward the close of November, Margaret, taking advantage of the mild spring-like day, entered the summer house to live over the days that seemed to her would be no more, when she was greatly provoked at being joined by Mr. Middleton; but making the best of the situation, she began to speak of various things that generally formed the topic of their conversation, when suddenly Middleton threw off his as-

sumed calmness, and pleaded in agitated tones his love for her, which instead of dying, as he had determined it should, seemed to flourish with renewed vigor.

Margaret, wholly taken by surprise, answered nothing, at first, and then, in a quiet, dignified voice, said:

"This to me, the betrothed wife of Gerard Lancaster? Mr. Middleton, you presume upon the hospitality we have shown you."

"Margaret, I loved you long before the man, whose ring you wear, came with his handsome face and city manners, to win from me the only woman I would have for my wife."

"Stop, sir," exclaimed Margaret, paling and flushing in her excitement. "Mr. Lancaster did not win me from you, as I never by word or deed, gave you to understand that I cared for you save as a friend, and your subsequent conduct towards him made me feel as if I could not look upon you even in that way. But lately, by your manner, I inferred you had regretted what had happened, and wished in some way to atone for all you had said."

Middleton drew a step nearer:

"Gerard Lancaster," he exclaimed hotly—

"Is here to answer for himself," interrupted a clear, stern voice; and Margaret, turning, saw her lover, pale, haggard, and dusty from traveling.

"Gerard, Gerard," cried the girl, her voice breaking in its emotion, "where have you been?"

Lancaster, noting her wan face, and bright, feverish eyes, clasped his arms around her, and said fondly:

"My poor little girl, my faithful 'Evangeline,' you waited for me, for Gabriel, and he has come."

By this time Mr. Middleton had withdrawn, thinking, probably, his room was preferable to his presence.

Then, without waiting, Gerard told of his father's death, which occurred several days after his arrival, and then of his own illness, when his life was despaired of, and even reason herself deserted him.

"I wrote you several letters, which, perhaps, Mr. Middleton has taken care you should not receive."

Amid the tenderness and affection that surrounded them both, Gerard and Margaret grew rapidly better, and the day was approaching for their marriage, and nothing seemed to speak of the sorrow that was to come. Through Margaret's intercession, Middleton was saved a forcible reminder that Gerard Lancaster was a man of strength and muscle; so, feeling like a cur that had been whipped for bad behavior, he avoided the young lawyer and the now happy Margaret.

Among his possessions, and they were not small, Oscar Middleton numbered a pair of un-

usually fine horses, noted throughout the country for being the most unmanageable team; but Mr. Middleton, proud of displaying his horsemanship, took great pains in driving at break-neck speed through the town.

Shortly after Lancaster's return, as he was standing at his office door one day, down the wide street came Middleton's horses at a terrific rate, the man himself ghastly with fear, clinging to the reins.

"Lancaster, for God's sake save me;" he screamed in an agonized voice.

For an instant, but only an instant, Gerard hesitated; all the evil that the man had tried to do him came to his mind like a flash; but in the next, he caught the head of the frantic beast nearest him, stopping their mad flight long enough to allow Middleton to spring out of the carriage, when on they went, dashing Gerard violently to the ground.

Men carried the unconscious form back to the office, the physicians unable to do anything but restore him to his senses. Then the crowd went silently out, leaving Margaret, who had witnessed the whole affair, alone with him.

Neither spoke for a while, and then her lover said in a whisper: "Margaret, it was to be."

And she—

"Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.

Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement."

After the dreadful accident Middleton left the town, and was never seen again.

Margaret lived on in patient waiting, a comfort and a blessing to all around; her name a household word among the poor. Her young sister grew to womanhood and married, but the home was incomplete without Margaret, so after her mother's death she took up her abode with them.

The curtains of one of the brightest, prettiest rooms in the house were lowered, for Aunt Margaret was sick unto death. She "had fought a good fight, she had finished her course, had kept the faith. Henceforth there was laid up for her a crown of righteousness."

She was lying very quiet and still upon her pillow, her deep, gray eyes filled with a warm, loving light, and her hand clasped in his sister's. Suddenly her face brightened.

"Why Gerard!" she said, and stretched out her hand; then softly, "I have waited for you, dear, a long, long time."

Then she became silent, closed her eyes quietly, and with a smile on her sweet lips, she slept her last long sleep—

"Like one that draws the drapery of his couch

About him,

And lies down to pleasant dreams."

STORY OF A FAIRY.

Like merry birds the children chattered o'er their Christmas play, [alway—

A fairy spectacle it was, sweet childhood's choice And as they talked of Godmother, and Brownie, Ogre, Elf,

"How happy is their guileless faith!" I said unto myself,

Ah, would there were still gracious Fairy Queens to rule the land,

Who unto each some precious longed-for gift would quick command!

"What would you ask?" I whispered, as I turned to one who too [pursue,

Like me, a phantom fancy or desire would fain

"What would you ask the wrinkled fairy Godmother to-night,

Should she appear and yield you Cinderella's wishing right?"

"Aladdin's Lamp" came the reply, "that I might of its Slave [crave!"

The Geni, order all the riches of this world I

"And I," I murmured in my heart, "I would be young once more, [plore!"

For unto youth alone belongs the riches I desire—
A still small voice then softly spake; 'twas gentle, quiet, low, [know?

A voice as in a dream so faint—a Fairy's? Who can "Aladdin's wondrous lamp" it said, "nor dower of renewed youth, [truth;

A complete perfect happiness may never bring in
A homely little simple seed I offer you instead,
To plant deep in the garden of wild thoughts within your head.

If faithfully attended with a duteous, daily care,
It shall reward you royally with fruit beyond compare:

Its blossoms will procure a peace this world's wealth can not give,

While happy breath, of age or youth, must on its perfume live;

The Magic Lamp, with all its gifts of Honor, Power or Gold,

Could never buy the human heart such blessings manifold:

And Youth's rare charm of winning Love, and keeping fair and sweet,

Without its spell to hold the prize, would be vain, incomplete; [o'er,

For all the real or fancied wrongs ye sadly murmur
This little germ within your hearts will harmony restore,

What is this modest gift, you ask, which quells unrest and strife? [Life!"

Content, a little simple seed—its flower, a Perfect
The voice then ceased, I bowed my head; I felt the enchanted spell, [well,

It was a fairy wise, who spake the truth, I knew full
And every word was strong and full, with meanings firm and true, [too!

No, Godmother alone was she, a guardian angel
A perfect Life of pure content, what better, richer dower?

Who would not plant this tiny seed to win the beautiful flower.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

Fig. 1.



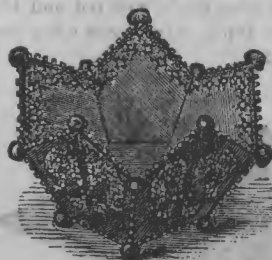
FIG. 1.—TABLE COVER.

Table cover of red plush, with embroidered border of white linen gauze. Above and below the border the plush is cut into scallops, and is sewn on to the border with brown silk in overcast and buttonhole stitch. Point russe stitches of blue silk secure the buttonhole stitches, and the overcast stitches are edged with chain-stitching of yellow bronze. When the pattern has been traced, the flowers are worked in slanting buttonhole stitch, with two shades of pale pink and pale blue crewels edged with overcast stitches of yellow bronze. The stamina are worked in overcast stitch with yellow and yellow-bronze silks. The narrow leaves with reseda in slanting buttonhole stitch. The stems with three rows of chain stitch of three shades of fawn wool. The pale brown braid, half-inch wide, is sewn on in point russe and herring-boned with two shades of brown filoselle. The star-shaped pattern on the scallop is worked with lines of blue and olive crewels. The outer edge of the cover has a deep fringe netted with crewels of the various colors, to which tassels of wool and silk are knotted, as shown in the illustration.

FIG. 2.—PIN TRAY.

This tray is composed of five sections of cardboard, each measuring $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches at the bottom, and $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches at the widest part; they are cut to a point at the top as shown in the illustration; the bottom is a pentagon, measuring $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches at each side. The outside is covered with crim

Fig. 2.



son satin ornamented with a cross stitch design, or embroidered with flowers. The inside is lined with gold colored silk with a narrow stitch border. The satin and silk are neatly seamed over the

cardboard, and pieces are joined together at the sides; small gold beads are sewn at the edge, and larger ones at the points and at the top and bottom of each joint.

FIG. 3.—RUSSIAN TOWEL (DRAWN WORK AND EMBROIDERY.)

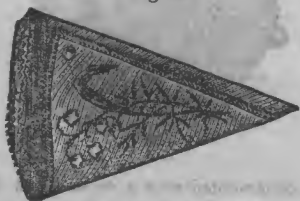
This rich towel is fringed with Macramé, headed with two rows of herringbone stitches in

Fig. 3.



ingrained red cotton. Between the rows there is some drawn work. This ornamentation is repeated twice, and the border between the rows is worked in cross stitch, with red and blue cotton, the canvas being drawn away when the work is terminated.

Fig. 4.



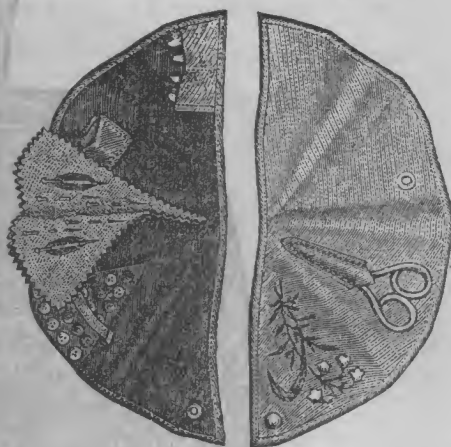
FIGS. 4, 5 AND 6.—HOUSEWIFE.

This pretty little housewife is composed of two half-circles of cashmere, one pale blue and the

other dark olive; the straight side measures eight inches across. The two pieces must be placed together, and bound at the edge with blue ribbon. A crewel design is worked on one side, which is folded outside when the case is closed, as shown

Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.



in Fig. 4. The arrangement of the flannel leaves for needles, pockets for cotton, scissors, buttons, etc., will be easily seen from the illustrations 5 and 6. The place for button and buttonhole to fasten the housewife is clearly shown in the design.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED PAGE.

(See front of book.)

The colored design which we this month present to our readers, is of two chimney sweeps for a tidy to be worked on Java canvas; it is worked in black or colored single zephyr (black we however consider most effective). The pattern is given in full working size, and can have a narrow border worked around and then be fringed out, or merely the lines as in our design, and then the fringe, according to the size of the tidy. If worked on white Java canvas, these tidies can be washed as readily as if they were an ordinary white tidy, the zephyr before being used having been put in boiling water, and this continued by using fresh water until no color comes out of the zephyr into the water.

FIGS. 7 AND 8.—LAMP MAT.

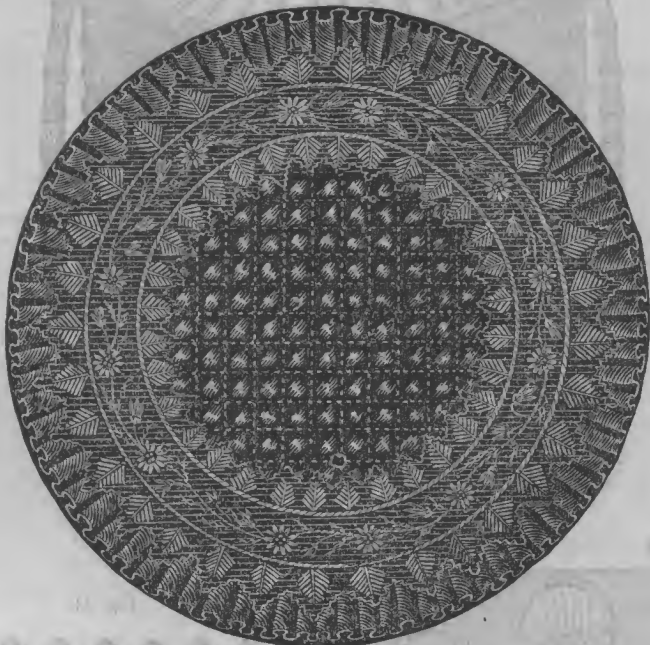
(EMBROIDERY.)

Circular Lamp Mat of black satin, with vandyked border of cloth and ruching of satin ribbon. A circle, measuring ten inches in diameter, is cut out of satin, stiffened muslin, and black cloth. The satin is sewn over a thin sheet of wadding on to the stiffened muslin and quilted

in the centre, leaving a border of about three inches all round. For this border transfer the design, which is given in the original size in Fig. 8, on to a circular piece of black cloth, cutting out from the centre the cloth which is not wanted.

yellow silk in knotted stitch. The feather stitching is worked with pale olive silk, and the stems in overcast stitch with several shades of brown. The pattern on the vandykes is embroidered in interlacing buttonhole stitch, with dark olive silk.

Fig. 7.



Then, having vandyked the cloth according to the illustration, work the lines in interlacing buttonhole stitch with pale olive silk. The flowers and blossoms are worked with pink, white, and red silks in chain stitch, and the stamina with

The satin part is strengthened round the edge by strong wire; it is then lined, the ruching sewed on, and lastly, the border sewn between the latter and the quilling.

Fig. 8.

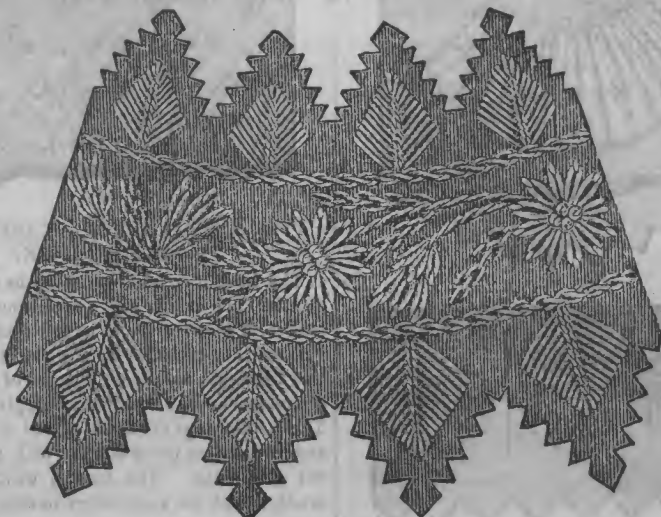


Fig. 9.



Fig. 10

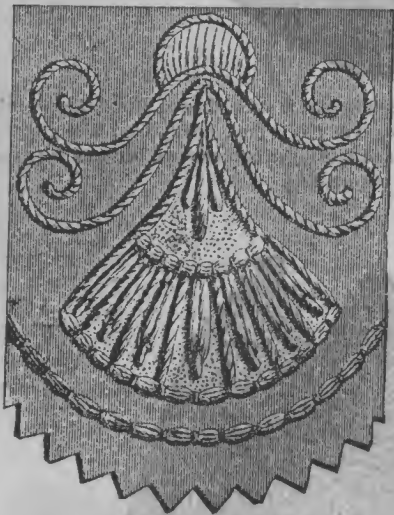


FIG. 12.

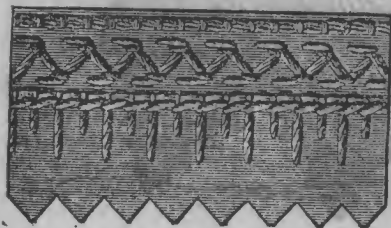
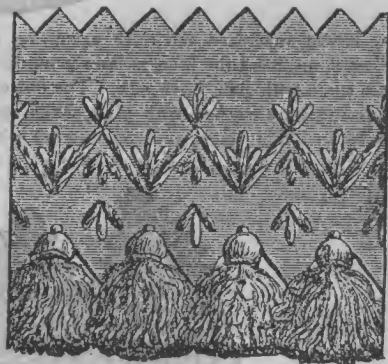


Fig. 11.



FIGS. 9, 10, 11 AND 12.—BASKET FOR SOILED LINEN.

The basket is here given in its *ensemble* and details. The design Fig. 9 represents the finished basket; Fig. 10 gives in its full working size the valance that encircles it; Fig. 12 gives the band that heads the valance. The lid of the basket is ornamented with a tasselled band, given in Fig. 11. These trimmings are made of red soldiers' cloth, embroidered in fancy stitches with pale blue and old gold silks. The tassels, which are handmade, match the embroidery in coloring.

RECIPES.

AN EXCELLENT PLAIN CAKE.

Ingredients.—One and one-half pounds of flour,
One-half pound of sugar,
One-half pound of dried currants,
One tablespoonful of baking powder,
Two eggs,
One pint of milk.

Mix the flour and sugar, dry. Flour the currants. Stir in all the milk excepting half a teacupful. Beat the eggs, and stir in; then the currants. Stir the baking powder into the half teacupful of milk, and add last. Beat all well together, and bake in a buttered tin one hour in a moderate oven.

HOMINY CAKES.

Ingredients.—One teacupful of hominy,
One pint of milk,
Three eggs,
Two tablespoonfuls of flour,
Salt to taste.

Soak the hominy five hours, and then boil it until it will mash with a spoon. Mash to a smooth paste through a colander, and add the milk, salt, eggs well beaten, and lastly the flour. The flour should make a batter as thick as that for buckwheat cakes. Bake on a hot griddle and serve hot with honey. Butter each cake as it is taken from the griddle. Many like powdered spice and sugar, in equal parts, on hominy cakes.

COCONUT PIE.

Ingredients.—One cocoanut, grated fine,
Three potatoes, boiled and mashed,
Two ounces of butter,
One-half pint of milk,
One-quarter pound of pulverized sugar,
Three eggs.

Stir the cocoanut and potatoes well together, adding gradually the milk, boiling hot. Stir the butter and half the sugar to a cream, and beat into the mixture; lastly, add the yolks of the eggs, beaten very light. Line a pie plate with puff paste, and fill with the mixture. Bake without upper crust till brown, and set aside to cool. Beat the whites of the eggs and remainder of the sugar to a stiff icing. Spread over the pie when cold, and set in the oven till a light brown.

BREAD PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One pint of bread crumbs,
Three ounces of butter,
One pint of milk,
Two eggs,
Two ounces of sugar,
One teaspoonful of rose water,
One-half teaspoonful of extract of lemon,
One-half pound of raisins.

Boil the milk and butter together. Pour it boiling hot over the bread crumbs, cover closely, and set aside till cool. Add the eggs well beaten, sugar, flavoring and raisins well floured. Bake in a buttered dish. Serve with either hot or cold pudding sauce, or with sugar and cream.

VOL. C.—30.

FISH CHOWDER.

Ingredients.—Five pounds of cod-fish,
Three onions,
One-half pound of salt pork,
One pound of crackers,
One-half pint of milk,
Salt and pepper.

Cut the pork into very small strips, and put them in an iron pot. Fry slowly till crisp, being careful not to burn. Add the onions, chopped fine, and let them brown five minutes, stirring constantly. Turn out on a plate. Wash the fish and cut it into large pieces. Put a plate on the bottom of the kettle, and upon it alternate layers of fish, crackers, pork and onions, seasoning well with salt and pepper. Turn in two quarts of boiling water, cover the kettle closely, and simmer gently over a slow fire for half an hour. Pour in the milk and boil ten minutes. Serve very hot in a soup tureen. It is an improvement to add fifty salt oysters with the milk.

ASPARAGUS AND EGGS.

Ingredients.—Cold boiled asparagus,
Six eggs,
Two ounces of butter,
Pepper and salt.

Take any cold asparagus left from dinner; cut the tender part into small pieces, and put them into a buttered dish. Break the eggs over without beating, put the butter on in small lumps, and bake in a quick oven until the eggs are done.

YOUNG CARROTS.

Ingredients.—One dozen young carrots,
Two ounces of butter,
One onion,
One teaspoonful of flour,
One-half pint-good soup stock,
Pepper and salt.

Scrape the carrots and let them lie half an hour in cold water. Chop the onions very fine, mix it with the flour, and brown in the butter, stirring slowly over a brisk fire. Stir in the stock, season with pepper and salt. When this boils, add the carrots, and boil very slowly till they are perfectly tender. They should be stirred frequently to prevent sticking. Serve with the gravy, very hot.

SHORT BREAD.

Ingredients.—Two pounds of flour,
One pound of butter,
One-half pound of sugar.

Mix to a smooth paste with iced water, and roll out about half an inch thick. Cut into square cakes and pinch the edges, depressing the centre. Bake in a quick oven. When done put preserves or stewed fruit into each cake.

BUTTER TAFFY.

Ingredients.—Two cups of sugar,
One-half cup of vinegar,
One cup of butter.

Boil until it is brittle—pour on buttered pans to cool.

MARIETTE PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One-half pound bread crumbs,
One-half pound beef suet,
One-half pound brown sugar,
Three lemons,
Three eggs.

Mix well, using grated rind and juice of the lemons. Boil in a bag two hours. Serve hot, with sweet sauce.

SPINACH.

Ingredients.—One-half peck of spinach,
One lemon,
One teaspoonful of soda,
Salt and pepper,
One tablespoonful of butter,
Three eggs.

Put the soda and some salt into a pot of water; when this boils add the spinach, and boil till very tender. Drain and chop fine. Mix the butter, salt, pepper and lemon juice, in a saucepan over the fire, and stir in the spinach. When hot, spread on thin toast, and on top put the eggs, poached, or boiled hard and cut in slices, as preferred.

DELICIOUS PUDDING SAUCE.

Ingredients.—Two large oranges,
Two ounces of butter,
One tablespoonful of flour,
One-quarter pound of sugar,
Two eggs.

Pare off the skin of the oranges very thin, and boil in half a pint of water for five minutes. Melt the butter in a saucepan, and stir in the flour till it is a rich brown paste. Squeeze the juice of the oranges into the sugar; strain in the water in which the peel has been boiled, add the eggs well-beaten, and stir over the fire till thick as cream. Add the butter and flour, and stir five minutes over the fire. Serve hot.

MUTTON BROTH.

Ingredients.—Neck of mutton,
Four onions,
Four turnips,
Four carrots,
Parsley,
Flour dumplings,
Pepper and salt,
Two tablespoonfuls of rice.

Cut the vegetables into pieces. Boil the mutton very slowly two hours; skim off all fat. Add the vegetables, rice and dumplings, and boil one hour slowly. Strain before serving, and serve meat on a separate dish with the vegetables around it.

WHITE SOUP.

Ingredients.—Knuckle of veal,
Six quarts of water,
Three tablespoonfuls of cream,
One onion,
One turnip,
Three eggs,
Salt and pepper,
One-quarter pound of macaroni.

Boil the veal six hours. Add the vegetables and macaroni all in small pieces, the pepper and salt. Beat the eggs very light, with the cream, and put into a tureen. Over this strain the soup through a sieve, stir together briskly, and serve very hot.

FISH CROQUETTES.

Ingredients.—Two pounds of cold fish,
One-quarter pound of butter,
One tablespoonful of flour,
One-quarter pint of milk,
Pepper and salt to taste,
Parsley,
Grated nutmeg to taste,
Two eggs,
One teacup of bread crumbs,
Lard.

Mince the fish till very fine, carefully removing all bones and skin. Melt the butter in a saucepan and stir in gradually the flour, and the milk boiling hot, pepper, salt, nutmeg, and a little chopped parsley. Stir this all over the fire until it thickens; then add the fish. Stir ten minutes over the fire, and turn out on a dish to cool. Have the crumbs very fine, and the eggs well-beaten. Make the fish into balls and dip into the eggs, and then the crumbs. When all made up, dip each again into the egg and crumbs. Fry in boiling lard till brown. Serve very hot.

CODFISH STEAKS.

Ingredients.—Two pounds codfish, cut in steaks,
One egg,
One teacup of milk,
Salt,
Flour to make a thin batter,
Lard.

Wipe the fish on a coarse towel till dry. Mix the eggs, milk, flour and salt to a smooth batter. Into this dip each piece of fish. Fry in boiling lard to a rich brown. Serve with slices of lemon.

BREAD AND BUTTER FRITTERS.

Ingredients.—One-half pound of flour,
One teaspoonful of butter,
Two eggs,
Lard,
One-half pint of milk,
Salt,
Slices of bread, and marmalade or jam.

Make a thin batter of the eggs, flour, milk and salt. Cut the bread into very thin slices, butter each slice, spread with marmalade or jam, and double, pressing the edges close together. Dip each piece into the batter and fry till brown in boiling lard. Serve hot, powdering each fritter with sugar.

RICE PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.

Ingredients.—One-quarter pound of rice,
Three pints of milk,
Two ounces of butter,
One-quarter pound of sugar,
A little nutmeg,
One teaspoonful of flavoring.

Wash the rice and put it into a buttered dish with the milk, cold. Add other ingredients, and bake very slowly in a moderate oven three hours.

TEA CAKES.

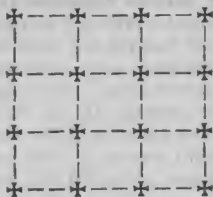
Ingredients.—One cup of sour cream,
One-half cup of sugar,
Two eggs,
Two cups of flour,
One teaspoonful of soda.

Mix to a batter and bake in small buttered tins in a very brisk oven—or in muffin rings on a well-greased, very hot griddle. Must bake quickly to be light.

HOME AMUSEMENTS AND JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

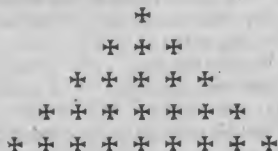
PUZZLES, ETC.

CASEMENT PUZZLE.



The first horizontal and the first perpendicular lines spell a word which is the name of a color. The second horizontal and the second perpendicular lines spell a dress. The third horizontal and the third perpendicular lines spell one of the first names in history. The fourth horizontal and the fourth perpendicular lines spell the name of a shrill cry. Each word contains but four letters; each letter being represented by a star.

PYRAMID PUZZLE.



The first is a word usually avoided by very polite people.

The second is the name of a lady.

The third means images formed by the mind.

The fourth is what is always done by the fifth.

The fifth is a friend, who is now before you.

The centrals read downwards and across are carefully cultivated by the fifth, which is the basis of this pyramid, as well as of many better things.

AN HISTORICAL ELLIPSIS.

... R ...
... R ...
... R ...
... R ...
... R ...
... R ...

Supply the omissions in the above and find:

A naval officer of the American Revolution.

A naval officer of the War of 1812.

A distinguished American author.

A Vice-President of the United States.

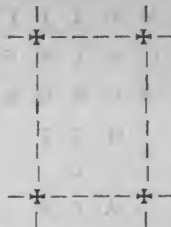
A Marshal of the French Empire.

A French Revolutionist.

RUSTIC FRAME PUZZLE.

Very many, and very bright;

Very wholesome, and inclined to fight.



The stars which represent the intersections all stand for the same letter, which is a vowel. The perpendicular lines represent words of ten letters; the horizontal words consisting of eight letters.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL SQUARE.

The square is formed of five words, each of which consists of five letters.

One of the diagonals reading downwards from left to right expresses a popular beverage. The other diagonal also reading downwards, but from right to left, signifies more than rude.

1. To change in tint or hue.

2. A term frequently used in the science of arithmetic.

3. The name of a girl.

4. At no time.

5. One who governs.

ENIGMA.

I belong to the parson, but not to his wife;
I am seen in his book, but not in his life,
I belong to his gown, but not to his band;
I am seen in his nose, but not in his hand.
I am part of his fork, but not of his knife,
And I live in his love, but not in his strife.

CHARADES.

No. 1.

My first has two legs; my second has no legs, and my whole has many legs; because my first is a bird, my second is a fish, and my whole an insect.

No. 2.

My first is an animal, and my second is an animal; my whole also is an animal—my whole being the bitter enemy of my first.

No. 3.

My second is the principal object in my first, and is also my whole, which is an object of great notoriety.

TRANSFORMATION.

I fly up into the air, giving delight to thousands, and serve as a signal both of joy, danger and triumph.

Change my head, and I am a special department of the Custom house.

Change my head again, and I am a term used in law.

Change my head, and see a jewel.

Change again, and I am part of a dress.

Change my head again, and I am an opening into which anything else is fitted.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL
NUMBER.*Answer to Hour Glass Puzzle.*

C O M B A T I V E

C O M P E E R

S U R G E

H I T

L

A F T

T R O O P

C O R O N E T

E X C U L P A T E

Answer to Geographical Arrow.

N A I R N

N E V A N N

N E W L E B A N O N

N E V I N N

N I J O N

Enigma.

The letter M.

Anagram.

Nep-tune.

Charade.

No. 1.

House-wife.

Charade.

No. 2.

Cat-a-ract (cart).

Transformation.

On:—Bon, con, don, son, ton, won, yon.

O-ri-on; on-i-on.

An Omission.

Centiped.

Word Squares.

No. 1.

A V O N

V A S E

O S S A

N E A R

No. 2.

C H I M E

H E L E N

I L I A D

M E A C O

E N D O W

GAMES.

THE MAGICAL MESSAGE.

Two partners or colleagues are required for this game, who shall have a perfect mutual understanding of the system of signs, which may, of course, be varied when necessary, to confuse the rest of the players.

One of the partners leaves the room, and the other who remains is provided with a walking stick, umbrella or staff, to serve as a magic wand.

The company then select some word which the absent member is to guess. This player is then recalled, and the magician informs him that he is expected to read by his secret power the word, which he (the magician) is about to write upon the floor. The writing is then performed with great solemnity, and an abundance of flourishes intended to distract the attention of the audience from the real scheme of the play, which is to inform the confederate by furnishing each consonant by the first letter of each sentence, and the vowels by a certain number of taps with the wand or stick.

Thus, if the word Godey should be chosen, the Magician might begin by saying with great importance:—"Give me your attention!" He will then pretend to write a word with great care, ending with four little distinct taps of his stick, which will represent "o," the fourth vowel of the alphabet. He will then very emphatically add: "Do notice what I write," closing with two taps for the second vowel or "e." Waving the wand with a great air of mystery, he may then exclaim: "You can now read that." In this manner the successive letters, G-o-d-e-y will be revealed to the colleague.

THE BAKER, OR LOAVES IN THE OVEN.

The children are ranged in Indian file according to size, the smallest child standing in front. Each player then passes his arms firmly around the waist of the person standing directly in front, thus making a strong chain. The leader of the game, who is known as the Baker, then passes up and down the line, making if possible some droll remarks as in imitation of a French or German baker, and touches each player with a stick, as if testing the condition of each loaf. The first or smallest loaf is finally decided to be done sufficiently brown, and the Baker endeavors to draw it out of the oven. All the other "loaves" resist as much as possible by preserving the chain, and when any link is broken the Baker carries off the "loaf" in triumph, places it to cool on a shelf, and returns to decide that the one next in order has also become done, and must be served in the same fashion.

HUNT THE RING.

A finger ring or small key is strung upon a piece of tape or twine sufficiently long to form a ring about which all the players may take their places. The ends of the tape are then firmly tied together. The Leader then assumes his place in the centre of the ring, while the rest of the company take hold of the tape with both hands, shifting the ring or key from one to another as cautiously as possible. When the Leader can detect the ring or key in the grasp of any one, that member must become the Leader in his stead, and serve until he finds the ring.

→*OUR ARM CHAIR.*←

MAY, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We do not answer correspondents through the BOOK. All communications requiring an answer must give name and address, and have a return stamp enclosed.

Our steel plate is another of those matchless sketches of Mr. Darley, representing Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem of The Last Leaf. An old man, who preserves the oddities of past generations in his dress and habits, finds consolation in visiting the graves of departed friends. The children find merriment in his appearance, but withal struggle hard to preserve the outward signs of respect to the aged pilgrim.

In our mammoth colored fashion plate are given all the latest Paris fashions, and the new colors which are most popular for spring; the color on Fig. 1st is an old color revived, and which promises to be the rage this spring and summer.

The diagram pattern is for a lady's jacket bodice; the full size for this bodice is given, and it can be worn as a street jacket by young ladies who dislike outside wraps that do not show off their figures to advantage.

We give in our pages of fashions, more if possible, than our usual variety of street and house dresses for ladies, the beauty and style of which make each one a good model to copy; the popular Redingote is also given, no outside wrap for some time being as popular as this now is. Bonnets, coiffures, and lingerie are given in variety; and those mothers who are about preparing the spring and summer wardrobes for their little ones, will find in these pages whatever garment they desire.

The music this month is a sacred piece, "Flee as a bird," and is very beautiful.

Our colored novelty page is a design for a tidy to be worked in Java canvas; it is of two sweeps, the smallest one is ready with scraper to mount the ladder and commence his work, while the larger one, with his broom, also looks as if he intended, as far as he was concerned, that the work to be done should be a success.

The work department is full of all the latest styles of fancy work, among which is a beautiful design for a plush table cover, now so fashionable; a housewife worked in crewels; basket for soiled linen, towel, drawn work and embroidery, and many other designs.

Our literary columns are fully up to their usual high standard; our two serials increase in interest—we are daily receiving compliments in reference to them; there is also the usual rich variety of sketches and poems by popular and rising authors.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. because it is sweet and stops their stomach ache. Mothers like **Castoria** because it gives **health to the child and rest to themselves**, and Physicians use **Castoria** because it contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

ATLANTIC CITY.

When the mild spring breezes are beginning to hint at the approach of the summer heat, the American people, who seem to consider it an impossibility to remain in the crowded cities during June, July and August, look about them for the most healthful as well as the most pleasant resort for a summer holiday. Amid the many that offer attractions, it is now generally acknowledged that there is no one combining so many advantages as Atlantic City, the wondrous sea-side child of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad.

It is within the memory of those who are far from being the "oldest inhabitants," that Absecon Beach was a locality little known, and still less counted as an attractive spot. Some few sportsmen resorted to it for shooting or fishing, but they little dreamed of the busy city, the fashionable crowds that were soon to flock to the scene in search of pleasure or health.

It is to the Camden and Atlantic railroad enterprise that these pleasure seekers and invalids owe the development of the beauties and advantages of this lovely seaside city, that has been so aptly called the "Florida of the North." The managers of the road, with true liberality, bent all their energies to making the many advantages of the locality known, and as they were recognized, to offering every facility of travel to those seeking them.

The great advantages of Atlantic City as a resort for invalids we have already dwelt upon in a previous article, but it is not out of place here to add the opinion of some of our best physicians.

J. V. SHOEMAKER, M. D., 1031 Walnut street, Physician in charge of Pennsylvania Free Dispensary.

"I can cheerfully testify to the beneficial influence exerted upon a large class of affections by the uniform temperature and fine air of Atlantic City. The facilities for the hot, cold, warm and tepid baths, are unsurpassed, and have here given great relief to a large number of sufferers whom I have sent there at all seasons of the year."

From R. J. LEVIS, M. D., N. W. Cor. Walnut and 16th Sts. Surgeon to the Pennsylvania Hospital and to the Jefferson College Hospital.

"I prefer Atlantic City to all other seaside health resorts. For the merits, general salubrity and dryness of atmosphere, accessibility, and excellent accommodation for patients during the winter and spring months, it is elsewhere unequaled on our coast."

JOSEPH LEIDY, M. D., 1302 Filbert street, Prof. of Anatomy, University of Pa.

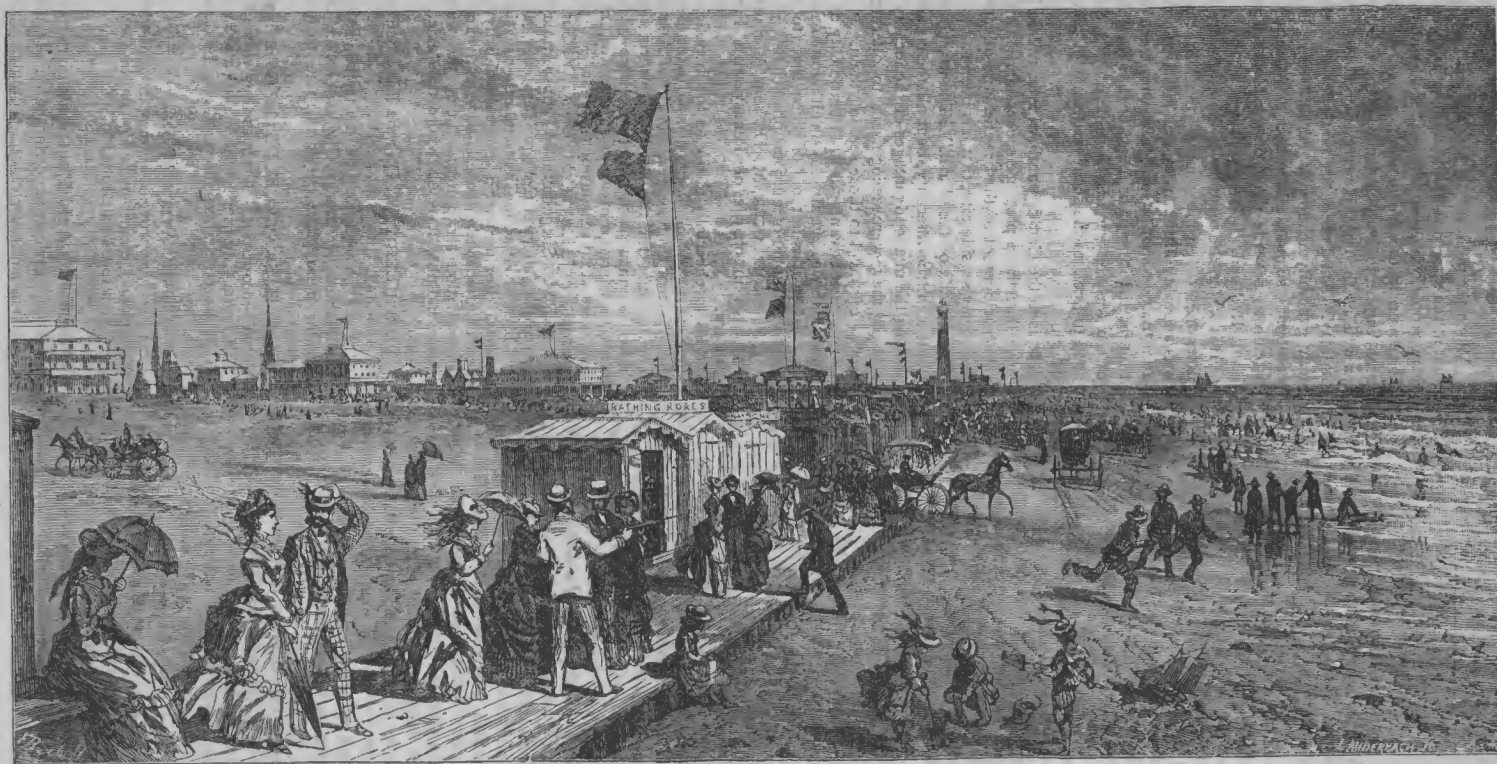
"I am pleased to give my testimony as to the healthfulness of Atlantic City as a place of resort. I know of no place better adapted to invalids in general."

G. B. H. SWAYZE, M. D., 1828 Columbia avenue. "When our people learn the hygienic advantages of Atlantic City as a health resort, they will cease to go great distances for what may be obtained at their very doors."

WALTER F. ATLEE, M. D.

"I highly approve of sending invalids with certain diseases and disturbances to Atlantic City, and am glad often to be able to do so."

Horsford's Acid Phosphate gives speedy benefit for night sweats of consumption. It strengthens the nerves and muscles, and promotes recovery.



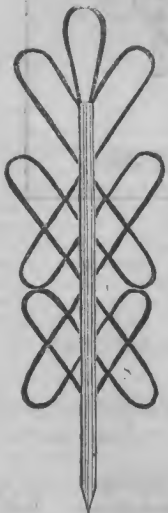
ON THE BEACH AT ATLANTIC CITY.

HINTS ON HOME ADORNMENT.

Nothing adds so great a charm to a home as healthy growing plants; they beautify and brighten the plainest, dreariest room, and if properly cared for, will flourish as luxuriantly in the cottage of a day-laborer, as in the costly conservatory of a millionaire.

To some persons in out-of-the-way places, where even such common-place articles as earthen flower pots cannot be very easily procured, it may be interesting to know that plants generally grow *better* in tin fruit or meat cans, than in earthen pots. The ordinary earthen flower-pots, being porous, permit the moisture to evaporate; and the earth becoming hot and dry, settles and cakes around the roots of the plant, and thus it becomes sickly. When tin cans are used, a hole should be bored in the bottom for drainage; and before the plant is put in, a few bits of charcoal should be laid in under the earth which holds the root. These cans, when nicely painted by the amateur gardener, are quite ornamental. The tall cans, about fifteen inches high, in which cooked cornbeef is sold, are very good for the purpose; they are square with flattened corners. As they would be too deep for most plants, they are generally cut down—taking off about six inches—and the upper edge of the remaining part is cut in points (two inches long), which are bent outwards, thus making an odd and fanciful receptacle for a plant. The peculiarly shaped, corrugated gunpowder cans, may sometimes be procured from civil engineers; and these, when painted, make very pretty flower pots. Tin hand basins—those which are nicely shaped and rounded without rims at the bottom—when painted and hung by chains make excellent and pretty hanging baskets; and tasteful trellises for ivy and other house plants can be made of hoop-skirt wire, which should be painted black or very dark green. See Figure 1. Take an old

Fig. 1.



hoop-skirt, throw it into a brisk "bonfire," by means of which the covering of the wires will be burned off and the wire be found to have become annealed by this process, therefore pliable after it is cooled. The central rod of the trellis shown in Figure 1 is of wood, with holes drilled in it laterally, and through these the wire is passed back and forth. Where the wires meet, at points each side of this support, they are fastened together by means of very fine annealed wire wound over them like cord, and finally the whole is painted.

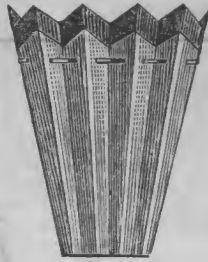
Pretty covers for old and discolored flower-pots are made by folding paper fan-fashion, gumming the ends together, and running a colored zephyr through the flutes

at the top, to keep it in shape. See Figure 2.

A fernery is a very satisfactory thing, and

can be made for a small sum. A square zinc-

Fig. 2.

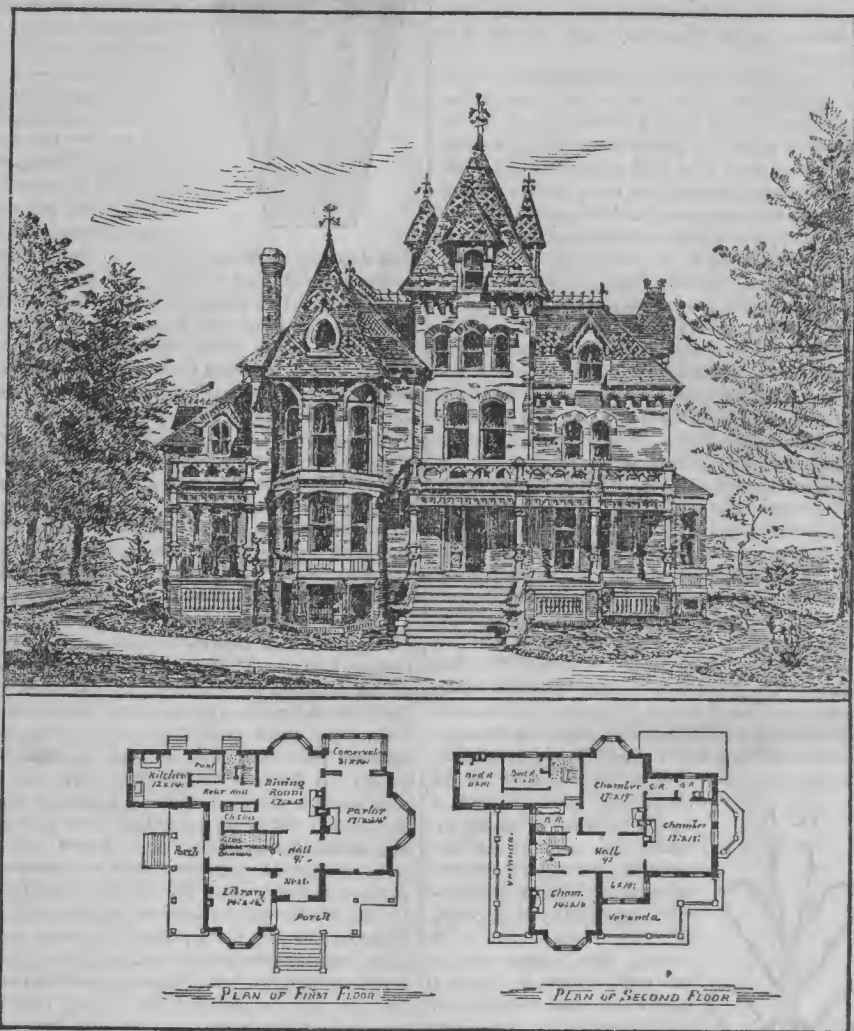


lined box six inches deep should be made to hold the earth; the sides of the box of window glass; while the top, also of glass—pointed like the roof of a house—should be made so that it can be lifted off occasionally, to give the plants an airing. Though they require a great deal of moisture, and that which

runs down keeps them supplied so that a regular watering is not often needed, yet if fresh air is not admitted once in a couple of weeks mould will collect, and the roots will become "sour." Plants suitable for one of these "Wardian cases," as they are called, may be found in the woods, well covered with dead leaves, as late as December. It is best to take up *small* ferns, as they will grow rapidly under the glass, and the mitchella with its red berries will look very pretty with them. "Gold thread" is a pretty plant for the purpose, and hepatica, as it will bloom towards spring. When the plants are set in their places, cover the roots with leaf mould and then with the greenest mosses you can find; and your fernery will become a delight to your eyes, and constantly grow in grace and beauty.

The common conch-shells, which are found on the New Jersey and Delaware beaches, make pretty hanging baskets. Each one should have three holes drilled in it, one for drainage, and one at each end for the wires by means of which they are suspended; then, when three such shells—each containing a different plant—are hung together, the effect is excellent. A Nautilus shell hung by wires and filled with sand, in which pressed fern leaves are placed, so that they will stand upright and look as if growing, makes an exceedingly pretty winter ornament for a room when suspended from a chandelier, or before a window, where the light will strike through the delicate leaves, and shimmer on the pearly shell. Ferns can be very easily pressed by merely placing them between newspapers and under weights. It is best to have two sets of papers, so the leaves may be taken out and placed between fresh ones every two days—if this is not done they will become discolored, and lose their bright green. If gathered too early in the season, ferns will turn black while pressing; after the middle of July is generally the best time to collect them, as by that time they become tougher and firmer. The long, trailing sprays of the Hartford fern are generally very difficult to press, and many persons facilitate this process by running the vines through a clothes-wringer. Cut a number of newspapers in strips six or eight inches wide, and lay them between two thin boards of the same width and length, then carry this with you into the woods and put the vines into your "long drawn net" and odd book as you gather them, and you will have no trouble. Weights must be placed on this after you reach home, of course.

E. B. C.



A TWO-STORY GOTHIC VILLA.

DRAWN expressly for GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, by Isaac H. Hobbs & Son, Architects,
520 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

The design is just finished under our superintendence. It is solidly and substantially built under our superintendence. It has fine limestone cellar walls and base to principal floor. The superstructure is bricks rubbed down and painted. It is complete with plumbing, heaters and gas

pipng. Well-finished, inside shutters throughout. The cost, including all extra work and our fees, was less than \$8,500.

We endeavor to obtain maximum beauty at minimum expense in all of our designs. Built for Mrs. A. Somerville, at Winchester, Va.

RESULTS OF VIVISECTION.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS.

PROF. MOTT SHOWS HOW PEOPLE ARE TAKING POISON IN THEIR DAILY FOOD—A PROLIFIC SOURCE OF DYSPEPSIA SCIENTIFICALLY DEMONSTRATED.

From the New York Tribune.

A series of highly interesting experiments with dogs has been lately made by Professor Mott, and in the *Scientific American* of February 7th, a detailed account is given. The disclosures are so unpleasant and startling, coming home as they do to every one, that we believe they should be given the greatest publicity. The effort Dr. Mott is making to purify our articles of kitchen use should receive the support of every thinking man and woman. There has been too much indifference on this subject—an indifference that has resulted in Americans earning the title of "a race of dyspeptics." Poison, year after year, is introduced into the stomach with a criminal disregard to consequences that is appalling. If every purveyor of domestic supplies will carefully consider the result of Dr. Mott's experiments, as detailed in the *Scientific American*, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of these evils will be corrected.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCE AGAINST ALUM IN FOOD.

Dr. Mott says: "The introduction of alum in flour, for various purposes, has been a trick of the baker for the past 100 years. Fortunately for society, its introduction is limited now to a few unscrupulous bakers. In England, France and Germany, it is an offense punishable by fine and imprisonment to use alum in any connection with articles of food. It should be so in America."

The Royal Baking Powder Company, of this city, a long-established corporation, celebrated for the absolute purity of their goods, some time ago commenced a vigorous warfare against many of their competitors who were indulging in hurtful adulteration. The contest excited great interest in scientific circles, in which Prof. Angell, Dr. Mott and other leading lights took a very prominent part. The experiments of Dr. Mott are a result of this discussion, and go to prove conclusively that the most dangerous adulteration that a community has to guard against is alum in baking powders. In his paper, the Doctor says: "It was with difficulty I found a suitable place to conduct the experiments so that the animals would not disturb the neighborhood; but, through the courtesy of the Commissioners of the Dock Department, I secured a shed on the premises, foot of Sixteenth Street and East River. This shed I had completely remodeled into a suitable house, having the dimensions of about 16x14x12 feet. Sixteen stalls were made inside, having the dimensions of 3½x2x2½ feet. The bottom of each compartment was covered with straw, making a pleasant bed for the dogs. I then secured 16 dogs from the Pound, which were all carefully examined to see if they were in a perfect state of health. None but the strong, healthy dogs were selected. The breed, age, food, color and weight of every dog was carefully noted. Each dog was then confined to a stall and securely chained, and they all received a number from 1 to 16. I commenced my experiments on the 9th of September, and finished December 3. My assistant was with the dogs from morning until night, and never left the animals without first securely bolting and locking the dog-house. No stranger was allowed to enter the house unaccompanied either by myself or my assistant, and the dogs never received a mouthful of food or anything else from any one except from my assistant or myself. I will now detail the result of my experiments;

"Dog No. 1.—Breed of dog, coach. Age 1 year. Health, perfect. Food, bread and crackers. Color, spotted black and white. Weight, 35 pounds.

"To this dog, on the morning of the 9th of September, was given eight biscuits at 8:10 o'clock. The biscuits were made by myself as follows: One quart sifted flour, 20 tea-

spoons alum baking powder, 2 cups water, 1 tablespoon butter: 22 biscuits made, weighing 27 ounces; time of baking, 20 minutes.

"At 11:30, just three hours and twenty minutes, the dog was taken very sick, vomiting profusely; his vim and brightness of eye had departed, and he trembled considerably in his limbs."

Experiments were then made upon three dogs with biscuits containing only 10 teaspoonfuls of alum baking powder. The result indicated that some animals are more liable to yield to the effects of poisonous substances than others are. When, on the other hand, three other dogs were fed with biscuits made with pure cream of tartar baking powder, no ill effects were experienced. They ate and ate with an evident relish, day after day, and even whined for more.

It was next necessary to discover what effect alum has on the solvent power of the gastric juice. In order to obtain some pure gastric juice, a curious device was resorted to. Dr. Mott sent several dogs to Prof. Arnold, Medical Department of the University of New York, who inserted a small metallic tube directly through the skin and into the stomach of each one of them. When the dogs were in a perfectly healthy condition, Prof. Arnold sent to Dr. Mott some gastric juice, which was produced by tickling the lining of the stomach of the dogs with a feather or glass rod, which caused the gastric juice to flow out of the tube into a receptacle placed underneath the dog to receive it.

Dr. Mott, aided by Prof. Schedler, then began some experiments with the four samples of gastric juice which he had received from Prof. Arnold, to discover the effect of the gastric juice in which alum had been dissolved upon fibrine, a white, very easily digested substance, having a basis of coagulated blood. The fibrine was imperfectly digested, and the experiments were very important, as showing that alum can check the digestion of so easily digested a substance as fibrine. They indicated, therefore, how dangerous it is to introduce these two salts into our stomachs, if we do not wish to excite indigestion and dyspepsia. Further experiments showed that the digestive power of the gastric juice is entirely destroyed by alum, so far as its power of dissolving the more indigestible substances, like the boiled white of an egg, is concerned.

Dr. Mott then determined to learn whether alumina could be found in the various organs of the body if a dog was fed with hydrate of alumina. He found a considerable quantity of the stuff in the blood, liver, kidneys and heart.

The Doctor goes on to describe the different symptoms exhibited by these dogs, as they passed through almost every phase of animal agony until they were left in a complete state of physical prostration. To those especially interested in the details of this subject, the article in the *Scientific American* supplement will give most complete information, and we will spare the sympathetic reader the account of the sufferings of these dumb brutes.

Dr. Mott's conclusions, after making these experiments, are of vital interest to every one who either makes or eats bread, and therefore concern all.

"These experiments," said he recently, while speaking before the American Chemical Society, "clearly demonstrate that the salts left in the biscuit when a cream of tartar baking powder is used are perfectly harmless, but when an alum baking powder is used are very dangerous; for in every case where dogs were fed on biscuits made with such powders the dogs were made very sick, causing them to vomit profusely, lose all energy, and show weakness in their limbs."

It is a clear and triumphant corroboration of the assertions of the Royal Baking Powder Company, that entitles them to the gratitude and support of the community they are endeavoring to protect. As they claim, and Dr. Mott has shown, bread made of alum is totally unfit for human or animal food. 'Tis true in the bread of domestic consumption there may not be as large a proportion of baking powders as was in the bread used by Dr. Mott, and that accounts for the fact that the symptoms in the reader are not so well defined as they were in the experiments in question. How many there are of our immediate friends suffering from this evil, scientific investigation will alone reveal; but many a lingering and suffering invalid, with no defined idea of his trouble, can easily trace it to its source by stopping the use of alum powders, substituting some brand like the Royal Baking Powder, whose manufacturers have a competent chemist in their exclusive employ, who rigidly analyzes every ingredient before its incorporation into their powder. The old cry of "honesty being the best policy" may be worn threadbare, but its truth will hold forever; and while adulterations and short weights abound, it is a pleasure to see at least one in the trade strenuously endeavoring to give full weights and pure goods.

FASHIONS.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent application for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

The publishers of the *LADY'S BOOK* have no interest in this department, and know nothing of its transactions; and, whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the Fashion Editor does not know.

Orders accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, are to be addressed to the care of the Godey's Lady's Book Publishing Company (Limited).

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editors nor the Publishers will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of violet Chinese crape and Pekin satin and silk. The underskirt has the front breadth puffed, the whole skirt being edged with a box plaited ruffle. The overdress is double the upper apron being of the crape trimmed with fringe; the lower one, of the Pekin. Basque bodice with vest at the upper part and reverse of Pekin, it is fastened at the waist with several buttons, open below with a puffed piece underneath and fastened with loops and ends. Bonnet of violet straw, trimmed with feathers and satin ribbon, lined inside with shirred satin.

Fig. 2.—Evening dress of blue silk made in the princess shape, low corsage and short sleeves, the skirt is trimmed with four knife plaitings. Drapery over the skirt of white satin de Lyon, made to fall in a very long train in the back, with roses scattered over it, bouquets of roses and foliage loop the skirt up. Berthe of white lace with roses between. Hair arranged in chatelaine braids fastened by a large bouquet of roses.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress of wood-brown camel's hair. It is made with two skirts, the lower one trimmed with a plaited ruffle headed with a band of India cashmere in bright colors; the same edges the overskirt. Coat of the cashmere colors, the edge trimmed with fringe. Collar of white lace and jabot coming down to the waist. Hat of chip, the color of dress, trimmed with a bird and long feather to correspond in colors with the coat.

Fig. 4.—Dinner dress of pink silk made in the princess shape, with bodice cut V shape, and elbow sleeves. The skirt has three draperies upon it of striped silk and satin gauze edged with Mechlin lace, a plastron of lace up the front of skirt with large ribbon bows between it; ribbon bows also loop the skirt at intervals. The trimming on bodice sleeves and upper part of skirt is composed of white crape embroidered with roses, and edged with Mechlin lace.

Fig. 5.—Walking dress of navy blue, and pale blue silk and damassé. The dress is of the navy blue silk trimmed around the skirt with one box plaited ruffle, and up the front breadth with alternate puffs and ruffles of the two shades. The drapery across the front and in the back is of the Damassé of the lighter shade, fastened in front by loops and ends of ribbon. The bodice is trimmed to appear like a square neck with a puff, collar of the damassé. Straw bonnet trimmed with feathers and flowers.

Fig. 6.—Suit for child of four years made of Prussian blue chally, the dress is cut gored so as to represent a coat, is trimmed with satin, and can have a pique dress underneath or not, as the wishes of the mother may decide. White chip hat bound with velvet of the same shade as dress and long white feather.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Scarf for the neck of black lace, worked with cashmere colors, and finished on the ends with fringe of the various colors.

Fig. 2 and 3.—Front and back view of ladies' walking dress composed of caroubier satin, and gray wool chevoit. The skirt is kilted satin, the overdress and jacket of the chevoit; the overdress is draped at the sides. Jacket bodice, fastened at the sides over a satin vest likewise kilted. Narrow sleeves, trimmed to the elbow with plaited satin.

Fig. 4.—Walking dress for girl of twelve years, made of cotton faille Severs blue with bouquets of pink flowers over it. The dress is made with an underskirt trimmed with three plaited ruffles, and a polonaise looped very high. White chip hat trimmed with blue ribbon and pink roses.

Fig. 5.—Lady's glove of black kid, feather-stitched with fine silver cord, and ornamented with three rows of silver lace, from beneath which the kid is cut away.

Fig. 6 and 7.—Front and back of afternoon dress of moss green silk, and woolen brocade, moss green and blue. The skirt is kilted and bordered with satin plaitings. The upper skirt, is tied at the right side, shows at the hip a brocade panier, it is much draped and falls in puffs in the back and is mixed with brocade. Basque bodice of the brocade forming in the back a long plaited habit basque, it has satin plaiting upon the hips, and a gathered half vest of satin.

Fig. 8.—Mourning jewelry and lingerie chatelaine, of jet beads, with a hook, on which is suspended a watch.

Fig. 9.—Cuff, of crêpe lisse and white lace, to match. Fig. 13.

Fig. 10.—Peasant fichu of black illusion with a pleated ruffle trimming it.

Fig. 11.—Fichu of white crêpe, black crêpe, and black blonde. On the fichu are placed two plaitings of black crêpe, two of white, and a piece of pleated white blonde between the two. A coquillé of white crêpe covered with blonde makes the jabot and a bias of white crepe to fasten it.

Fig. 12.—Cuff to match Fig. 11.

Fig. 13.—Flat collar of crêpe lisse. The collar is

of festooned crêpe, with deep flat points of narrow white lace under the festoons. The lower part is of pleated crêpe lisse. White lace under this pleating.

Fig. 14.—Walking dress made of nut brown silk, with ruffles embroidered in colors trimming the two skirts. Redingote of écreu cloth, trimmed with a narrow binding of narrow brown satin, and brown wood buttons. Écreu chip bonnet trimmed with brown satin and bird.

Fig. 15.—Walking dress of pongee and damassé, the front of skirt is made entirely of the pongee, the back of the damassé, the jacket is of the damassé with plaitings of the pongee between the points in back. White chip bonnet trimmed with cashmere colors, ribbon, and feather.

Fig. 16.—Fashionable mode of arranging the hair composed of puff, short curls and waved bandeaux.

Fig. 17.—Small Frisette for the front of head.

Fig. 18.—False chignon, two plaits are crossed on the neck with a bow above it. Three little crescents in the plaits.

Fig. 19.—Waved curls; it is impossible to know they are false, being on tulle over silk, looking exactly like the head.

Fig. 20.—Evening coiffure, the back hair is curled and falls on the back; it is fastened near the neck with a bow of ribbon. The bands are crossed on the neck forming two curls, which are raised to the back of the head, where they are fastened with an ornamental pin.

Figs. 21 and 22.—Jet pin and earring.

Figs. 23 and 24.—Front and back view of dress for child of three years, made of wool damassé pale blue and écreu. The front is gored, the back laid in box plaits. Collar, cuffs, pocket, and strap in back are trimmed with écreu lace.

Fig. 25.—Walking dress for a girl of ten years made of mummy cloth in cashmere colors. It is made with a plain skirt and polonaise, looped up with different colored ribbons. White chip hat trimmed with different colored ribbons and feather.

Fig. 26.—Sailor suit for boy, made of white flannel braided with navy blue. Sailor hat of white straw, blue ribbon.

Fig. 27.—Hat of black chip trimmed with old gold satin, feather and jet ornament.

Fig. 28.—Tuscan straw bonnet with gay colors run through it, trimmed with black lace worked with bright colors and a bird of bright plumage. Satin strings.

Fig. 29.—Brown chip bonnet trimmed with feather satin and owls head.

Fig. 30.—Violet straw bonnet, trimmed with satin of two shades, shaded feathers and white lace satin strings.

Fig. 31.—Fashionable mode of trimming dress sleeve, with folds of satin, damassé and ribbon bow.

Fig. 32.—Fashionable mode of trimming dress sleeve, with plaited lace and satin folds.

Fig. 33.—Evening coiffure, arranged in puffs and bow, with loose braid flowing in back, wreath of flowers in front.

Figs. 34 and 35.—Front and back view of ladies

dress made of blue wool goods and damassé. The lower skirt is trimmed with three narrow plaitings with a deep bias band of the damassé above them in front. The overskirt is trimmed with one plaiting. The basque is added of the damassé, collar and cuffs of it.

Fig. 36.—Scent bottle of cut crystal, with bronze stopper set in silver, and suspended from the waist with an ornamental silver chain.

Fig. 37.—Jet hatchet to ornament the hair or a bonnet.

Fig. 38.—Pearl earring.

Fig. 39.—Coiffure for a young girl, plain in front, hanging in loose puffs and bow in back.

Fig. 40.—Dress for young lady made of figured and plain foulard silk. The underskirt is of the figured with narrow plaited ruffle of the plain edging it. The overdress of the plain, jacket of the figured trimmed with plain.

Fig. 41.—Dress for young lady made of cotton goods plain lilac, and trimmed with the same goods in cashmere colors. The underskirt is trimmed with a pleated ruffle, the overdress with a band of the figured. The vest and trimming of basque are also of the figured.

Fig. 42.—Passementerie ornament for dress or cloak.

Fig. 43.—Sailor suit for boy of four years made of navy blue cloth trimmed with white braid. Straw hat.

Fig. 44.—Dress for girl of five years made of white pique, and trimmed with embroidered ruffling.

Fig. 45.—Highland suit for boy of seven years, made of green and blue plaid cloth, plaid stockings, straw hat.

Fig. 46.—Suit for boy of three years, made of écreu camel's hair, cut gored with skirt set on in back in box plaits. It is trimmed with brown velvet and ribbon bows. Straw hat trimmed with brown velvet.

Diagram pattern of jacket bodice for lady. Our pattern will make up a useful traveling or dress bodice. It consists of five pieces, half of front, half of back, collar, sleeve and pocket. It is double breasted, and the buttons may be either metal or the same as the jacket. The skirt is kilt plaited to the knee and the overskirt is draped as a panier.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR MAY.

There is a very decided tendency this spring to a return to comparative simplicity in street costumes. This simplicity, however, appears rather in the cut and make of dresses than in the materials of which they are composed. These materials are generally a plain, self-colored woolen fabric, combined with a fancy armure or other figured tissue; either all wool or wool and silk, in tiny brocaded or floriated pattern, and in various but alternated shades of color. A favorite combination is that of a small pattern in old gold or orange color over a bronze or dark blue ground, with some self-colored material in plain dark green or blue. The basque bodice, or coat, are the favorite styles for bodices, while the dress is made very plain, with perhaps merely a fluted or

hollow pleated flounce around the bottom. This coat is made of the figured material, with facings, collar and pocket flaps of the plain material, of which the skirt is made entirely. Occasionally a bias band of the same material is put on, by way of heading, to the trimming around the bottom of the skirt. A second skirt is sometimes worn with the basque bodice, but it is made very simply, without any trimming but a few rows of stitching or a bias band of fancy material.

A neat and pretty costume is of peacock blue cashmere. The basque bodice has a square plastron of silk and satin striped Pekin of two shades of the same blue; below this plastron it is double-breasted, and fasted with a double row of enamel gilt buttons. At the top the bodice is finished by a plain turn-down square collar of the cashmere. The sleeves are tight, rounded off, and open at the bottom, with a fluting of the Pekin. The back is slit open twice, and pleated in three hollow pleats. A second skirt is of plain cashmere draped in curved pleats in front, and a full tournure at the back, over an underskirt, trimmed round the bottom with a deep fluting of the striped Pekin.

The same pattern looks well in beige material, with seal brown Pekin, or in bronze chally, with myrtle green brocaded or floriated silk.

A visting dress is of fancy silk, in stripes of two shades, of brown, brocaded with a tiny pattern in old gold color; the dress is princess shaped at the back, being continued into a short train, draped up with enormous bows of plain noisette brown satin, over an under train of plain brown silk. In front the bodice is finished in a peak; and the skirt is of shirred brown silk, divided by three pleated scarfs of the brocaded silk, which are crossed over it, and finished at the bottom with a fluting. Small collar of brown silk, tight sleeves, with band and fluting of brown silk.

Another very elegant visiting dress is of Russian gray India cashmere, and gray silk brocaded with tinted blue flowers. The toilet consists of an under-dress of cashmere, and a habit or coat of the brocaded silk. The entire dress is arranged into deep but not very full puffings, divided one from the other by treble rows of shirring, except at the back, where it is trimmed with two scarfs draped and intersected around the bottom there is a narrow fluting. The coat is trimmed around the neck with a deep square turned down collar, below which it remains widely open, showing the puffed and shirred bodice of the under dress, with deep facings, trimmed like the collar with a very narrow fluting of plain gray satin; at the waist it is crossed over and fastened with a double row of three buttons; the basque is squared off, then continued into a long, narrow lappet on either side, edged with a satin fluting. Behind the coat has one basque, separate from the side lapels, and turned up on either side in pointed revers, fastened down with buttons. The same narrow fluting of gray satin is continued around the edges of this basque. The coat sleeves, very tight, of the brocaded silk, have a deep facing formed of five small puffings and fluted edgings of gray satin.

Dark shades still continue to be more fashionable

for general wear than light ones. Dark marine blues, brownish reds, dark dull greens and reddish purples are the most fashionable tints. In many instances a *soupcou* of old gold or reddish orange color lightens them up.

Violet is also a fashionable color this spring, and that in all its shades, from the color of an iris to the soft hues of the Parmese violet and the Persian lilac. It is a sweet and lovely color in itself, but very rarely becoming to the complexion. For evening wear it must be of a pinkish tint, or else it is not at all pretty by gaslight.

At a late wedding the bridesmaids' dresses were of lilac Indian cashmere and silk armure. The skirts were kilted around the bottom. A second skirt opened over the first with facings of the armure silk, draped at the back with clusters of loops of satin. The bodices were made cuirasse fashion, packed in front, and with a postillion basque behind, all bound around with armure silk; they were trimmed with draperies of armure silk arranged in the shape of a fichu, finished with a bow of satin and edge around the throat with a *ruche* of silk tulle. The tight sleeves, with armure silk facings, were finished with a similar *ruche*. Bouquets of white roses were fastened near the left shoulders.

The favorite style of mantle this spring is the mantilla rather than the paletot. The mantlet, in the shape of a cape behind, fastened close to the waist by ribbons sewn on inside and tied in front, and falling in square or pointed lappets in front, is one of the most fashionable models. The materials are black cashmere, gros grain silk or Sicilienne; the trimming, waved silk or crimped braid fringe, beaded passementerie or brocaded galloons, embroidery, lace, or satin.

In the way of jackets the most popular model is the sportsman's jacket, rather short, half-fitting behind, loose in front, with square basques, a quantity of pockets of all shapes and sizes, and a profusion of fancy buttons. They are made of light cloth, are either double or single breasted, and have a deep collar and revers.

Then another popular style is the English shape. They are mostly skirted coats, with the horizontal seams which joins the waist and skirt directly at the waist line instead of below it. They are of medium length, as they are intended for general wear and not for dress occasions. The fronts are double-breasted, yet the revers collar comes quite close to the throat; and the novel feature of these coats is the curved front of the skirts, instead of the cut away bias slope worn last year. The back is quite closely fitted by a short side form, is open in the middle seam below the waist, is folded or has a lapel in the other seams, has square pocket flaps on the waist line, and two large buttons in the side form seams. These details, it will be seen, are exactly those of a gentleman's morning coat, and the edges are finished with machine stitching, or else turned up and faced like masculine garments. The cloth used is cheviot and English homespun of light qualities in small checks and narrow stripes of light tan shades, coachman's drab, snuff brown and pearl gray. These light colors are very much more worn than black and dark blue jackets, and are

worn with dresses of almost any color. Large smoked pearl buttons with eyes in the centre are used upon these jackets.

The genuine Chinese crapes, like those in Canton crape shawls, are imported this season in all colors to combine with silk or satin for elegant costumes; they come in pale tints, and in coachman's drab, heliotrope, and black; they make a very elegant and serviceable dress, but expensive, as they cost from \$2.25 per yard upwards, and are very narrow.

A novelty is the summer satin De Lyon, which is almost transparent, and may be classed among thin goods. The surface is lustrous, and as closely woven as if twilled, and will make up very handsomely in combination with heavy satin.

Soft figured silks are used to combine with the Chinese crapes; they have very quaintly contrasting colors arranged in the design; thus cream color will have Japanese blue and bronze figures, a *ciel* blue ground will have brown and *écru* figures, and old gold will be strewn with pale blue.

Wool grenadines come in pretty designs of bars that look like hem-stitching, and in many lace patterns, these come in all the light and dark shades worn as well as black.

The fine dressy grenadines that have a great deal of silk in them are made to have a lustre of satin, and are usually brocaded and have lace-like patterns. Sometimes only one stripe is brocaded, while that next it has lace like effect; other patterns have large detached figures, flowers, or feathers. Great oval lozenge-shaped satin figures are strewn on lace-like grounds and polka dots are in the square open meshes.

The handkerchief dresses this spring are much prettier than those worn last summer. Instead of the gay bandana plaids of Madras cloths, they are now made of Scotch ginghams, woven in handkerchiefs that have the centre plain and of a single quiet color, while the gay striped border is of some color that contrasts prettily with it. These handkerchief squares are all woven in a piece, and require twenty to make a costume. Very coquettish costumes are made of these for mornings at summer resorts. For instance, one of blue handkerchiefs bordered with pink has a Tallien overskirt opening on the left of the front, from the belt down, to show three wide pleated flounces, each bordered on the lower skirt; the back of the overskirt is then prettily draped. The waist is a pleated and belted basque. There is a large box pleat in the middle with three side pleats on each side of it; this in back and front alike. In making it up the handkerchiefs are so arranged that the bordered part passes around the waist line, and makes the figure look prettily tapered. The collar is a deep sailor square at the back, and this with the cuffs is made of the border. A white canvas belt, not more than an inch wide, with a leather buckle, is worn with such waists. The parasol is of the blue handkerchiefs with pink silesia lining, and the chip round hat is trimmed with forget-me-nots and roses.

For summer wraps there are small round pelerine capes made of many rows of pleated black thread lace, with jet insertion between the rows, and jet

fringe on the edge. A stylish novelty is the black grenadine scarf mantle, with its Medicis ruffs of lace around the neck and about the shoulders; jet fringe edges the shell-like lace trimming at the waist line behind, and the fronts have long pointed ends, and are tied at the waist by a bow of satin ribbon. Spanish lace scarfs, two and a half or three yards long and about a yard wide, are imported to wear in the picturesque fashions of Spanish women. There are also small fichus of black Spanish lace, and many three cornered wraps like small mantles, as well as the familiar three cornered shawls of larger size.

China crape scarfs, large enough for mantles, are shown covered with embroidery. They come in black, plain and pale colors, the embroidery being done in gay colors representing natural flowers and foliage, done in the long stitches of India needle work.

Among the many pretty novelties for summer wear are round hats, scarf mantles, and fans of white muslin trimmed with lace. The hats are of most picturesque shapes with soft crowns, not lined, and indented brims shaped by wires, and covered with open work embroidery, imitating the Irish point lace. A cluster of large flowers and a few knots of satin ribbon complete the trimming. India muslin, organdy, and the glossy silk muslins are used for these hats; some are also made of the black muslin, trimmed with open work and a cluster of yellow buttercups, daisies, or perhaps a sunflower.

The white muslin mantle is in scarf shape, and is much larger than those worn last summer. It is shaped at the shoulders to make it fit properly, and the wide ends hang almost to the feet in front. It is trimmed with many rows of lace, either Languedoc or Breton.

The new feather fan is in Spanish style, and consists of three very long and full ostrich feathers, mounted in a slender fan and fastened by satin ribbon bows. Two pale blue plumes, with one of rose color between them, makes a beautiful fan; and others are composed of two black feathers with a yellow one in the middle. They are worn suspended from the waist by a chatelaine of satin ribbon of the most conspicuous color in the fan.

For the street are square beaded collars, either of jet or rainbow beads, with a full fraise of black lace above them. Black Spanish lace scarfs are revived for wearing close about the throat like a muffler outside warps. For ladies, whose complexions allow the use of a great deal of white muslin, scarfs of India mull trimmed with lace are worn; also square handkerchiefs with hems of hemstitching around them. Brunettes, and all ladies with sallow complexions, use the *écru*-tinted muslins, and laces that look as if they had been dipped in coffee, or else they confine themselves to the black neck wear, that is always stylish and nearly always becoming.

Persian veiling is the novelty for veils this spring. It is black net of very fine quality, edged with Persian colors, given by India embroidery, or else by rainbow beads. It is quite narrow and is worn as a mask veil, or else as the long scarf veil that crosses behind the head, and is tied in a great bow under the chin.

Ne' collarettes of lace for the house have a large square-cornered collar of lace turned over in the back, and above this is a fraise quite high about the neck, while in front is a large irregular bow in Directory style. Ivory white satin is tied in tiny white bows, one of which rests on one corner of the lace collar, and another is put in front at the throat. The large size and the irregular look of these Directory bows make up their style. When they are worn, they make the simplest toilette look dressy, and they do away with the need of elaborate trimming on the waist of the dress. The new French breakfast caps are in most varied shapes. The Fanchon is again used, and is universally becoming. The novelty, however, is a muslin drapery at the back, shaped like a Spanish veil, and with ends crossing in front below the chin. Flowers in small clusters and fringed satin ribbons trim the dainty Fanchon of lace. Sometimes dark red satin and cream color are most effectively combined in the trimming; and again there are three large crushed roses across the top, two of which are dark red with a creamy tea rose in the centre.

The New white Hamburg embroideries for trimming summer dresses for children, are in the open designs known as English work. Compasses, stars, wheels, diamonds, squares, palms, arabesques and Greek borders are all made in the newest edgings and insertions, and to vary these are both architectural and floriated patterns, with arches, columns, and borders, made up of tiny open squares, like hemstitching and reverse work. When thick work is used, the polka dot pattern prevails in heavy raised work, with merely a scalloped edge.

HINTS UPON THE DOINGS OF THE FASHION-ABLE WORLD.

In everything that is done, no matter how trivial, it should never be forgotten that there is a right and a wrong way of doing it. The writing of a note or letter, the wording of a regret, the prompt or the delayed answering of an invitation, the neglect of a required attention, all betray to the well-bred the degree or the absence of good-breeding. In no respect is this more manifest than in the manner of salutation. "A bow," says La Fontaine, "is a note drawn at sight. You are bound to acknowledge it immediately, and to the full amount." According to circumstances it should be respectful, cordial, civil, or familiar. Between gentlemen, an inclination of the head, a gesture of the hand, or the mere touching of the hat, may be sufficient recognition. In the case of a lady, however, the hat must always be lifted from the head. In smoking, be prompt to remove the cigar before raising the hat. A well-bred person instinctively, as it were, bows the moment he or she recognizes an acquaintance, at the instant of the first meeting of the eyes. By the laws of good society everywhere, any one who has been introduced to you, or to whom you have been introduced, is entitled to this mark of respect. Many people hesitate to bow, from the fear that this act of recognition should entail a calling acquaintance. But this is a mistake, and neglecting to bow is looked upon as an

indication of defective education and want of the instincts of refinement. Never fail to return a bow, even if the person who has bowed should be unknown to you. The more cultivated persons are, the more prompt they will be found in such civilities. For it may be assumed that the one who bows either knows you or has mistaken you for some one else. In either case return the bow. Probably it will be discovered that the mistake has occurred from some forgetfulness on your part, or from the resemblance which may exist between yourself and some one else. The bow costs nothing, and to withhold it, if not attributed to rudeness, may be open to misconception. There is no one whose good will is not worth having, and no act of courtesy, no kindness, is ever entirely thrown away. It is customary for a gentleman walking with a lady to return any bow made to her; even though the person bowing be a perfect stranger. Young persons often wait for the recognition of the elder, having been erroneously informed that they should wait for their elders to bow first. But the introduction that entitles one to recognition having once been made, it is the duty of the younger person to recall himself to the recollection of the elder person, if there should be much difference in age, by bowing at each time of meeting until the recognition becomes mutual. As persons advance in life they look for these attentions on the part of the young, and it may be, in some instances, that it is the only way in which the young have in showing their appreciation of courtesies extended to them by the old or middle-aged. Persons who have large circles of acquaintance often confuse the faces of the young whom they know, with the familiar faces which they meet and do not know, and from frequent errors of this kind they fall into the habit of waiting to catch some look or sign of recognition. Only persons with a limited number of acquaintances, can be expected to remember the faces and names of all who have been introduced to them; and no man or woman, of whatever degree, possessing culture and self-respect, should pass knowingly an acquaintance without a salutation, unless that person has forfeited the claim which an introduction imposes. Should anyone really wish to avoid a bowing acquaintance with a person who has once been properly introduced, he may do so by looking aside or dropping the eyes, as the person approaches; for if the eyes meet the recognition ought to follow. Gentlemen who are driving are often embarrassed by bowing acquaintances. It is necessary to keep a tight hold upon the reins, and this becomes difficult if the hat is raised. To obviate this, some have adopted the custom of recognizing a lady by lifting the whip to the hat, but the better way is to incline the head without touching the hat or raising the hand at all. Our ideas of what constitutes politeness in such points are entirely controlled by custom; and if it were an understood thing that gentlemen who are driving are not expected to take off their hats, the simple inclination of the head, a trifle lower, perhaps, than when the hat is lifted, would soon be accepted as "good form." It certainly seems more respectful than raising the whip; and it may indeed be not thought amiss.

FASHION.





*Then the whining school boy with his patch'd
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school.*



GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR



GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK NOVELTIES.
Design for Quilt or Sofa Cushion.
(See Work Department.)



THE WASP.

[See Poem.]

Fig. 1.

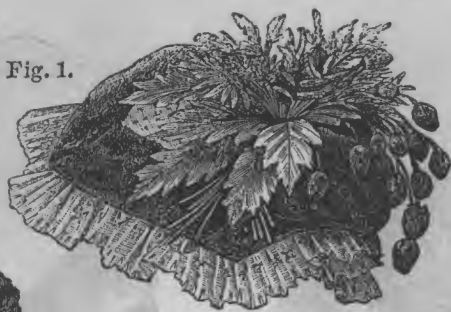


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.

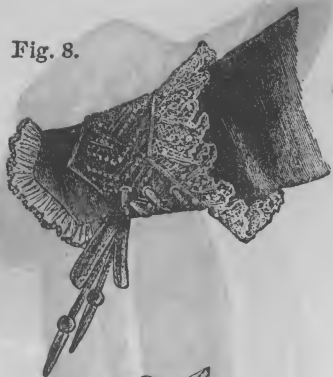


Fig. 9.

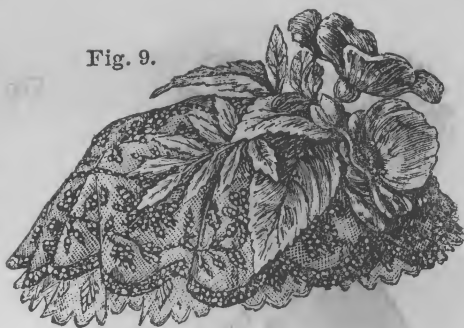


Fig. 10.



Fig. 11.





Fig. 12.

Fig. 13.



Fig. 14.



Fig. 15.



Fig. 16.



Fig. 17.



Fig. 18.



Fig. 19



Fig. 20

Fig. 21.



Fig. 22.



Fig. 23.

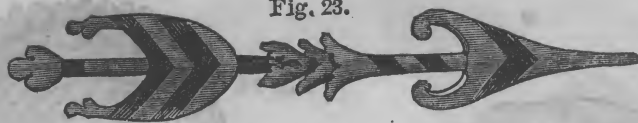


Fig. 24.



Fig. 25.



Fig. 26.



Fig. 27.



Fig. 28.

Fig. 29.



Fig. 30.

Fig. 31.



Fig. 32.



Fig. 33.



Fig. 34.

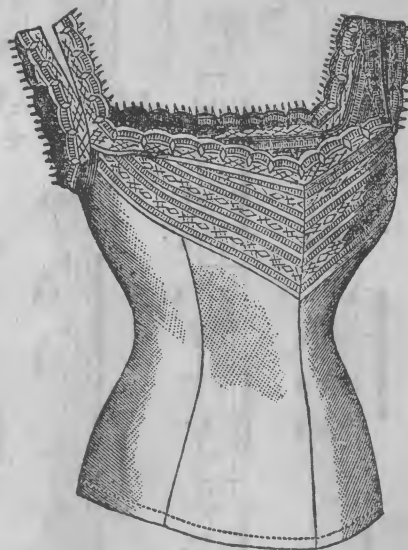


Fig. 35.



HEEL AND TOE POLKA.

VON LUDWIG STASNY, Op. 155.

8:

f *sf* *p*

sf *p*

2

f

p

f

1

Published in sheet form, price 30 cts., by WM. H. BONER & CO. agts.,
No. 1102 Chestnut Street, Phila.

HEEL AND TOE POLKA.

First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass clef staff contains a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo) and *p* (piano). The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Trio.

Second system of musical notation, marked "Trio." The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff features a more complex accompaniment with many chords. Dynamics include *p* (piano).

8va.....

Third system of musical notation, marked "8va.....". The treble clef staff has a melody with first and second endings indicated by "1" and "2". The bass clef staff has a rhythmic accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* (piano).

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff has a melody with eighth notes. The bass clef staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with chords. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff has a melody with eighth notes. The bass clef staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with chords. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The system ends with a repeat sign.

⊕ Schluss.

Sixth system of musical notation, marked "⊕ Schluss." (Finale). The treble clef staff has a melody with eighth notes. The bass clef staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with chords. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *ff* (fortissimo). The system ends with a double bar line.

Fig. 36



Fig. 37.



Fig. 38.



GODEY'S Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME C. No. 500.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1880.

ROSLYN'S FORTUNE.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

Author of "A Gentle Belle," "Morton House," "Valerie Aylmer," "Nina's Atonement," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.

ROSLYN DECIDES.

Some time elapses before Roslyn appears—so long a time that Duncan begins to fear she will not come—but at last the door uncloses slowly, and she enters.

The recollection of when and how they parted last is not much in the mind of either. Since then, time seems to have stretched out interminably to Roslyn—a new life filled with new emotions, and lately pierced with keen pain—while Duncan is thinking so much of her that he has not time to think of himself. He is struck, as he comes forward and takes her hand, with the change in her of which Mrs. Parnell spoke; it is almost intangible and quite indescribable, but he sees it, though she smiles and lifts her eyes with the old frank look of welcome.

"I am glad to see you back again," she says. "When did you return?"

He answers her question—speaking half-mechanically—and then they sit down and look at each other—he with an anxious inquiry that he cannot disguise, she with a shrinking from scrutiny that he observes in her for the first time, a feeling which makes her rush into speech, since he does not speak at once again.

"Have you been to Verdevale? But of course you have, or you would not have known that I was here. They must all have been delighted to see you."

"They were all very kind in welcoming me," he replies; "but I confess I did not think as much of their welcome as perhaps I ought to have done, for I went to see you, and you only."

"Did you?" she says, in a tone of surprise—then there flashes into her mind for the first time a recollection of his words when they were together last, and the color on her face deepens. "I only came into town this morning," she adds hastily, and not very relevantly.

"I know," he answers. "I also know why you came," he goes on, thinking that it is best to plunge into his subject at once. "Will you let me speak frankly to you? Lovelace has told me his story."

She changes color again—to paleness now—But she shows no sign of astonishment, for some instinct has warned her that it is with regard to Lovelace that he is here.

"Yes, you may speak frankly," she answers, "but I do not know that there is anything to be said—concerning Mr. Lovelace."

"There is this to be said," Duncan replies, "that I blame myself for having gone away without previously telling you of his engagement. It is true that I warned *him*; but I should have known that it was a position of great danger for any young man—and for your sake, I ought to have been thoroughly open on the subject. I might have foreseen what would happen."

"Do you mean with regard to *me*?" she asks. Unconsciously she lifts her head proudly. If she is miserable, she does not mean to be weak. "So far as I am concerned, nothing has happened, except that I have come here to avoid meeting a man who has behaved in a dishonorable manner."

The curl of her lips, the light in her eyes, give added emphasis to her words—words that in their trenchant clearness astonish Duncan; for though Lovelace has spoken of her scorn, he is not prepared for so explicit an expression of it as this. He feels for a moment uncertain how to answer. He has not come with any intention of pleading his cousin's cause—yet his next words are words of apology for the young man.

"I understand your indignation," he says; "but

it is only just to remember how greatly he was tempted. I have had to remember this in judging him. No doubt with him, as with many another man, love surprised him."

"That may be," she replies; "but had he not time to think? Had he any right, any excuse, to come day after day, to ride, to walk, to talk, to imply all and more than all that he said at last? It is not his fault that I am not the most miserable woman on earth. But why do I talk of it?" she breaks off abruptly. "You see there is nothing to be said. That he is engaged is enough for me. I do not wish ever to hear his name again."

"But," says Duncan, watching her closely as he speaks, "it is possible for engagements to be broken—and it is also true, as he has suggested, that there may be more honor in breaking than in keeping an engagement, under such circumstances as these."

"Has he suggested that?" she asks, the color flashing into her face again. "Surely he does not think that it would matter an iota to me if his engagement was broken to-morrow?"

"He did not venture to say that it would influence you," Duncan answers. "He told me that you had refused to listen to his love. But I—" he hesitates a moment, then goes on, speaking a little more quickly than usual—"I know how far pride can steel a woman's heart, even against the man she loves. So I have come, not as his advocate, but as your friend, to ask you, in the name of our old friendship, to tell me the truth, and give me the right to serve you. If you mean exactly what you say in declaring that you wish never to hear his name again, then I pledge my word that he shall go away, and that you never shall hear it again. But stop and think whether you do mean it. If you care for him—as it is very natural that you should—don't make the mistake of sending him away for a scruple of honor. I frankly tell you that he is not a man whom I should select as the man for you to marry; but if he is the man you love, you must decide whether or not you will trust your life to him. I appeal to you as a woman, not a fanciful girl, and I beg you to believe in the sincerity of my desire to secure your happiness."

"Could I know you and doubt it?" she asks in a low voice. The serious gravity of his appeal has affected her as strongly as he could possibly desire. All the feeling that has filled and swayed her since she parted with Lovelace, seems suddenly calmed—whether by the power of the voice that has addressed her, or by the weight of responsibility thrown upon her, she does not know. Perhaps it is the latter, for a recognition of all that depends upon her reply makes passionate haste impossible. As she looks at him he sees in her eyes—eyes that never seemed to him so beautiful before—the spirit of reasoning womanhood to which he has appealed.

"I will answer you as you deserve that I should, with perfect candor," she says. "You ask if I really mean what I say in wishing that I might never hear Mr. Lovelace's name again. An hour ago I thought so; but wounded pride and indignation had so much to do with the feeling, that perhaps it was not real. What I feel now is that whether or not there would be any excuse for his conduct, there would be none for mine if I listened to the suit of a man who is engaged to marry another woman, or if I permitted him to break that engagement in order that I might listen to him. You talk of a scruple of honor?—but surely that is more than a scruple, if there be such a thing as honor."

"You are right," he says, "it is more than a scruple; it is a very grave question of honor. But you cannot blame me for thinking more of your happiness than of anything else."

"Yes, I blame you," she answers, "because you ought to judge for me as you would for yourself—and what have I ever done that you should think so much of my happiness?"

"Never mind about that," he says. "If I choose to make your happiness my care, that only concerns myself. What I desire to know is, how best to serve you. I see the situation—your heart is on one side, your pride, your conscience on the other. How to reconcile them is the question."

He rises, walks across the floor to a window, and stands there for a minute looking out, though evidently seeing no feature of the prospect before him. Roslyn sits motionless and silent. Once she uncloses her lips to speak, but closes them again without uttering a sound. What can she say? Has he not stated the matter truly? If she contradicts him how can she state it better?

"Please do not talk of it any more," she says, with child-like simplicity of manner, when he again resumes his seat near her. "I only want to be let alone. I came here in order that I might not see him again. If I am foolish enough to care anything about it, I do assure you that I am at the same time wise enough and honest enough to despise myself for doing so. All is said in the fact that he is engaged. I will not hear anything beyond that."

"But if he were free—pardon me that I must ask this—if he were free, would you forgive him?"

"Why do you ask?" she says, shrinking away from the directness of the question; and turning her face so that he could not see it, she gazed straight out of the window with eyes as unheeding the green beauty they rest upon, as his had been just before. "I will not entertain the thought of his breaking his engagement; and I beg you to let him know that it would be useless for him to do so," she goes on. "He cannot mend one dishonor by another, and you are the

last, the very last person in the world, whom I should have thought would be the advocate of such a thing."

"I am not the advocate of it," he answers. "You mistake me entirely if you think so. But engagements are often broken—indeed they seem very much made to be broken at the present time—and I confess that I am thinking much more of your happiness than of Lovelace's honor."

"But it is my honor as well as his that is concerned," she says. "What should I be if I listened to him now while his engagement exists, or if I suffered him to break it in the hope that I would listen to him *then*? Do you think I do not know and feel how generous, how more than generous you are!" she says, turning towards him with eyes full of unshed tears. "But you think too much, far too much of me—and indeed there is no need for you to consider this affair so gravely. I do not look as if my heart was breaking, do I?"

If the smile with which she says this is brave, it is also tremulous. And the man before her—the man who would give his heart's blood to serve her—feels that he is utterly at a loss to know how that service shall be rendered. He hesitates an instant, gazing at the bright face which is now overshadowed by the change so intangible, yet so marked, which had struck both Mrs. Parnell and himself, and then takes her hands abruptly.

"You have fenced me off," he says; "you have not spoken the whole truth to me! How can I appeal to you more strongly and directly?—how can I persuade you to be perfectly frank and trustful? I can only say, Roslyn, that I think I deserve your trust; I can only implore you to give it me! Tell me if you love this man so that his going will make you miserable, so that his staying—if he could stay with honor—would make you happy?"

He speaks with such passionate earnestness, that Roslyn's tears are ready to overflow, and there is a choking sob in her throat which she can scarcely swallow. But she makes a great effort and does swallow it, and force herself to speak calmly.

"There is no such *if*," she answers, "no such possibility—and if there were, how do I know that it would make me happy? I do not know; so I beg you to do nothing in my behalf. Let him go—make him go! That is all I can say."

She sinks back in her chair as she ceases speaking, and looks so suddenly pale, so much exhausted, that he sees it will not do to press her farther—even if farther insistence would be likely to tell him more than he has learned already—and this he doubts. So he takes her hand again—this time with a gentle friendliness.

"My dear child," he says in a soothing and persuasive tone, "you must forgive me for tor-

menting you in this way. But remember how you have been our pet, how we have wanted to keep you always bright and glad, and how little I at least like to be baffled by the fate that has brought this cloud upon you. I feel, too, that it is *my* fault; that I am accountable and responsible—and hence I have endeavored to see if it could not be taken away. I thought you might be like other girls—that love and it's gratification might be all in to you—but I see, and I am proud to see, that you think more of honor than of love; and would rather suffer than be happy unworthily. You leave me, therefore, nothing to say but God bless you and good-bye."

He goes without another word, and before the echo of his footstep has died away, Roslyn's shield of bravery and pride is gone; and she is sobbing like a heart-broken child. Hardly until this moment has she realized what has been offered her, and now the realization comes with the sense of final loss. She feels perfectly assured that had she uttered a word expressive of her desire that Lovelace should remain, Duncan would have smoothed matters to that end—and the temptation was not so sharp when it was offered, as now when it is passed. We are doubtful of the value of many a thing while we hold it, which seems to us absolutely good after it has escaped from our grasp.

Before her passion of grief has quite exhausted itself, Mrs. Parnell comes in—knowing that Colonel Duncan is gone—and great is her astonishment at the scene before her; for the matter had seemed to her very simple. If Roslyn cares for the man, she has but to say so, and with an unexampled generosity, Colonel Duncan is ready to play the part of fairy god-father, and bring the affair to a happy conclusion. If she does not care for him, she has also but to say so, and the matter is at an end; in either case Mrs. Parnell fails to perceive any need for tears. And here is Roslyn, lying prone on the sofa, her face buried in a cushion, her hands clenched passionately, her lovely hair all disordered, and her whole form shaken with convulsive weeping!

The intruder upon this storm of grief—for such Mrs. Parnell feels herself to be, for an instant—pauses and regards with mingled distress and amazement, the prostrate figure before her; hesitating whether to advance or retreat. But after a moment's indecision, she yields to her impulse, and going forward, puts a kindly arm around the girl's shrinking form.

"My darling," she says, "how sorry I am to see you so much distressed. Is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Nothing at all," answers Roslyn, battling with her sobs and choking them down; "I am a fool, Aunt—*a fool!*—and you ought to despise me!"

"Why, my dear?" asks Mrs. Parnell; and

seized with sudden uneasiness, she adds gravely, "Are you going to marry Mr. Lovelace, Roslyn?"

"Do you mean that you would despise me if I were?" asks the girl.

Mrs. Parnell does not answer at once; she looks at her niece apprehensively, restraining the inclination she feels to answer the question just proposed, strongly in the affirmative—for she does not understand how anybody with a due sense of honor, could think for a moment of overlooking the breach of honor which Lovelace has committed. Hot words were quivering on her lips, but she is old enough to have learned that violence is much more likely to injure than to help a cause—particularly in a case of this kind. She speaks quietly, therefore, but there is an unconscious inflection of coldness in her voice, which is very perceptible to her hearer.

"I confess, my dear, that I should be very sorry to see you do anything which, I am convinced, would make you miserable for life."

Roslyn smiles bitterly, as she pushes back the damp tendrils of hair that are clinging to her brow and cheeks, and looks up frankly.

"You will not be called upon to despise me, or to be sorry for me, either, Aunt Lavinia," she says—"at least for this reason. I have some sense of honor. He is engaged to another woman, and I have told Colonel Duncan that I will not suffer him to break the engagement for me."

"Thank God!" says Mrs. Parnell—and she bends and kisses the tear-stained victor, adding, "You are right—and some day, my dear, some day you will be as glad as I am now, that you have come to this decision."

CHAPTER XVI.

GEOFFREY'S GOOD OFFICES.

When Colonel Duncan reaches Clifton, he finds Lovelace impatiently awaiting his return. That gentleman would not have hesitated to present himself at Verdevale, had his cousin not anticipated him; but, knowing well the destination of Duncan when he rode off alone, even his audacity was not equal to following. He felt quite certain that, with any provocation given, Duncan would summarily warn Mr. Vardray of what was going on, and then, he was well aware, all hope of seeing Roslyn would indeed be at an end. He is inclined to think that it is at an end now—that the warning has probably already been given; but possessing a sanguine temperament, he still hopes that fortune may befriend him; the fortune that so far in his graceless life has befriended him to a remarkable degree.

He sits all morning on the piazza which commands a view of the road by which his cousin must return, smoking, and making a vain attempt to read the newspaper he has placed on a chair

beside him. But it is only his eyes that are on the printed columns. His mind is occupied by disagreeable thoughts of various kinds and degree; thoughts which will obtrude themselves, though he would fain shake them off. His little "affair" with Roslyn is by no means the only, or the most serious, embarrassment on his hands. Being, however, the latest, and having in it elements of attraction as well as of annoyance, it is that which principally engrosses his meditations, as he watches the smoke curl away from his lips, and directs an impatient glance toward the distant point of the road at which Colonel Duncan's figure will first appear.

"He stays long," Lovelace thinks with some irritation. "I wonder if he means to spend the day! If so, by Jove!—Ah, there he is now!"—he exclaims aloud, as a horseman comes galloping into sight.

"I have been expecting you for some time," he says, as Colonel Duncan dismounts and is ascending the piazza steps. "I suppose, however, you have been to Verdevale—and, as I can testify, that is rather a difficult place to tear one's self away from."

"I have been to Verdevale, yes—but not all the time," answers Colonel Duncan; and as he sits down and takes off his hat, the other thinks what a young and handsome man he looks. "After leaving Verdevale, I went on to Kirton and paid a visit," he continues. "Miss Vardray is there."

"Indeed! With whom?"

"With her aunt, Mrs. Parnell, who lives in that place. I tell you of her whereabouts because she has gone there to avoid any possible chance of seeing you again—such a chance as she thought might occur at Verdevale."

"Thanks, you are very kind," says Lovelace, endeavoring to hide his chagrin. "It is always kind to give a man a bit of cheering news. But may I ask why Miss Vardray thinks it necessary to resort to such extreme measures to avoid me? I have certainly not evinced any intention of troubling her," he adds, in a tone of petulant pride.

"Did you *have* no such intention?" asks Duncan, looking at him keenly. "Not, however, that you are to imagine that she anticipated or feared anything of the kind. She only thought it probable that you might be at Verdevale, and that for her to avoid seeing you there would excite attention—so she went to Kirton where there would be no difficulty."

"Very considerate of her!" says Lovelace, dryly. "I suppose, then, she would decline positively to see me if I called?"

"She certainly would," says Duncan.

"One might think," remarks Lovelace, after a short silence, during which he has been considering the by no means agreeable information he

has just received—"one might really think that it was a crime to love a woman, and an insult to tell her of that love."

"And was it not an insult to have wooed a woman as if you were free in honor to do so; and then in the same breath with your declaration of love, to have told her that you were already engaged to marry another?" asks Duncan sternly. "There may be women—no doubt there are women and to spare—who would think lightly of such a breach of honor, but Roslyn Vardray is not of the number. I was sure of that even before I saw her."

"And I presume you have been made more sure by seeing her," says Lovelace. "Well, she need not disquiet herself, nor exile herself from home for fear of my persecutions. I had almost decided before hearing this to leave at once, and now I am quite decided. I shall go this afternoon."

"It may be the best thing you can do," says Duncan, quietly. "If you see any mode of retreating with honor from your engagement to your cousin, and if you believe that your happiness is really to be found here, then come back—but otherwise, it is best for you to go, and best for you to stay."

"I shall be likely to stay," the other replies. "If I could retreat with honor from my engagement, I could not possibly live on air. That settles the matter for me."

In his heart Duncan thinks that it is well settled. If Roslyn had said a word, he was ready to do anything, to make any effort, any sacrifice for her sake; but she said no word to demand or to authorize any step on his part; and since he has seen her—has seen her firmness and her pride—he is satisfied that it is best for Lovelace to go. Had she been what his fancy pictured—a girl with whom passionate love overpowered every other consideration—the matter would have been different, he would then have acted according to his first impulse; but now he believes that she has the sense and the resolution to conquer her love, (if love it be!) at the dictate of honor, and he knows clearly how much better it will be for her to do so, than to marry Lovelace, if not a single obstacle stood in the way of the last.

Lovelace, meanwhile, is the prey of many conflicting thoughts and feelings. Quite unintentionally he has brought matters to a crisis that does not suit him at all. His flirtation with Roslyn has ended disastrously in all respects: in none more than in driving him away from the place which he desires to eventually possess. To remain now is more than he can make up his mind to do in the face of his host's distinct, "It is best for you to go"—yet to go is a very disagreeable necessity. Finally he determines upon a compromise. He will leave Clifton, so as not to be under the surveillance of his cousin, but he will

not leave the neighborhood—at least not now. Pride, pique, interest—the desire to achieve a more satisfactory climax in some way—all unite in influencing him to stay, and his resolution is taken to do so.

He does not announce this resolution definitely to Duncan, but he does decline the offer of that gentleman's companionship into Kirton. "Of course I shall drive in with you and see you off," says the latter, in hospitable desire to speed the parting guest—not, as Lovelace suspects, because he wishes to make sure that his guest really goes.

"I hope you will not do anything of the kind," says the young man coolly, "for if you drive into Kirton, it will only be to say good-bye to me at the hotel instead of here. I shall not leave by the afternoon train, which is a slow one, but shall wait for the midnight express."

"Why not wait here, then?" says Duncan, though he knows the suggestion to be useless.

"To give you the trouble of sending me in at midnight?" says the other carelessly. "That would be a fine idea! No, thanks—I shall go in this afternoon."

So, when the afternoon comes, he drives away with the cordial farewell of his host ringing in his ears. Nor is this cordially other than sincere. Colonel Duncan likes the young fellow, with all his faults, and is genuinely sorry for him at present—more sorry, undoubtedly, than there is need for his being, were he but aware of the truth. But our feelings mostly outrun or fall short of the occasion for them—seldom corresponding in exact degree to the demand made upon them.

Lovelace calls at Verdevale and makes his adieux—which fact surprises the family very much. Geoffrey, in especial, is astonished and suspicious. It flashes upon him with the force of an instinctive conviction, that there is some connection between Roslyn's going to Kirton, Colonel Duncan's return, and this man's departure. He drove Roslyn into town himself; and he remembers now how pale and preoccupied she looked. Jealousy suggests an unworthy thought to him again, and he wonders if she did not go to Kirton in order to meet Lovelace there before his departure—which he shrewdly argues to have been in some way a necessary consequence of Colonel Duncan's return.

These thoughts are strongly in his mind when, Lovelace's hurried visit over, he stands on the piazza watching that gentleman drive away, and debating in his mind whether he will not ride into town and see for himself the extent of Roslyn's infatuation and duplicity. He is only deterred from doing so by a feeling that to act the spy, in even the least degree, is a very unworthy part to play. It is impossible to say how his indecision would end, did not a slight chance determine the matter for him. While he still stands

with a gloomy brow, saying to himself, "If she has a secret, is it any of *my* business to pry into it? No—I will not interfere and act like a sneak!" a servant on horseback rides up and gives two notes to him.

One is for himself and one for Roslyn, and both are evidently from the same person. He opens his own and finds that it is an invitation to an informal dance that evening at the house of a young lady in Kirton, well known to them both. She signs herself, "Your old friend, Rose Gilray," and never before has Geoffrey felt so warmly conscious of the claims of old friendship between himself and the bearer of that name. Go? Of course he will go—and he will make it his instant duty to carry Miss Gilray's note to Roslyn, and persuade her to go also. The excuse he wants is given him, and sending word to Miss Gilray that he will report to her in an hour, he orders his horse at once.

When he dismounts at Mrs. Parnell's gate and walks up to the door of the house, it is with not a little fear of what he may enter upon. He almost wishes now that he had not come, that he had remained away until certain that Lovelace was out of Kirton.

"How like a spy and a sneak I shall feel if I find them together—as no doubt I shall!" he thinks, with a strong impulse to retreat. It is too late for retreat now, however: if any one is in the drawing room he must have been seen from one of the windows—so he pulls the door-bell and hears the peal ring through the spacious, silent house.

Into the broad hall with its waxed floor, its old claw-footed furniture and pleasant lounging chairs, comes a neatly-dressed maid, who says:

"Walk in, Mr. Geoffrey, and I'll go up and tell Miss Roslyn you're here. I don't expect she's awake yet."

"What!" says Geoffrey, so much surprised that he forgets to be relieved, "Isn't she down?"

The girl looks at him, in turn surprised. What is he thinking of, to imagine that a young lady is likely to be down from her siesta with the sun two hours high!

"O, no, sir," she says in a tone of rebuke. "But I'll let her know that you are here."

She goes away up the wide, shallow staircase, and Geoffrey, sitting down in one of the inviting chairs, revolves the situation in his mind. Has Lovelace been here and gone? Clearly not, for it has been too short a time since he left Verdevale for that. Has he an appointment yet to come? Hardly possible, or Roslyn would surely be ready to receive him, knowing that railroad trains, like time and tide, wait for no man. But can it be that he will go away without bidding her farewell at all? Such a proceeding can have only one meaning, the young man feels, and that he is not prepared to credit. Altogether the mystery puzzles

him, and when a clock suddenly chimes out on the stillness, striking the hour, he starts, for the distant whistle of a railroad train answers it, and he says to himself that Lovelace is off.

"Roslyn must have known that he was going, and she must have come here to avoid him," is Geoffrey's next thought as he sits patiently waiting. "What the deuce does it all mean? Only yesterday she talked of him in a way that showed she was very near caring for him. What has happened since then? I am not a curious fellow, as a general rule; but I *should* like to understand this."

No explanation comes while half an hour wears away in drowsy silence; then a door opens and closes again in the upper regions of the house, a pair of high heels and a trailing dress are heard, and around the bend of the staircase Roslyn comes into view, prettily dressed and smiling—only a slight heaviness about the eyes (which might pass for the effect of an interrupted siesta), making any difference from her ordinary appearance.

"Geoff, what do you mean by disturbing one at such an hour as this!" she exclaims. "Have you come to pay me a visit because I happen to be away from home for a day? Of course, I should be glad to see you at a reasonable hour—but to rouse one in the middle of a warm afternoon is so provoking."

Her petulance pleases rather than annoys Geoffrey, for he thinks, reasonably enough, that she would hardly speak so if his coming was seriously disagreeable to her.

"I am sorry to have disturbed you," he says. "It is true that I might have sent this note to you, but I brought it, because I wanted to take your answer with my own, to Miss Rose."

He gives her Miss Gilray's note, and watches her as she reads it. No flush of anticipated pleasure comes to her face, no light to her eyes. When she reaches the end, she looks up and says quietly:

"I am sorry you took the trouble to come just for this. I don't care to go."

"Not go!" he exclaims. "Why not?"

"Because I don't care to. Isn't that reason enough?"

"No," he answers, "I don't think it is. Miss Rose will certainly expect a better one. And your not going will be all the more remarkable from your being in town. What possible excuse can you give? You know they count—that everybody counts—on you."

She makes a gesture of indifference.

"Let them," she says. "There is no reason why I should constrain myself to do what I don't want to do, merely because people expect it of me. Geoffrey, please don't worry me. I will not go."

Geoffrey's face grows dark. He knows what this means, and looking steadily at the counte-

nance before him now, he sees that some of its bloom is gone, and that the heaviness of her eyes may be the result of weeping.

"I am sorry to worry you," he says, "but I am bound to tell you that very disagreeable things will be said of you if you decline this invitation without being able to give any good excuse for doing so. It will be known that you are in town, it will be remembered that you have never failed to appear on such an occasion before, and of course people will draw an inference—an inference that may or may not be true; but that in your place, I should dislike for them to draw."

Her eyes kindle as she meets his gaze, and she lifts her slender neck with the air of pride that on rare occasions belongs to her.

"I do not in the least understand what inference you mean," she says coldly.

"Do you not? Then I must remind you that Mr. Lovelace left this afternoon—and I am sure I need not point out what connection people will find between that and your refusal to go to a dance."

Despite her utmost power of self-control, she cannot prevent a change of countenance which tells him that his news is news to her—but for the rest, she has herself well in hand, and bears the ordeal gallantly.

"Has he gone?" she says. "I did not know that he—was leaving so soon. Are you certain?"

"He was at Verdevale an hour or two ago on his way to take the train in Kirton, he said, bade everybody good-bye, and left a message with my mother for you," answers Geoffrey. "That is all I know. I suppose he has gone. His trunk was along, and Colonel Duncan *wasn't*."

He regards her keenly, as he utters the last words; but her face does not betray her further. She only looks down nervously, closing and unclosing the fan she holds.

"You see how the matter stands," the young man goes on stiffly. "Your name has been very much coupled with Lovelace's lately, and people will say—well, you can imagine what they will say. Of course it is nothing to *me* whether you go to the dance or not—further than that I should be sorry for you to be the theme of such gossip as I know will be the result of you not going. You must decide, however."

There is a moment's pause. A breeze blowing lightly through the hall, brings a fragrance of roses and jasmine with it from the garden behind the house; the clock ticks; the sunshine streams on an old engraving of the "Death of Montgomery," and Geoffrey has no instinct of what cause he is pleading—for whom he has won—when Roslyn, looking up presently, said:

"I do not believe that any such result would follow my not going to a stupid party in this warm weather; but since you have thought fit to say

such things to me, perhaps somebody else may be found foolish and ill-natured enough to say them of me; and so I will go."

CHAPTER XVII.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Fortunately for Geoffrey's peace of mind, he has no intuition of how Miss Gilray is engaged when he calls at her door half an hour later, and is informed that she is out. He scribbles a few lines on his card accepting her invitation, and then continues his way out of town—for he is charged with the important commission of having an evening dress sent to Roslyn.

The young lady whom he has failed to see, is not very far away. A few squares distant, her pretty pony phaeton is drawn up close to the side-walk, and she is talking eagerly to a gentleman, who is no less a person than Mr. Lovelace. She was driving rapidly down the street when she saw him sauntering under the trees, with the low sunlight streaming on his handsome face and figure; and having met him once or twice during the past few weeks, at Verdevale, she instantly conceives the idea of securing him for her evening's entertainment. It is the work of an instant to utter his name and draw up her carriage by the spot where he pauses.

"How fortunate that I should meet you, Mr. Lovelace," she says eagerly. "I was just thinking of sending a note to Clifton, asking if you will not come to a little dance at our house this evening. Pray, don't say no, for in that case I shall feel sure that you scorn anything like village festivity."

"You are very kind, Miss Gilray," says Lovelace, "and nothing would give me more pleasure than to accept your invitation, if I was not intending to leave Kirton to-night."

"But why should you leave it—at least until late—and I believe there is a moon? You only mean that you are going out to Clifton, do you not?"

"I regret to say that my meaning is I am going to much more remote regions. I leave on the midnight express."

"O, but *don't* leave!" says the young lady pleadingly. "Is there any very particular reason why you should? Can you not stay until to-morrow? Can I offer you no inducement to stay? Not even a dance with Roslyn!"

Few things could have been more distasteful to Lovelace than is the arch expression which accompanies the last words; but they suggest a thought to him. He is really yet undecided whether or not to leave on the midnight train; and also wholly undecided whether or not to make any attempt to see Roslyn before he goes. He was debating this question mentally, when

Miss Gilray stopped him—and now her words suggest to him a solution of it. By yielding to her request, he provides himself with an excuse for not leaving; and although he entertains little hope that he will see Roslyn, there is a shadow of a chance that he may do so, and have an opportunity, not of his own making, for speech with her. These reflections pass swiftly through his mind before he answers:

"You tempt me very much; and since there is no pressing reason for my going to-night, I think I will defer my departure in order to accept your invitation. It will be a pleasant memory to carry away, as a close to my very pleasant visit to this part of the country."

Miss Gilray is delighted, and expresses her delight frankly. Then, urging upon him that he must not change his mind, that he must not fail her on any account whatever, she drives away, charmed with herself and her capability to grasp an opportunity.

Whether or not Roslyn is charmed with the result of this capability when she hears of it, "is quite another thing," as the old Jacobite toast says of the King and the Pretender.

"So glad to see you, my dear," says Miss Gilray, meeting her effusively. "I have a pleasant surprise for you. By the most delightful accident I met Mr. Lovelace on the street this evening, and induced him to delay his departure—of course you know that he was intending to leave on the midnight express—in order to be here to-night. Are you not heart-broken at the thought of his going? I am sure I should be, if he were my admirer."

Roslyn puts up her lip and her shoulder with pretty carelessness. Her start had been too slight to be noticed, and she is buttoning her glove, so that her eyes do not betray her.

"Heart-broken!" she says. "That is very likely! Of course I am sorry Mr. Lovelace is going, but somebody else will take his place—or if not, we shall manage to exist without him. 'Men may come and men may go'—and it isn't worth while to mourn over their coming or going." Then, walking to a mirror to scrutinize herself, "How do I look to-night, Rose?" she asks. "Without flattery, mind. I ask because I have not been very well to-day."

"I never saw you looking better," replies Miss Gilray with emphasis. "Your dress is so very becoming."

"I sent for it because it is the most becoming dress I have," says Roslyn, looking at herself approvingly. Glad is she that she did send for her prettiest toilette; that she did rub the color into her glowing cheeks, and summon light to the starry eyes that look back at her from the mirror. Her object was that nobody should be able to say that she is mourning for Lovelace; but now that she hears he is himself to be present, she is doubly

determined to look her best, to seem her brightest. "He shall know that I was under the impression that he was gone," she thinks, with a sense of cordial gratitude to Geoffrey for having made her come.

Geoffrey, who was standing at the foot of the staircase waiting for her in rather a dejected mood—for up to this time he has not been forgiven, but has been treated with an appalling dignity and reserve—is altogether surprised by the tone of her voice when she comes down and lays her hand on his arm.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ALIX'S FAITH.

BY MARIAN C. L. REEVES.

"Not a natural death!"

The doctor's words are repeated in an awed undertone of several voices, that thrills through the hush of the death chamber.

"Not a natural death!"

The windows are set wide to the sunset and the evening breeze, and a long shaft of ruddy light slants through the elms, and flickers mockingly on the dead, upturned face upon the bed. A gray, hard old face, narrow and cold, in which, if any but a narrow, sordid soul had lived, it could hardly have found a more unfit dwelling place.

And now there are no tears shed for that soul's flitting. There have been handkerchiefs applied to eyes watching round this death-bed for days past; but that they have been performing a mere act of supererogation, is obvious by the eager glances full of wonder, not of tears, disclosed on their hurried removal at the doctor's verdict.

"Not a natural death!"

It is Cousin Janet Scrymgeour, who is the first to recover herself. She adjusts her spectacles, and looks sharply round upon the assembled company of mourners, every one of whom may have something to gain, and certainly nothing to lose, by their rich old miserly cousin's demise. Yonder, with his hands folded resignedly on the gold head of his cane, and his own shining white-fringed head bent over, sits Cousin Barham, and his trim little wife, the model of respectability, beside him; it is clear as the sun, that neither of these could have anything to do with an indecent hurrying of their kinsman out of the world. Next them, in the great arm-chair, her pretty feet hardly touching the floor, John Wilmot's gay little widow has started from her lounging posture, with a rustle of silks and ribands, and a frightened look in her pretty blue eyes, for love of which John Wilmot, poor fool, had left her all his fortune to bestow upon some other man—at least, as much of it as is not frittered away beforehand on her gew-gaws and her furbelows. As for any part of the fortune of old Cousin Grimsworth lying dead yonder, it

has always been thought in the family that he is the last man in the world to leave it to such a little gilded butterfly; and the little gilded butterfly herself is of the same opinion, though she has fluttered in here with the rest. The wide circle is completed by a timid, deprecating matron in rather shabby widow's weeds, seated on the sofa with a youthful edition of herself on either side. It is to this matron that Miss Scrymgeour addresses herself, rather sharply:

"Where's your son, Roger, Cousin Fleming, that he's not here to-day, as he should be?"

"He—he did come with us, Cousin—" faltered the poor little woman, for whom the disapproving shake of the iron-gray curls and rustle of the iron-gray silk dress are quite too much. "He came with us this morning—he must be out attending to the horse or something—for we borrowed Mrs. Brownwell's carriage—"

All at once she becomes aware that she is talking more than Cousin Janet Scrymgeour considers permissible to her. So she stops short in a confused way, with a frightened glance toward the dead man on the bed, of whom she stood in awe enough also while he lived.

But Miss Scrymgeour's impatient movement is not altogether for Mrs. Fleming: it is that, at mention of Roger Fleming, there is a little stir in one of the windows, where a small figure sits half hidden by the curtain's drapery. Dr. Hoskins comes pointedly forward towards it.

"Perhaps you can tell us something of this mystery, Miss North? You were nursing the patient—"

Alix North makes a shrinking movement, as if she would fain have drawn back further into her hiding place. She says faintly:

"I have nothing to tell."

"Yet you were alone with him when he died. You were alone in the room for some hours before, so I am told."

The girl's white lips move—just once: but no sound comes from them. She sits there with her hands clasped on her knee, her small dark head bent on the window-frame behind her. Her lips move, but no sound comes from them; it is Mrs. Fleming's voice that breaks the silence:

"If Alix has been in this room all this while, she must have seen my son, who came up here, at once, on our arrival, to see Cousin Grimsworth. My son could tell us if anything was amiss when he came in."

The Doctor turns and looks at the speaker. "At what hour did you arrive, madam? My patient has been dead some time, from an overdose of laudanum. The bottle that contained it has been removed. If Mr. Roger Fleming—"

He is cut short by a hand upon his arm.

"Stop, Dr. Hoskins. I have the phial. I—I—you need look no farther for the guilty one."

She stands there in the midst of them all, in a sort of stony calm that may well be taken for sheer hardihood. She puts out a firm hand to the doctor, with the empty phial in it.

"Good Heavens!—Miss North!"

"I have the phial. You need look no farther for the guilty one."

There is a strange monotony in her voice: much as if she had learned certain words by rote, and could repeat those, but no others. Yet, what need of more? Out of her own mouth she stands condemned.

A stir throughout the room, a movement of horror, a low, breathless murmur of indignation. All those eyes are fixed upon the girl standing there still and unmoved, as if turned to stone. Cousin Janet Scrymgeour is, as usual, the first to break the silence.

"Why, it is impossible! Nobody does a thing like that, without a motive. And the child can have had no motive. She is not even of the blood, only a far-away cousin of his wife's, and can't have expected to gain anything at his death."

"There you are wrong," says the doctor, startled out of his proper reticence. "Blood or no blood, she has been nursing him for months, and old Grimsworth left her in his will" —

He recalls himself; but not in time to prevent the astonishment which runs like a thrill through the room. Darker looks than before are fixed on the girl. It was bad enough to have hurried the old man out of the world: but to have hurried him out, and to lay hold on the worldly goods which he must leave behind—

Cousin Barham is shaking his venerable head ominously over such iniquity as that. Little Mrs. Wilmot is shaking hers also: but it is over the information given by the way—"nursing him for months,"—and with Cousin Grimsworth's temper! Why, it was enough to drive the wretch into madness and murder!"

It is Cousin Barham who proposes that the examination of the guilty creature (in the name of the ladies in this room assembled, he refuses to insult womanhood by calling her a woman,) shall be conducted elsewhere than in the lifeless presence of the generous protection she has so foully betrayed. If Mrs. Barham and Cousin Scrymgeour would be so good as to remain here until some one should be sent to their relief, it might be advisable to remove the prisoner.

Dr. Hoskins informs him somewhat dryly, that she cannot just yet properly be called the prisoner; although of course it is their duty not to lose sight of her until she is duly taken in charge by the law. Certainly it will be better to remove her.

Every one is standing now; so every one shrinks out of her pathway, as Alix North moves mechanically toward the door. Mechanically—she does not appear to see or to heed anything about

her, until Mrs. Fleming, who is nearest, in her effort to escape any possible contact even with the touch of the creature's dress in passing, steps backward and pushes against a light chair behind her. The sound of its fall, crashing in the stillness, startles Alix, and she lifts her eyes from the floor, full upon the shrinking woman before her. Alix stretches out both her hands, with a passionate, imploring gesture.

"Mrs. Fleming, you have been my friend—you cannot turn from me so—you at least have one word for me—"

"One word, yes!" The elder woman tears her dress out of the girl's trembling grasp. "I have been deceived in you, Alix North—I never thought to let creep into my heart, a treacherous viper—"

At last, the icy calm is broken up: the passionate torrent breaks forth in wild sobs that convulse the girl's slight frame. She has flung her arms up with one desperate "God help me!" which sounds like blasphemy on the lips of one who has dared to steal His power over life and death. She sinks down, cowering at the feet of that homely woman who is turned into an avenger.

"—a treacherous viper, striking in the dark. A poor, defenceless, old man like that! Don't dare to touch me, girl."

"Mother—Alix!"

It is another voice: another spectator of the scene is standing in the doorway. A man pushes his way through the group gathered there, and stoops over the wretched girl, and tries to raise her from the floor.

But she only shudders from him, covering her face.

"Alix—Miss North!"

She puts out her hand with a desperate gesture—of fear—of abhorrence.

"Mother, what is this?"

"The foulest murder, Roger—that wicked, wicked creature there, whom we all loved—O what an escape for you, my poor, poor boy!"

But Roger has turned to Doctor Hoskins, who is saying sternly:

"It is too true, Fleming. He lies dead yonder; and by no natural death. Miss North has been alone with him for hours: she confesses to the deed, and gives up the empty laudanum phial in proof of it."

"Alix," calls the young man's thrilling voice, "Alix, have you no word to say in explanation of this accusation?"

But she makes no answer—unless it is an answer to bury her face deeper in her shaking hands, to cower yet more abjectly there at his mother's feet.

And he—

He stoops and gathers her in his arms, holds her against his breast, standing confronting them

all so. They all see she resists; but still he holds her fast, confronting them with a proud flush upon his face.

"If Alix North was guilty, I am guilty more than she. If she gave up to you the empty phial, she but took it up, empty, where I had laid it down."

There is an indistinct murmur throughout the group about him. Mr. Barham moves a step nearer, as if it were a duty to arrest him without a moment's delay; then slinks back, as he finds the others have done. But Mrs. Fleming's voice rings out in scorn:

"He is mad—mad—you are all mad, to believe him! My Roger a murderer! He says it just to shield Alix North. It is impossible!"

He gives his mother one glance of utter confidence, and goes on speaking as if there had been no interruption.

"You all see how she has shrunk from me. It is because she saw me set that empty phial on the mantel, and steal out of the room, cautiously, not to awake her sleeping in her chair at the bedside. When I had driven my mother and sister over, I came upstairs here, being told that Miss North was in my cousin's room—had been sitting up with him all night. I found, as I opened the door, that she had fallen asleep at her post, after her long watch. I found more than this: that the poor old man (you all know to what paroxysms of pain he was subject, and how he dreaded them), however, had provided himself against a recurrence; he was lying lifeless on the bed, an empty phial clutched fast in his already cold and stiffened fingers.

"Life was already extinct, beyond a hope; I had no time to deliberate. The thought flashed on me, to save him from the appearance of suicide; and I put the empty phial on the mantel-piece, and stealthily quitted the room and the house. It was a mad thing to do: I might have known that, except, as I have said, I took no time to deliberate, but just followed my impulse to save him from the name of suicide. I would hardly have left Miss North alone to make the discovery of the death, but that from the window I saw you, Dr. Hoskins, alighting at the gate. I fancied no one had seen me enter this room, or leave it: but now I believe that Miss North did. Are you all satisfied with my explanation?"

He says "all;" but as he speaks, he is looking only at one.

He has dropped his arms from about Alix: she stands before him pale and downcast.

"Alix—" he puts out his hand to her—"will you take for your own, the life you thought to save?"

She lifts her eyes to his, "O Roger!—and you can forgive my lack of faith?"

And this is all the wooing. For death is mightier than love, and will hold state supreme.

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN OF OUR OWN AND OTHER LANDS.

NO. 23.

MARY MOORE.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

While the hardships of the early settlers of New England, and their sufferings from savage hatred and cruelty, with all their attendant horrors of house-burning, torture, and death, or captivity, are familiar to every school-boy, the more protracted and terrible experiences of the pioneer families of Ohio and Virginia, and other Southern and Western States, are comparatively little known.

The heroine of the present sketch is thus touchingly introduced by her biographer:

"In the burying-ground of New Providence, in Rockbridge county, Virginia, there is a grave, surpassing in interest all other graves. It is by the side of the resting-place of the pastor of the people who worshiped in the neighboring church. Its inhabitant once walked by his side, a cherished one. His deep-blue, sunken eye, that flashed so fiercely in moments of indignation, always beamed sweetly into her full, jet-black orbs that could do nothing but smile or weep. But those smiles and tears charmed equally the savages in the wilderness and the Christian people of Providence.

"The maiden name of this woman was Mary Moore. The melancholy romance of her early days, and the Christian excellence of her mature and closing years, make her memory immortal. The history of the destruction of the retired dwelling of her father—his murder, with that of two brothers and a sister, on a fair summer's morning—the captivity of her mother and herself, with a brother and two sisters, and a hired girl—the murder of the brother and one sister on the way to the wigwam homes of their captors—the death by fire and torture of her mother and remaining sister—the rescue of herself and the hired girl, together with a brother, the captive of a former year, and their return to their relatives in Virginia—combines in one story all the events impending over the emigrant families taking possession of the rivers and valleys of Western Virginia."

James Moore, a Scotch-Irish emigrant, settled in a beautiful region of country known as Abbs' Valley, on the waters of the Blue Stone, and devoted himself successfully to the raising of stock. Here, in 1777, his daughter Mary was born; and her earliest recollections were full of Indian alarms. "The wily savage discovered the white man's track, and the white man's cabin west of those Alleghanies, which they resolved should be an everlasting barrier between their homes in

Ohio, to which they had fled, and the hated whites who held the corn-fields and hunting-grounds of their fathers and their race, between those great mountains and the Atlantic shores."

Depredations were committed, and attacks made upon different families of the settlement, until they were driven for safety to forts and stockades in more populous neighborhoods, and only a few besides that of Mr. Moore remained in the valley.

But James Moore was a brave man; and he and his family had become much attached to their beautiful home, which they did not feel disposed to leave from fear of hostile Indians. There were nine children in the little cabin; and the size of their magnificent playground beneath the forest trees, made up for lack of room indoors.

In September, 1784, a fourteen-year-old son, named after his father, was sent to one of the deserted clearings to get a horse for the purpose of going to the mill—which was twelve miles off through a dreary wilderness. He never returned; and trails of savages having been discovered, it was soon decided that he had either been put to death, or was in captivity among the Indians. The family did not move, however; and after a while, information was received that the lost son was probably in or near Detroit.

In July, 1786, the mournful tragedy of Abbs' Valley put an end to any steps for the boy's recovery, and broke up forever the peaceful home of the Moores. A party of Indians, after murdering a Mr. Davison and his wife, and burning their dwelling, swept on to the Valley before any alarm could be given, and changed the quiet harvest scene to one of slaughter and desolation.

The savage yell startled the little band in the midst of their farming and domestic occupations; three children and the father were shot and killed, one after another, while the mother and four children, with the hired girl, Martha Ivans, succeeded in gaining the house, and shutting and barring the door, just in time to prevent the Indians from entering. The guns, unfortunately, had been discharged the evening before, to be reloaded some time in the morning.

Mary Moore seized her infant sister, Margaret, and, with Martha Ivans, crawled under a part of the floor just large enough to hide them; but the frightened child sobbed so that the savages, once in, would soon discover them. The elder sister of only nine years, was for a moment puzzled, what to do. Should she put the little Margaret out upon the floor, and attend to her own safety?—or keep her there, and share the fate which her continued wailing was sure to bring?

The brave child left her hiding-place rather than abandon the little one; and found that the Indians were cutting the door and threatening to set fire to the house. Mrs. Moore gathered her four children together, and kneeling down, com-

mitted them to the protection of God; then she calmly unbarred the door—further resistance being useless.

The savages now deliberately gathered their spoils together, and feasted on the breakfast which had been prepared for the family. Everything was taken out of the house; and after dividing what they considered worth carrying off, they piled the remainder up to be burned. After the fire was kindled, Mary Moore saw two New Testaments among the discarded things, and bravely rescued the precious volumes from destruction—carrying them under her arm through the long, weary journey that followed; and keeping one of them, at least, throughout the entire period of her captivity.

"Whatever else she may have left or lost, she retained her Testament; and whatever else God may have suffered her to be deprived of, He did not permit His word to be taken from her. When brighter days shone upon her, she could say, with the Psalmist, 'Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.'"

Having taken all that they wanted, the savages set fire to the dwelling, and carried off the mother and her children to their Shawnee towns in Ohio. One of these children was a boy, feeble in body and mind, and his slow progress in traveling annoyed his captors so much in their hurry to escape pursuit, that, before evening, he was despatched with a single blow of the tomahawk, and his body carefully concealed.

There was no time for mourning; and under the circumstances, the poor mother may even have rejoiced that one, at least, of the doomed band was "safe and dead." The wretched night was spent by the captives on the ground—each one tied to an Indian, who slept with his hatchet in his hand, ready to finish the atrocious work, should there be an alarm of pursuing whites.

On the third day, the little Margaret, for whom Mary had risked so much, was taken from them. The Indians had not only spared the child so far, but had even helped to carry her; and had she not become fretful from a wound accidentally received, her life might have been saved. An impatient savage, irritated by the baby's constant crying, dashed its head against a tree, and flung it into the bushes.

Still the mother went on; there were yet two to cling to her for support in this terrible time.

Twenty weary days and nights more before the captives reached their destination, and when they came to the Scioto, the savages showed Mrs. Moore some hieroglyphics on the trees, which represented three Indians and a captive white boy—this, they told her, was her son whom they had captured in their expedition two years before, and that he had been here with them, and was still a captive.

The prisoners were then taken to the Indian

settlements, near the present site of Chillicothe; and here they were kindly received.

The triumphant return of the warriors, with their prisoners, scalps, and booty, was the cause of great rejoicing in the different villages to which they belonged; but at the council held a few days after, an aged chief made a long speech, disapproving of these plundering expeditions, and representing the war and disasters to which they would certainly lead.

These ideas did not suit the restless, plunder-loving savages; and after listening in respectful silence until the end, they shook their heads disapprovingly, and retired.

Mrs. Moore and her younger daughter were placed in one village, while Martha Ivans and Mary were taken to another. They could meet every day, and this was no small comfort in their captivity; but before long, the mother and little Jane were cruelly put to death by a party of Cherokees, who passed through the Shawnee town on their return from an unsuccessful raid upon some of the settlements in Western Pennsylvania.

Furious at the loss of some of their warriors, these savages were bent upon revenge, and laid their plans to intoxicate the Shawnees, and kill their white captives. Some of the Indian women who suspected this, saved Martha and Mary by hiding them at a distance from the town, where they kept them until the Cherokees had departed.

Mrs. Moore and her little daughter were tortured and burned at the stake; and a few days afterwards, the two girls were brought to the village where this tragedy had taken place. Mary, who had not been told of it, looked in vain for her mother and sister; but the horrid sight of half-burned bones among the ashes and blackened remains of a fire, told her all too plainly how they had been dealt with.

It is difficult to believe that Mary Moore was at this time a child under ten years of age, and a fair, delicate, gentle child at that; her whole conduct seems so "pure womanly;" and in all the annals of Indian captivity, there is not so touching a story as hers.

Whether tears, or heart-broken silence, followed the first shock of this discovery, is not recorded; but the little girl felt that a sacred duty devolved on her—that of paying what respect was possible to these poor relics of those who were so dear to her. An Indian woman lent her a hoe; and digging a grave as deep as she could with it, she gathered the bones with her own hands, and placing them in the receptacle she had made, covered them with earth, and marked the place with a stone. It was a poor funeral, but the best that she could give them; and turning to her little Testament for comfort, she found there the strength she needed in these dark hours. With

no parents on earth, she drew very near her Father in heaven.

As a general thing, the captive girls were kindly treated; and the little Mary was an especial favorite. Golden-haired and black-eyed, with a complexion which no exposure could blemish, she added the charm of personal beauty to her brave and sweet disposition; and soon became the pet of the whole tribe. She had been taken into the family of an inferior chief, who loved the child almost as if she were his own; and one of his great pleasures was to have her read to him from the Testament which she treasured so carefully.

The forest is necessarily the summer parlor, or sitting-room, of an Indian mansion—the inside of the latter being sufficiently unpleasant in winter; and it was a very pretty picture against the background of trees and rocks, the fair little captive, book in hand, reading with her soft child's voice to the dusky warrior at her feet, words of love and hope which he could but dimly understand. But he frequently called her to him, in his leisure moments, "that he might hear the book speak,"—for he was curious to know, if possible, what made it so precious to the little girl.

The other children of the family would often tease Mary by hiding her books, and pretending that they were lost; but when she appealed to the father, he always interfered and compelled them to restore the volumes. One of them was finally lost in this way, and could never be found.

During the little girl's sojourn among the Shawnees, she was exposed to great danger from her very popularity. Her several captors all claimed her, and it had never been settled to which one she properly belonged. In times of general intoxication, which were not unfrequent, angry quarrels would arise on the subject; when it would be proposed to settle the dispute, Indian fashion, by killing the captive.

The few sober ones, usually squaws, would warn Mary of her danger; and then, no matter what the hour or the weather, she must start at once for some place of concealment until the anger and drunkenness had passed away.

On a very cold night, two young women, looking very much terrified, went to her in great haste, crying out, as they approached: "Run, Mary, run!" and away ran the child from the fire into the forest, where the darkness effectually concealed her from the angry disputants, who soon came in search of their captive with murderous intentions. The poor child shivered with cold, for in her haste she forgot to wrap her blanket around her; her clothing, too, was very thin; and during the hours that she had to remain exposed to the cold, she only kept herself from freezing by exercising as hard as she could.

In the autumn of 1786, the Shawnees were

driven from their villages on the Scioto by a party of white men, who punished their frequent depredations and outrages on the frontiers by burning their houses and destroying their winter provisions—the Indians themselves having made their escape into the forest.

When the troops had gone, and the Shawnees ventured to return to their homes, they found nothing left but the rude huts; and to avoid starvation during the winter, it was necessary to go to Canada, where they could claim assistance from the French and British inhabitants whose allies they had been at different periods. It was a journey of several hundred miles through a dreary wilderness in late autumn; and while all suffered more or less, the captive girls were exposed to great extremes of hunger and cold. They had few garments, and only deer skin moc-casins, for the deep snows.

One morning, they awoke to find themselves under a snow coverlet twelve or fourteen inches thick—their bed being formed of bushes heaped together, and a single blanket.

When the party reached Detroit, the savages gave themselves up to drinking; and here the sale of the two girls took place. Martha was bought by a man in the neighborhood of Detroit; but being soon afterward set free, she went out to service in a wealthy and excellent English family, where she found a very comfortable and happy home.

But little golden-haired Mary, who was valued at half a gallon of rum, fell to the lot of a person with the ugly name of Stogwell, who lived at Frenchtown, and who was so little affected by beauty and merit in distress as to treat her like a servant, with poor clothing and scanty fare for her wages.

In the spring, however, Stogwell moved into the neighborhood where James Moore, taken captive when a boy of fourteen, was living on the farm of a French trader; who, on hearing of his sister's purchase by her present owner, went at once to seek her. He found her in a wretched condition, and with no clothing but a few dirty rags; and Stogwell was soon brought to trial before the commanding officer at Detroit.

It was decided that as soon as there was an opportunity for her return home, the poor child should be released; and Thomas Ivans, the brother of Martha, having found *his* sister, and the master of James giving up his claim upon him, Stogwell was obliged to restore Mary to her last surviving relative.

In October, 1789, the rejoicing party set forth to return to their distant friends; James Moore having been in captivity five years, and his sister over three. Traveling in those days was beset with delays and unpleasant adventures; and after experiencing their full share of these untoward happenings, the two couples accom-

plished their object toward spring, and gained their different destinations.

But the precious little Testament, whose sweet teachings had lightened so many dark hours of captivity, and sunk perchance into the heart of the aged warrior, as he listened intently to the gentle tones of the childish voice, was lost on this journey; and no other copy could ever have the same value to Mary Moore.

James Moore says, in his account of their wanderings: "A day or two after we set out, having called at a public house for breakfast, while it was preparing, my sister took out her Testament and was engaged in reading. Being called to breakfast, she laid down her Testament, and when we resumed our journey, she forgot it. After we had proceeded several miles, she thought of her Testament, and strongly insisted on turning back; but such were the dangers of the way, and such the necessity of speeding our journey, that we could not."

It is difficult to understand *now* what traveling really was then; but the description of a westward journey that took place in 1784, will give some idea of the hardships encountered by those who went to seek fresh fields and pastures new:

"Pack-horses were the only means of transportation then, and for years after. We were provided with three horses; on one of which my mother rode carrying her infant, with all the table furniture and cooking utensils. On the other were packed the stores of provisions, the plough irons, and other agricultural tools. The third horse was rigged out with a pack-saddle and two large creels, made of hickory twists in the fashion of a crate, one over each side, in which were stowed the beds and bedding, and the wearing apparel of the family. In the centre of these creels, there was an aperture prepared for myself and little sister; and the top was well secured by lacing, to keep us in our places—so that only our heads appeared above. Each family was supplied with one or more cows; their milk furnished the morning and evening meal for the children, and the surplus was carried in canteens, for use during the day.

"When the caravan reached the mountains, the road was found to be hardly passable for loaded horses. In many places, the path lay along the edge of a precipice, where, if the horse had stumbled, or lost his balance, he would have been precipitated several hundred feet below. The path was crossed by many streams, raised by the melting snow and spring rains, and running with rapid current in deep ravines; most of these had to be forded, and for many successive days, hair-breadth escapes were continually recurring—sometimes horses falling, at others carried away by the current, and the women and children with difficulty saved from drowning. Sometimes, in ascending steep acclivities, the lashing of the

creels would give way, both creels and children tumble to the ground and roll down the steep, unless arrested by some traveler of the company.

"The men, who had been inured to the hardships of war, could endure the fatigues of the journey: it was the mothers who suffered; they could not, after the toils of the day, enjoy the rest so much needed at night. The wants of their suffering children must be attended to. After preparing their simple meal, they lay down with scanty covering in a miserable cabin—or, as it sometimes happened, in the open air; and often, unrefreshed, were obliged to rise early to encounter the fatigues and dangers of another day."

After many delays and disappointments, the travelers' wanderings were happily ended. James and Mary Moore were joyously welcomed at the house of their grandparents; while the Ivanses returned to their father and mother.

In 1798, Mary Moore was married to the Rev. Samuel Brown, pastor of New Providence; and became the mother of eleven children. She retained, in all the relations of a happy, busy life, the same lovely qualities that endeared her to all among whom she was thrown in childhood; and her children rose up and called her blessed.

A grandson wrote, after a visit to Abb's Valley, in 1849:

"While I was with our relations in the valley, I counted up the descendants of the three children of our grandfather. There are one hundred and sixteen now living. Most of the grandchildren who have come to the years of mature life are members of the church, giving pleasing evidence of piety. O, my brother, may we not look on this as an answer to the prayers of our grandmother, when, amidst the flames, she committed the little remnant of her murdered family to a covenant-keeping God?"

NO. 24.

ELIZABETH TUDOR.

BY H. G. ROWE.

Of Elizabeth Tudor, the powerful and popular ruler of England, and the sturdy champion of Protestantism in the sixteenth century—the woman of whom it was said by Pope Sixtus V.: "There are but three sovereigns in Europe who understand the art of governing; namely, myself, the king of Navarre, and Elizabeth of England"—every student of history, the world over, has read and admired or condemned, as religious bias or early prejudice may have swayed his judgment of her life and character. But the disinherited, motherless child of poor Anne Boleyn, the often neglected, sometimes persecuted and imperiled maiden, whose very life, at times, hung as it were by a single thread, few even of her most ardent

admirers have taken the pains to become familiar with.

The blaze of glory that surrounded her in her long and prosperous reign, naturally obscures to careless eyes the memory of those earlier days of obscurity and neglect that a father's unnatural hatred, and the jealous suspicions of her brother's and sister's council and friends, forced upon this noble daughter of a kingly race.

Elizabeth was born at Greenwich Palace on the seventh day of September, 1533, and although her royal father was bitterly disappointed at the sex of the infant, a *Te Deum* was sung in announcement of her birth, and a magnificent christening prepared to do honor to the child of his still fondly loved queen, the beautiful Anne Boleyn, for whose sake Henry had boldly defied all laws, human and divine, braved the wrath of foreign princes, and openly cast off his allegiance to the Romish Church, whose head had refused to sanction his divorce from Katherine of Aragon.

The descriptions of the splendid gifts presented to the royal infant, as well as the magnificent costumes with which the proudest nobility of the realm graced the august occasion, read to our plain republican ears like some gorgeous oriental fairy tale; while even more dream-like and improbable seems the sad and unlooked-for tragedy of Anne Boleyn's accusation, her mock trial, and condemnation to the block, that a younger and fairer woman might share the throne of her fickle, tyrannical lord.

With death staring her in the face, the poor young mother's thoughts turned lovingly to the baby daughter whom she was never more to see; and in a farewell letter, whose tender eloquence drew tears even from the eyes of the selfish tyrant to whom it was written, she solemnly committed the child to his care, praying him, in memory of the love that he had once borne her, to be a loving father to her motherless infant.

The next day the headsman's axe had done its work upon the fair young head that for four short years had worn the crown of England, and the day after, Henry led to the altar his new love, the Lady Jane Seymour; while in her retired nursery at Hunsdon, the little Elizabeth lived unnoticed and uncared for, her simple wants grudgingly and tardily supplied by her selfish and unnatural father, who seems never to have shown the smallest interest in or affection for his disinherited and neglected child.

Upon the birth of her brother Edward, the little Elizabeth was summoned from her nursery to assist in the christening of that prince, whose christom she bore herself, being carried in the arms of the stout Earl of Hertford, brother to the queen; and afterward, in company with her elder sister, the princess Mary, she visited the chamber of her stepmother, who, although even then in a dying state, was obliged to take part in the splen-

did pageant, and, in concert with Henry, bestowed her benediction upon the kneeling children whose rights had been so ruthlessly set aside in favor of her own new-born son.

From her cradle, Elizabeth possessed the rare gift of winning hearts at will, and it may be that this unconscious charm had power to soften even the hard heart of her cruel father; for he so far relented toward her, that he permitted her to share the nursery of her baby brother, whom she soon learned to love with all the fervor of a heart heretofore shut out from all the sweet ties and privileges of kinship.

Upon Henry's marriage with Anne of Cleves, Elizabeth, then a precocious child of seven, expressed a strong desire to see her new step-mother, and in spite of her father's brutal reply that "having had such a different mother of her own, she ought not to ask such a privilege," her request was at last granted, much to the delight of the kind-hearted German princess, who was so charmed with the child's grace and wit, that she enthusiastically declared that she would rather be the mother of such a daughter than to be a crowned queen. Indeed, her love for her became so great that, when after a few months marriage, Henry decided upon a divorce, she made a special request that the little princess should be allowed to visit her in her retirement—a wish that the king made no objection to, and of which Elizabeth gladly availed herself as often as possible, in spite of the favor and kindness that she received from the hands of the new Queen, Katharine Howard, who having been an own cousin to her unhappy mother, took every opportunity to show good will to her little kinswoman.

When Katharine Parr became queen, she immediately sent for the princess Elizabeth, who had been for some time sharing the home of her sister Mary, and establishing her in apartments at Whitehall suited to her rank, bestowed upon her the tenderest and most judicious care—a kindness that awakened in the heart of the motherless girl the warmest motives of gratitude and love, and made her, to the day of that lady's death, her closest friend and admirer.

It was under the care of this accomplished and estimable lady that Elizabeth received that thorough and wise intellectual training that so eminently fitted her for the important part that she was to play in the future political history of the world.

Besides being an accomplished Latin scholar, the young princess spoke and wrote French, Italian, Spanish, and Flemish, with as much facility as her native tongue. Her love for poetry, and her own occasional efforts in that line, she regarded merely as a relaxation from more important studies, while three hours of every day were devoted to the reading of history, for which she manifested a decided preference, eagerly perus-

ing everything upon that subject, in the various languages with which she was familiar.

No wonder that with such training, the youthful mind of this daughter of the Tudors early learned the insecurity of a throne unsupported by the love of the people; and the vast importance to a prince of conciliating and gaining the confidence of his subjects, if he would sway a peaceful as well as powerful sceptre.

After the death of her father and the accession of the boy king, Edward VI., Elizabeth, then a blooming girl of fourteen, accepted the home offered her by the widowed queen; and in the quiet of Haworth, pursued her studies like any other school-girl of her age; although, thanks to the generous affection of her brother, she was provided with a retinue and income suitable for the sister of a king.

Of her character and manners at this time, we are indebted to the pen of the poet Throckmorton for a description that will scarcely be recognized as that of the arrogant, domineering woman, that after-years of unlimited power and flattery changed her to:

"For as this lady was a princess born,
So she in princely virtues did excel;
Humble she was, and no degree did scorn
To talk with poorest souls she liked well;
The sweetest violets bend nearest to the ground,
The greatest states in lowliness abound."

Queen Katherine often remarked to her step-daughter: "God has given you great qualities; cultivate them always, and labor to improve them, for I believe that you are destined by Heaven to be the queen of England."

This prophecy, often solemnly repeated by one so wise and far-seeing, could not but awaken ambitious hopes in the heart of the high-spirited girl, who, however much she might feign humility and love of solitude, had yet within her breast that restless longing for power and place that no quiet joys could satisfy; and which, in future years, fortune bestowed upon her in such unlimited measure.

Although the Princess Mary had always been upon familiar, even affectionate terms with her young sister; yet her accession to the throne, upon the death of Edward, made the position of Elizabeth a dangerously critical one.

As a Protestant, the younger princess was naturally regarded as the hope of that portion of the nation who had embraced the new doctrines; and although she wisely held herself aloof from any participation in their numerous plots and conspiracies, she was considered by the queen's counselors and friends as too dangerous a person to remain at large; and Mary, incensed at the artful reports of her treasonable designs, at length issued orders for her arrest on a charge of treason.

Although just arisen from a bed of sickness, still weak in body and tortured with fears of the terrible trial before her, the high spirit of Eliza-

beth triumphed even in this hour of doubt and peril, and she made her entry into London, in obedience to the queen's summons, in an uncovered litter, robed in white as a symbol of her innocence, and bearing upon her pale, girlish face a look of stern determination, that awed even her enemies into reverential silence.

That the summons was to her death seems to have been the general belief; for all the road from Highgate to London was lined with crowds of kneeling people, who wept and bewailed the almost certain fate of this fair young girl, whose mother only seventeen years before had passed to the scaffold beneath the eyes of many who to-day wept tears of the tenderest pity for her imperiled child.

Arrived at the palace, Elizabeth boldly demanded an audience with her sister, which was sternly refused; and she remained for three weeks a closely guarded prisoner at Whitehall, while Mary's privy council debated the question of her life or death.

The most powerful and determined of her enemies was the Emperor Charles V., whose son Philip was already betrothed to Mary, and who sought her destruction, not only because he considered her a formidable rival to his future daughter-in-law, but for the deadly hatred that he bore her as the child of that Anne Boleyn whose fatal beauty had been the cause of Henry's divorce from his aunt, Katherine of Aragon—an insult that the haughty Spaniard never forgave nor forgot, and which he now sought to avenge upon the innocent head of Elizabeth.

He even went so far as to hint at the breaking off of the marriage contract of his son, if this dangerous rival were not removed from the way—a terrible threat to Mary, whose heart was so firmly set upon the Spanish alliance.

And yet, angry and perplexed as she was, the queen could not so entirely forget all the ties of natural affection as to send her perhaps innocent sister to the block; and, in spite of the stormy opposition of her council, she decided to commit her to the Tower for the present, to wait further developments in her case.

When landed at the traitor's gate, the young princess, lifting her eyes and hands to heaven, exclaimed aloud:

"Here lands as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs. Before Thee, O God, I speak it, having no other friend but Thee alone."

Her gentleman usher, overcome with compassion at this piteous outburst, was moved to tears, for which she gently reproved him, saying that he should try to uphold her courage in this strait, instead of giving way to his feelings in so unmanly a manner.

While Mary was engaged in celebrating, with the greatest splendor and rejoicing, her marriage

festivities with the Spanish prince, Elizabeth remained a doleful prisoner in the Tower, beguiling the weary hours as best she might with her books and music, and now and then forgetting her griefs in the innocent prattle of a little child belonging to one of the officers of the Tower, who was permitted by his father to spend much of his time with the captive princess, bringing her flowers every day when she took her narrow walk in the garden, and receiving from her the caresses and gifts that his guileless devotion merited.

But even this harmless diversion was discovered and forbidden by the unrelenting junto that controlled not only England, but the queen herself; and one morning the little fellow, coming with his daily nosegay, found the door locked against him, and called piteously to the weeping prisoner within:

"Farewell, lady; I can bring you no more flowers."

Which sad message, as Elizabeth declared in after years, wrung her heart as many a sterner mandate had not had the power to do.

At one time the captive princess narrowly escaped losing her life from the enmity of Gardiner, the queen's confidential adviser, who, finding that her majesty was considered by her physicians in a dying state, took upon himself the responsibility of sending a warrant for Elizabeth's immediate execution. Fortunately, the Lieutenant of the Tower, an honorable and upright man, refused to obey the bloody mandate without an especial order signed by the queen herself. Mary recovered, and Elizabeth escaped the vengeance of her enemies.

While Mary lived, her sister could never have known a single hour of security; for although pronounced innocent of the treasonable charges brought against her, and allowed a place at Court, by the influence of her brother-in-law Philip she was constantly exposed to the suspicious espionage of her sister's Catholic friends, who, dismayed by the queen's failing health, looked upon the probable accession of a Protestant princess with the gravest apprehension for the safety of themselves and their religion.

To obviate this difficulty, Philip made the greatest exertions to bring about a match between his friend Phillibert of Savoy and his young sister-in-law; and at length, finding her determined not to wed the gallant Savoyard, he seems to have conceived the design of himself becoming her suitor, so soon as the daily expected demise of his wife should leave him at liberty. When that event really took place, however, and by the unanimous voice of the people Elizabeth was called to the throne, the Spanish prince was kindly but firmly rejected by the royal maiden, who reiterated the sentiment that, throughout life, served her as a shield against unwelcome suitors:

"I have decided to live and die a maiden

queen, for no man's love shall stand between me and my subjects."

One of the first public acts of Elizabeth after her accession, was restoring the coin of the realm, that had been greatly adulterated by Henry VIII., to its pristine purity; the loss coming, not upon the people, but upon her own treasury, as every base coin when presented at the mint was exchanged for one of full weight and value.

The sufferings, especially of the poorer classes, from this base coinage, had been very great; and the new queen could scarcely have taken a surer road to popularity than this return to an honest currency.

That Elizabeth's reign was so prosperous and her power so unlimited, was due in a great measure to the wonderful art with which she secured the confidence and affection of her people. However much her court and attendants might suffer from her caprices and ill temper, to the populace she never failed to appear the benign and gracious sovereign whose one great object in life was the prosperity and happiness of her people.

She gratified their love of pageantry and show by frequent "progresses," as they were called, visiting in great state different parts of her kingdom, attended by an immense and splendid train of lords and ladies, who were all entertained at the expense of the luckless lord whom it was her pleasure to honor as a host.

At such times, the meanest peasant, man, woman or child, had free access to her presence, and none were turned away with a scornful or ungracious word. Patiently she listened to their wrongs, redressed their grievances, and graciously acknowledged their honest expressions of loyalty by some well-timed compliment, that sent them from her presence willing to die, if need be, for so sweet and noble a lady.

Jealous and easily offended as the queen was in the privacy of her own palace, and especially among those of her own blood, she knew how to treat even a saucy jest from one of her humble subjects with a good natural leniency that went far to make her the idol of an unthinking populace.

A story is told in regard to this trait in her character that may not come amiss here:

On one occasion, her Majesty having decided to make a visit to one of her country palaces on the following day, a porter was ordered to be on hand in the morning with his cart, to transport the load of luggage that was considered indispensable by the maiden queen and her ladies. The man came, but was told that her Majesty had decided to put off her journey a day longer. Again he came, only to receive the same message, and the third morning with a like result. Thoroughly out of patience, the sturdy boor exclaimed, with more truth than reverence:

"Now I see that the queen is a woman, as well as my wife!"

A speech that the queen, standing by an open window, chanced to overhear, and laughing heartily, sent him three golden angels, as she said, "to stop his saucy mouth."

Although, with her usual crooked policy, Elizabeth sometimes deceived and misled even her Protestant allies, there is no doubt that her attachment to the Reformed creed was sincere; and she evidently tried in every way, compatible with the safety of her own kingdom, to aid in its preservation and extension in the other countries of Europe.

As a munificent patroness of literature and art, the Virgin Queen stands foremost among the crowned heads of her day.

Her own learning and excellent literary taste fully qualified her to appreciate the genius of those great men, who return have handed her name down to posterity surrounded by a halo that the mists of centuries have had no power to dim.

Well would it have been for her if she had oftener listened to the calm philosophy of such men as Bacon, instead of the cold, often cruel policy of the calculating Cecil and the haughty ambitious Leicester.

At one time the queen was greatly incensed again a certain writer who had presumed to make a public attack on her, on account of her partiality to the handsome favorite Dudley; and in Bacon's presence she angrily threatened him with the rack.

"Nay, Madam," counseled the great philosopher, "he is an author; rack his *writings* rather than his *person*."

A piece of shrewd advice, that Elizabeth had the good sense to profit by.

Of the foolish vanities, the womanly jealousies, and the unwomanly tyrannies, that marred the character of this great monarch in her later life, we have neither space nor wish to speak.

Few indeed can bear the unreasoning admiration and flattery of a great people without acquiring more or less of conceit and arrogance; and if the follies and weaknesses of England's maiden queen have been food for the contemptuous wonder of writers and readers of history for the last two centuries, have not her manlike virtues—her wisdom, her prudence, and above all her devoted and steadfast love for her country and people, called forth praise won from the most prejudiced lips?

In England's hour of greatest peril, her woman's hand wisely and firmly guided the ship of state to a safe haven; and no Englishman, be he peer or peasant, can suppress a thrill of national pride and thanksgiving, when he remembers the name and days of "Good Queen Bess."

THE WASP.

BY AUGUSTA DE BÜBNA.

(See Plate.)

Ah pretty maid!

Full early are you learning that, in truth,
Which comes to all fair damsels in their youth,
To be afraid,

Of "jacket" covered, dancing, airy things.
'Tis not alone a daring wasp that stings,

I tell you true;

There is a little god who flies just so,
And when he sees a beauteous maiden, lo!

Swift to pursue.

He speeds him on his way with magic art
And plants his sting within the tender heart,

With courage rare,

Take warning then, and of your sweetest charms
Be chary, else he'll cause you vague alarms.

I say—Beware!

For though a wasp may bitter sting and smart,
There is a deeper, more enduring hurt,

When love invades:

And oftimes never can be found a cure
For his sweet wound! Love holds a potent power

O'er pretty maids.

GLENARCHAN.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

Her father's evident confidence in her gave her great hope; she never deceived him, and he knew that whatever he said or did, his daughter's clear eye of truth was ready to confront him.

When he threatened to "try his hand," at one of the baby's fits of crying, she composedly answered, "If you really can think of any way to soothe him, father, I will be very grateful; his cries are hard to endure."

A comical glance was her only answer; in truth, the story of any actual cruelty to the children was not very well authenticated; threats seemed to be sufficient to reduce the twins to a condition of abject terror, and this aggravated their father, who despised weakness in every form. Perhaps more truly he *thought* he despised it, for he failed to recognize a weakness that turned from annoyance, and a cowardice that "bullied" it.

Ellen met each emergency with such wisdom as was vouchsafed her, when she had rest, she thanked God and took courage.

One source of anxiety increased daily; this was Jack's restlessness. He worked on the farm like a laborer, giving no sign of weariness, then read nearly all night, unless he could persuade Ellen to go with him to the rocks and tell of the Old World, when he would listen with a gratitude that she could compare to nothing less than that of a freed captive. He rarely seemed to sleep, and had a wild, staring expression, like a fettered eagle, that filled her with disquiet. He laughed

at her remonstrances, and advised her not to try sleeping potions for one who made such good use of his time as he.

One day, while the family were taking their early tea, Mr. May tossed a letter to his daughter with a curt "Read that."

It was an invitation from Aunt Anne for them all to make her a visit of a week, before she left her house for the summer.

Miss May's summers were short; she loved the city, and insisted she was more comfortable in her large rooms, and more amused in parks and gardens, than ever at any place of resort. "Some of your old friends are still in town," she wrote. "I have invited them to dinner on Wednesday; come and see if I cannot make my rooms as cool as any part of the old farmhouse; leave the children with Juno, and come one and all."

Ellen glanced at the subject of the letter, then read it aloud, as it concerned her mother as much as any of them.

"What do you think of it, dear mother," she asked; "will you accept? It will be a change for you, and father and I will be so much happier if you are with us."

Mr. May tipped his chair back, and laughed till the room rang again. The twins held their spoons in mid-air, with mouths open; Jack gave his sister a look that nearly destroyed her; while poor Mrs. May turned so white and trembling that her watchful son came to the rescue.

"It is not such a dreadful thing, mother; I will see to the children," he said.

"Oh no, my dear," finally replied Mrs. May, with a jerk at her sentences; "I'll stay home; I'd rather, indeed."

"And we'll go. *Confound it!*" said the master, with a bang on the table that brought the twin spoons down so suddenly that their owners shrieked, and made even Ellen jump.

There was something in the absurdity of it all that was too much for Jack; he exclaimed as he rose to go, "Really, Nellie, the enlivening way in which those candles light up does you credit."

The poor candles extinguished themselves in tears, at which Mr. May followed Jack, after relieving his mind by sending his chair nearly to the ceiling. To Ellen's surprise, she heard the two laughing as they went out, a most gratifying and unprecedented event, and which encouraged her to urge her mother to accept the invitation.

"Oh Ellen, you are so thoughtless," was the answer. "What a time you have made; I never go anywhere; just forget I live; I don't want to do anything; you do make your father so dreadful," and another tank of tears bid fair to sweep away what was left of the family.

"Rain relieves the clouds," thought Ellen, nowise discouraged, as she gathered the remnants of the twins and put them to bed, delighting their hearts by some simple story of "what a little dog

did one day," and then undressed the baby and sang him to sleep.

A letter of acceptance for herself and her father was the next duty; and a search for Jack to post it for her.

"I told Aunt Anne we would come," she said to her father, whom she met. "We will go down in the 8:40 on Wednesday morning."

"Anything more, your majesty?" he asked.

"No, father—except I'm so glad to have an opportunity to wear my white silk," which womanish speech closed the conference.

CHAPTER VI.

On Wednesday, Jack and Dolly escorted Mr. May and Ellen to the depot; the day was intensely hot and the ride dusty and disagreeable; it was a relief to approach the city.

"Can you find the carriage alone, Nell? I want to get out at Thirtieth street; tell Nancy I'll be along in time," said her father, with a sort of tone that made his daughter shiver at the idea of his appearing at a dress dinner.

"Adams will be waiting for us; I can do very well alone," she replied, rather glad at his proposal. The depot was in Twenty-Seventh street then. Ellen found the carriage at the ladies' door, and in a few minutes she was at her aunt's.

From her welcome to her room, everything was delightful, and refreshing beyond expression. The house was shaded and cool, and from the open greenhouse filled with the perfume of delicious flowers; while the ferns and tropical plants in the hall refreshed the eye with soft green coloring, as much as the fountain in the centre the leaves on which it fell.

"It is fairy land," said Ellen; "I feel too disgracefully dusty to stop a moment; let me get into a white dress before you look at me."

"Come up stairs, then; if you confess it is as pleasant as the country, I'm content," and her aunt ushered her into a city bower where India mattings, linen coverings and lace curtains, replaced the usual decorations which delight the souls of *Phyllises*.

"Water, water everywhere, is certainly an advantage beyond any we have," said Ellen, going to the Croton; "I could not persuade mother to come."

"Your mother once told me it made life too dark when she returned; but must it always be dark?—are you succeeding, Ellen?"

"I can hardly tell; father is such an enigma."

"He will be a greater one to you soon; where is he?"

"He will be here later."

"Come into my morning room when you are refreshed, dear, and we will have luncheon and talk;" and Miss May left her niece to her toilet.

"Oh how I delight in this heat," exclaimed she, when Ellen joined her in a room of cane chairs and lounges, and where fans from the ceiling were gently stirring the air.

"For one who delights in heat, you certainly are wonderfully inventive in producing coolness," laughed Ellen, as she made herself at home on one of the sofas.

"Yes, that is true enjoyment; I'm a perfect Sybarite in my love of lounging; and delight in the freedom of summer, in the warm air that I breathe, and in all the means and appliances that produce this exact temperature. I like the air to be so warm that ices and fans are grateful."

"If I had not heard you equally eloquent over wood fires and winter evenings, I would believe you."

"Oh, my dear, that was five years ago! Are you quite comfortable; take some more glacie."

"Life can produce nothing nearer perfection," laughed Ellen.

"Then let me offer some mental refreshment, in the form of a letter from Robert Mackenzie; he and I are constant correspondents."

Ellen read; presently she threw it from her, her cheeks all aflame. "It is too bad; he will speak as if I were engaged to him. I am *not*. I positively refused any answer until a year had passed."

"Nothing venture, nothing have! You would hardly expect less bravery from a Mackenzie, a Highland chief."

"Truth is as important as bravery."

"My dear, if you examine the letter critically, you will see that he speaks of his engagement to you, not of yours to him."

"But we both know what he means."

"Yes, Nellie, and my earnest wish is first for your success in restoring peace to your home; then that you may rest in the great peace of Robert Mackenzie's love. His father was a Christian nobleman, in all the full meaning of both words, and his mother, worthy to be that father's wife."

"Robert inherits the virtues of both, without the physical weakness that made his mother a widow so early in life. I knew him well; my grandmother was a Mackenzie, and you have heard that I spent my early years at Glenarchan. Now read the letter once more, then go to sleep for a while; tea will be sent up, and Elise will come in time to dress you."

Miss May closed the door on her last words, and Nellie re-read the letter in a better mood. It was nearly eight o'clock before she escaped from Elise; then, when she contemplated the result of the French maid's skill, as she stood before the Psyche in her aunt's room, she may be pardoned for her pleasure at the vision there reflected; a beautiful contrast of first youth with the more mature loveliness of the elder maiden.

On opening the door, they were confronted by a tall, fine-looking man, in dress coat and white neck-tie, short hair and smooth face, whom, with a start of surprise, Ellen recognized as her father; he made no remark, but offering his arm to his sister, escorted her down stairs.

Lights through soft tinted shades, flowers, plants, waving India fans, tinkling fountains, carried one to scenes of eastern luxury. Every sense was gratified but *one*, and that, modern luxury of science born has not conquered.

Crash, crash, went the omnibuses; rattle, rumble and ring went the cars; New York was revealed. But New Yorkers pay no heed to these familiar sounds; they talk in low tones that thunder cannot drown, and forget the outside world. So the fair women and brave men came into this enchanted palace, arrayed as if they had come in cloud-chariots, and bright and merry as if care and sorrow were myths of another sphere. Mr. May and his daughter were welcomed as old friends. Some thought he, too, had been abroad—these finding their error, discreetly said nothing; others who had seen him more frequently, and heard of the mysteries of his country life, calmly ignored all but the present, in the safe philosophy of the high-bred, who know only what they see.

One of his old friends, to whom a terribly exaggerated story of Mrs. May's domestic troubles had been told, exclaimed unblushingly: "Now tell me, dear Mr. May, all about your lovely wife; do you know I have missed her whenever she has been here, and now I hear she is an invalid. When will she be well enough to come among us again? We were schoolmates, and she as bright as fair."

"She is as lovely as ever," replied her husband with equal audacity. "I hoped we could induce her to come to this odd fancy of my sister's, a summer dinner party! I feel half disposed to spirit you all off to the country, where bird-songs are sweeter music than this everlasting crash."

"Oh, do you mind it? that proves you have been away too long. I never hear it; but the country sounds *are* nice, rather disturbing in the morning; the crowing, you know—"

"And I like that. Nellie, come here, dear; allow me to introduce my daughter."

"My daughter" was pleasantly received. "You tried to persuade mamma to come, did you not, my darling?"

Nellie, having listened to the previous colloquy, was quite prepared, though greatly amazed.

"I did, indeed, but mother does not feel equal to gayety yet; we will be down in the winter, perhaps take apartments—then I hope she will see all her old friends again."

She answered with delightful coolness, being claimed at that moment by an *awing* young Englishman; her father was left to adjust the situation.

Dinner was announced—it was like all dinners, only “more so.” The flowers were more exquisitely chosen and grouped, the tiny glasses with bonbonnières were more choice, the heavy viands more infinitesimally dainty, the wines more delicious, the conversation more brilliant, than at any of Miss May’s *recherché* entertainments. To Nellie’s increasing surprise, her father’s wit, repartees, and terse stories, were the life of the party.

It was one o’clock before the perfume of coffee and cigars ceased to penetrate the drawing room: “I cannot keep it out,” said Aunt Anne, pathetically, to the little circle of ladies who were making merry in the absence of their lords, sipping iced tea over their summer plans.

At last the two elements reunited; the outside noise had ceased, for the working world were wrapped in slumber, the blinds were thrown freely open, the balconies sought, and the dotted lights of the Square admired and commented upon.

“We must go *sometime*,” sighed the heavy matron, to whom the duty of first move belonged; “but I could stay forever, Anne, in your beautiful home.”

Of course she was entreated to remain for the rest of her natural life, a series of similar entertainments recklessly promised, all sorts of odd suggestions of amusements made, amid which gay badinage the good-byes were lost; but towards two o’clock began again in earnest, and the last regular dinner of the season was over.

The week passed in a round of unbroken pleasure; two days at the South Side Club, where one seems to have reached Mount Meru; a dinner at the Yacht Club House, on Staten Island; another at the Jockey Club; then, rides on horseback, ending at the High Bridge, drives and suppers, Thomas’s Garden, and all the rest of the modern modes of time-killing. Miss May and her brother were delightful and untiring as chaperons; but the week ended, and Mr. May insisted on returning before he said “Nellie was clubbed to death.”

Her aunt’s purpose was accomplished; she not only wished to give pleasure to her niece, but that she should see her father “shaven, shorn, clothed and in his right mind,” as she laughingly expressed it.

The day of departure came, and just before they entered the cars, Ellen remembered having promised Jack to telegraph when they left the depot. She did this hastily, and then they were homeward bound.

Some palliation of her father’s conduct had become known to Ellen in her conversation with her aunt; but her experience of life was too short for her fully to understand him.

May Farm was the old homestead once presided over by a widowed mother, who was of the old New England type—one of those wonderful women who possessed nerves and back of iron.

She superintended the farm and farm hands, kept her house in perfect order, with or without help. Knowing neither weakness nor weariness, she was always serenely knitting at five o’clock, when her son returned from the city, and ready to go over the day’s experiences with him, with a cool investigation which stood with them both for sympathy. Then, after tea, she contentedly knitted on, while he read the paper; a few words more, generally a slight reference to Nancy’s folly in spending the money left her by an old Scotch Aunt Mackenzie in an extravagant town residence; then a chapter in the Bible, which was yearly read in course, genealogies and all, and the day was over. Son and mother slept the earthly sleep of the just, and began the same invigorating round of duty at “five o’clock in the morning” of the next day.

When this good mother died, Mr. May remained in the city until he fell in love with the beautiful young girl who became his wife.

Miss May remonstrated at his proposed plan of taking a city belle to a quiet farm, but her brother’s memories were of what he thought was happiness, and of a mother who had never wished for change. He fancied her old chair once more filled, and this time he looked not only for content, but the added charm of youthful beauty.

He was not a good tempered man, and unfortunately having once decided on a course, never wavered till he bent all to his will. A capital business man, he was destined to be a failure as a husband.

His wife entered upon her new duties with equal enthusiasm and bewilderment. She began by superintending milk, butter, bread, and poultry; but the milk soured in the pans, the butter would not “come,” the bread was as heavy as her heart, the eggs were forgotten till they were spoiled, and the house, that former picture of neatness, was in indescribable confusion. The one servant was a perpetually dissolving view, for no one would remain with a mistress who gave her orders in tears, and had a fit of hysterics over every failure. Miss May, guessing the troubles, sent up a well-trained second servant; but she was promptly dismissed by her brother, with a note, written according to the light vouchsafed to men under wilful blindness, that when his wife could manage one servant, she should have two!

In regard to visits from her own family, her husband was positively ashamed of his home, but hoping each day for better times, continually deferred their coming. He had never known the mystery of his mother’s housekeeping, and her incredibly small expenses, but rather accepted them as natural, and therefore could not understand his wife’s troubles. There were no more peaceful evenings, they passed in fault-finding and in tears; a form of weakness particularly annoying to Mr. May, and one which he always supposed especially contrived for his vexation. He lived

in a perpetual rage at his wife for not being happy—but Juno has told the rest of the story; and when Ellen took it up, her father was habitually a tyrant, her mother a worn and weary slave, and the children—what I have described them.

CHAPTER VII.

With the hopefulness of youth, Ellen, after this visit, fancied some radical change had come over her father, and even tried, as she neared it, to invest her home with a new attractiveness—but when Jack failed to meet them at the little station, and only Tom stood beside the patient Dolly, a storm of rage told her that the old life had begun again.

As they drove up to the house, Mrs. May stood on the porch, striving to smile, but looking as if some new weight of care was burdening her.

"What's up now?" exclaimed her husband.

"Oh—nothing. I'm so glad you are safe home; take care, children."

"I'm not going to touch 'em; is anything the matter?"

"No, no—how soon will you have tea?"

"When I'm ready. Take the end of this confounded trunk, Tom," and the owner of everybody and everything went upstairs. Ellen remained beside her mother, who continued a nervous sort of questioning about her visit until her husband went off towards his farmyard.

"Now, mother dear, what has happened?" asked Ellen.

"Oh, my child, the most dreadful thing you can imagine. Jack has run off; he brought me your telegram only two hours ago; 'They will be here to tea,' he said, 'but I am going away—have I done what I could for you, mother?' I told him he was the comfort and joy of my life, and besought him not to leave me. 'I have had a good offer,' he said, 'but it will be a year before you will hear from me. I will not tell you, it will only get you into trouble; father won't be surprised at my running away, I have told him he would make me do so; I never meant to be a farm hand, and work without wages;' then he kissed me good-bye and was gone."

No wonder the mother wept; Ellen led her to her room, fairly stunned at the prospect of home without Jack.

At the tea table Mr. May asked:

"Where's Jack?"

"He has not come in yet," answered his wife, faintly.

There was no reply, for in truth the dreariness of his home stabbed its master like a knife, and his heart was full of what "might have been."

That night Ellen stood beside her window, thinking of the boy whose summons she had so often answered; she could not believe she was the

same gay girl of the day before, looking forward to telling him of all she enjoyed; now she could see nothing but sorrow. Suddenly a rustle among the vines, and the dear voice whispering:

"Nellie, Nellie!"—

A moment sufficed to get through the window and slide down the roof.

"Oh, Jack, Jack, my precious boy, thank heaven you are come."

"Only for a few minutes, Nell; I could not go without telling you the blessing you have been to me. I am going out into the world of life and enterprise; I'll do you credit some day; and you will go ahead and straighten things out for mother. I don't think father would be so hard if he were happier—good-bye"—and Jack folded her in his arms, and without giving her a chance to speak, he ran toward the bridge, where the Boston Express stopped before crossing. In a short time she heard the whistle of the engine, and intuitively divined that Jack was rushing away from her.

Then she discovered that he had pressed a letter in her hand as he left; holding it tight, she climbed up again to her room. It was in Robert Mackenzie's writing, and only a few words:

"Nellie, darling, one year from to-day I will stand beside you, and claim, not a promise, but your own sweet love; do not send me an answer, dear; and so will I know that I may come."

If the balm of a thousand flowers had been poured on her path, no sweeter fragrance could have surrounded this weary girl than came in these words from her lover. There was no explanation of how the letter came into Jack's possession; there was no date, and as it was just midnight, she could not tell from which side of twelve o'clock to compute the year—but he would come; it was enough; she could go on now, and though there was not the slightest engagement, no, not at all, yet she might allow herself to see a picture of future peace.

In the morning, breakfast passed as usual, no one spoke of Jack; Mr. May went out, but suddenly came shouting back again, "Where's Jack?"

Fortunately Ellen was alone.

"He bade me good-bye last night," she said, calmly. "He has gone to seek his fortune in the outside world."

"Where?" asked the father, turning pale.

"He gave me no clue to his plans."

"Did he see your mother?"

"Yes; he bade her good-bye, yesterday."

"And she kept it from me; that's a model wife. I could have traced him if I had known in time."

"He would not have returned."

"Hold your tongue; you don't know what you are talking about."

The reformation of people and habits is not

easy, even when they give their help; in this case, Ellen worked alone; no entreaties towards fearlessness and straight-forwardness produced any effect on her mother; her only comfort was to gather her children in her room and to try to amuse them—so vain an effort, that she sometimes fainted from exhaustion. The twins were certainly the most trying of children; they cried if they were looked at, they knew nothing and thought nothing, they ate and slept and gazed at vacancy—yet they were not idiots, but approaching that condition.

One day Ellen made up her mind they must be sent away to be saved, and to relieve both her mother and father. She consulted Aunt Anne, who, of course knew a reliable widow who would take the best of care of them, while a kindergarten, near her residence, would do all that could be done to rouse their minds. She lived in Brooklyn, and the two conspirators made every arrangement before Ellen spoke to either parent. Mr. May made no sort of objection; he did not tell how this proposal solved a problem quite beyond his power; and Mrs. May consented; with floods of tears and reproaches to her daughter for not letting things alone. Ellen hastened the departure; the children wailed a little when they bade their mother good-bye, then apathetically put their cold hands into their sister's, hardly looking up until the motion of the cars aroused some latent wonder.

Miss May's carriage waited them; she was at Newport, but with the ubiquity of an American woman, governed her town retainers without difficulty.

They drove at once to Brooklyn, where a sweet-faced woman received them, who looked with kindest sympathy at these extraordinary specimens of child-life.

"Now, dears, bid sister good-bye," she said cheerfully, much relieved when they performed this little ceremony with composure; while Ellen, delighted with the surroundings and prospects, could not restrain her thankfulness.

She returned the same day, feeling very anxious about the increasing debility of the unfortunate baby: her father surprised her by meeting her at the station.

"Got rid of the first installment, have you? Pretty good move, Nell; I really do hope it will do those poor creatures good," was his greeting; "now what do you want to do with me; what do you think of an insane asylum?"

"I prefer to try to make you happy," said the truth-telling daughter.

Her mother was up stairs, for the boy was indulging in a regular crying fit; and as they stopped, her father said:

"More work for you."

But as he helped her out with some care, smiling as she answered:

"I am able to bear it, father."

She ran upstairs; but thought is instantaneous, and a vision came back to her of a Highland home—a broad, low-roofed piazza, on which stood a lovely old lady with a face beaming with welcome, as her son presented to her a party of American friends, whom he had invited to pass a week with him. The look of love that flashed from mother to son lighted all the surroundings. Ellen never forgot it; it glorified the old fir trees, brightened the weeping birches, shimmered over the Loch, illuminated the house, and better than all, warmed every heart. Somehow it cast a shadow over her now; the Highland home seemed an impossibility, its very existence a myth, as shriek after shriek came from her mother's room.

The child was in convulsions; he could no longer swallow the soothing mixture; and the helpless mother on her knees beside him had no other resource.

"Oh, Nellie, I thought you would *never* come!" was the despairing cry.

Ellen placed her mother on the sofa; then, gathering the child in her arms, she ran down stairs. Dolly was tied to a post, waiting for Tom; she got into the wagon, drove rapidly to Juno, who stood at her door wondering what could be coming now.

The boy was relieved by the air and change of position, so that his usual moans replaced the screams.

"Laws, honey! have you done brought that baby?"

"Yes, Juno, he is very ill, and I don't know what to do for him."

The kind heart took him, and the old arms comforted him, crooning a song that had never failed to soothe.

"Laws, honey, he'll die sure;"—but she ministered to his comfort, while Ellen sat on the doorstep, watching the old nurse who never made a false move. She soon undressed him, gave him a warm bath, then rubbed him gently till he slept.

"Tain't no use, honey, but he'll die easier; you leave him here."

"Yes, and if father don't like it he can come after him; I did not mean to rob mother of all her children—poor mother; I took the twins away to-day, and Jack has gone—"

"Pears like you's done took 'em all, I miss my boy. See dem book-shelfs; dey look so lonesome I cries ober 'em."

"Good, gracious! there's father."

"What does this mean, Nell?"

"I feared the baby was dying, and brought him here."

"What do you think, Juno?"

"He struck by def. *Sure.*"

"I will go for the doctor; you must go home, your mother is in hysterics, and I'm no match for that sort of thing."

Ellen drove home quickly; her mother was laughing and crying, her limbs were rigid, the frightened Mary was rubbing her. Ellen gave her ammonia, but it was an hour before there was any relief; then she sank into a heavy sleep.

Ellen went out into the hall; the house was dark, no one had had tea, she was still in her traveling dress:—it all seemed so strange!

"Run down, Mary," she said, "make some fresh tea, while I light the lamps; I'll go for father; don't ring the bell."

They had rather a melancholy meal at the long table, yet Ellen felt some change in her father.

"Can I do anything to help you?" he asked.

"No, thank you. I will watch mother to-night."

"You're a regular trump, Nell," he said, as he went out.

A pretty tired "trump" she was, but she sat beside her mother all that summer night, puzzling over the problem of her life failure.

Towards morning the poor mother began to cry, "Jack, Jack, my boy, my boy!"

"Mother dear, he is safe," whispered Ellen; then she was quiet again. At last the day came, the heavy lids opened.

"My darling! why are you not undressed? what has happened? where are the children?"

"Juno is taking care of the baby; the twins have gone to stay with a kind-hearted lady in Brooklyn; dear Jack will come back to us. You have been restless all night, dear; I have been sitting by you; you are not to get up, I'll bring your breakfast."

"Oh, Nellie, I'd better go down; your father won't like it."

"Yes, he wants you to get well and strong; now promise to lie still." Then she bathed the hot face, smoothed the soft hair, freshened the room and bed; leaving her mother with a sense of comfort which she was too weak to define, but thankful to accept. She had short time for her own toilette; the traveling-dress was exchanged for a fresh white one; cold water restored her color, and forcing light and brightness to her eyes, she ran down to get her mother's breakfast.

"Take a leaf out of the table, please, Mary, while I watch the coffee," she said cheerfully, at the same time arranging a waiter with the daintiest neatness for her mother; this was soon done, and while Mary took her place again in the kitchen, Ellen hastily gathered flowers, placing some on the breakfast table, and some in a glass for her mother.

"Did you think I was never coming, dear?" she asked, as she placed the tray on a table beside the bed. "I wanted to do so much myself; I'm afraid you have waited too long."

"No, dear, I was in no hurry. Oh, Nellie, I

wish I might never be well; just lie here and rest."

"You shall lie here just as long as you want to; I'm determined you shall be thoroughly rested, then you and I will divide the work, so that you will never be tired again; now dear, can you reach everything? if you can, I will go down stairs and see about father's breakfast."

Ellen left her mother, closing the door. A shout from her father hastened her somewhat weary steps; but the face gave no sign.

"Good morning, father," she said, putting her arm in his, as she turned towards the dining room.

"Allow me," he said, with a profound bow, ushering her in, placing her chair with courtly grace, and standing till she was seated. "Now, may I inquire without offence, where the lady is who usually presides at this festive board?"

"She breakfasts in her morning-room to-day," replied Nellie, "I hope you will allow me to fill her place."

The father laughed, "No one can fill yours, my little girl; you look as bright as if you had slept all night."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

JUNE ROSES.

BY ESTELLE THOMSON.

Roses, roses clinging
O'er my lattice, swinging
All your blossom faces
In the summer air,
Why are you still twining,
In the sunlight's shining,
While the heat of noontide
Pulses everywhere?
Home the bees are winging,
Birds have ceased their singing;
And a drowsy languor
Steals our thoughts away:
E'en the brooklet's tinkle
Over periwinkle,
Comes but faintly, faintly,
Chiming as in play.
Sprites of fairy-stories
Roll the morning-glory's
Purple cups to slumber,
Down among the leaves,
But no elf-wand closes
Yet my lattice roses,
Twining ever upward
To the cottage eaves.
Nature here discloses
Lessons in the roses,
As their groping tendrils
Climb in rugged ways:
Life with hope is teeming,
But who stops for dreaming,
Loses much that roses
Gain in summer days.

A HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

None of Mr. Lawrence's children made any objection when he married the second time. They belonged to that agreeable class known to the common people as easy-going, and they saw no reason why their father should not have a second wife, if it suited him to have one—and of course it did, or he would not have done it. There were four of them, three girls and a boy—the girls ranging from seventeen to twenty-five, the boy not quite twenty—when Mr. Lawrence made his second venture in the matrimonial line; and although Tom Lawrence did remark confidentially to the girls, that he wished the old gentleman had allowed him—Tom—to have a hand in the choosing, for he knew enough more about girls than his father did; still they were quite agreed that it was no wonder their father married the poor little thing, for she had no money, was making a dismal failure of trying to be a governess, and needed some one to take care of her, if ever anybody did. So they all fell into the way of petting and coddling the forlorn little woman, whose nose had so long been held to the grindstone that they wondered there was any left at all—there was not much. They had dutifully offered to call her “mamma,” which honor she had declined, without any thanks at all; saying, with more energy than she often displayed, that people who did not know the circumstances, hearing Lucilla—who was twenty-five—and Tom, not to mention Belle and Marjorie, call her “Mamma,” would think she must have married when she was a baby, as they did in royal families.

“But we must call you something, you know, dear,” said Lucilla, soothingly.

“Of course!” replied Mrs. Lawrence—she was a two-weeks-old bride when this conversation occurred, and had just returned from her wedding-journey—“I think, if you would not object, that ‘Cousin Bertha’ would be nice—it would be a sort of compromise, you know, for I couldn't bear you to call me ‘Mrs. Lawrence,’ when you are all so kind and pleasant; it sounds sort of distant and formal!”

So ‘Cousin Bertha’ was decided upon, and the family moved harmoniously on.

It was a remarkably cheerful and robust family, barring the new member; and it was highly credible to human nature that all Mrs. Lawrence's gentle little complaints—about which there was an entertaining variety—were listened to with unflinching good humor, and as near an approach to sympathy as perfect health can feel for weakness and ailingness.

Mrs. Lawrence made a feeble and futile attempt to establish herself as housekeeper, ably seconded by all the girls; but after a week or so

of discomfort, borne with admirable patience by the rest of the family, she decided that she was not equal to the charge; and beside, she was sure that, whatever dear Lucilla might say, she felt the loss of her accustomed duties and dignities. Lucilla had felt the loss in the results of the change; otherwise, she would have been glad enough to give up the endeavor, sustained steadily since her mother's death, when she was eighteen years old, to make one dollar do the work of two, and to turn her attention and give her time to her music, which, in spite of all her difficulties, she had managed to make profitable, in a mild and uncertain sort of way. She had two or three little scholars, but she did not dare to charge professional prices, for she undervalued her own attainments; and her constant aim and aspiration was to take her small earnings to pay for lessons, which would make her really professional; an investment which, she felt sure, would pay in the long run.

But there seemed to be a fatality about it; her quarterly payments were sure to come just as something about the house had arrived at its last ditch; indeed, they could never have found a time to come when this would not have been the case; and although everybody remonstrated, and said what a shame it was that Lucilla's poor little hard earnings should go down the hole which was always filling, but never full, Lucilla insisted that since she would run as much risk as any of them of breaking her neck because of the holes in the stair-carpet, or being blown up if the parlor lamp did not have a new top, or dying of thirst if the pump were not “fixed,” it was pure selfishness on her part, and nobody's business, beside!

When a bouncing baby arrived, a year or so after the second Mrs. Lawrence appeared on the scene, there was a revival of interest on the part of Mr. Lawrence's fellow-townsmen, or, to be quite correct, his fellow-townswomen.

The Lawrences had had all they could do to “get along” before; and they, the people, would just like to know how they were going to manage now!

They did know, in the course of time; the girls were so delighted with the three successful dyes which had been substituted for three new winter dresses, that they could not help mentioning where they had them done.

And that baby thrived, whatever any one else did. He was “all Lawrence, the very image of dear father,” they said, proudly; and the three girls contended for the honor of waiting on him. It was not much wonder, for he really was a splendid fellow, a perfect king of a baby, from the first; and his weak little mother would lie and look at him, for her share of the proceedings, dreaming of the time when he should be a man, and give her his arm to lean on.

Tom, who was of the opinion that “all father

wanted was push—he had head enough,” determined early that his financial prospects should not be jeopardized for lack of that valuable quality, and obtained a situation on a New York paper in a manner which was, to say the least of it, not bashful, but for which he modestly disclaimed any originality; having, as he frankly admitted, seen the idea in a paper, and hastened to act upon it. He had merely, after taking sufficient precautionary measures to make defeat at least doubtful, pre-empted a vacant desk in the office of a newspaper which had two heads—nominal and actual; the result had fulfilled his most sanguine expectations, for by the time each of the heads made the discovery that the other had not given him the position, he had written some remarkably clever and well-worded editorials, one or two of which had elicited favorable comment from other papers; and had, besides, made himself so generally useful and obliging, that his sin was condoned, laughed at in private, and told as a good joke to one or two intimate friends of the heads. His salary, which of course had not begun until after the exposition, which came about by accident at the end of two or three weeks, was moderate at first, naturally, but quite enough for his own needs; and he determined at once that it should be more than enough, to which end he removed from the boarding-house which he had patronized, so soon as he had paid the bill which had been his stake in this little confidence game; took a comfortable lodging-room in a building full of offices, for which, including the ministrations of the janitor and his wife, he paid about a fourth as much as his room and board had cost him hitherto, and then proceeded to “find himself.” On high days and holidays he dined at a restaurant or good hotel, but immediately he dined at home, and his letters, about this time, were looked forward to by his family with pleasurable excitement.

Lucilla was his chief intimate, although he was fond of all his sisters; and it was to her, as house-keeper-in chief, that he appealed for advice and instruction. Lucilla objected strongly to postal-cards; she insisted that they always made her feel as she knew she should if she went to make calls in her dressing-sack and red balmoral, and she would not be induced to use them; so Tom, who declared that, dear as his family was to him, from three to nine cents a day expended in postage made them much too dear, bought a French dictionary and grammar at a second-hand bookstore, and proceeded to write French postal-cards.

The girls were all good French scholars, but it frequently took their united forces to arrive at Tom's meaning. They were amply repaid, however, for their trouble, by the look of deep disgust with which the lady who presided over the post-office handed them their daily mail. They could not help reveling in the deprivation she was suffer-

ing when they deciphered such despatches as the following:

“How in thunder do you clear coffee with an egg? I put a whole one in mine every morning, and it don't clear worth a cent!”

Lucilla always responded to the culinary questions, and her reply to this was brief:

“Do you *break* the egg, and use only the white, with a little cold water, before pouring in boiling water?”

To which Tom responded—in French, of course—“Bless me, no, child! I eat the egg when I drink the coffee—I thought it was the shell that did it; I'm sure I have heard you say so!”

Lucilla smiled superior when she extracted the information that, “an asparagus can went off at me last night, like a whole battery of brass cannon—I suppose I ought to have made a hole in it first—ought I?”

But her pity almost overcame her amusement, when he plaintively inquired, “*How* can I keep the butter from running into the fire when I broil a steak? It takes almost a pound and a half of butter every time, and none decent under fifty cents a pound.”

“Never put the butter on until the steak is broiled, and removed from the gridiron, you poor boy!” replied Lucilla, compassionately.

But Tom's blunders became fewer as time went on, and in a few months, he announced triumphantly that he'd just like to have them all to dinner!

A long cherished plan, which he and Lucilla divulged to no one else, was that when Belle and Majorie should be old and experienced enough to succeed Lucilla in the charge of the house, she should take up her abode permanently with Tom, as his housekeeper and manager. They did not want a whole house—oh, dear, no! just two more rooms in the building in which Tom lodged; and the rooms had been picked out for some time.

“The only thing that bothers me,” wrote Tom, “is that Mrs. Mulrooney has to go through one of our rooms—the one with the big south windows, which is to be the parlor, and where you are to have all the plants and cats you want—to get out on the flat where she hangs her wash to dry; but I think I see a way to change the stair-case a little, and cut off a small passage, which will not spoil the room. I saw a little refrigerator, yesterday, which I could really hardly help buying, it was so exactly what we will want; but luckily, it was just before I drew my week's pay, and I hadn't a rap!”

“Don't you think it would be a good notion for you to make some of those rag rugs, and mats and things, in your spare minutes? You know we can't afford carpet, or even matting, for some time yet; but I am dropping in at a painter's,

where I have scraped acquaintance, every day or two, and he's going to show me how to oil the floor, in return for a jolly rhymed advertisement I've just written for him, beginning

"Ye, who would view your homes aright,
Get Thomas Duffy to paint them white;
And you shall gaze on your halls with pride—
Of course I allude to the inner side!"

Lucilla's letters were, at first, warmly responsive; she begged him to make no rash purchases, as she knew she could make the money go twice as far; and every letter bore fresh testimony to the increasing capability of Belle and Marjorie, who could really, if they only thought so, take charge of the house, and baby, and father, and Cousin Bertha, at once, and let her go; but they had so little confidence in themselves, and were so foolish about her, if she only went into town for the day.

But after a while, Tom reluctantly noted a change; her letters were no less affectionate, indeed, they grew more so; but she made fewer allusions to their scheme, sometimes quite ignored his remarks upon the subject, and filled her letters with home news—the increasing sweetness and intelligence of little Bert, the baby—her pity for poor Cousin Bertha, who was now a sofa-invalid, petted and waited upon by the whole household. "Indeed," she wrote, "I don't know what father would do without her—you know he never used to tell us anything, and now he brings home every scrap of news—cheerful news, that is—that he can find; and he hunts over all the papers you send—for which, bless your dear thoughtful heart—to find things to make her laugh; and he actually reads aloud every evening, now, while Belle and Marjorie and I sew, and the poor little *Belle Mère* falls quietly asleep; and you know we never could induce him to read us so much as a paragraph—but she says his voice soothes her. We really feel grateful to Cousin Bertha for rousing father, and drawing him out so; and she is very gentle and patient, and always thanks us so sweetly for any little thing we do for her, that it is quite a privilege to wait on her—and as for Bert, I declare I don't see how people *live* without a little child in the house—it seems queer to me now that we were contented before he came. The dear little soul has learned to pull out my comb and hair-pins, and let my hair all down; and you just ought to see him laugh when he does it."

To which Tom replied, when he could find time for something more than a postal-card:

"Your letters are like yourself, my dear, always jolly; but much as I love my family in general, you know that it is about you, yourself, that I most care to hear; and it strikes me that you're cooling off about our projected partnership. If, for any reason, you don't like the notion, do not hesitate to tell me; for I know you have more

sense than I have, and perhaps I could not make you comfortable."

The reply to this letter, although highly affectionate, was so entirely indefinite that Tom resolved upon immediate action. He inquired in the neighborhood of his lodgings, and found a quiet boarding-house where Lucilla could be received as a "transient," for a moderate weekly compensation; and then he wrote her a pressing invitation, enclosing a ten-dollar bill for the journey, "and a pair of new gloves to fit you for life in the metropolis," he wrote, "and sit right down and name your day and train, and I will meet you at the depot, and install you with the worthy Mrs. Tuttle. You are to wind Belle and Marjorie up to run at least three weeks; you may bring Bert, if you like, and if it will make your mind any easier—I'd rather like to see the little chap every day—but come, you must, and shall; and if that isn't enough to fix you up, just write at once, and I'll raise you another—I know you are always giving away your gloves and bonnets and things, or lending them to Belle or Marjorie."

Lucilla did not wait to consider; pressed by the whole family, who unanimously voted that it was "splendid, and just like Tom," she sat down quickly, and wrote a joyful acceptance, fixing her day a week thence, however—for she knew that, to make herself presentable, she must have at least that much time, and deprecating the idea of Tom's sending anything more than his present inclosure, which, she said, was "simply princely, for the fare to New York and back will only be four dollars, you know."

To which Tom joyfully responded in French: "Never do you mind about the fare back—spend every cent of it but the fare *to*, and come on! I'm so impatient, now that I know you are coming, that a week seems like a year."

That hackneyed quotation about the best laid plans o' mice and men has not become hackneyed for nothing; but we will leave the letter which Tom received on the morning of the day when he was to go and meet Lucilla, to explain.

"You can't possibly be more disappointed than I am," she wrote, "and I am glad to think that *you* will have a chance to bury your sorrow in the affairs of the nation. I was afraid something would happen, just because everything seemed going so smoothly. Belle and Marjorie wouldn't hear of my taking Bert, though Cousin Bertha thought the change would be good for him; they said the care of him would keep me from fully enjoying my spree, and although it seems dreadfully selfish to say so, I believe they were right; I couldn't have gone out in the evening with an easy mind, and you know concerts were in the bill to a large extent. So they fairly courted Bert, to get him used to them, for you know he has always been fonder of me than of any one, and I really grew quite jealous when he was as

ready to go them as to me. Cousin Bertha picked out all her prettiest neckties and laces, and said I *must* take them to wear in New York; and she looked so sweet, and little, and weak, that I felt like a wretch for leaving her.

"But where is the good of going over all this? Here is what happened: I went out to make a call, which I'd owed for an age—it was that poor old Mrs. Fritz, and as the girls never would go there, after that time when she hinted that they were over-dressed for people in 'their circumstances,' I have had to do the manners for the family, just because she knew dear mother. I took Bert, because she had met me in the street a few days before, and asked me to bring him, 'though it must be painful to you to be so superseded, my dear,' she said, pleasantly; so I just wanted to let her see how thick Bert and I were; and I rigged him out in his best suit—the little beauty!—and as ill-luck would have it, she was at home. Now you know Bert won't go to anybody and everybody; we all think he is an extraordinary physiognomist for such a young child; and when she offered to kiss him, he just put up his lip in his dear little funny way, and *backed!*

"Poor little soul, he backed against one of those idiotic round tables with no legs worth mentioning, and over it went, smashing a hideous flower-pot with an artificial flower in it, and a glass shade over it, which, of course, went too. If I had owned that thing, I'd have thanked anybody, on my knees, for smashing it; but you should have seen her glower!

"Bert cried, poor little fellow. I don't wonder! I got away as soon as possible, for instead of saying it was of no consequence, she said it was the gift of a dear friend, and she had nothing else that would do to go on that table! I couldn't stand that; I had five dollars of your money left, luckily, and on my way home I bought an atrocity as nearly like the one that came to grief as I could find, with a glass shade and all, and had it sent straight to her, and that left me just twenty-five cents. If I had only not bought the gloves and hat-frame I might have gone after all; but there, I am *not* going to worry over it—where's the good? I chiefly lament the hideous misappropriation of your money."

Tom wrote his sympathy and disappointment at full length, lamenting bitterly that when he received his pay the day before, he had lent one of the fellows half of it. "But never mind, you poor dear angel," he added; "when I get my next slice you shall have a V, and come at once; I'm only sorry I can't send an X again, but I'd been saving up for that; and you have your trunk all packed, and your dear self booted and spurred, as it were, and the minute you get my letter, step into the cars and come. I shall look for you next Saturday week, by the train which you were to have taken to-day."

Fortune, and especially misfortune, is not always the "fickle jade" which poets represent her to be; she frequently exhibits a tenacity of purpose which should command our admiration. So Tom ought not to have been surprised when, once more, he received a letter from Lucilla just in time to prevent him from going to meet her.

"Dearest Tom," she wrote, "I think we had better give it up; I am really afraid to have you send me any more money! I was all ready last evening, and so happy, but just a little tired, for I had been making some things for Cousin Bertha—which she says I make better than any body; she is the *gratefulest* little soul!

"I took Bert to my room, because poor Cousin Bertha was trying to get a little nap; and Bert has actually learned to whistle—you never saw anything funnier! But it goes through and through Cousin Bertha's head, she says; so when I found he would not stop, I said, 'Come, whistle for sister in her room, dear,' and he came, like the little lamb that he is. I gave him my purse to play with, never dreaming that he could open it—but he is so clever for his age—and then I just dropped on the bed till the tea-bell should ring, and the first thing I knew, Bert was poking the purse in my face; and when I took it, it was empty! I thought, of course, the money—it was your 'V,' you know, Tom—would be on the floor; so I lit the gas, and hunted everywhere, and when I couldn't find it, I tried to make Bert understand, and tell me where it was. He did understand perfectly, and he looked as grave as a judge, and said: 'Bert eated it up; Bert was *velly* hungly!' And I really believe he did, for you know it wasn't by any means a spandy clean note, and the poor little fellow was dreadfully sick in the night. Of course, I did not blame him, for how could he know? but I do feel utterly disappointed—only don't, whatever you do, send me any more money. I know you have pinched yourself to send all this; and perhaps, when my next pay-day comes—though that won't be for a month yet, worse luck!—I can embezzle enough to pay my fare to New York and back."

"Lucilla Lawrence; what do you take me for?" replied Tom; "you are too superstitious. I will not dwell upon my disappointment—you are perhaps aware that the mill never grinds with the water that is past; but week after next, I shall send you three dollars—would that it might be more, but my shoemaker is a heartless fiend, who will not even half-sole me until the past is cancelled!—and you will take the train, twice before specified, and I will meet you as aforesaid; and all will yet be well. Only deposit my remittance in a double-locked receptacle, for the few hours during which it will be in your custody; and request father to take you to the station, buy your ticket for you, and not lose sight of you until the cars are in motion."

But, although Tom reproved Lucilla for her developing tendency towards fatalism, he had a curious feeling of having known it all along, when the appointed day once more brought him a letter from Lucilla; and it was with deep disgust, rather than disappointment, that he read the following:

"My darling; there is no use in *anything*! I have just alarmed my family with the first 'bursting into tears' since I used to bump my head in the happy hours of childhood; so I will not overwhelm you with my woe, but just make a brief statement of the heart-rending facts of the case! I can hardly bear to tell you that it was Bert again; for I don't want you, even in thought, to blame the precious child, whose escape from a dreadful death was so narrow, that I still shudder to think of it.

"When your last letter came, they all congratulated me as if—but what a foolish speech! I mean the dear things were all as glad as if it had been themselves. But, as ill-luck would have it, the milk-man handed in his bill just as we sat talking about it, and I said I might as well pay it—it was just three dollars—and not make him take it away when it was all receipted, and then father could pay me in the evening. I knew he would have it, for he is so particular about letting bills run, and always has the money ready, no matter what he goes without. Cousin Bertha didn't want me to; she said that if that money hadn't happened to come just then, the man must have waited till the next day, and she didn't want me to run any risks, after all that had happened, but I just laughed; and now—how I wish I had been led by her! I paid him; and she was so eager to have me paid back, that she made father give it to me the minute he got into the room; and, like the fool that I generally am, I laid it on the table—my purse was upstairs, being temporarily out of commission—and went out to tea. We were late that evening, for father had told us he would be detained, and we had waited for him; so I had given Bert his supper and put him to bed, before father came. The door was open between the dining-room and library; but nobody heard any sound, till all of a sudden, Bert's sweet, merry laugh came through the door, and we heard him say, "pretty, pretty!" in his little broken way. I rushed in, for somehow my heart sank prophetically; there he sat before the open fire, from which the guard had been taken after he went to bed, in his little white night-gown, with his cheeks all flushed, and his yellow hair falling over his shoulders, and at his little bare feet, on the hearth, were three bits of burning paper. The hem of his night-gown was fairly smoking, in one place, and would have been all in a blaze in another minute. I caught him up, and crushed the burning place—my hand is blistered a little, which accounts for

the unique appearance of this letter—and he laughed, and chattered, and pointed to the remains of his bonfire, and when the excitement was all over, I found that he had burnt my three notes. There was just enough trace left in the ashes to make sure. But when I think how we should be feeling now if we had been a minute later, and that sweet, innocent, joyful baby had—but there, I can't bear to write it, and I am so deeply, deeply thankful for his escape, that I can bear my disappointment very well indeed, and only wish I might take yours too, for I know you are disappointed, dear; and I still look forward hopefully to my next pay-day."

When Tom had read to the end of this so nearly tragical narrative, he meditated deeply for at least five minutes. Then he went straight to his own familiar friend, whom he had frequently trusted with similar accommodations, and borrowed five dollars. Then he wrote on a postal-card, in English, but with his left hand:

"*Dear L.*—I have broken my arm. Come to me at once. T. L."

Then, as if it had been an afterthought, he put the five dollars in an envelope, without a word of further explanation; sealed it up, and, remembering just in time, directed it also with the left hand, and mailed the whole collection promptly.

A grin of more than usual satisfaction was observed upon his open countenance during the rest of that day; and he chuckled softly to himself at short intervals, as he settled the fate of nations and the duration of fashions for the confiding citizens of New York.

As he had expected, his two missives wrought curiosity in the town, and consternation in the house to which they went. Mrs. Lawrence alone was faithless.

"I don't believe Tom has broken his arm, any more than I have myself," she said; "but I do not blame him in the least—he has borne his disappointments beautifully, and this last was too much—you ought to have let me spank Bert, Lucilla, indeed you ought; and I had my slipper all ready!"

"But, dear Cousin Bertha," cried Lucilla, almost impatiently; "you surely don't think Tom would tell such a—such a—whopper as that would he?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Lawrence, calmly, "it's the force of association. Just think how long he has been in that newspaper office, where they *have* to make them up, every day, by the column at a time; and you know, yourself, that the last time he was at home, your father said he hoped Tom wouldn't allow himself to tell—those things; and he just laughed, and said, 'Tis my vocation.'"

"Oh, that was only in fun," said Lucilla, eagerly; "Tom says so many things like that."

"Well, then, it showed he did it, either way,

you see," said Mrs. Lawrence, triumphantly; "but in this case, as I said, I don't blame him—the end justifies the means; so I wouldn't worry a bit, if I were you, but just go and pack, and you'll find all my laces and things in the corner of the top drawer, where you put them when you had to give up going; dear knows when I shall ever want them again!"

Lucilla was almost afraid to change the five dollar bill, to telegraph Tom that she would come by an early morning train; but it had to be done, and she rushed home with the change, and locked it away in her desk.

Tom had answered her telegram with "All right; I will meet you," which rather surprised her—she thought people with broken bones were obliged to keep at least measurably quiet.

She did not really believe that she was going, until her ticket was bought, and the train was actually in motion; and then, in spite of her pity for Tom, she began to rejoice in the prospect of having him all to herself, to nurse and pet and wait on, for at least two or three weeks. Perhaps he would want her to write from his dictation—for it must be his right arm, or he never would have sent such a scrawl: and she read the postal-card once more.

"I wish he had said when he did it," she thought, "and how—but, poor fellow, he could hardly write this much, I suppose. I don't believe I could write with my left hand at all," and a few attempts with a pencil increased her loving pity for Tom. So the shock was all the greater when, as the train drew up to the platform, she saw that worthy, tall and handsome and smiling, coming eagerly to help her out, with both arms evidently in a perfect state of preservation.

"Well, aren't you glad to see me, my dear?" he asked, as Lucilla, having reached the platform, stood speechless, regarding him.

"But Tom," she managed to say, at last; "what *did* make you tell such a—"

"Not at all, my child," he interrupted, putting her hand in his arm and leading her to the luggage room. "My statement was perfectly truthful—I only did not mention the date!"

"But when was it?" said Lucilla, utterly bewildered.

"Let me see," said Tom, musingly; "I was thirteen that summer, I believe—yes, it was about seven or eight years ago, as nearly as I can remember."

"You humbug!" exclaimed Lucilla, indignantly; "I'm afraid Cousin Bertha wasn't far wrong."

"You see, my dear," explained Tom, as they walked, arm-in-arm, to the boarding house; "desperate diseases require desperate remedies—I was merely fighting—Bert, we'll say—with fire; and I am glad to find myself successful."

They had a royal time for the next three

weeks—concerts, lectures, churches, park, so filled up the days and evening, that there was scarcely a moment for quiet talk, until the day before Lucilla was to return home. Tom would make no engagements for that evening, although it was his "off-night;"—he told Lucilla that she must invite him to tea at her boarding-house, and make him some candy, up in her room, afterward.

So, while he picked out the nuts, which he had thoughtfully provided, he quietly questioned her as to the housekeeping arrangement. He had been promised a "rise" in his salary at the beginning of the year, he said, and he could easily keep her then, and let her take music lessons, too.

Lucilla made no answer; she was bending over the fire, watching her candy; and her face grew alarmingly red.

"Young woman, what does this mean?" said Tom, setting the saucepan on the hearth, and Lucilla in a chair; "I have never considered you fickle; and, if you have changed your mind, I have a right to know your reasons."

"Dear Tom," murmured Lucilla, laying a sticky little hand on his walnut-blackened fingers; "it seems so mean that I couldn't bear to tell you, though I have tried ever so many times, but—I have promised somebody else!"

"And who might that somebody else be?" asked Tom, gloomily.

"Will Gresham, dear—and he thinks the world of you; and you know you have always liked him," said Lucilla, eagerly.

"Well, you might have done worse," replied Tom; "he's a good fellow, though I don't think he's good enough for you—but I would just like to know what I am to do?"

"Likewise, to be sure!" said Lucilla, briskly; "you know when you were at home last"—she nodded sagaciously.

"Nonsense!" answered Tom, indifferently; but he blushed "very becomingly," Lucilla said; and then they finished making the candy.

DO NOT DECEIVE THEM.—When the children are ill, don't tell them that the medicine is "nice" when you know it is positively nauseous; do not induce them to swallow the dose under the pretence that it is "good." Children never forget white lies of this sort, and their confidence, once shaken, never regains firmness. Better by far tell them the simple truth, that it is disagreeable, but necessary to their health, and you desire them to take it and at once. Ten to one they will swallow it with half the trouble of coaxing and worry of words, and love you better for your firm, decided manner. Don't teach the children by example to tell white lies to each other and to their neighbors. Guard your lips and bridle your tongue, if you desire to have the coming generation truthful.

THE STORY OF A SONG.

BY EMMA MORTIMER WHITE.

It was a sweet, wild thing of youth, the mountains, and summer skies, which Clive Breton had written, set to music, and sung with Rose Leslie many times during his tour of Europe. They had charmed the crowded *salon* with it; they had waked the echoes of old caves with it. It had risen, sweet and fine, among the listening silence of the Alps, and chorused to the plashing of oars on the moonlit waters of Venice.

Clive was fond of his own music, and said that Rose only sang it to please him. A golden haired girl of twenty might sing it well, certainly; and she might sing better under the light of two happy dark eyes, and with the companionship of such a magnificent tenor as Clive's. Yes, there was rare singing among that little party of seven, and much wit and mirth as well as wisdom. The professor's daughters, Rose and Helen, must needs finish their education abroad, with their parents' attendants; and Clive's relatives, the Bretons, had reached the climax of many years' planning when they commenced the foreign tour with their favorite nephew and heir. For Clive was one of those fortunate individuals born with a golden spoon in his mouth. His uncle and aunt, who were very wealthy, had adopted him in his infancy, and doted upon him. The midnight beauty of his eyes was his aunt's utter delight; nothing so flattered her as having him personally admired. His uncle was equally proud of his quickness and talent. And these fortunate circumstances, combined with the natural ambitions and hopes of youth, made Clive Breton's life very sweet to him. At twenty-three it had been very little but a long play-day. He had, as yet, found nothing to grieve over, for his energy easily overcame his tasks, and his natural buoyancy floated him easily over minor disappointments. Affliction or calamity he knew nothing of; and he had from sources not his own a generous impassioned sympathy which springs naturally from a noble nature never embittered by trial. A fine, agreeable fellow, and yet not faultless, since lacking the discipline of which come patience, unselfishness, faith and clear spiritual insight. Yet it was good to see one so healthily full of courage and enjoyment, and Clive was a general favorite.

The party of seven had been three months abroad. Clive and Rose had been invariable companions, as their congenial ages and contrasting temperaments made natural. Together they had floated upon delightful lakes, or staged it over tedious roads, their courage and fun enlivening the rest. Together they had stood silent in the great cathedrals, or frolicked like children in the rose-garden of their chateau. They had climbed

the Alps, dreamed in Venice, and been presented to a queen; and now, full of places, persons, and pictures, and tingling with the young author's ambition, Clive was eager to be at home and at work upon his book. It was not his first, but he had determined that it should be his best.

He was to go home alone, his uncle proceeding to Heidelberg for a year, and at the end of the time, Clive—his book completed—was to rejoin him there.

So one fine September morning he bade adieu to the united family at the pretty French chateau, and set forth for New York. When he could shut himself in his own old room at Twoelms, he could commence the absorbing task of disburdening his mind of its crowding ideas and fancies. He said to himself that he would lose his baggage without a murmur, but to lose his note-book would create an utter crash and chaos of his world; *that* would be an irreparable loss, and utterly unbearable.

The voyage home was a quick and fortunate one. Clive was glad that he knew nobody much, and could be mainly alone. The ideas of his novel thickened upon him.

At last he was on land again. He hurried out to Twoelms. Only the housekeeper and one or two servants were there, but Apollo, his favorite hound, was delighted to see him, and Apollo's was just such companionship now as he wanted.

The dog would lie all day under the table of green cloth, on which Clive's manuscripts were strewn, only coming when called to push his silken head under his master's weary hand. He would follow him in the walks which he found it necessary to take, resting with him side by side on the grass beside the river.

Thinking there, one noon, Clive found that he had made his heroine very like Rose.

"Well," he said to himself—or to Apollo—"where could I find a better? I didn't want a brunette, nor one of Holmes' washed blondes."

And here a vision of Rose's *lapis lazuli* eyes and ripples of golden hair danced before his sight so that he rubbed his forehead, and rose restlessly.

"A year in Paris won't spoil Rose. Nothing must change her," his heart beating quicker, and a sudden trouble, vaguely understood, oppressing him. He made an effort to throw it off.

"Hi, Polly! come, old fellow! Ten more pages to-night. How would you like to go over seas with your master next time, old boy?" and he led the dog a race back to the house.

He worked methodically and faithfully all the autumn; but he suffered from the author's depression, the result of reactions, so like the minister's "blue Monday;" and by winter the handsome dark eyes his aunt so loved were growing very melancholy. He still shunned society, lonely though he was, for "I cannot talk," said he, "but I want somebody to talk to me. This 'give,

give, give,' of my novel empties me; yet I would so like to be talked to! I am suffering to be amused, entertained."

There was something in this state, too, that made him long to be loved. If his aunt had been at home, he would have gone and put his head in her lap, as he used when a little boy. If Rose were there, he would have confessed a headache, that she might consent to play physician, as she had done once before, and stroke his forehead with her cool, white, magnetic fingers. He seemed to realize that time, now, more plainly than when it had occurred. The dimples of those lovely hands, the girl's voice and familiar wiles and ways, now seemed ever with him. He brooded over them in the twilight when he was resting before the fire with Apollo between his knees,—and one by one, with pre-Raphaelite fidelity, he wove Rose's personalities into his book. Not only were her tones and manners, her habits and her beauty, presented with striking aptness; but the tenor of the young girl's mind was so applied to the counterfeit presentment, that Clive himself was startled to find how well he knew her. And now, for weeks, his book utterly absorbed his whole being.

Just at the last he wove in the little song he and Rose had so often sung together—the one of youth, the mountains and summer skies—which he had written for her and arranged for their two voices; and then the book was done.

It had ended sadly—he could not help it, in poetic justice to the leading ideas—yet he wished it had not done so, for it left a feeling of pain with him.

When he considered the matter, he made an effort to throw it off.

"It isn't reality; Rose isn't lost forever to her lover. And I won't wait until next summer to return to France. I'll make arrangements with my publishers to go next spring. It's the last of January now. Hurrah!—only a few weeks more!"

Yes, "France." See how he was thinking only of Paris, where Rose was finishing her musical education; while his poor old uncle and aunt were longing for his society in Germany!

When the manuscript had gone to the city where his publishers were awaiting it, his spirits rose to high tide. He caught up his big dictionary and books of reference, and threw them upon the emptied table with a bang. Then he called to Apollo and ran out of doors.

A rarely bright and warm winter day—the rapid river glittering, the icicles sparkling, the clouds looking warm as wool in the sunshine of a deep blue sky. Clive stood watching the river and thinking how it was flowing down to the sea—the wide, free sea, across which he longed to fly.

"Rose, my sweet, beautiful Rose!"

Yes, she was his own. He had found her out

and taken her into his heart of hearts. It was a strange, delightful experience. It seemed to him that he feared nothing, cared for nothing now, but to reach her. There could be no repulse—no. What could she want more than such fervent adoration? How happy—how happy they would be when they again met!

But now the Americans came pouring over from Paris, for the Franco-Prussian war had begun, and most of them wanted to be safe at home. And what with difficulties, delays, and uncertainties, Clive had not engaged his passage when he heard that the Leslies had come home.

He heard it casually in the city, but there was no proving it, and a letter of inquiry sent abroad would be useless, since if he were to go he wished to start at once. And now he admitted that if Rose had returned, he would not, at present, go at all.

One day he met his cousin Blanche in a horse-car, her hands full of a magnificent bouquet of rhododendrons.

"How do, Clive? Aren't they splendid? Came from Rose Leslie, down at Ashville, North Carolina. Came by express this morning. Did not you know the Leslies were back? Spending the winter south. Helen's health is miserable."

Clive was suddenly radiant now. What would be nicer than a few weeks in the vicinity of the French Broad?

He packed his valise and was on his way the next morning. So Helen was sick, and Rose—Rose was gathering rhododendrons under genial skies; and Ashville was a fashionable resort—was she gathering them alone? A feeling of mistrust and anxiety now visited him for the first time. A northern girl, beautiful as Rose, would be a belle in the old hotel, full of northern visitors.

He looked up at it eagerly, as he descended from the stage, hoping to see upon the balconies, or at a window, a familiar face, but the people leisurely watching the new arrivals were all strangers. He pushed through them, and followed the waiter to his room, where his mail was speedily brought to him. The largest envelope contained his first proof, and he understood immediately that this was to be corrected and returned by the early morning mail. A different role from what he had planned, but he said to himself—

"I am under the same roof with Rose, now, and I am a little travel-sick and dull. I had better present myself first in the morning. I will devote this evening to the proof, and then have a little beauty sleep before I see her."

For it had its attraction—that first white sheet of his coming book; and ordering his supper brought to his room, he settled down to the reading in print of his story—to a minute inspection of its exquisite typography. It was eleven o'clock before he retired after an absorbing evening.

He had stretched himself upon the cool bed, the open window admitting to the chamber a ravishing fragrance, and the dewy air bathing his face; when, on the night's stillness, rose a singing voice—a young and sweet voice, singing out of a happy heart—a song he knew. How familiar it was; and he had never known it to be so beautiful. For it was his own, and Rose was singing it in one of the rooms below.

"Darling," he said, softly, to his own heart. And when all was still, he fell asleep.

He awoke with a feeling of delight. It was late; the green boughs against the window were full of sunshine, and its heat filled the air with a faint balsamic scent. Full of anticipation and hope, he rose for a profuse bath and careful toilette, and emerged from his chamber.

"Late to breakfast, sar," said the ebony waiter who had attended him the previous evening.

"But I'll wait on you, Mr. Breton."

"Pete."

"Yes, sar."

"Is there a family staying here named Leslie?"

"Leslie? Dere was, sar. But dey all went away on de early stage dis mornin'."

Clive stopped as if he were paralyzed.

"Gone?"

"Suah, sar."

A bitter disappointment. He bore it neither well nor ill. He ate his breakfast in discontent; he tried to look at the scenery, but seemed to have no eyes. He went into the parlor and surveyed the piano where they said Rose had played so beautifully. Finally, he spent a long, tedious day with a fishing party, who invited him to join them on the banks of the river.

It seemed that the Leslies had returned to New York, as they had come to North Carolina, on Helen's account. The elder daughter was threatened with a rapid decline. Clive thought of her tenderly—a pale, dark-haired, spiritual girl, whose sweetness was proverbial. They had taken her to be again under the care of the family physician in New York.

"But the Professor has lost much of his property this year, and they are not living at the old place, I believe," said his informant. "I think Rose told me they should board this spring; and they may be at one of the hotels. I do not know which one."

Poor Clive, he was in great trouble now. Afterwards, long afterwards, when he recalled the French Broad, he knew that its silvery width was sweet with flowers, lush with ferns, and embowered with trees—that here it rushed, foaming white, among rocks; there it stole silently past great vine-hung cliffs. He remembered the mountains lifted airily; the snowy cascades in the green glooms. He saw them that day under a mute protest at the beauty they exhibited for him so uselessly.

When night came again, he resolved to return immediately to New York.

But now arose a new difficulty. His proofs were to arrive daily. His publishers were in haste; the book had been already announced by the press. So he was kept at the Eagle hotel three weary days before he could change his arrangements.

Now he did not in the least know where Rose was, nor where he could find her; although his aunt and Mrs. Leslie had been early friends, he had not known the family much until he went abroad with them—Rose, not at all. He did not know where the "old place" was, nor who their family physician was. And his aunt, who would immediately have informed him, was in Germany.

But he could not rest until he again set foot in New York, where, at least, was Rose's locality. There he took lodgings, and interviewed everybody who might possibly know of her whereabouts.

He was surprisingly unsuccessful. Many persons of whom he sanguinely expected the desired information, knew even less of the Leslies than himself. Most of them were not aware that they had returned from abroad. Spring passed quickly, summer came, and he had not even a trace of the lost maiden.

But, one evening, came a sudden glad surprise. He was passing through a part of the city he seldom frequented, when bright lights and music attracted his attention to a fine private residence. Some one was singing. He paused, and his heart's blood rushed suddenly to his face. It was his own song, in the dear familiar voice!

He sprang upon the steps of the house, thus obtaining a good view of the drawing-room. A party of well-dressed people were assembled, evidently a few selected friends; but Clive saw nobody but the beautiful girl at the piano—Rose, in snowy *crepe*, covered with white flowers, singing of youth, the mountains, and summer skies.

It made him desperate to see the knot of gentlemen surrounding her—yes, gentlemen—young, high-bred, handsome men. Why might not Rose choose another? A pang of jealousy wrenched his heart. He turned away, white and trembling; then looked back to realize how Rose had matured and how radiantly beautiful she was as she arose from the piano just as a hand dropped the lace curtain before the window.

He possessed himself of the house's number and the name upon the door-plate, and then went away. It had begun to rain heavily, and the hour was too late to seek an interview.

But he had found Rose, and at a proper time in the morning he set forth to call upon her. He readily found the street and number. The name upon the door-plate was DeLacy.

A phlegmatic person in black answered his summons and surveyed him with leaden interest. Miss Rose Leslie did not live there; she did not know her.

"But she was here last night: I saw her!" cried Clive, in sudden alarm.

"Several ladies were here to spend the evening. The general and Mrs. DeLacy gave a little party. Merely a few friends to say good-bye. They—"

"Can I see Mrs. DeLacy," interrupted Clive.

"She went with the General this morning to Washington. They will not be here all summer."

The woman was the housekeeper—left in charge. She did not know the names of half of her master's visitors. He was a politician—gave many dinners—had many parties. She thought the young lady he described was a friend of Mrs. DeLacy's. Remembered her dress and appearance: had not known her name. Could not for the life of her tell where she lived. She went away in the carriage with the others.

It was impossible to get the least clew out of the woman. Angry and sick at heart, he turned away from the door.

And now he revolved all kinds of desperate plans to find her. But our lover was no longer bold. The memory of that resolute and blooming young face upon which his eyes had rested for a single moment, seemed now to challenge his confidence. Rose *had* changed. The gay girl who frolicked in the garden of the old chateau had become serene and stately. She was infinitely more adorable; but less accessible. He longed now and dreaded to meet her.

"What if we met, and she was only pleasant, said something civil to me, and evidently did not care that we had met again? What could I do but go straight and hang myself?" thought poor Clive.

And this thought forbade such an impertinence as a carefully-worded "personal" in the morning paper, or a letter sent to Washington, care of General DeLacy, to be remailed to Rose's address. There was nothing that he dared say upon a sheet of commercial note.

He fell now into great dissatisfaction and darkness. His book appeared and was praised, but he took in it only a languid interest. At one time his hopes sank so low that he resolved not to hope at all; and as the fall was approaching, to join his relatives in Germany. Yet he could not yet quite tear himself away.

One day he resolved to visit his cousin Blanche. She had removed from the city to a country residence upon the Hudson, where she was settled with her husband and children. Previously she had not known where Rose was, but she might have gained news; and the quest he had followed so long would not be abandoned. So one fine September day found him at Locust Lawns.

He found some petals of pink rhododendrons pressed in a book of poems, and forced himself to speak Rose's name.

"Rose Leslie!" repeated Blanche, quickly. "Do you know where she is, Clive?"

"Do I?" said Clive, strongly. "No."

"Poor Rose, she seems to have quite gone out of the world since her father's death," Blanche went on, running her fingers through the curls of her youngest. "Nobody has seen her for months. She was at General DeLacy's the night before Helen died. She seemed to be so much better about that time that they coaxed Rose out. The Leslies were boarding at the Huntington House. The day after Rose was at General DeLacy's, Helen burst a blood-vessel in coughing—poor dear child—and died almost instantly; a dreadful shock to them all. And then the professor—he had been much affected by the hard times for the past two years. He lost nearly everything at last, I believe, and when he died this summer they say there was so little left that Rose is supporting her mother somewhere somehow; nobody knows. I think Rose might come and see *me*. She knows that I am her friend; that I always loved her for herself."

Clive rose suddenly and went to a window, turning his back on his cousin. Blanche looked after him curiously.

"Aren't you sorry for her misfortunes, Clive? You don't seem to care much."

In a minute Clive turned around.

"Try to find her for me, Blanche. I have tried over six months in vain."

"I will," responded Blanche, suddenly enlightened and full of sympathy.

It was good to unburden his heart a little, and Clive returned to the city, his spirits somewhat brightened. But these were serious news which he had heard. Rose, afflicted by death, and living toilsomely—he shook with impatience now to find and relieve her. If he could rescue her soon, he should hardly be sorry for the reverses; he would reinstate her in position and wealth gladly! Yes, if Rose had become a beggar in the street, he would marry her!

Day after day went by. Apparently Blanche had no success, for there came no tidings. She had promised to write him immediately when she gained the least clew to Rose's whereabouts. She had resources, and had been somewhat sanguine. Yet still no word came.

It was October now, and his uncle had written, bidding him take the next steamer.

Clive still occupied his lodgings in the city. The rooms were pleasant, fronting one of the principal avenues, along which ran a line of horse-cars. One fine night the moonlight stillness was broken by a swiftly-passing singer or singers, for a single line of Clive's old song rang out, and then a male voice joined in the simple chorus.

The rattle of a horse-car accompanied the sweet sounds, then all was still. Yes, it was *his* song, sung by unknown persons rapidly passing at that late hour.

It was not exactly a pleasant experience. No modest and good woman would be singing in a public conveyance at that unseasonable time. It seemed to desecrate the song—his song and Rose's. And then he was lost in wonder as to how persons of that class could have come in possession of the music. It had never been published. If heard by chance, it was not of a character to be ordinarily repeated. It would never be a popular song with the low class. The more he thought on the subject, the more utterly did sleep fly from his eyelids. He rose at daylight, resolved to find the singer, possessed by the idea that this course would lead him to Rose; for it must have been learned only of her.

Apart from the impossibility of Rose singing in a horse-car by moonlight, the voice was not hers. It was a powerful, breezy voice, yet lacking culture, and the enunciation had not been nice. No, he never thought it was Rose whom he had heard; but he believed that if he followed this clew it would somehow bring him to her.

He had a difficult task before him, and he must work fast, or the incident would soon be of the past, difficult to find as a bubble of yesterday.

The hard task proved an easy one. He soon found the number of the car which passed his residence at the hour named, and obtained an opportunity to speak with the conductor.

"O, I know who you mean," he said, after a little. "It's Luce Hall. She was with her sister and a feller I've heard called Peterson. Don't know him, but guess he isn't much. If you want to find Luce Hall, she boards—here, I'll write it down for you. Just a chance that I happened to know who you are after," he added, handing Clive a card, on which he had scribbled an address.

It proved to be a third-rate boarding house. The mistress, however, seemed an honest and well-meaning woman.

"Be you one of them city missionary fellers, sir? Lucy Hall ain't in, but I'd be glad to have her see some good folks. She's a handsome girl, and she's a good girl, sir, but Luce has got into wild ways, and a city boarding house is no place for a young girl. Lor, here comes Lucy now. What's your name? How'll I introduce you?"

Clive quietly introduced himself to the girl who entered. She was pretty, but underbred, and looked feverish and tired. She sat down near him with her hat and shawl on, and gradually her manner improved as he conversed with her.

"I know Miss Rose Leslie, yes. I used to live with her mother to do parlor work. I used to sew for Miss Rose sometimes, too. I liked her very much; she was very kind to me. It's three

months since I left them. They only keep one girl now. They live out on the Albany road, and are not as well off as they used to be."

"Did you learn the little song of Miss Rose, Lucy?"

The poor girl gave a sweet, quick smile at the kind tone.

"Yes, sir; she used always to sing it when she was happy; sometimes when she was sad. She's had much trouble lately—poor young lady."

"Have you seen her this fall?"

"No sir; not since the spring. I was sorry to leave, but they could not keep me after the old gentleman fell sick and they had so many doctor's bills to pay."

"Would you like to see Miss Rose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you go out there with me to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir, I will."

He drove out to the old brown homestead where Rose had made a home the next day, taking Lucy Hall with him. He left her in the buggy under the elms, and slowly approached the woodbine-shaded entrance. Before he could knock at the open door, there was a confused stir within, the trampling of many little feet, and a group of rosy children came forth with their books. Rose's little school was out.

He involuntarily entered the room from which they had emerged. Vine-shadowed windows—a half circle of little seats—a desk—a graceful, black-robed figure in the chair before it. The teacher was still in her place, tired, for the golden head had dropped upon the white hands.

Clive stirred slightly, and his foot struck a child's marble, which rolled across the oaken floor. Rose looked up—and sprang into his arms.

It took such a little while to say "Darling, I have found you!" and to exchange the first real lovers' kisses. Then Lucy Hall was called in, Mrs. Leslie came down, and things were on the right track at last.

WOMEN BARBERS.—Sometimes the best Japanese barbers are women. As in a Japanese family the shaving of the children's heads is a regular duty as imperatively customary as the Saturday night's general ablutions are among families where Sabbath and Sunday-schools are old institutions, so nearly all Japanese women acquire a deftness and delicacy of tact with the razor that rival professional touch and skill. The girls and boys are not considered dressed or perfectly clean until their scalps in the chosen portions are perfectly polished. The male barbers of the period are stout conservatives, resisting wordily the foreign custom of the hairy foreigners who wear beards, mustaches, and full heads of hair.

SELF.

FANNIE WARNER BICKNELL.

One day, after more than a year of swinging like a pendulum between the pretty village of Summerville and the adjacent city, Paul Spaulding announced quite abruptly, but in a matter-of-fact way, that he was going to Europe. This announcement was made to his *fiancé*, Belle Benton, to whom he had been engaged for twelve months, and whose heart he had labored for six months to win—outdoing all her other admirers in the matter of bouquets, expensive literature, knick-knacks of various kinds, and more than all, in assiduous and devoted attentions. He was rich, as the phrase goes—in money, certainly—and could command the time when other young men were at their business or profession, to bestow in his endeavors to carry off the prize—the loveliest girl in Summerville—indeed, in the whole county. He distanced the many who had started in the race before him, and then, having won, settled down completely satisfied to be engaged, and thinking no more of marrying than he did of dying—and that was something he never contemplated. Belle lived the life of a recluse after the engagement; because Paul had withdrawn her from all company by not going into it himself, “having enough of that sort of thing in the city,” as he said, “and coming down to Summerville to rest.” One friend after another was dropped, until it came to be understood in the circle of which she had been the brightest link, that she cared for no one but her lover; all lamented this loss to Summerville society; but after some indignation at the “city snob’s” selfishness, they were allowed their way, and were rarely disturbed by the old friends who regarded the beautiful Belle as one buried from the world as effectually as if she had taken the veil. There was no reason why they should not marry, and as he wanted her all to himself, have her so as his wife—he was twenty-eight, she twenty-three—he was established in business, and with a competency outside his business income; but he never had asked her to name the “happy day,” nor, indeed, had ever referred to it from the time he proposed and plead for the priceless gift of her love. Belle was an orphan, and the idolized ward of a bachelor uncle, who was in no hurry to part with the treasure he loved more than aught else in life. She graced his home as its mistress, and he had hoped she would never leave him. He had not altogether favored Paul from the first, and was now and then spasmodically indignant at the selfish monopoly of his niece, and the sudden turning of his house into a convent, as he termed the change from a gay home to a quiet, almost hermit-like existence; for it was Belle who had drawn all the company—

her uncle was too indolent to make an effort in that direction. But then Paul did not take his niece away, and so uncle Chauncy said nothing, lest a word of remonstrance should suggest such a step to the young man, and then the thought of losing his darling was intolerable to the loving heart. But Belle had thought of it, and had latterly experienced some mortification at the apparent indifference of *her* lover, to what is supposed to be the darling wish of the orthodox lover’s heart—union at the earliest possible day. This European flight was something for which she was entirely unprepared, always believing that a tour through the Old World would be the delightful manner of spending their honey-moon. It came upon her like an unexpected blow, but she was equal to the occasion. Following the abrupt communication, appeared a long catalogue of wishes, desires, almost commands as to her course of action during his absence, “such abiding confidence as he had in her uncle as a protector, that he could leave with feelings of perfect security;” but she was to be narrowed down to even greater seclusion than she had, to please him, already adopted. She listened while he ran over his itineracy, dwelling with relish upon the pleasures he was to enjoy in those countries to which her inclinations had pointed, and upon which her hopes had settled as the sunny path of their wedding tour—hopes utterly blighted by Paul’s assertion that he “intended to *do* the Continent thoroughly, since he expected never to go again.” Then indignation, mortification, wounded affection, and insulted pride, almost gained the mastery. The peculiar look that came into the blue eyes might have given her lover some uneasiness had he not been so absorbed in the selfish plans for his own enjoyment. But she mastered her emotions, and with a firm resolve, fell into all his schemes, suggesting, encouraging and recommending, in such a cheerful, unselfish way that Paul congratulated himself on having found such a blessing in life, on being so appreciated and adored by a woman of mind and heart, and acknowledged beauty—one who had had men of talent and position at her feet, but had had the good sense to prefer *him*, and had swamped *self* in the love he had inspired.

“Yes, I shall be gone about eight months, then I shall be ready to settle down; and Belle, dear, we’ll talk about getting married when I return. I shall then be satisfied to become Benedict, the married man. You’ve had enough of society, and such a belle as you were, to be sure! It is hard upon *society* to keep you a little close; but my gem must shun display—I cannot waste any of its lustre upon other people, you know. We’ll lead a regular Darby and Joan life in those rooms at my mother’s, where you’ll have no housekeeping cares—nothing to do but devote yourself to me.” And then he contemplated in silent enjoy-

ment the picture he had drawn, while she bit her lips, and the flashing eyes filled with tears. Those were almost his last words, and when he was off she seemed not to know whether to laugh or cry. The change wrought in her feelings by Paul's egotistic and selfish course, had reached its climax; and now, stung to the quick, she resolved to throw off the yoke, and be no longer the slave to a narrow, mean, selfish nature, whose power over her lay in a peculiar fascination of manner, a handsome exterior, and the flattery which his satisfaction in her society during his visits to Summerville conveyed, and which few women could be insensible to. Had he gone to work with a settled purpose, he could not have more successfully destroyed every spark of affection, than the remarkable development of the contemptible features of his character had done. A union with such an one was no longer to be considered. She was astonished at the buoyancy, the gayety she felt when this determination had been arrived at; and her uncle regarded her with amazement, and concluded he did not understand girls. He had anticipated tears and low spirits, two things in his opinion worse than an onslaught of the enemy in battle; and he had taken an active part in the late war, and was competent to judge; but after a prolonged interview with his niece that evening, he had a clearer comprehension of at least one girl's nature, and uncle and niece understood each other thoroughly.

"Now, uncle, I am going to enter at once upon a change of base. I am going out to-morrow morning, to call upon my friends, and invite a few here for the evening. I shall teach one of your sex a lesson. To live with him in *rooms* after having been the mistress of this good old place, and that, too, without his even saying "By your leave!" No, no; I've been uncle's pet too long to be another man's slave; but if he'd only been *noble* and *generous*, I would have gone to the world's end with him."

"But he wouldn't let you," said Uncle Chauncy, with a look of humor in his eye.

"I wouldn't go now if he begged me on his knees; I'd be afraid he'd leave me on the road, as being too much in his way; and besides, I despise his meanness."

"Belle, do you remember what day to-morrow will be?" asked Uncle Chauncy, with peculiar significance.

"The Fourth of July, to be sure—oh, I see what you mean. Yes, we'll celebrate my return to liberty," and she laughed more merrily than he had heard her for months.

"And when he goes to his club in the evening, his mother will be company for me," she said in a mimicking tone; then, drawing herself up, added—"Not if the court knows herself, and she believes she do! Good-night, uncle; to-morrow will dawn a new day."

VOL. C.—35.

On the morrow, Belle appeared before her uncle, arrayed in the loveliest of blue buntings; a Tuscan hat with trimmings and feathers of cream color, and parasol and gloves of the same delicate shade. With heightened color and a dangerous sparkle of the eyes, she laughingly kissed him; and straightening herself up, said, "Now, I am going to meet my fate."

"Well, while you are on that benevolent errand, Belle, just manage to come across Col. Gentry; he is the fate I would choose for you—"

"Who might he be, pray?"

"He might be a selfish idiot, like Paul, but he is not—he is candidate for Governor; I'd like to see him here; just manage to get an invitation to him in my name. This precious gout is keeping me in doors, or I'd see him myself."

"All right, uncle; we'll have the old gentleman if he is to be had."

Belle drove from the house of one friend to another, everywhere welcomed with delightful cordiality—at Helen Blakemore's, her once confidential friend, before her "entanglement," as she now called her engagement to Paul, she lingered long, and continued her conversation at the gate. To the willing Helen, she confided her troubles, and her intention of breaking altogether with Paul. "He has excommunicated himself from the sanctuary of my heart," she said, "and has none but himself to blame; so I feel no compunctions."

"But you'll write to him, Belle?"

"Yes; a brief note—and refer him to uncle; he don't deserve even that much courtesy."

They were talking thus, when the quick eyes of Helen espied a stranger standing on the opposite steps, belonging to the modest hotel of Summerville.

"I don't know who he is, Belle; but I saw him early this morning talking with Judge Justice. He is overpoweringly elegant; but you must not turn to look, for he is gazing this way."

"I told uncle I was coming out to meet my fate; who knows"—Belle was interrupted by Helen's brother, who, appearing at that moment, saluted them with a torpedo, which, exploding within a yard of the gate, caused them to turn suddenly. Ralph was lifting his hat to the stranger; and Helen said in a low tone, "Who is he, brother?"

"Colonel Gentry—running for Governor, you know, and speaks here to-day. Young, isn't he?"

"And that is the 'old gentleman,' is it, that I promised uncle I would invite for this evening—and you know him?"

"Like a book; I am out to escort him to Judge Justice's. He's apparently waiting for me. You never looked better, Miss Belle; sorry I can't stop longer."

"But you'll come this evening, Ralph, and

bring the candidate with you—such a lion—and we've not had one since Barnum was here."

"It's a perfect God-send, Belle, this invitation; such a stupid hole as Summerville to have a stranger on your hands! Yes, I promise both of us, and thanks."

Ralph had been in the train of Belle's admirers, and was disconsolate when Paul carried off the prize. He had watched their course with interest, and had said many a big D— over the selfishness and arrogance of her lover; and had been chief mourner when Belle buried herself from society. Now he snapped his fingers and wondered what was up. "The fellow is off, and I'll be hanged if I've seen her look so bright since he cut us all out."

"You are a fortunate dog, Ralph, to know the ladies I saw you conversing with. The one in blue is a perfect Hebe. Who is she, and what is her condition?" remarked the Colonel, as he thrust his hand through the bend of his friend's elbow.

"Miss Belle Benton—"

"Whew! You don't say so! The *fiancé* of Paul Spaulding? I have heard of her as the belle of Summerville—what induced her to fancy that man? I wouldn't have his reputation for meanness for all I am worth!"

"Well, he was from the city, you know, and that goes a great way with country belles; then he went ahead of us fellows here, in the matter of horses, dress, and dash generally; and being bent on having her—and he is handsome, you know—he carried his point, as far as engagement goes. I don't believe she'll ever marry him though—for I'd stake my honor on it, she is as sick of the bargain as he is satisfied with it, for she has an oh-be-joyful sort of look now that he's away."

"I hope so, for her sake; she looks amiable."

"You shall judge of her amiability this evening, if you will accept an invitation from her uncle to meet a small company there."

"With pleasure, old boy; I shall consider it a privilege to go. Thanks for the courtesy; but here is the Judge."

That evening Uncle Chauncy's grounds were illuminated; and after the reception of her guests, Belle and Colonel Gentry led the way out to witness the pyrotechnical display, on the Common opposite. The presence of the favorite candidate had drawn a crowd of his partisans in front of the house, and shouts greeted his appearance on the piazza. Belle stepped back while he advanced and gratified the clamorous throng by a few well-chosen remarks, at the close of which he again sought her side. She had never looked so superbly beautiful; the brilliancy of her color, the sparkle of her eyes, the animation of her manner, caused many a remark at Paul's expense; and there seemed to be a universal feeling of joy

that his absence had permitted her to join her old friends, and grace once more her uncle's mansion as its charming hostess; and Uncle Chauncy was as happy as he had not been for months; surrounded by youth and beauty, by wit and intelligence, by *life*, which seemed to have departed from the domicile, he had feared forever. Without doubt pique, the fire of resentment, wounded pride, and a just indignation, had much to do with the almost exaggerated brilliancy and dash, the high spirits, impetuous movements and lofty carriage of the young hostess; but she was fairly radiant, and her old admirers thronged around her, while Colonel Gentry bestowed most devoted attention. For herself, she regarded him with especial favor; his dignity, grand presence, and noble face commanded her interest, as that of all others; and he had come, too, at a time, when she felt the conduct of Paul an insult to her devotion and self-sacrifice of the past year. They parted that night like old friends, and with a mutual desire to meet again. After Paul's first letter, which was long a-coming, and full of himself, Belle wrote him a formal dismissal, referring him to her uncle for an explanation. His letter abounded in self-congratulation in having started on the trip—such delightful people as he had fallen in with, and who had persuaded him to join their party to Syria, which would lengthen his stay to at least a year—then she would have the supreme happiness of having him entirely to herself, and their lives would flow along like a placid stream, away from the gay world, and undisturbed by the intrusions of society. He had discovered some gray hairs, and they admonished him that he must seek rest and quiet after this journey; the careful nursing of a wife, and comforts of a settled home. He presumed she would occupy the time of his absence by preparation for her wedding; and he imagined her busy with her needle, and absorbed in thoughts of him. This was a refinement of selfishness and egotism that provoked her wrath. Another letter came; he had departed from his itineracy and her note had not reached him; she knew her lines would follow him, however, since he had given instructions to have all letters forwarded.

In the meantime the Colonel had not been neglectful. It came to be whispered that his frequent visits to Summerville had another than a political motive—Uncle Chauncy had not hesitated, in the delight of his heart, to say that Paul had been dismissed, and Belle was once more free. At length came a letter of expostulation; the brief note had come to hand, and he demanded an explanation, which Uncle Chauncy immediately forwarded.

Three weeks later—in the latter part of October, Belle's engagement to Colonel Gentry was announced. He had been nominated; the election was drawing near. He was run almost to death

with business of a political nature, and that of his profession—the law—both of which separated him too much from the object of his devoted love. He urged her to complete his happiness by consenting to an early marriage.

"Belle, my darling, will you not share with me my triumph or my defeat?—grace the Gubernatorial Mansion, or wander with me in foreign lands? In the event of a defeat, I shall wish to sail at once for Europe; I could not go without you, my promised bride, and you would not compel me to remain and witness the inauguration of my opponent?"

He plead long and earnestly; Belle thought it would be premature; the weeks, months, she had known him, had fled so rapidly they seemed but days—it was but yesterday it seemed since he had proposed—and now he was imploring her in passionate accents to become his wife. How different from the dispassionate conduct of Paul, who was reveling in the delights of foreign travel, to which her inclinations he knew pointed; had exhausted the pleasures of life at home, and only asked her—no, not asked her even, but named the time himself—when they would be married; when he should have become wearied of those very pleasures she had so often expressed a desire to taste. Art and music were her delight; she had fine literary taste, but how little gratification of those tastes could be had in Summer-ville, one only knows who has had the experience of existence in so comparatively small a town. Paul had heartlessly, selfishly ignored her desires, while gratifying his own; while here was her new lover—and she seemed now never to have had any other—begging her to share his triumph and high position, it might be, or to participate with him in a tour which his means could extend to any length, and could open every avenue to the enjoyment of all that the Old World furnishes for the gratification of cultivated taste and intellectual pleasure. She might have loved Paul Spaulding, as she now loved Gregory Gentry; with the latter she could live in contentment in a hovel—with the former, she would not be happy in a palace. Selfishness and meanness in men, are crimes in a true woman's mind; nothing so serves to lower them in feminine esteem, or so effectually to incur disgust and contempt. "I will share his glory if it may be, or comfort him in the overthrow of his hopes," she said, almost wishing that it might be the latter, that she could prove to him how entirely her heart was his.

It was on the eve of their marriage; Belle and Colonel Gentry were standing at the vine-curtained window of the library, when the old house-keeper entered, and motioned Belle to the door. After a few words, she returned to his side, and placing her hands on his, said, "Paul Spaulding is in the parlor; will you go in with me? shall I see him?"

"See him by all means, my love: no, I would not humiliate him by witnessing the interview; be kind, whether he entreats or reproaches."

"You are goodness itself," she whispered, as she pressed for a moment her soft cheek to his.

Paul was standing at the centre-table; his face haggard and worn, and his attitude that of despair. He sprang forward as she advanced and seized her hand. She was far more lovely than when he last saw her; and he bowed his head in silence, while tears rolled down his cheeks. She could not but be affected at this display of emotion.

"Belle," at length he spoke; "you cannot mean it; you love me still."

"No, Paul; I have only come that you might learn from my own lips, and not doubt, that my heart is entirely another's."

"You don't love him; I refuse to believe it; you could not, after loving *me*; you are only dazzled by a false glitter; he will *never* be elected."

"Hush, Paul; I hope he may not be—I have no wish for a public life; but I love him for his unselfishness, his nobleness and goodness in all things."

"What an idiot I was to go?"

"Thank God you did go, for both our sakes; as your wife, I fear I should have hated you; as it is, cannot we be friends?"

"Friends—no; what care I for your friendship? You are my promised wife, and by heavens"—his voice raised to an unnatural pitch, made itself heard in the library, and brought the Colonel to the parlor door; he heard the last words, and entered. Belle held out her hand; he took it in both of his, and said, in a quiet voice, "Mr. Spaulding, I regret to meet you here."

"Then remove yourself at once, sir, and drop Miss Benton's hand; she is my affianced wife," shouted Paul, in accents of ungovernable rage.

"We will let her decide. Belle, how is it?"

"Gregory, you know you have, unshared, all my mind can think or my heart can feel."

"Enough," said Paul. "I am suffering—punished for the sins of others; I was reared by injudicious parents, to think of no one but myself, only of my own pleasure, and I could now almost curse them for their idiocy; I see the error of my whole life; but Belle, it is not too late?" He looked pleadingly into her face, and held out his hand.

"No, Paul—not too late to think less of yourself and more of the happiness of those you profess to love; but I suppose it would be useless to invite you to my wedding."

He raised his hand as if to ward off a blow; and turning suddenly, left the house.

The marriage took place, and the day following, Colonel Gentry was elected by an overwhelming majority; at the end of the term, he

was re-elected; then, when he finally went out of office, Belle, with her devoted husband and two sons, started on the much desired tour abroad. Mrs. Gentry profited by the experience of her first engagement, and labored to teach her boys that there are other considerations in life of more importance, even to one's own happiness, than *Self*.

CHILDHOOD.

BY ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

I heard a child's laugh over the way—

A child's laugh, glad and free,
Come over the apple-blooms so sweet;
A perfect rhythm of joy complete,
A strain of melody.

I heard the voice of the little child,
As it sang in its innocent play;
A joyous song so glad and wild,
As it sprang from a heart all undefiled,
And rippled across the way.

Oh, trusting childhood! Oh, innocent glee,
That knows not of sorrow or pain;
That fills the house with sweet minstrelsy,
With childish faith and laughter free,
As a robin oft sings in the rain.

May thy childhood hours pass glad and sweet,
Distrust ne'er dim thy gaze;
The life of a child is short and fleet;
A woman's life with care replete,
And full of weary days.

Oh, the sweetest thing in this world of ours,
When the waves of sorrow run wild,
Where a blight is over the fairest flowers,
And clouds o'ershadow life's sweetest hours,
Is the laugh of a little child.

There are wonderful anthems of hope and cheer,
And love songs tender and sweet,
But what far-away song falls so soft on the ear—
What anthem of hope is ever as dear
As the patter of little feet?

Then let thy laughter, so glad and free,
Ring out on the summer air,
For the Father who watches the sparrows small,
Will tenderly fold his children all,
And shield them in his care.

TRUTH, taken as a whole, is not agreeable. Every man, woman, and child dislikes it. There are agreeable truths and disagreeable truths, and it is the province of discretion or sound judgment to make a selection from these, and not to employ them all indiscriminately. Speaking the truth is not always a virtue. Concealing it is very often judicious. It is only when duty calls upon you to reveal the truth that it is commendable. A tale-teller may be a truth-teller, but every one dislikes the character of a person who goes from one house to another and intercommunicates all he sees or hears.

A CRISIS.

BY SARA T. SMITH.

Always the same! The same dull waste of meadows stretching towards the river; the same low line of shore beyond the wide, white water; the same bleak and sombre houses, far apart, and unsuggestive of a single pleasant thing in life. One needed not to cross the threshold to make sure that no hearth ever glowed within, no table ever set forth its cheer with snowy napery and dainty dishes. Monica thought, as she looked at them in the clear, red morning, that if she had never seen more of them than their homes, she would have known of the hard lines in old Thomas Gerry's face, the tight little knot at the back of Liz Benkart's round head, the general care-for-nothing, do-nothing, hope-for-nothing, outward seeming of the eight Longleys. Only just such people could lead such a life, amid such surroundings. But no, *she* was one of them! *Could* she be such as they were? She drew in her head from its framework of the open window, with its flowing oriental curtains. The morning wind swept one of them against her cheek, and the light touch thrilled her pleasantly. Here was a difference! She came of another race, and drew her being from far back amid other scenes. Her grandfather had made things possible to her of which Liz Benkart had no conception. What if he died years before she was born? Had he not left the record of those days when he "sailed the seas over," for her hourly scanning? Those curtains, to begin with, sweeping the bare, brown floor with faded silken fringe, and glowing faintly in the new day—was she not sure of a sultry, perfumed tropic land, half-barbaric, half grandly civilized, where they had grown beneath lithe, bronze-hued fingers? The ewer and basin on her painted stand might have been offered to some dusky Indian princess by attendant slaves; the frail linen of her narrow couch, the velvet-soft tiger skin beside it, the quaint crystal ornaments on her plain square toilet table, had each a dream connected with them, which, sleeping or waking, the Longleys would never know. No, she was not like them! She had so much more, and so much less. They were content, while she fretted her heart out with longings for some unknown good; and she was growing so old, too!

She leaned her dimpled elbows on the white covered table, and looked steadily at her face in the glass. Then she drew a long sigh of relief, and went slowly away to the duties which were never ended, and never lightened for her by one strong, swift, pressure of new experience.

Breakfast and washing the breakfast cups, planning the dinner and dusting the parlor, cutting out and fitting together of garments which lacked the elements of elegance and beauty that

would have stirred her very pulse, a little chatter with Liz Benkart as to the strangers who were at church, and then a quiet half hour in her room again. The sun had "gone round" to the other side, and it looked bare and worn and cold. A sudden rush of passionate feeling filled her heart. She threw out her hands with an imploring gesture towards that unseen, yet ever conscious presence, and uttered her cry.

"Lord, I cannot bear it! I am going mad, I think. There is so much in the world, and I have nothing. Give me something beautiful, and new, and sweet, as Thou art merciful!"

Then she lay down on her bed, and wept as if her heart were breaking. What was it she wanted? What was it she had so longed for during all the summer days and winter brightness of her life? She could not tell, but it had grown, at last, too strong for silence. She felt a sad, faint hope that her very sobs would plead for her with the One who ordered her "goings out and comings in," and bring about some change. Surely, the wants of the nature He had created, He would supply. Then, comfort flashed on her like a blaze of sunlight. Why had she not seen it sooner? She had not sinned. It was no repining, no envy, no vain desire for pomps and vanities that had made her neglectful of her present, in idle visions of the future or of another state in life. It had been a certain "divine discontent," and a yearning for something infinitely better and higher, that she had not understood. If she had only cried out sooner! Only put her thoughts into words for herself, and her God, help would have come sooner! She was sure it would come *now*, and in the peaceful exhaustion which followed the thrill of awakened feeling, she dropped into a quiet sleep.

It was late when she awoke. Her mother was standing by, calling her in a strange, muffled tone of excitement.

"What is it?" she cried, starting up, "There is something the matter. Tell me, mother—tell me! Whose letter is that?"

"It is mine—from Henry. He has sent for one of us to come at once. Lucy is dying."

"O, mother!"

"I cannot go; poor fellow! And are you well enough?"

"Well enough? I am not sick at all."

"Are you sure? You seemed so drooping this morning, and you were in such a heavy sleep at dinner-time. I would not waken you, for I thought you must need it."

"So I do, now, for I will not get any more to-night. Let me see the time. Help me, mother. I must leave here in an hour. Poor, poor Lucy!"

She was hurrying from closet to bureau, from table to stand, as she spoke, dressing and gathering together things she would need, rapidly and

methodically. Her mother stood looking on helplessly, now and then offering a suggestion, throwing in an exclamation of pity, wondering over the cause of her daughter-in-law's illness, and questioning Monica as to her feelings and her ability to stand the excitement and fatigue of the journey and its object. Monica's quick call brought her sister to her aid, and in less time than she would have thought possible an hour before, she was out of the house and walking rapidly towards the station. The sun was low in the red, stormy-looking west, and a sullen wind was blowing. The meadows were an intricate network of blood-red pools, and streams, and black ragged tufts, for the tide was in and overflowing them. Old Thomas Gerry hung over the gate of his front yard, and grunted at her as she passed him quickly; but not another thing of life was visible in the long mile she traveled before she reached the station, just as the train came in sight.

When they were well away, for the first time she faced what lay before her—a long night ride, a strange city, a strange house, and faces almost as strange. Henry was her mother's son, but not her father's. He was years older than she was, and had always lived with his father's people, making only short visits at long intervals to his step-father's house. But there had always been most kindly feelings towards him in that house, and he had been glad to come and sorry to go. The last time, he had brought his bride in their honeymoon, and spent two pleasant weeks. Lucy had charmed them all, and had given warm liking in return, especially to Monica. Henry had spoken often and warmly of having her much with them in their own house, but she had never gone; her father had died soon after, and the time never came when everything suited to leave home. Lucy had grown tired of excuses, not half believing them, and had ended her last letter of months ago with a downright scolding. Poor, pretty, gentle Lucy! What a fair dream her visit to the old house seemed! Her modern loveliness, her thousand and one dainty devices of dress and ornament, the new atmosphere of wealth and careless indulgence she carried with her into their narrow round of moneyless existence! Monica had cherished no resentment of the scolding, for she could readily believe the petted darling of fortune was utterly incapable of understanding the chains of want—fine as cobwebs, but unyielding as steel wire—which forever hampered any longing for pleasant "outings" with her. And she had been far too proud to speak of them in a quarter that might have seemed to render the offer of relief imperative. Oh, that want of money! Had it been *that* which had darkened her life of late?—kept her always yearning through her brief girlhood? No, surely not! Lucy had wealth, but it was not *it* that seemed so bitter to leave in Monica's

thought of her going. It was the full life of love and thought and event that she had so often pictured to herself as her sister-in-law's portion. Had she envied her? Some faintly remorseful memory of her cry for "something new" rose up at this; but she was a very fair-minded creature, and quickly checked the morbid whisper. She had asked for good to herself—none knew better than her God how far removed from her was any thought of evil to her neighbor; besides, "while there is life, there is hope." Lucy might not die, after all. She had done her very best to help her brother in his trouble, and the good thing might come in that very way. What if it should? And thus questioning and answering in the new state of her flying ride through the blackness of darkness which seemed to remove her infinitely from the girl of the morning, and yet carry with her that girl's inner life, Monica sped into the great, blank-looking depot, and found Henry waiting for her at the very door of the car.

"Monica! I am so glad! I hoped it would be you," was his first greeting. He looked pale and worn, yet strangely excited, and hurried her off to the carriage so restlessly she had no time for a question. But when they were shut in, and rattling over the network of rails before the depot, he began to talk at once of Lucy, as if he dreaded any reference to her illness from another. He could not bring himself to say what he had written; he could scarcely tell the worst of what had been. When Monica thanked him earnestly for leaving home to come and meet her, he answered: "It was better for me than staying there; I can do nothing for her!" and broke down utterly. Monica laid her hand on his, and he held it with that close clasp which is so sure a proof of the comfort of sympathy, that visible sign of the soul's clinging to the "brother which it has seen" as an earnest of the God whom it has not seen.

It was a long drive before the carriage stopped in a wide, dark street, with here and there a bright, clear light, bringing out the tall stone houses from night's heavy shadows. The door at the top of a steep flight of steps opened instantly, and a servant came down to the carriage to assist them. Beyond the wide portal, Monica saw such a vision of color and space and light and warmth, as fairly dazzled her; but, when she had entered it, the stillness, the loneliness that could be felt, appalled her.

"Is there no one here but the servants?" she asked Henry, in a whisper.

"No one," he answered. "But there are reasons for it," he added, quickly, seeing her wonder in her face. "We are not friendless nor neglected, dear. Lucy's family are all in Europe, and she would not consent to any one else remaining with her, save you or my mother. Before she grew so ill, she seemed to dread the

presence of every one but me; and, when she thought there must be some one else, she begged me to write for one of you. Since yesterday, she has been in the hands of professional nurses; and the doctors are here all the time. O, Monica, you do not know! O, Lucy, my Lucy!" And he threw himself on the sofa of the room he had led her into, in a passion of grief such as she had never seen.

What she said, she knew not; but it was not in her nature to stand aside from any of earth's evils, dumb and cold. She knelt down by her brother—near and dear as her very own from that hour—and uttered her broken words in a voice whose very tones brought strength and hope.

He kissed her, after a while, with a new tenderness, and calmed and restored to himself, busied himself for her comfort. She took the refreshments he ordered, and followed him to the door of Lucy's room for the last word from her attendants. Then she went to her room, for the rest she knew would be needed to meet the calls on the morrow. Sleep seemed far from her when she laid her head on the pillows of the spacious couch, and closed her eyes upon the luxurious elegance of the dimly-lighted room. Truly, here was a change in earnest! And, sad as it was, there was something beautiful and sweet in it, too. Her life was really wider now than it had ever been; wider by the whole range of a brother's heart. And then, she lost sight of herself in the vagaries of that dream-land which, hitherto, had been her only rest from the monotony of day.

Truly, "while there is life, there is hope." Lucy did not die; and Monica, before many days, had just as many new and loving duties as she could fulfill. Patient skill, and wise nursing, brought the gentle sufferer from the very edge of the grave; and the rebound of her husband's heart from the anxious grief of those three days, was felt by all who came in contact with him. The whole household was pervaded by a new atmosphere of energy, hope, and pleasant self-sacrifice. Every good and gracious thing on earth he would gladly have lavished on her, the current of whose being set towards him from the first languid moment of consciousness; and Monica was his ready and skillful assistant. From the pleasant cares of the house, and the calls of Lucy's friends, she went eagerly to the sick-room, where, daily and hourly, she delighted in the beautiful love of the newly-restored husband and wife; and found out some new and lovely trait of Lucy's pure nature.

As Lucy grew stronger, her friends came into her room for half-hour chats, and Monica was never a stranger with them. It never crossed her mind, as it certainly would have pervaded all Liz Benkart's thoughts, that, because they were dressed like tropical birds in the very height of

the fashion, and knew nothing whatever of work-day life, they were any less girls like herself to whom friendship and love and sorrow were real things. They looked into her clear eyes when they were introduced; they generally took her hand when they left her, because it seemed natural to cling to her; and they all liked her. Sometimes they wondered among themselves, why Mr. Graham's sister had never visited him before, and concluded she must have been at school, as she was evidently not "out" yet. But they made her one of them, and told her their little stories of gay life; confided to her each other's little romances; asked her advice in the candid way women so often have, and, indeed, often followed it.

Lucy fell into the way of saying, "What do you think, Monica, dear?" quite as naturally as the sisters at home; and here, too, Monica was giving, giving, all the time, and getting less in return than she gave, although she did not feel it. The "change" had begun for her. "Something beautiful and new," had been given her.

At last, Lucy was able to sit up the greater part of the day, and then, the doctor said she might be dressed and carried into the drawing room for just one hour after dinner. They made a great festival of it among themselves. She was to wear her prettiest dress; to have her hair in the most becoming style; to be most careful of herself all the day before dinner time; and twenty other suggestions and restrictions were poured out by Henry, as he hung over her, hat in hand, while she breakfasted in bed. Monica, propped by pillows at the foot, looked on and laughed at him.

"And I am going to bring Ned home with me," he added, as he left the room. "He came in last night, and stopped to ask for you on his way up. Tell Monica all about him. Good-bye! I'm off."

"O, I am so glad you will see him, at last!" exclaimed Lucy. Monica, he is the dearest fellow! And so wise and good?"

"Who is *he*, my dear!" Tell me all about him, as Henry said, while you rest after that exertion, when Jane takes the waiter."

Lucy was very ready, and had found a congenial topic. Monica heard Ned Fairlie's story from beginning to end, and appreciated it. He was Henry's dearest friend; he had struggled with many difficulties, and conquered them in a quiet way; he had borne wrong patiently, and repaid it nobly—in short, he stood a man among men, unscathed, unwounded by "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," ready to take its blessings, and use them well. There was no love story, strange to tell. Lucy concluded he had not had time for it, for he was handsome and affectionate enough for any woman's heart; and he was older than Henry.

"Handsome and affectionate enough for any woman's heart," Monica repeated to herself, when Henry brought him in to speak to Lucy just before dinner. Monica was looking on from the shadow of the curtains, and his natural manner was untrammelled by any shade of the formality due a stranger. It certainly was the most perfect manner a man could have; cordial, yet with a touch of homage dear to a woman's heart; tender, yet with a tone of deep respect, and proud consciousness of his position as a gentleman, bound to shelter and protect. He was very glad to see Lucy, and very sorry for her, and very glad for her; and full of hope, and cheer, and bright suggestions. Then Henry asked for Monica, and brought her forward, a little flushed with interest in the scene; a little shy of this man, whose praises she had heard all day, and now believed; and with all her interest, and her shyness, her sympathy and her belief, looking at him eloquently from her lovely, child-clear, woman-deep gray eyes. He actually paused a second in admiration before his bow to her; and his first words thrilled with the feeling she awakened, common-place though they were.

They went away then to the dining-room, leaving Lucy to rest in the twilight. They had a pleasant hour together, though Monica said little. More than once she caught him looking at her with a strange intent gaze, and Henry, too, smiled at her in an approving manner she could not misinterpret. But she could not know *how* fair she was; how the change in her life had lit up a fire within which transfigured the silent soul, and made eloquent her every feature. Slender and tall and lithe, purely fair and delicately lined, with soft Madonna-falling hair, and those wonderful eyes, she was a beauty brought to late perfection, and destined to preservation. Henry told Lucy when they were alone that night of his surprise and delight, and asked her what she had done for Monica.

"If you mean as to her dress, Henry, you are mistaken. She wears always the same quiet black silk, and simple white lace; but she wears it differently, and I think she smiles more easily and brightly. She seems so happy."

And she was. That evening was the beginning of such delight to her as she had never imagined. She sat the greater part of it in silence, listening to the voice whose tones were never more to die out from her heart, learning and appreciating the unstudied wisdom of his remarks. He was one of those rare and noble men who do, indeed, seem made in "the likeness of God," and he had that unconsciousness of self, that almost child-like respect for others, which disarms the harshest critic. Yet, he was every inch a man. Monica's heart beat full and true with his, and she knew it.

When the evening was over, and she was alone in her room, she knelt down, dressed as she was,

waiting for no thought, no methodical routine of nightly preparation, and laid her face close among her pillows.

"Lord!" she said; "Thou hast been better to me than I dared to ask! Thou hast shown me the want of my heart. The woman Thou hast made *me*, and the man Thou hast made *him*. I know it now, and I can wait, O Lord, even forever. Just as Thou wilt. I am content, for I have seen Thy face, as it were, behind the cloud; I have read the secret of the discipline of repression. Thou hast kept me back from wasting in vain fancies the strength Thou hast given me for my life's best!"

Then she went quietly to bed, but not to sleep. Over and over she recalled his tones and his words, his looks and his gestures. He seemed to have been always a part of her life, and she might never have lived before that day, for all the interest she had in the years. She had no hopes or fears for the future; she could wait, as she had said. If a love such as he could give was to crown her life—O well, indeed, to have been born! If not—then, well to know that only for such a love, the purest and the best, had she been fitted.

She was late next morning, and Lucy's maid came to her door with a message from Mr. Graham that Mr. Fairlie did not get off the night before, and would breakfast with them in something of a hurry. Monica's fingers trembled, but the color in her cheeks was only enough to hide her sleepless night, and she looked bright and fresh when she went in to take her place at the urn.

Mr. Fairlie did not seem in a hurry, after all; in fact, he lingered until Henry called him impatiently, after his usual lounge at Lucy's side.

Monica went all day in the light of his smile, and the strength given her by the light warm touch of the hand he had half unconsciously offered her in the hurry of parting. That is, she thought it half-unconsciously given. What if she had known the truth?—that he stood before her, lingering and longing, yet fearing to hold, for one instant, those quiet hands in his, and draw upwards, with his tender clasp of them, those sweet, shy eyes to his. For Ned Fairlie, too, was swept away, at last, from the barren shore of his desert isle, and floating with the current into the haven where he fain would be.

There has always been, I doubt not, a favored few for whom the course of true love ran smooth; those who have deserved it. Those who, taking life as it was sent to them, in the best spirit possible, patiently doing the daily round of duties, patiently bearing the daily cross, patiently waiting, and never dreaming of taking for themselves anything less than the best, because the best was withheld, have come, at last, to their inheritance, and found also their reward, as did Monica.

The days were not many before she had a

glimpse of her future, and stood awed and trembling at its great promise. Mr. Fairlie was no fair-weather wooer. He carried the single heartedness, the determination, the steady effort of his nature to this, as to less inviting tasks. Henry and Lucy rejoiced in secret, and planned all sorts of good things for Monica's wedding and Monica's home, long before they dared to speak to her of her lover, because she had not learned to call him such even in her heart. Then there came a day when Henry, rushing in to Lucy, quite early for him, sent Monica down stairs to entertain Fairlie, and announced that he was about to "finish it."

"Yes, he came round to me this morning, as nervous as a woman, and told me, in that proud, shy, sweet way of his—bless the dear fellow!—that he thought it right I should know how he regarded my sister, and if I objected—objected, indeed! I think—well, Lucy! I'm pretty sure I gave him a regular bear hug, and certainly did not hold off in any dignified manner. But then, I am not her father. Brothers do not have to keep up the paternal state, do they?"

Monica, meanwhile, had gone slowly down, striving to quiet her eager heart, and schooling herself not to long for more than was her due in the brief half hour she anticipated.

"If he ever is to love me," she said to herself, "it will be because I am worthy of it. And I can only be worthy of it by the truest womanliness—not by craving and fretting for love. And if he is never to love me, I must still be worthy." Then she went in, calmly and pleasantly, quite herself at her best.

But he was "not himself at all;" he was flushed and almost awkward; he did not seem to give full attention to her words when she spoke, and yet he listened eagerly for her to speak when silence fell upon them. Monica's sensitive nature responded to his mood, and fearing, hoping she knew not what, the moments of silence grew more frequent. Suddenly he turned, rose, and came to her side.

"Monica," he began, "you *must* know what I wish to say. I cannot—I fear to ask the question upon which my all depends. Oh, my darling! I swear to you I have never told a woman before that I loved her. If I had, and she loved me, can you tell me what she would have felt? Answer me quickly," and he seized her hand, bending over her as she sank back in her chair. She had heard him aright? He loved her? She looked at him with these questions in her glance, and his answered them.

"Yes," she said, softly, but steadily. "That is, I know what she would have felt, but I cannot tell you. Don't *you* know?"

Blushing, smiling, trembling, half-timid, half-proud, shy, fond, and altogether beautiful, Ned Fairlie blessed God that *this* first woman he had

ever loved, was fair and pure as any he had ever seen. What he answered to her question, no need to tell. What need, indeed, to tell their story further? Is it not ended? Had not the crisis of her fate been safely passed? and was she not launched, just at the turn of the tide, into the deep waters, where all is plain sailing, if God directed? And had they not both of them shown their trust in the Pilot, while yet they were bound to the rugged shore?

Monica went down to her home under Ned Fairlie's care, when Lucy was quite, quite well. There had been a delightful season of courting in the parlor, as well as the drawing-room; for Henry set the very best of examples, and Ned refused to be out-done. The engagement was to be a very short one; the wedding over and the honeymoon seclusion ended in time to go to Europe with Henry and Lucy in the early summer.

The barren winter lay heavy on the land when they passed old Thomas Gerry's gate and came in full view of the desolate marshes once more. They were walking over from the station, and taking their time, for they were not expected.

Monica paused and looked out eagerly over the river. "Everything is so different!" she said; "It does not even look dull to-day."

And then she told him of that last day at home, of her morning reverie, her noon-day prayer, her evening's answer.

"God has been good!" she added, reverently. "He heard me when I called, and came to me!"

"Was it that, my darling, or did he lead you, step by step, to the gift He held for you, until you asked just at the right moment?"

"I cannot tell," she answered, after a pause. "Either way, it was His way. And one thing I am sure of, I was only just ready for it when it did come. A year ago even I was not as worthy as I am now. I can see, looking back, how every moment was needed to do its own work."

"And I, too; I have nothing to regret *now*. There is nothing I would have had otherwise *now*. How clear to us the meaning each can read in the past, how steadfast should be our trust in the future!"

"I don't complain, God knoweth what is best.

The discipline we need is what is sent.

We yearn for holiness—He hears—the rest,
Come as it may, there is a blessing meant!"

repeated Monica, half to herself. "It did not seem so true then."

"And yet out of that very existence she found so hard to bear, were springing even then the blossoms of song and the deep-laid poetry of soul my darling rightly deems her best gifts."

"No, she ranks nothing half so high as the something beautiful and new and sweet which came in answer to her prayer—your dear love."

He kissed her under the twilight heavens solemnly and tenderly.

Out of his sheltering arms, she passed up the wide old garden into the clinging mother arms, and the new life under the old roof where she had grown to its height and depth.

THE SURPRISE OF BRED A.

A STORY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY LUCY WALTON FLETCHER.

'Twas just three hundred years ago—
One winter's night, thro' wind and snow,
Upon the Merk, a skipper bold
Packed close within the vessel's hold,
A cargo strange, of living men,
All warriors brave, three score and ten—
While blocks of turf were piled around,
And filled the deck, that not a sound
Or sight should to the passers-by
Reveal the danger lurking nigh.

Thro' fog and sleet they take their way,
But soon becalmed the vessel lay:
The east wind blows, aye, fierce and high,
Yet all unmoved those brave men lie
For days, packed close within the hold,
In hunger thirst and deadly cold;
'Till a fresh wind blows from the open sea,
And the boat once more rides fast and free.

The castle of Breda soon is seen:
But danger and death lie, perchance, between,
The boat springs a leak, in sight of the foe;
But soldiers and traders rush to and fro,
And the cargo of turf is quickly sold,
For the winter nights have been long and cold—
While the boatmen ply the pumps with a will,
And the wary skipper, with care and skill,
Prevails on the soldiers who come from the fort,
To help him in bringing his vessel to port.

Meanwhile the brave Dutchmen, crouched in the hold,
Half crippled, half frozen, benumbed with the cold,

With a fearful catarrh are suddenly seized,
And each one begins to cough and to sneeze.
One brave lieutenant, in his despair,
Drawing his dagger, implores them there,
Right quickly to stab him, lest the sound
Betray to the foe, now swarming round,
The handful of daring, dauntless men
Bearding the lion within his den.

The skipper on deck, as he stalks around
With soldiers and traders, hears the sound;
He knows that grim Death is hov'ring o'er
The brave men that lie 'neath the little trap-door;
But never a thought of fear has he,
As he shouts aloud in careless glee,
"The hold is filling with water fast—
Work, work, my men, to the pumps, in haste!"
With shouting, and pumping, and stamping around,
The coughing and sneezing are presently drowned;
While jesting and joking, this skipper so bold,
Soon finds that his cargo of turf is all sold.
One surly fellow, lingering, waits—

(They're just within the water gates :))

"My master, sure, will never brook
Upon such turf as that to look;
He'll have the best, or none, you see,
For Captain of the guard is he."
"Ho, ho," cries the skipper, right merrily now,
'The Captain has not been forgotten, I trow,
*The best of the cargo is still all unsold,
I've kept it, expressly for him, in the hold.*
So prithee be off, for the night comes on—
You may come for your turf at the early dawn,
*Your master shall have enough, and to spare,
'Tis all been selected for him, with care.*"

Soldiers and traders are gone at last,
And the skipper's vessel is anchored fast,
Close to the guard-house; and full soon,
By the feeble light of a waning moon,
The brave Dutch Captain Herangiëre
Sets out, with his men, for the castle there—
"No quarter, and short shrift," now they cry,
As they march on to death, or victory.
For they know that within the castle gates,
A horrible death each man awaits
From the merciless Spaniard; should they fail,
Not one would be left to tell the tale.

They seize the sentinel at his post,
And soon dispatch him—no time is lost;
And ere the dawn of another day,
The Spaniards have fled in wild dismay.
The dead and dying are piled around;
But not one Dutchman is on the ground.
Three score and ten, they are yet to be
Foremost in battle, by land and sea.
And the story was told for many a year,
Of the brave Dutch Captain Herangiëre
And his men, who sailed with the skipper bold,
Like herrings packed in the vessel hold.

THE FEET.—Many of the colds which people are said to catch commence at the feet. To keep these extremities warm, therefore, is to effect an insurance against the almost interminable list of disorders which spring out of a "slight cold." First, never be tightly shod. Boots or shoes when they fit too closely press against the foot and prevent the free circulation of the blood. When, on the contrary, they fit with comparative looseness, the blood gets fair play, and the spaces left between the leather and the stockings are filled with a comfortable supply of warm air. The second rule is, never sit in damp shoes. It is often imagined that unless they are positively wet it is not necessary to change them. This is a fallacy, for when the least dampness is absorbed into the sole, it is attracted nearer the foot itself by the heat, and thus the perspiration is dangerously checked. Any person may prove this by trying the experiment of neglecting this rule. The feet will become cold and damp after a few moments, although on taking off the shoes and warming them they will appear quite dry.

FUN FOR THE FIRESIDE.

A HELP TO MOTHERS.

The Toy Theatre.—No. 18.

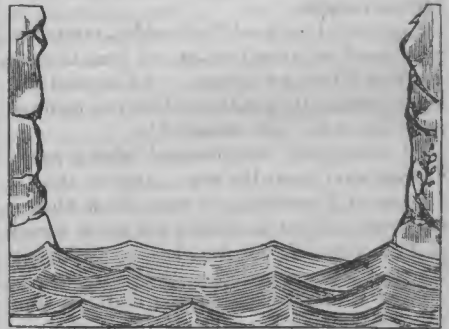
JESSIE E. RINGWALT.

Children are generally much interested in the nautical drama; and many of the favorite nursery tales can be readily arranged to suit the requirements of the toy theatre. The thrilling incidents of Robinson Crusoe are well adapted to the purpose; while a Man Friday and a few howling savages are not difficult of manufacture.

When a well-colored sea view can be found ready-made for the back scene, it requires some care, as well as art, to adapt the side scenes or slips, as they should have a general harmony in color. Good effects can be produced for the back, with the bold and striking wood-cuts which now frequently appear in the illustrated journals. In this case, a broad wash of blue sky and green water, can be readily repeated in the side scenes, with an addition of a high, dark rock, a tree or a frowning fortress.

When these side slips are made in connected pairs, after the model of Figure 1, they are very

Fig. 1.



conveniently arranged. They can be expeditiously manufactured by pasting on dark granite or gray tinted paper, to represent the rocks, and marking in the bold outlines, with ink or black crayon, while adding a little green foliage to break the monotony. Three of these pairs are all that is necessary; but the effect is very much improved by making several additional slips after the model of the waves, which connect the rocks at their bases. If several of these slips are made to extend across the floor of the stage between the side scenes, reproducing the same tints and general outlines of the waves, they will appear to blend with each other, and carry the eye back to the water in the back scene, producing a continuous effect of a water surface, which will give a very good view for a river or ocean. Between these slips, ships can be moved in and out with a

rocking motion, or can be cleverly drawn across the stage by threads or wires.

Beauty and the Beast, also, makes an excellent theme in this species of fun for the fireside. The garden scene can be prepared after the pattern already given; by substituting the picture of a statue, a tree or a blooming plant, for the rocks at the sides. A glimpse of the corner of a flower-covered summer house or veranda, will furnish a pretty variety; or a vine-draped door or window opening to the ground, may be supposed to be a portion of the Beast's palace. The lower part or connecting link of the side scenes, should, in this case, be painted to resemble green sward, or some small flowering plants. A great irregularity in the outlines very much improves the effect of the foliage. A high fountain, statue or ornamental arbor, looks well at the back of the garden; and a little summer house or alcove can be manufactured out of paper or cardboard, to serve as a retreat for the Beast. A little gilt paper with scarlet or blue, renders this residence quite magnificent.

In a very successful representation of this drama, a few fairies, with gay dresses and bright wings, came to the wedding; and the Beast was very imposing as well as very dreadful, being personated by a handsome china pomatum jar, fashioned in the form of a dancing bear. There is generally, however, in every household, a sufficient store of old toy books, from which suitable figures can be rescued, to serve as actors in these dramas. In the preparation, the pictures should always be carefully pasted on stiff paper or cardboard, and allowed to become perfectly dry under pressure, before the outlines are cut out. If cut when not thoroughly dried, the margins are apt to tear and have a jagged and unfinished appearance. Beauty and the Beast has the special merit of requiring but little variety of scene, as it can be sufficiently represented by a mere change from the palace of the Beast to the hut of Beauty's father. The plainness of the latter scene increases, by force of contrast, the gorgeousness of the palace.

Cinderella has been found to be also excellently adapted to the needs of the toy theatre. A kitchen scene and ball-room, are all that is strictly necessary, although quite a touch of perfection is reached if she is seen rushing home alone in her rags. Any yellow ball can do duty as a pumpkin; and if attached to a string, can be drawn out quickly at the side, to reveal a miniature chariot and horses, which has stood concealed behind it. Cinderella should be, in the first place, attired in her magnificent robes; and then disguised for the opening scene, by being clothed in a dingy wrapper. A suitable dress for this purpose can be arranged by taking a piece of brown paper, twice the required length, and doubling it in the middle. This fold represents

the shoulder seams of the dress. A narrow oval aperture is cut in the centre of the fold to allow the head to pass through, and if this is insufficient, a short slit may be made down the back. The side lines or outline of the sleeves, waist and skirt, are then cut to complete the robe. If there is difficulty in withdrawing this garment quickly enough at the touch of the godmother's magic wand, only a front of the dress should be prepared, with a little margin turned down at the shoulders to hold it secure to the figure, until it is drawn away. If arranged in this fashion, the same wrapper can be replaced as a cover to the brilliant robes, as Cinderella escapes from the ball-room at the fated hour.

A cave will often add much to the romantic charm of the toy theatre; and it can be arranged by the pattern given in Figure 2. When stone-colored paper is used for the archway or entrance, very little drawing is required. Some

Fig. 2.

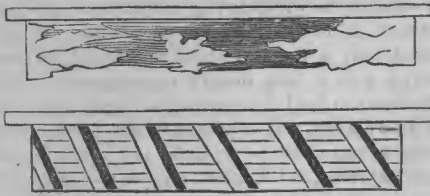


foliage makes a pretty decoration; or a few vines with bright touches of color to represent flowers, are often a decided improvement. A rocky floor can be made with stone-colored paper, and a few pebbles, or mineral specimens, can be added with advantage. Three of these archways, drawn with suitable variations in the outlines, will only need a few stones or a picture rock at the back, to produce a chosen spot for thrilling adventures, in which bandits and pirates may figure with brilliancy. A few separate trees pasted on cardboard, furnish a fine reserve fund for such occasions; and an animal or two out of Noah's Ark serve to heighten the picturesque effect.

If the interior of a shanty or cabin is required, as in Beauty and the Beast, there should be added some "flies" or pieces of scenery at the top of the stage. These can be added to the sides at the top, just as the waves have been shown as added at the base of the rocks in Figure 1. They can also be used advantageously strung upon the cross wires which support the side scenes. In the interior of a cottage the flies can represent planks or wood-work, as in Figure 3. If the joists or rafters are drawn with boldness and irregularity, the effect of a ruined shanty can be readily obtained. Flies can also be made to represent sky

and clouds, and assist much in a garden scene. Branches of trees seeming to over-arch the stage will also add to the scenes of romantic adventure, without adding much to the work of the manager.

Fig. 3.

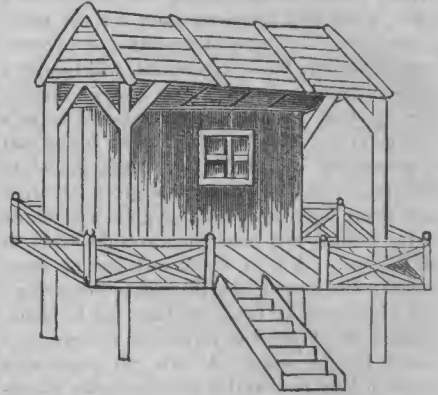


Increasing the completeness of the general effect, these flies are not essential except as a crowning excellence.

A very pretty bit of play in a toy theatre introduced a cascade very cleverly. The back scene exhibited a mountainous landscape, and quite high up among the peaks were made two lateral slits into which were introduced, from behind, the mouths of two pieces of small rubber hose. The other ends of these little tubes were immersed in a pitcher of water placed behind, upon a table which was a little higher than the stage. Upon the stage, but raised on a small block, was a tin pie-plate, from which an inclined plane of heavy cardboard ran up to the holes where the pipes entered. Some pebbles were fixed upon this, and the water ran with telling effect down this rocky bed, and fell with sounding force into the pie-plate, from which it coursed downwards to a small tin box on the front ground of the stage. In the bottom of this box was a slit corresponding with a crack in the old table upon which the theatre rested, through which crack the water splashed in small thunder into a tin basin hidden under the table. This cascade deserved and received distinguished marks of approval from the audience. A little foliage of course concealed the edges of the plates from view.

A mill-dam was an even more pronounced success. A baking-pan the width of the stage was placed at the front, while another stood behind it mounted on a block of wood. Green paper covered the edges, and side scenes were brought in to conceal them still more and to narrow the view. Where the pans joined was placed a slide of heavy cardboard to represent the dam, the lower half being solid, and the upper half cut into openwork, reaching above the rim of the highest pan, and concealing it completely. The water was introduced as in the cascade, and trickled slowly over the minerals until it gradually oozed through a flaw in the dam. Increasing rapidly in force, it finally burst with such power as to throw the dam forward, and pour over it in a broad sheet of water, and furnish the thrilling climax of a sensational drama.

Houses in the style of Figure 4 are of much service, when made "real" in the manner of those given in Celluloid City. The frame work or foundation of slender sticks will bear considerable concussion, while the paper house can be



made to fall in pieces readily. In a highly exciting tragedy, an edifice of this kind was attacked and demolished by soldiery. Fragments of the wall were previously cut out with irregular outlines, and then pressed back into their places so that the fractures were not visible.

In the attack, by a touch of a pencil from behind, these pieces fell out as if in answer to the snap of a cap-pistol in the hands of the manager. Shutters and doors flew open, and finally the walls burst asunder in absolute ruin.

The framework here described, apart from its usefulness as a theatre, has served as a pretty toy. As a surprise for a tiny girl's birthday, it was transformed into a fairy grotto; while her bigger brother, to please his special taste, placed a frowning fortress in the background, and filled the front with cavalry, who pranced valiantly about amid rocks, trees and masked batteries of toy-guns.

TO BE LOVED.—There is nothing so sweet as to be loved, except loving. The true, pure love, which is not a thing of the senses but of the soul—love that is the outgrowth of goodness—what will not one do to win or keep such tenderness? What will not one risk, or dare, or forsake for it? Is any journey long that has a love-kiss at the end of it—any duty hard that cements the bonds between two hearts? To be truly loved is the great reward life has to offer. And any one who has a heart and does not mind showing it, who can put aside selfishness and be true to others, can win love. To have people temporarily in love with you needs only beauty. To be loved one must have truth, tenderness, constancy, and responsiveness. Be good, and do good, and despite all that is said about this world's ingratitude, some one will love you.

→: WORK DEPARTMENT. :←

Fig. 1.

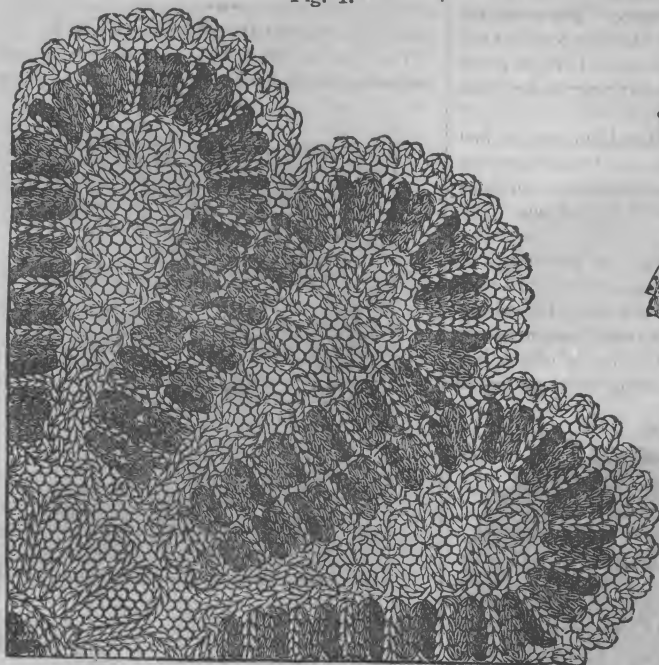


FIG. 1.—SECTION OF DOILY.

. White net with rather an open mesh is used for the foundation of the doily. The design must be traced on transparent linen, and the net tacked firmly over it; the pattern is worked in chain-stitch, with embroidery silk of two colors, or very fine Andalusian wool may be used.

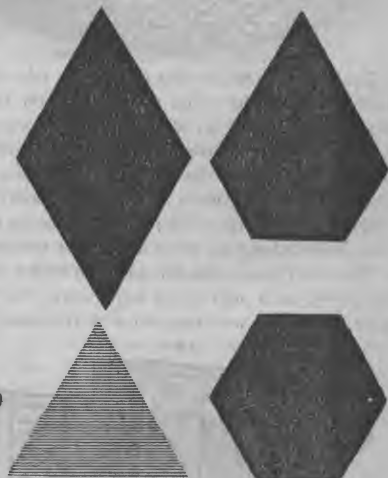
Fig. 2.



FIGS. 2 AND 3.—COLLAR AND CUFF.

Fashionable collar and cuff, made of Breton net, puffed and trimmed with two rows of Breton lace around them; the collar is fastened in front with a ribbon bow. These deep collars and cuffs are extremely fashionable.

Fig. 3



COLORED DESIGN. (See front of book.)

This is intended for a quilt, and can be lined with silk and filled with down or cotton wadding. The colors can be arranged to suit the taste of the maker, or the silks at hand; the full size of each block is given in Figs. 4, 5, 6, 7. Each block when completed is ornamented with stitches in yellow silk. Each stripe of blocks is divided by a stripe of plain silk three inches in width, embroidered with silk according to our illustration.

FIG. 8.—BASKET FOR EGGS.

A round cardboard box about twenty-two inches in circumference is used for the foundation; it is lined with moss-green cashmere. The cover for the outside is composed of a band of looped knitting worked with shaded moss and bright green wool, as follows: Cast on twenty-four stitches, knit the first row.

2d row: Insert the right-hand pin into the first loop of next row; turn the wool three times over the pin and round the forefinger, draw all three loops through in the ordinary way, knit one. Repeat to the end of the row.

3d row: Knit plain, taking the three loops of last row as one stitch; the second and third rows are repeated until you have worked twenty-two inches; when cast off, join round, sew neatly to the outside of the box. The inside of the box must be half filled with wadding before putting in the lining.

Fig. 8.



For the moss which fills the inside, take single Berlin wool of the same shades, cast on twenty stitches, and knit in stripes of plain knitting; steam the stripes over boiling water, then dry thoroughly, cut off the stitches along one side, and unravel the work to within about three stitches of the other side; sew this mossy fringe in bunches along the sides and at the bottom.

This will form a useful addition to the breakfast-table, as it will keep eggs warm for some time if they are well covered with the moss.

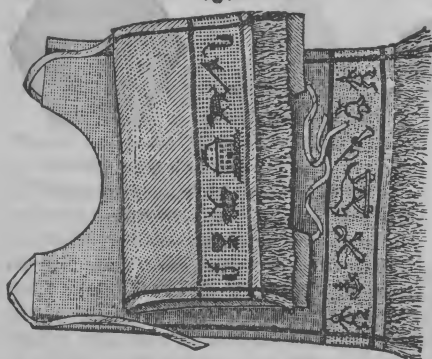


FIG. 9.—BIB.

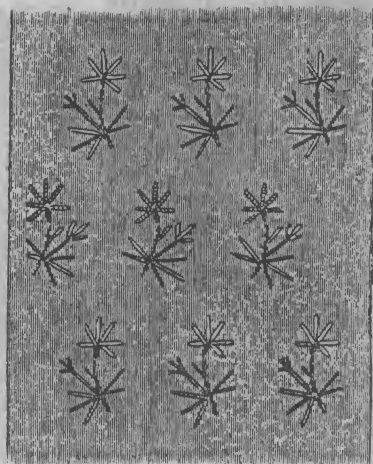
This bib is of fine diaper; it is ornamented with

outline patterns of toys, etc., worked in cording-stitch with colored ingrain cotton. The fringe is made by drawing out threads of the material.

FIGS. 10 AND 11.—NEEDLE CASE.

The back of the needle case is covered with cashmere, studded with small bouquets of points

Fig. 10.



lancés worked with filoselle. The flowerets are pale blue, the buds pink, and the leaves light green.

Fig. 11.

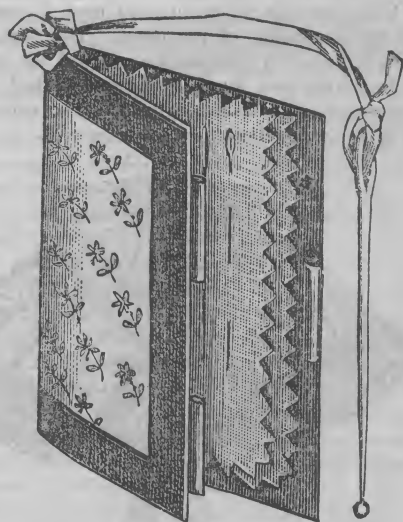
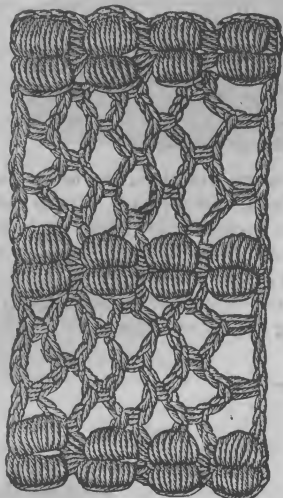


FIG. 12.—CROCHET PATTERN.

The stripe engraved is useful for clouds, blankets, rugs, etc., if worked in thick wools. The thick stitch used in the work is not effective in fine wools. Make a chain of 20 stitches for the foundation.—1st row: 3 Ch., a tufted long stitch; this is made by putting the wool ten or eleven

times round the needle, then put the needle into the 4th Ch. from the needle; draw the needle through all the stitches on the needle at once; put the wool eleven times round the needle again, take up the next stitch, and finish in the same manner. 2 Ch., miss 2, 1 DC. on the next, 5 Ch. —Miss 3, 1 DC., on the next.—3 Ch., a twisted long stitch on the 3d and 4th Ch. from the last DC.—3 Ch., miss 2 Ch., a DC. on the next, 5 Ch., miss 3 Ch., a DC. on the next, 3 Ch., a twisted

Fig. 12.



long stitch on the 2d and 1st Ch. of the foundation.—3 Ch., turn.—2d row. A twisted long on each of the two twisted stitches underneath, 2 Ch., 1 DC. on the 2d of the three chain, 5 Ch., 1 DC. on the 3d of the five chain, 5 Ch., 1 twisted long on each of the twisted stitches in the last row, 5 Ch., 1 DC. on the middle of the next loop of 5 Ch., 5 Ch., a twisted long on each of the two twisted stitches at the end of the row.—3d row. Turn, 3 Ch., a twisted long on each of the two first stitches, 3 Ch., 1 DC. on the 3d of the next 5 Ch., 5 Ch., a DC. in the middle stitch of the next loop, 3 Ch., a twisted stitch on each of the two next twisted stitches, 3 Ch., a DC. on the 3d of the next 5 Ch., 5 Ch., a DC. in the middle of the next loop, 3 Ch., a twisted long on each of the two twisted long stitches at the end of the row; repeat the last two rows the length the pattern is required.

FIG. 13.—PENWIPER. (EMBROIDERY.)

This penwiper stands on a square of cardboard measuring two inches. It is covered with a vandyked piece of black cloth. The four upright sides which are sewn on to the square are cut out of cardboard and covered outside with black taffeta. Then four pieces are cut out of red cloth, vandyked and sewn on to the taffeta with gold

beads; the four sections of cardboard are sewn together with black silk. Above these sections is a vandyked lambrequin of white cloth embroidered in a floral pattern as follows: Trace the design on the cloth and work the forget-me-nots with blue silk, the buds with red, and the stamina with yellow silk in chain and knotted stitch. The leaves are worked with olive silk in feather stitch.

Fig. 13.

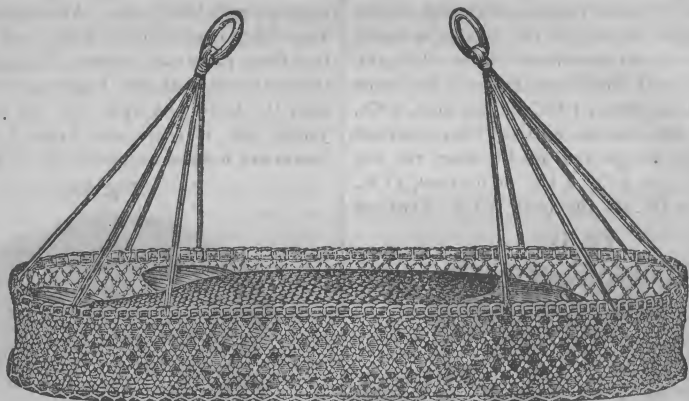


Round the upper edge are scallops of blue silk braid, finished off with large bronze beads and tassels of blue silk. Each vandyke of the lambrequin has a bow of blue ribbon at the point. The cardboard is then filled up with brushes.

FIG. 14.—NET FOR BOILING FISHES WHOLE. (CROCHET.)

Material, unbleached thread. Cane soaked in water until soft. Porcelain rings. The lower part of the net or basket is an oval measuring 9 inches by 27, and the sides are 4 inches high. The cane is threaded through the work to keep it in shape, and the rings are fastened on to handles of cord to suspend the basket. Begin with a chain of 150 stitches. 1st round: Double crochet, but in the last stitch 5 double; continue in the same way round the other side of the foundation chain, and end every round with a slip-stitch. 2d round: 5 chain, the first four to form one long treble, one long treble where the slip-stitch was crocheted, then alternately 3 chain, one long treble with a chain-stitch between in the next stitch but 5, but for the increase at each side for 9 patterns miss only one stitch instead of five, and in the two centre patterns miss none, last of all three chain. 3d round: one slipstitch, five chain, the first four to form one long treble, one long treble where the slipstitch was worked, then alternately three chain, two long treble with one chain between the two next trebles, last of all three chain. 4th to 11th rounds: Like the preceding, increasing so that the work lies flat. 12th round (through which

Fig. 14.



the cane is passed): six chain, the first four to form one long treble,* one long treble in three chain, two chain, one long treble between next two long treble, two chain, repeat from *. In one piece with this round, crochet the sides as follows: 13th round: fifteen chain, miss two treble, one double, the last double must be worked in the slip-stitch at the end of the last round. 14th

round: seven slip-stitch, alternately one double, fifteen chain, miss fifteen. 15th to 19th rounds: Like the preceding, but eight chain instead of fifteen between the doubles. 20th round (through which a cane is passed): six chain, the first four to form one long treble, then alternately miss two, one long treble, two chain.

Fig. 15.



Fig. 16.



Fig. 17.



FIGS. 15, 16, 17.—TIDY.

This tidy is worked on gray linen divided off in squares, the sides fringed out and knotted, as seen in illustration; it is worked in every other square with crewels, the full size designs for which are given in Figs. 16 and 17.

RECIPES.

POTATO ROLLS.

Ingredients.—One pint of Indian meal,
One teaspoonful of soda,
One pint of mashed potato,
One egg,
One tablespoonful of butter,
Salt to taste,
Sour milk to make a stiff batter.

Put the meal dry into a bread pan, and mix in the soda. Add the potatoes, which should be boiled, mashed, and rubbed through a sieve. Stir well together. Add butter and salt. Beat the egg very light and stir into the milk, adding this quickly to the other ingredients. Mix well and bake in a very hot oven, in small buttered tins. The same mixture, made into a thinner batter, makes delicious griddle cakes.

BATTER PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One-half pound of flour,
One-half pint of milk,
Three eggs,
Salt.

Mix the flour and milk very gradually till they are perfectly smooth; beat the eggs very light; add to the milk and flour. Dip a cloth in boiling water, put it over a colander and shake flour over it very thickly. Pour in the batter and tie up very tight, leaving plenty of room to swell. It is better to plug the cloth under the string with a piece of dough. Put in fast boiling water, and boil half an hour.

GERMAN CREAM.

Ingredients.—Two ounces of gelatine,
One quart of milk,
Ten eggs,
One-half pound of sugar.

Put the gelatine into cold milk for one hour, and then let it come very gradually to a boil over a slow fire. Beat the yolks of the eggs till very thick, and stir in slowly; add the sugar, a spoonful at a time, constantly stirring the mixture over the fire. Stir, boiling slowly, for ten minutes; then pour into a dish wet with iced water, and set aside to cool. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and pour over the cream, when it is perfectly cold. Set upon ice about half an hour, and serve very cold. It can be eaten with any preserved fruit.

CORN STARCH PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Four tablespoonfuls of corn starch,
One pint of milk,
Three ounces of butter,
Grated peel and juice of one lemon,
Two eggs,
One-fourth pound of butter.

Mix the corn starch with cold milk till it makes a smooth paste. Put the rest of the milk into a farina kettle over the fire. When it reaches boiling point, stir in the corn starch, stirring all the time. Boil twenty minutes and set aside to cool. Beat the eggs till very light. Stir the butter, sugar, lemon peel and juice to a cream; add the eggs, and stir all into the milk and corn starch. Pour into a buttered dish and bake in a slow oven one hour.

STRAWBERRY CORDIAL.

Ingredients.—One quart strawberries, fully ripe,
One lemon,
One orange,
Three pints of water,
One pound of sifted sugar.

Mash the strawberries through a sieve. Add the juice of the lemon and orange, and the water, and work well together. Let it stand two hours. Put the sugar into a bowl, and strain this juice over it, stirring till all the sugar is dissolved. This should stand on ice several hours before serving, and makes a delicious cool drink.

BAKED SHAD.

Ingredients.—One shad,
One teacup of bread crumbs,
Parsley,
Pepper,
Salt,
Butter.

Cut the fish down from the gills about six inches, wash and scrape clean, take off all the scales, wipe it dry; make a dressing of bread-crumbs, a little chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and butter; fill your fish with the stuffing, sew it up, and lay it on a baking-pan; dredge on a little flour, lay on some bits of butter; bake about forty minutes (for a moderate sized fish), when done dish the shad; then add to the gravy a piece of butter, pepper, and salt, and a little hot water; give it one boil and turn it over the fish; garnish with parsley.

NICE DISH OF MACARONI.

Ingredients.—One pound of Macaroni,
Salt to taste,
One pint of rich milk,
One-quarter pound of cheese,
Two ounces of butter,
Saltspoon full of mustard.

Boil the macaroni till tender. Put the milk over the fire. Mix the cheese (grated), butter, mustard and salt together. When the milk is nearly boiling stir in the cheese, butter and seasoning, and stir as it boils, till it is about as thick as custard. Drain the macaroni, put it into a deep dish, and pour over it the milk and cheese. Serve very hot.

Macaroni boiled as directed above, drained, and dressed with butter, pepper and salt, is very nice as a vegetable to eat with roast beef.

INDIAN PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One pint of milk,
Three eggs,
One tablespoonful of molasses,
One tablespoonful of butter,
One-half cup of flour,
One tablespoonful of baking soda,
One tablespoonful of mixed spices,
Indian meal to make a batter.

Scald the milk and when boiling hot stir in Indian meal till the spoon moves stiffly. When cold add the eggs well-beaten, and all the other ingredients. Bake in a buttered dish two hours, in a very slow oven. Serve with hot sweet sauce.

DEVONSHIRE ROLLS.

Ingredients.—One quart of milk,
Three eggs,
One pound of Indian meal,
Two ounces of butter,
Salt.

Warm the milk until the butter dissolves in it; beat the eggs till light, and stir into the milk; add the meal a little at a time, stirring slowly. When well mixed bake in small tins, well buttered, filling each half full. They should have a quick oven.

MACARONI WITH CHEESE.

Ingredients.—One pound of Italian macaroni,
One teacup of grated Parmesan cheese,
Two tablespoonfuls of butter,
Salt to taste.

Break the macaroni into short pieces, and put it into fast boiling water. Boil briskly for twenty minutes, or half an hour, till tender. Drain on a colander. Butter a deep dish and put in a layer of the macaroni; over this sprinkle a little of the cheese, some salt and a few small pieces of butter. Fill the dish with these layers, making the top one of the cheese, covering the whole like a crust, and with small pieces of butter over it. Bake twenty minutes in a hot oven. Serve hot.

STEWED CHERRIES.

Ingredients.—Two pounds of cherries,
One pound of sugar.

Stew gently for half an hour in one pint of water. Put the fruit and sugar into the water cold, and do not let it boil—simmer slowly.

CHEESE SANDWICHES.

Ingredients.—One cup of grated cheese,
One-half cup of butter,
One-quarter cup of cream,
One loaf of bread, cut in very thin slices.

Work the cheese, butter and cream in a bowl till you have a thick, smooth paste. Spread this on half of each slice of bread, turning the other half over.

CUP CAKES.

Ingredients.—Four cups of flour,
Two cups of sugar,
Two teaspoonfuls of baking powder,
One cup of butter,
One cup of milk,
Three eggs,
One tablespoonful of spice.

Mix as usual, and bake in small cakes, in buttered tins, filled half full. Dust with powdered sugar.

CHICKEN TEA.

Ingredients.—One Fowl,
Pepper and salt to taste.

Clean the fowl and remove all the skin and fat. Cut it into pieces and put it into an earthen pot with cold water to cover it, pepper and salt. Boil very slowly four hours, skimming off all fat and scum as it rises. Set it to cool, and if any more fat rises, remove it when cold.

It should be like a jelly, and for use for invalids should be treated as required for use.

RASPBERRY AND CURRANT SPONGE.

Ingredients.—One pound of loaf sugar,
Five eggs,
One pint of raspberries,
One pint of currants,
Two ounces of gelatine.

Soak the gelatine in half a pint of water, and then stir it over the fire until perfectly dissolved. Make a syrup of the sugar, with a very little water, bruise the fruit, and let it boil in this syrup until it will squeeze through a jelly bag. Strain through the bag into a large bowl. Strain the gelatine into another bowl, through a sieve. When both are cold, mix them. Add the whites only of the eggs, well beaten. Whisk all well together for half an hour, and stand on ice two hours before serving. Eat with cream.

GOOSEBERRY CREAM.

Ingredients.—One quart of gooseberries,
One ounce of butter,
One pound of white sugar,
Four eggs.

Cover the gooseberries with cold water. Simmer over the fire until they are soft. Strain through a sieve, and heat the pulp. When hot, stir in the sugar and butter. Beat the eggs till light, and beat them into the fruit pulp after it is cold. Serve in glasses.

HOT CROSS BUNS.

Ingredients.—One and one-half pounds of dried flour,
Four ounces of moist sugar,
One quart of milk,
One-fourth teacup of thick yeast,
One-fourth pound of butter.

Put the sugar into the flour, and add about one-fourth of the milk, lukewarm. Make a hole in this flour and pour in the yeast; mix lightly and leave to rise about two hours.

When it has risen melt the butter in the remainder of the milk, and then mix with the flour and sugar; when mixed it should be rather softer than bread dough. Put it to rise for about a quarter of an hour, and then mould it into round balls; cut a cross on them; put them on buttered iron plates, and then into a warm place to rise or prove; when well risen, bake them in a hot oven. If you wish to have currants or caraway-seeds and spice in them, mix either of these when you add the butter and milk. The spice to be used is equal quantities of ground ginger, allspice, coriander, and caraway-seeds, mixed together; put as much of this as you think sufficient.

PRESERVED CHERRIES.

Ingredients.—One pound of cherries,
One-half pound of brown sugar.

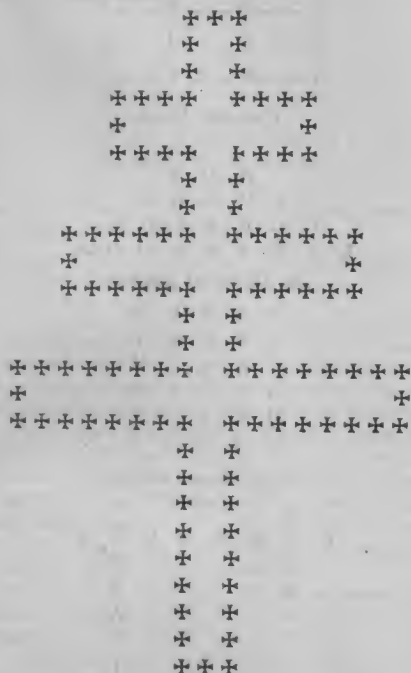
Stone the cherries before weighing them. Make the sugar into syrup over a slow fire. Boil the cherries separately in their own juice and very little water for an hour and a half. Mix the syrup in, and boil together an hour and a half longer. Stir often to prevent burning. When cold put up in small jars or glasses. They make delicious winter pies.

HOME AMUSEMENTS AND JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

PUZZLES, ETC.

PAPAL-CROSS PUZZLE.

The words which form this cross all begin and end with the same letter.



The top of the cross gives the name of a river in England; and the foot of the cross the name of one of the most famous women of ancient times. The ends of the right arms of the cross signify in addition, before, and a female animal. Those on the left side express an important organ of the human body, something which recurs daily, and the French word for summer.

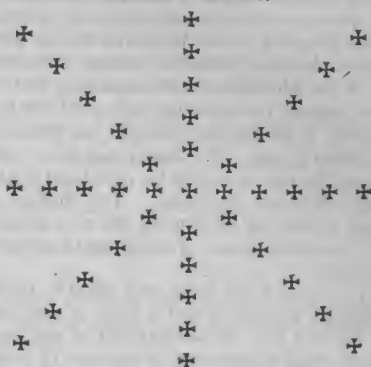
The side line of the top of the cross will give a lake in Ireland, and a town in Egypt. The upper arms express a town in Italy, a town in Pennsylvania, a river in Germany and a river in France. The side lines below these arms express a Frenchman celebrated for his humanity to the deaf and dumb, and a town in Africa.

The second pair of arms give one of the great divisions of the globe, and a sea which borders upon it; a machine, and a government tax. The side lines next below mean comfort and the extreme margin. The lowest arms give a famous town of Denmark, an opening, to make longer, and to decrease in flesh. The two supports will present two forms of government, the one religious and the other political.

RIDDLE.

What can be added to three-quarters of a dozen to make it half a dozen.

STAR PUZZLE.



The central letter is a vowel, and each of the eight points of the star is made by another letter, which is a consonant.

Reading from the centre outwards, the letters will be found to express :

1. Equipment.
2. Hidden.
3. To turn downward.
4. A flavoring liquor.
5. The countries of the East.
6. To over-reach.
7. To oppose.
8. An exit.

SWEET SIXTEEN,

OR THE NEW MAGIC SQUARE.

How many times can the sum of thirty-four be found in the numbers as arranged in the following diagram? — the sum to be invariably produced from four sequent or adjacent numbers.

1	15	14	4
12	6	7	9
8	10	11	5
13	3	2	16

BURIED PRESIDENTS.

1. I was a swell in Col. Numbskull's brigade.
2. While plucking a damson plum, I was stung by a bee.
3. Is a wound from a rapier certain death? Of course not!
4. An accomplished dancing master teaches the lancers, polka, and other fancy dances.
5. At the close of the ballot, the teller exclaimed: "Ah! Ayes eight, noes seven!" The ayes have it!
6. Smart young printers often become expert jeffers. On this talent they rely to overreach their comrades.
7. Many emigrants become valuable citizens.

GAMES.

THE MERRY MENAGERIE.

This game may be readily adapted to the many popular variations upon "I love my lovewithan A."

To produce a mirthful interchange of civilities in a large company, it may be played by one person taking the lead, and describing himself as the Showman of the Menagerie; and requesting that each person present, in succession, shall assist him by introducing to the anxious audience the animal that stands next to him. The leader may then, with an eloquent flourish, introduce his right-hand neighbor as the—Adipose Armadillo. This sufferer can avenge himself by introducing the next player as the—Beautiful Baboon. Forfeits can be exacted of such as fail.

For a variation, the leader may stand in front of the players, who are ranged in a line or semi-circle, and throw a ball or handkerchief to any one at random, while announcing in the style of a showman:—"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I will exhibit to your admiring gaze, a—a"—as if stuttering—"a—B!" The person aimed at should answer to the letter instantly, as:—"a Bellowing Bull! or a Boasting Bulfinch!"

A leader, confident in his own powers, may arrogate the office entirely to himself; and ranging his victims in a row, proceed to exhibit each in turn.

A list of convenient names is here appended:

Arbitrary Antelope,	Nonsensical Nightingale,
Blatant Butterfly,	Ostentatious Otter,
Careful Canary,	Pert Parrot,
Delightful Donkey,	Querulous Quagga,
Elegant Elephant,	Roistering Roebuck,
Fastidious Fawn,	Startling Starling,
Giggling Giraffe,	Turbulent Tadpole,
Hysterical Hippopotamus,	Uniformed Unicorn,
Idiotic Ichneumon,	Vindicative Viper,
Jarring Jackdaw,	Warlike Walrus,
Kicking Kangaroo,	Xanthic Xanthidium,
Laughing Leopard,	Yawning Yak,
Mischievous Monkey,	Zealous Zebra.

ORANGES AND LEMONS.

Two of the players settle which shall be Oranges and which Lemons, without letting the rest know; they then join hands to form an arch, the rest taking hold of each other's dresses and going through the arch, singing the following words:

"Oranges and lemons," say the bells of St. Clements;
 "You owe me five farthings," say the bells of St. Martin's;
 "When will you pay me?" say the bells of Old Bailey;
 "When I grow rich," say the bells of Shoreditch;
 "When will that be?" say the bells of Dundee;
 "I do not know," says the great bell of Bow.

"Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
 And here comes a chopper to chop off your head!"

At the last word, the two children who are holding up their arms drop them on the last child's neck; they then ask her which she will be, Oranges or Lemons; whichever she chooses, she is to go behind the girl who takes that name. When all the girls are caught, the two foremost hold each other's hands, and each strives to pull the other party to her side; whoever succeeds in doing this wins the game.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER.

Answer to Casement Puzzle.

```

G — R — A — Y
|   |   |   |
R — O — B — E
|   |   |   |
A — B — E — L
|   |   |   |
Y — E — L — L

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Pyramid Puzzle

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      I
    A D A
  I D E A S
P L E A S E S
L A D Y S B O O K

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An Historical Ellipsis.

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B A R R Y
P E R R Y
C A R E Y
G E R R Y
M U R A T
M A R A T

```

Rustic Frame Puzzle.

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  N       P
N U M E R O U S
  T       G
  R       N
  I       A
  T       C
  I       I
  O       O
L U M I N O U S
  S       S

```

Double Diagonal Square.

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C O L O R
M I N U S
M A D G E
N E V E R
R U L E R

```

Enigma.

The letter O.

Charade.

No. 1.

Cock-roach.

No. 2.

Fox-hound.

No. 3.

Race-horse.

Transformation.

Rocket.

1. Cocket,
2. Docket,

3. Locket.
4. Pocket,

5. Socket.

LITERARY NOTICES.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia :—

THE CRAYFISH, an introduction to the study of Zoology by T. H. Huxley, F. R. S., with 82 illustrations.

The author in his preface to this volume of the International Scientific Series, says, "I have desired, in fact, to show how the careful study of one of the commonest and most insignificant animals, leads us, step by step, from every-day knowledge to the widest generalizations and the most difficult problems of zoology; and, indeed, of biological science in general. To those interested in natural science, this book offers a most interesting study, being written in a clear, pleasing style, and with illustrations that aid greatly in an intelligent comprehension of the details described."

CEREMONIAL INSTITUTIONS, being Part IV. of the Principles of Sociology, by Herbert Spencer.

A collection of most entertaining and curious facts relating to the ceremonial observances of all nations and ages; published in a series of articles in the Fortnightly Review, and offered now as the fourth of the series of volumes on Sociology. It comprises chapters upon Ceremony in General, Trophies, Mutilation, Presents, Visits, Obeisances, Forms of Address, Titles, Badges and Costumes, Further Class Distinctions, Fashion and Ceremonial Retrospect and Prospect.

CLASSIC WRITERS; edited by John Richard Green. Virgil. By H. Nettleship.

One of the small volumes of classic literature that are most valuable to young students, while they open a most pleasant field of reading to those who cannot read the classics in the original. The present volume contains the life of Virgil and a description of his most important poems; while giving much additional instruction upon the literature of the early Roman Empire, and the poetry of the Augustan age. We have before spoken of these small volumes as the most valuable addition to the library of those who have not had the advantage of a classic education, or whose time and means do not permit extended study or the purchase of many books.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE RÉMUSAT, 1802-1808, with a preface and notes by her grandson, Paul de Remusat, Senator. Translated from the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey & John Lillie.

To those who are interested in the domestic life of Napoleon I. and the Empress Josephine, this volume will be found of absorbing interest, entering as it does into scandals, quarrels, jealousies, and other details, which with unsparing hand tear the mantle of greatness into gaping holes. The great military hero, the man who held all Europe in awe, is presented in the light of a petty domestic tyrant, a rough, uncultured intruder into refined society, and his faults are glaringly exposed. The Empress Josephine figures in the light of a spoiled child, a vain, capricious beauty, and a wife whose dignity was utterly cast aside before the caprice and jealousy of an exacting tyrant. There is a vein of

personal spite manifest throughout the whole book; but as an addition to the history of the reign of Napoleon I. it is not without value.

SOPHOCLES, by Lewis Campbell, M. A., L. L. D., Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrews.

One of the valuable little volumes of classical writers, that must win popularity by their sterling merit as handy books of study and reference.

From T. B. PETERSON & Co., Philadelphia :—
THE AMERICAN L'ASSOMMOIR; a parody on Zola's *L'Assommoir*, by Joseph Sydney.

A comic view of the follies of society, founded upon the leading features of Zola's novel, and describing the tribulations of a would-be leader of fashion, and the catastrophes of her life.

HYDE PARK SKETCHES; by A. R. Western.

A series of papers describing scenes and characters from the author's own point of observation in Hyde Park.

THE LITTLE COUNTESS; by Octave Feuillet, author of *The Count de Camors*, etc.

A French novel of the sickly sentimental school, with a highly sensational climax.

From MACMILLAN & Co., London.
CUTTING OUT AND DRESSMAKING, from the French of Madlle. E. Grand 'Homme, with numerous diagrams.

A translation of a little work published by Madlle. E. Grand 'Homme, the dressmaker who has been engaged in Paris to give a course of lessons in cutting out, gratis, in the room of the Mairie, to all women and girls who care to attend. It contains plain, practical directions of how to cut and fit dresses by measurement, with numerous illustrations as guides; and would be a valuable hand-book, not only to dressmakers, but to heads of families who do their own sewing.

From S. R. WELLS & Co., New York :—
BRAIN AND MIND; or, Mental Science considered in accordance with the principles of Phrenology, and in Relation to Modern Physiology, by Henry S. Drayton, M. A., and James McNeill.

A cleverly written addition to the numerous works on phrenology, with profuse illustrations of the theories described.

From D. G. BRINTON, Philadelphia :—
COMMON MIND TROUBLES, AND THE SECRET OF A CLEAR HEAD; by J. Mortimer Granville, M. D., F. R. C. S. Lond.

This work is written for popular instruction, by an eminent London physician, whose specialty is diseases of the mind. The first Part treats of those mind troubles which are most frequent, which are always the source of unhappiness, and sometimes the warnings of insanity. He tells how they are to be combated, how prevented. The second part contains the positive precepts for gaining and keeping a clear head and a happy spirit.

MUSIC RECEIVED:

From W. W. WHITNEY, Toledo, O.
THE DRUNKARD'S LONE CHILD; song and chorus. Words and music by Mrs. Ruth Young; arranged by James G. Clark.

→*OUR ARM CHAIR.*←

MAY, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We do not answer correspondents through the BOOK. All communications requiring an answer must give name and address, and have a return stamp enclosed.

Mr. Darley has turned from the modern poets this month to select for his illustration one of the immortal Shakspeare's descriptions to illustrate in the expressive group with which this number opens.

"The whining school-boy." Oh, mothers all, does he not linger and pout, drag his slate and his feet, droop his shoulders and his head, to-day, just as he did when the poet wrote of him in the days of Good Queen Bess. The little sister, half afraid of the mother's rebuke, half sympathizing with the culprit, clings close to her mother's dress, thinking of the time to come when she, too, must have a "shining morning face," and creep "like snail, unwillingly to school."

With the expressive group, Mr. Darley gives us also one of the pretty rural scenes in which he excels.

Our colored fashion plate offers to the fair sex a choice selection of garments for the hot weather, in the latest London and Paris styles and colors. There is a marked novelty in the draping and arrangement of dresses for this season, and the day of startling contrast is not yet over.

The pages of fashion that follow are full of suggestions for summer wardrobes, and contain a great variety of patterns of the last caprices of fashion.

The Heel and Toe Polka, while it is simple enough to be easily learned, is a sparkling little gem for the parlor performer, as well as that dear, good-natured soul who "plays for dancing."

In our colored "Novelty" page we give a pattern for a patchwork quilt or sofa cushion of entirely new design, and admitting an effective and artistic arrangement of color. It can be elaborately made in silk, or furnish employment for little fingers learning to sew by piecing patchwork for a quilt.

The literary matter this month is full of interest, containing several chapters of Christian Reid's novel, and Mrs. E. B. Benjamin's serial, "Glenarchan." The talented author of "Hilda and I," has written nothing that is sweeter and more interesting than the character of Nellie in "Glenarchan." There are also contributions from Ella Rodman Church, Marian C. L. Reeves, already familiar to our readers through her charming novel, "A Rosebud Garden of Girls," Margaret Vandegrift, Emma Mortimer White, Sara T. Smith, and other talented writers.

In the Work Department, there is a very attractive assortment of novelties; a collar and cuff of Breton lace of new design, and the deep shape now so much in vogue; a basket for eggs, that will be found useful in keeping eggs hot for the table, as well as highly ornamental; a new crochet stitch; a penwiper of very pretty and novel shape, and a treasure to housekeepers in a net to boil fish whole, are among the number.

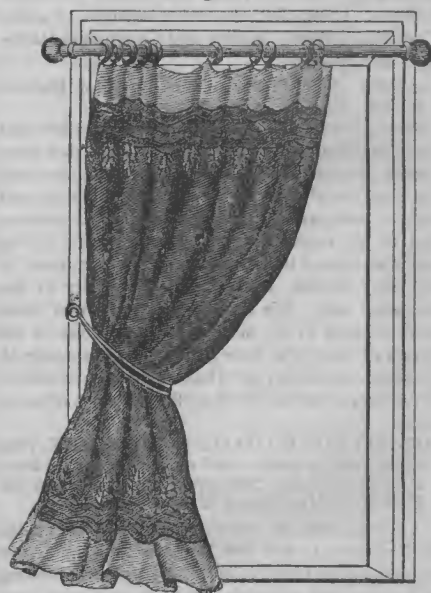
HINTS ON HOME ADORNMENT.

Among upholstery goods there is a remarkable variety now, and the materials, prices, and designs, vary to such extent that hardly any one can fail to find something to suit her taste or the length of her purse. Jute materials are manufactured in artistic patterns and combinations of color, producing a rich-looking stuff which is said to wear well. It is 56 inches wide, and the price is very low—90 cts. to \$1 per yard. For curtains it is made with a border woven in, and so all ready to be hung. For these the price is \$7 per window—that is, two long strips to be parted in the centre, and looped back at the sides of the window.

"Cotelan" is a mixture of silk, wool, and cotton, which is made in Germany, and is very rich for curtains, etc. Another material made of raw silk and cotton is elegant in effect and is not liable to be moth-eaten. Double faced Canton-flannel comes in a variety of rich dark shades, including garnet, claret, olive, golden, and chocolate browns, myrtle, and blue greens, Prussian blue, etc., as well as in pink and other light tints. It is 60 inches wide, and 88 cts. per yard. This hangs in heavy and graceful folds, and is as rich in effect as expensive cloths or felts.

Figure 1 represents a portière, or door curtain, made of the double-faced Canton-flannel. The

Fig. 1.

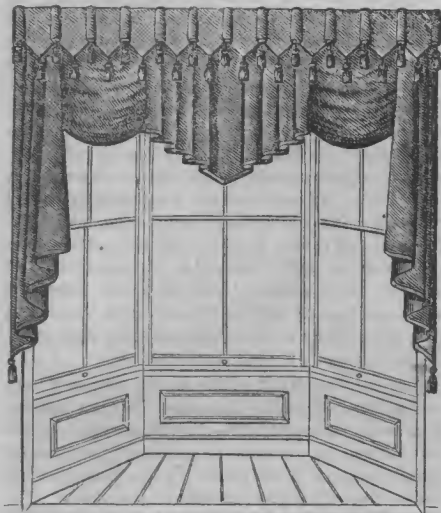


middle of the curtain is of Prussian blue, with a 12 inch border of "old gold" color at top and bottom. Five rows of alpaca braid, and leaf-shaped ornaments (made of shaded double zephyr) complete the trimming. The braid which comes next to the gold-colored band should be red, the next one white, next dark green, then brown, and last, black. The leaves, of shaded red double zephyr, are made by catching the zephyr down at each point, and at the places where it curves out from the middle of the

leaf, by stitches of gold-colored silk floss. This makes quite an elegant curtain at small expense. Of course the colors may be varied to suit the room in which it is to be used.

For a bay window, instead of curtains for each window, a drapery extending across the front of the alcove—as shown in Figure 2—is more elegant. A

Fig. 2.



flat bar of pine four inches wide and one inch thick must first be procured. To this the drapery is attached before it is put up. Screw-eyes on the under side of this bar, slip over screw-hooks which are driven in the wall or moulding at the sides of the alcove, and thus the drapery and bar are supported firmly. The drapery, or lambrequin, as it might more properly be called, is made of maroon Canton flannel, which, being double-faced, requires no lining. It is made in six parts, and, therefore, is not clumsy to work at. The central plaited portion is cut, pointed and hemmed, the hem being pressed on the under side with a hot iron before the plaits are laid. When the plaits have been basted down evenly, they are caught together on the under side by a narrow strip of the material, to make them hang in regular folds and prevent their getting out of place. The middle side pieces are gathered and joined to this, and each end piece, after being cut in a long half-point and pressed like the middle portion is next attached.

The box-plaiting, which makes the finish at the top, is lined with cambric to match the outside material, and has buckram between the Canton-flannel and the lining, to keep the plaits stiff and form them nicely. The lower edge is cut so that the points will come between the plaits, and the tassels are made of American zephyr or "German-town yarn," as it is also called. E. B. C.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate for seasickness. PROF. ADOLPH OTT said: "In the plurality of cases I saw the violent symptoms yield, which characterize that disease, and give way to a healthy action of the functions impaired."

Mrs. Painter writes to us from San Francisco: "My parents were among the early pioneers of California, and at first lived in the interior, and my mother always subscribed for your Book. I now have children, and hope when they are older, they will enjoy it as much as I have done."

FIFTY YEARS.

With this number, GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK completes its fiftieth year! Fifty years of uninterrupted publication gives to those who were the first subscribers, every number, without one break, through the entire six hundred numbers which have come, month after month, throughout a long life-time.

From every part of the country, congratulatory letters have poured in upon us during the past six months, from those whose mothers and grandmothers subscribed for the LADY'S BOOK fifty years ago, and who still watch eagerly for its appearance. Some write, "I took the first number, and my children and grandchildren now are amongst your subscribers, but I still want *my* numbers sent as usual."

In the past year we feel proud of the improvements constantly added to the LADY'S BOOK; the many attractions we keep ever before our readers. Our fashion plates are unequalled and *reliable*, and any lady following them, need not fear that her dress is not in perfect taste and the latest fashion. In every department, we give the readers the best to be found, written by the most talented writers in each specialty. Our literary matter is of the purest, highest tone, always of deep interest to every reader; and our contributors stand first in the list of American writers of fiction.

We know that our subscribers will agree with us, that no volume upon their shelves will be found more attractive and useful, than the volume closed with this number, GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, from January to June, 1880; the one hundredth volume of the oldest fashion journal in the country.

THE LIVING-ROOM.—No matter how plainly-furnished it may be, if it has a sunny exposure and is made beautiful with plants, the living-room becomes a place of rest for mind and body. If it has a bay window, it is rich in beauty. We can hang no pictures on our walls which can compare with the pictures lying outside our ample window. Rosy dawns, golden-hearted sunsets, the tender green and changing tints of spring, the glow of summer, the pomp of autumn, the white of winter, storm and shine, glimmer and gloom—all these we can have and enjoy while we sit in our sheltered room as the changing year rolls on. No one can be really happy in dark rooms; they bring depression of spirits, imparting a sense of confinement, of isolation, of powerlessness, which is chilling to energy and vigor. But in the light is good cheer. Even in a gloomy house, where walls and furniture are dingy and brown, you have but to take down the heavy curtains, open wide the window, hang brackets on either side, set flower-pots on the brackets, and ivies in the pots, let the warm sun stream freely in, to bring health to our bodies and joy to our souls.

AFTER MARRIAGE.—Then comes the tug of war. Life's trials begin in earnest. Hitherto the young couple have seen each other only under the most favorable circumstances. Now they discover unamiable qualities which have been carefully hidden, and must learn the meaning of the words "bear and forbear." Both husband and wife must put constraint upon their tempers if they desire wedded happiness. Men must accept as inevitable the fact that to be happy, women must have artistic, or at least dainty and cosy, environments; and women must learn to preserve their souls in quiet when men spill their tobacco and ashes over the carpets and tables. Neither should try to reform the other, so to speak, but learn to accept things as they are. It is not harder for the wife to study her husband's tastes and fancies, to attire herself to please his eye, to arrange the home with neatness and taste, than for the maiden to do the same for her lover. Nor is it harder for the husband to consider the wife's feelings, and gratify her reasonable wishes, than for the lover to humor every whim and provide for every fancy of his lady-love. And let him show his appreciation of her efforts, and be not quick to blame and slow to please, or even simply indifferent. The amiable temper, the graceful manner, the careful toilet, and maidenly delicacy which charmed the lover will not be less lovely in the wife; and the gentle, manly bearing, the tender courtesy, and the respectful attention of the lover are not less sweet from the husband. Married happiness often depends upon what may at first sight seem trifles, but which are important items in life's complete sum.

AT HOME.—The highest style of being "at home" grows out of the special state of the affections rather than of the intellect. Who has not met with individuals whose faces would be a passport to any society, and whose manners, the unstudied and spontaneous expressions of their inner selves, make them visibly welcome wherever they go, and attract unbounded confidence towards them in whatever they undertake? They are frank, because they have nothing to conceal; affable, because their natures overflow with benevolence; unfurried, because they dread nothing; always at home, because they carry within themselves that which can trust itself anywhere and everywhere—purity of soul with fullness of health. Such are our best guarantees for feeling at home in all society to which duty takes us, and in every occupation upon which it obliges us to enter. They who live least for themselves are also the least embarrassed by uncertainties.

MR. R. G. WHITE thus discourses on the misuse of remember and recollect:—*Remember* and *recollect* are used interchangeably, as if they were synonyms, and the preference seems to be most generally given to the latter. But they are not synonymous, and the distinction between them is an important one, which ought to be preserved. That which lies in our memory at hand, ready for use at any moment, we remember, but we also really do remember much that does not lie at hand, that we cannot find in our mind's store-house on the instant; and this we try to recollect, that is to re-collect.

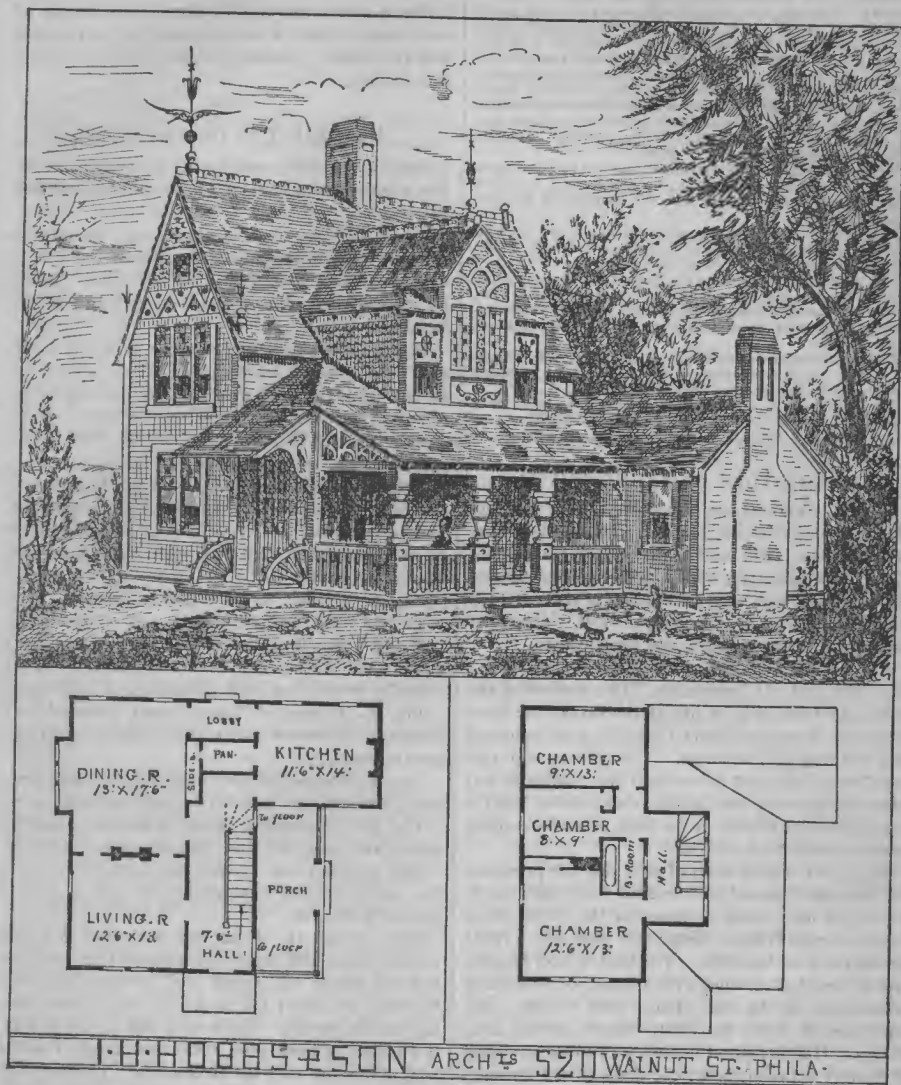
Therefore, the expression I don't remember, but I will try to recollect, is not only correct, but it sets forth a condition of the mind expressible in no other way, and to speak of which we have frequent necessity. The ability to do so will be impaired, if not altogether lost, when the distinction between the two words is done away with.

SOLITUDE.—Oh solitude, how sweet are thy charms! To leave the busy world and retire to thy calm shades is surely the most ecstatic pleasure the contemplative mind can enjoy. Then, undisturbed by those who are fond of splendor, and who prefer pomp and ease to solid pleasure, it may enjoy that peace which is rarely to be found in the courts of the great. Solitude affords us time for reflection, and the objects around us incite us to contemplate and adore. In solitude the contemplative mind enjoys a variety of pleasing sensations, which improve it, and render it alive to all the various beauties which we find displayed in the great book of nature. Blest solitude! may we never forget the advantages which may be derived from devoting a part of our time to thee, but continue sensible of thy great value.

A HAVEN OF REST.—The sunny-tempered man makes home an earthly paradise. What a blessing is a merry, cheerful wife—one whose spirit is not affected by rainy weather or little disappointments! Such a woman in the darkest hours brightens the house like a little piece of sunshiny weather. The magnetism of her smiles, the electrical brightness of her looks and movements, affect every one. The children go to school with a sense of something great to be achieved; her husband goes into the world in a conqueror's spirit. No matter how people annoy and worry him all day, far off her presence shines, and he whispers to himself, "At home I shall find rest." So day by day she literally renews his strength and energy; and if you know a man with a beaming face, a kind heart, and a prosperous business, in nine cases out of ten you will find he has a wife of this kind.

OUT-DOOR EXERCISE.—Exercise oils the joints of the body and prevents them from growing stiff. It needs no money, very little time, little or no present strength. One thing only it does need, and that is perseverance. One-third of the time often given to the piano will more than suffice. One less study a day of those which are to-day over-taxing so many school-girls, and instead judicious, vigorous, out-door exercise aimed directly at the weak muscles, and taken as regularly as one's breakfast, and is there any doubt which will pay the better, and make the girl the happier, the better fitted for all her duties, and the more attractive as well? It is as necessary to develop vigorous, healthy bodies as it is to cultivate the mind; for what is mental power without bodily strength?

Castoria is pleasant to take, contains nothing narcotic, and always regulates the stomach and bowels. No **Sour-Curd** or Wind-Colic; no **Feverishness** or Diarrhœa; no Congestion or **Worms**, and no **Cross Children** or worn-out **Mothers** where **Castoria** is used.



PICTURESQUE GOTHIC COTTAGE.

DRAWN expressly for GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, by Isaac H. Hobbs & Son, Architects,
520 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

The above rural design will produce a fine effect, if placed in a secluded position among hills. The design can be fully and well built for sixteen hundred dollars. It is built of frame, weather-boarded, slate roofs, stained glass in top

sash of windows; inside finish East Lake style. We are prepared to furnish, by the new process, all drawings, specifications, and details, if unaltered, for ten dollars.

FASHIONS.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent application for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice.

The publishers of the *LADY'S BOOK* have no interest in this department, and know nothing of its transactions; and, whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the Fashion Editress does not know.

Orders accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, are to be addressed to the care of the Godey's Lady's Book Publishing Company (Limited).

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editors nor the Publishers will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of two shades of lilac, plain silk and damassé; it is made with two skirts and a jacket. The underskirt is trimmed with a kilting, the overdress with a bias band of striped silk and satin, brocaded; the jacket is also trimmed with the same, and the vest is of it. Chip hat trimmed with satin, gauze, and long feather.

Fig. 2.—House dress of black satin, gendarme blue silk, and silk grenadine. The bodice of the dress and back of skirt are of the black; the front of skirt is of the gendarme blue silk, with trimming and drapery of grenadine. The sleeves and vest are also of silk and grenadine; the bodice is cut open like a circle, and filled in with white lace; a standing collar of silk in the back of neck, coming around partly to the sides.

Fig. 3.—Evening dress of pink silk, cut princess; the front is trimmed with narrow folds, pointed in the centre until some distance on the skirt, where lengthwise puffs meet them; two puffs and a ruffle across the front breadths. The back is long draped, and trimmed all around with a coquil of lace which commences at the low square neck corsage, and continues all down the skirt. Short sleeves, long gloves. Hair arranged in puffs with small bouquets of flowers between them; the dress is also trimmed with flowers.

Fig. 4.—Walking dress of navy blue chevrot, trimmed with cashmere colors. There are three skirts in front formed of points of the striped goods, edged with fringe; the back of overskirt is plain, trimmed with a bias band of the same; the jacket has a vest of it, and cuffs upon the sleeves. Yellow satin braid straw bonnet, faced with navy blue silk, and trimmed with navy blue, and satin gauze in cashmere colors.

Fig. 5.—Carriage dress of gray silk, made with two skirts, the front gathered and finished at the sides with bows of two shades; below the front and heading the ruffle upon the underskirt is a satin

fold, embroidered and scalloped. Jacket of striped satin and silk, with vest and cuffs of white damassé; it is also trimmed with lace. Chip hat of color of dress trimmed with striped satin and feather.

Fig. 6.—Suit for boy of three years, made of écu camel's hair; it is cut gored, and is trimmed with two ruffles. Straw hat color of dress, trimmed with feather.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Cap for evening wear made of pale blue silk, trimmed with white lace and different colored flowers.

Fig. 2.—House dress of gray beige; the skirt is trimmed with three ruffles, kilt plaited, and a short overdress draped at the sides and back. Jacket bodice with coat tails, double-breasted, and rolling sleeves.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress costume, skirt and redingote; the skirt is brown damassé in a checked pattern; it is trimmed with a narrow plaiting of the same. The redingote is of satin of a lighter shade, double-breasted and faced and lined throughout with old gold satin; the cuffs, collar, and pockets are of the same material as the skirt. The back of the redingote is slashed open mid-way to the waist, and ornamented with two rows of buttons. Hat of old gold straw trimmed with feathers of two shades and satin.

Fig. 4.—Bonnet of black chip, trimmed with white and black lace, flowers, and black ribbon.

Fig. 5.—Bonnet of white chip run with cashmere colors; the lace is in the same style, feather of the colors to match lace, and ribbon of old gold color.

Fig. 6.—Bonnet of Tuscan straw, trimmed with ribbon in cashmere colors, and three old gold colored feathers.

Fig. 7.—Bonnet of gray chip trimmed with gray satin, feathers, and bunch of scarlet pomegranates.

Fig. 8.—Fashionable mode of trimming a dress sleeve with lace, jet, and passementerie ornament.

Fig. 9.—Cap for evening wear, made of white lace embroidered with pearl and jet beads, and trimmed with flowers.

Figs. 10 and 11.—Front and back view of lady's walking dress with wrap; it is made of India pongee, has two skirts, the upper one trimmed with embroidery in colors; the back is cut like a polonoise, the front is plaited. The wrap is like a scarf mantle, is knotted in front, then taken and knotted in the back where the ends fall as drapery. The hat is of écu and brown chip, with bird and breast trimming it. The bonnet if of écu chip, trimmed with cashmere colors, silk, and gay flowers.

Fig. 12.—Bodice for evening dress made of white silk brocaded with gay colors; it is cut in a cuirass basque with sharp point in front and back; the front is trimmed with pieces of puffed satin forming lapels, filled in between with rows of quilled lace.

Fig. 13.—Bonnet of lavender color straw, trimmed with ribbon, flowers, and three feathers.

Fig. 14.—House dress for lady made of écu albatross; the skirt is kilted, with scarfs fastened across the front with shirred pieces of satin and loops of ribbon and ornaments; the back has an

overskirt draped; the bodice is a basque with shirred piece of satin trimming it, with collar of satin embroidered in colors; the sleeves are trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 15.—Dress for child of six years, made of pale blue bunting, with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with two shirred puffs, the upper one piped with satin. Jacket bodice with vest, piped with satin, collar and cuffs of satin.

Fig. 16.—Dress for girl of twelve years, made of gray cotton satin in the princess form; the edge of skirt is trimmed with a plaited ruffle, folds heading it across the front; the pockets, collar, cuffs, and back, are ornamented with embroidered bands in colors.

Fig. 17.—Hat for boy of three years, of yellow satin braid, trimmed with band and ends of navy blue velvet, and ribbon bow.

Fig. 18.—Bonnet of white French muslin, shirred and trimmed with a long scarf of Breton lace, which also forms the crown; gilt dagger stuck through the knot.

Fig. 19.—Suit for boy of five years, made of navy blue flannel, and trimmed with rows of silk braid.

Fig. 20.—Dress for girl of seven years, made of lilac cheviot; it is cut princess half way down the skirt, where a kilting joins it, edged with a band in cashmere colors. A plaited piece forms a drapery across the front, fastened at each side.

Fig. 21.—Dress for child of four years; it is made of plain and brocaded wool goods, old gold and brown; the skirt is kilted alternately of the two goods; the front of jacket kilted of the plain, and the sleeves plain; over this plain bodice is one of the brocaded goods cut square neck and square across the front.

Fig. 22.—Gentleman's scarf of old gold and navy blue satin.

Fig. 23.—Jet dagger for the hair or bonnet.

Figs. 24 and 25.—Front and back view of house dress of heliotrope-color grenadine; the underskirt is trimmed with six narrow ruffles; the overdress with fringe, and a trimming made of satin. Basque bodice trimmed with satin and ribbon bows. The two figures show different modes of trimming the underskirt.

Figs. 26 and 27.—Dress of black satin and velvet, and satin grenadine. The front of the skirt is bordered with plaitings, and is crossed with two satin scarfs edged with fringe; and on one scarf there is a band of the velvet grenadine. The basque bodice has a bouillonné plastron, with revers continued to the back as a square collar. Flat bows of satin ribbon at the waist. The bodice opens over a deep fringe attached to the upper part of the skirt. Three rows of French lace edge the back of the basque.

Fig. 28.—Dress for boy of three years, made of buff linen; the skirt is kilted, with a jacket waist with vest front trimmed with braid.

Fig. 29.—Sailor suit for boy of five years, made of white flannel; full white muslin shirt.

Fig. 30.—Dress for girl of three years, made of white pique; the underskirt is box-plaited and trimmed with insertion; the basque is very deep, forming an overskirt, trimmed with three rows of

insertion lengthwise upon the front and back, around the square neck, sleeves, and pockets.

Fig. 31.—Dress for girl of three years, made of navy blue percale; it is gored, trimmed with a deep box plaited ruffle trimmed with rows of white braid; the waist, front of skirt, sleeves, and pockets, are trimmed with the braid and buttons.

Fig. 32.—Walking suit for girl of seven years; the dress is made of Louisine of pale gray, trimmed with navy blue; the paletot is of the same with gores, cuffs, and pocket of the blue. Gray chip hat trimmed with navy blue satin ribbon and wing.

Fig. 33.—Muslin drawers, trimmed with two puffs and ruffles and ribbon bows.

Fig. 34.—Corset cover, trimmed with rows of insertion of muslin and lace, and trimmed around the neck and sleeves with an edging of lace.

Fig. 35.—Lady's drawers, trimmed with tucks, Hamburg insertion, and flouncing edged with lace.

Fig. 36.—Fichu of India-muslin trimmed with duchess lace and ribbon loops.

Figs. 37 and 38.—Front and back view of visiting dress, made of striped Louisine; the skirt has scarfs crossed in front and trimmed with fringe. The paletot is of damassé trimmed with satin. Bonnet of black lace, embroidered with jet, and trimmed with aigrette and jet.

Diagram pattern of summer mantle; this is made in silk, damassé, satin, or of the same material as the dress, and is both a pretty and convenient wrap. Our model is given in the full size and consists of four pieces: half of front, half of back, sleeve, and collar. The mantle, to look stylish, should be richly trimmed with black or colored jetted passementerie, lace, or fringe.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

This season the fashion of wearing a jacket or mantle of a material different from the dress is revived. It is seldom that all the dresses one possesses can be worn with one and the same colored mantle, but still dark dresses always look well with black, and for general wear some neutral tint accords well with almost anything.

As to the way of making up dresses, you may hear very contradictory reports; some persons affirming that coat and jacket bodices are no longer worn; others that they are the only shapes really fashionable. As usual, truth lies between these extremes. Coat and jacket bodices are still in great favor; but the peaked corsage, with or without a plastron, is also very much in fashion.

In fact everything, every shape, is accepted in present fashions, provided it is tastefully made and becoming. Ladies who possess polonaises they wish to modernize according to present fashion can easily do so by opening them in front from the waist, cutting to the length of a deep basque in front, and forming long coat lappets behind. The polonaise is thus transformed into a very fashionable coat, which may be worn with any skirt. If the polonaise be fastened at the back, it need only be lengthened in the waist and fastened up with silk or satin bows down the back, for this shape is still fashionable.

With many of the new summer dresses a small cape is worn, not coming down much below the shoulders. This is trimmed with braid, embroidery, or, if the material be a thin one, with a narrow fluting all around the edge. Unbleached lace is also a favorite trimming; any thread lace answers the purpose.

When the bodice of a dress is peaked in front, it is frequently made princess-fashion behind, or else with a coat basque. The skirt is trimmed *en tablier*, with robings at the sides, the latter generally of some different material. A shirred plastron looks very well with a dress of this description.

A very new model for a double skirt is to have it draped in small paniers in front, and hanging down in a pleated lappet behind, fastened about midway up by a bow of ribbon. A dress we saw of this description was of sapphire blue grenadine. The underskirt was cut without any train, trimmed with nine narrow gathered flounces. The lappet at the back did not fall lower than the foot of the skirt, so it was altogether a short costume. The pleats were fastened together midway up the skirt with a bow of satin ribbon. The bodice had a basque rounded off at the side, and forming an obtuse point both in front and at the back. The sleeves, short to the elbow, were finished with flutings and with bows of satin.

Evening dresses are made with the bodice open in a square or oval shape in front, and with epaulets on the shoulders, but very little sleeve. Jet beads are a very fashionable style of trimming; they are scattered in profusion over black tulle or gauze dresses. Dinner dresses are open in front, are made with sleeves to the elbow, and plenty of white lace is used for the trimming of both bodices and sleeves. Also fichus of spotted tulle with lace trimming. Seed pearls, in thick, close rows, are fashionable, worn in coiled necklets and bracelets.

Very picturesque dresses are made of the gay cotton goods now so fashionably worn throughout the summer. For instance, the Turkey red calicoes are made up in short suits, partly of plain red, and partly with figures of yellow, black, and pale blue, in palm leaves generally, and sometimes in stripes. The solid red calico is used for a kilted round skirt, for bordering the striped overskirt. The waist of the figured calico is a double breasted basque, easily fitted, with but one dart in each front. The collar laps quite high, and is covered with plain red calico; the pockets and cuffs are square, and the border is wider in the front and sloped narrower toward the sides, giving the effect of a cut-away coat and vest. Two rows of pearl-enameled buttons are on the front. A parasol covered with the same goods accompanies each of these costumes.

Scotch gingham is especially popular in the clear blue shades that wash so well, and will be much used in combinations of striped blue and white with plain light blue. Thus the plain short skirt merely faced is of the striped, while the overskirt with retroussé shirred front and bouffant back is of the plain blue. The pretty basque is then made of the striped goods, single breasted, with but one dart each side, and quite short below the

waist line; it is then finished out to a stylish length by a pleated ruffle six inches wide, made parallel with the selvedge, so that the stripes will run around the figure. This ruffle should be kilt pleated in front and on the side; but in the back, just below the middle forms, it should be laid in three double box pleats. This arrangement of the ruffle is simple, but adds greatly to the effect. The neck and wrists have also pleated frills, with the stripes cut along the selvedge.

Polka dotted stuffs are very popular; these are shown in all plain solid colors, with a view to replacing plain solid goods. The spot is in a different shade, or else a contrasting color with that of the ground work, and is the size of a pea; hence the French name of *pois* stuff, by which it is known. There are also ball figures that suggest the globe-like shape because they are shaded in the centre, or are brocaded in more than one color. But the polka dotted patterns appear especially in three kinds of summer goods: bunting, camel's hair, and grenadines. The bunting is shown in cream, drab, or grey grounds, with olive, heliotrope, peacock blue, garnet, or black.

Grenadines with velvet ball spots or else brocaded satin balls, are very stylish. There are also satins de Lyon, with ball spots brocaded; these are shown in black, and with light tan, blue, or cream grounds, with the spot brocaded in several colors. The most elegant grenadines are those embossed with velvet in arabesque, vermicelli, and palm leaf patterns of the color of the ground; these are especially handsome in black, or in cream, or heliotrope shades.

A very beautiful dress for afternoon wear, is of white serge worked in crewels and silk in a design of marigolds. The embroidery is the only trimming, the dress being princess-shaped, the fullness drawn in by a series of runners behind, and cut in square tabs at the bottom, which are bound with yellow, and a full frill beneath. The embroidery (which is an irregular design) goes round the throat, a spray falling down the back, and down either side of the gold buttons which fasten it down the front, widening as it reaches the bottom. The pockets and cuffs are also embroidered.

A beautiful dress, lately made for a bridal trousseau, was of white satin, richly embroidered in gold upon the tablier, with a train of Renaissance satin, which has a brocade of gold thread. The low bodice was a pointed one, and the berthe formed of gold lace put on full; the short puffed sleeves having a frill of the same.

Another dress was of mauve velvet grenadine and cream satin, had an entire skirt of the latter; the long train bordered with a narrow pleating of mauve satin above which were two small kiltings of cream, and above that again, a coquillé of lace, in the shells of which, were here and there, large violet velvet pansies. The tablier was covered with puffed tulle, and crossed diagonally with three rows of lace and pansies, about a foot apart. The bodice, of the grenadine, was cut high at the back and in a very low square in front, inside which were folds of Indian muslin. It was cut with long deep basques before and behind, and at the sides a long breadth

in one with the bodice formed a very long point, that, reaching nearly to the bottom of the dress, divided the train from the tablier. All round this, and round the square, and upon the elbow sleeves, was an embroidery in violet, silk, and gold thread; and a large bouquet of pansies was fastened on the left side of the opening.

The small, close bonnets appear to be the most popular; they are almost cottage ones in shape, and are worn so as to entirely cover the back of the head; the front part being often covered with flowers, amongst which primroses, violets, pansies and snowdrops, mixed with moss and fern, are very popular. Almost all the shades of lilac are very popular, and when mixed with cream, are becoming to almost any complexion. A very beautiful bonnet, is of Tuscan straw, lined with heliotrope velvet, and trimmed on the left side with a bunch of pansies, in which much yellow appears; while the right side has two long closely curled ostrich feathers, one of which is heliotrope color and the other pale yellow. For such bonnets, there are rows of yellow pearls to edge the brim, and Languedoc lace that is colored quite yellow for the strings. Two rows of the lace are used with inch-wide insertion between. A French chip bonnet, lined with garnet velvet, has white lilacs and white ostrich plumes around the crown for trimming, while the strings are of poppy red satin. For watering places, large round hats are going to be worn in the Gainsborough shapes, with the soft wide brim turned up on the left side. Gay velvet facings for the brim, with long plumes round the crown, remain the favorite trimming for white chip Gainsboroughs. Others of Leghorn are trimmed with the new square meshed net of gilt threads; while black chip hats have similar square meshed net of mixed black and gilt. Clusters of strawberries or cherries are again used for such hats, and the long spike-shaped ornaments of gilt are chosen for them. Next these come turban round hats, trimmed with soft Lurah silk and velvet; these are shaped precisely like turban bonnets, but are without strings.

Parasols are of medium size, with ribs eighteen inches in length. They are twelve in number; are painted red and are placed outside the lining, where they are displayed conspicuously. Levantine (which is soft twilled silk) lustrous satin, brocaded silk, satin foulard, écu poncee, are the fabrics most used for the outside of parasols. Changeable silks are much used for linings, especially in mixtures of yellow and red; a border is frequently used upon these linings, red silk linings are probably more used than any other color, and the border may be a striped band or else in cashmere colors and designs. Spanish lace, both black and white, cashmere lace of many colors, and fringes, are the trimmings; chenille fringe and the curled tape fringes, are most effective. Natural sticks of light wood are used for handles. Weichsel sticks are also much used. The knobs or crooks at the end are of Longwy faience, or of cloisonné enamel, with bands to match, or else of Dresden china. Lady-bugs, flies, bees of most natural colors, are stuck about on the oaken handles, and sometimes a cloisonné band is around it. Dressy white parasols of brocaded silk

are edged with the white Spanish lace, have red ribs over a white lining, and the stick is of pimento. Black parasols are very handsome when edged with cashmere lace, showing red, yellow, and olive threads, and lined with scarlet, or else with sunset yellow. Embroidery in the long India stitches and gay colors, enriches black and écu colors. Hand painted parasols have a large cluster of foliage or of flowers covering one gore, with a slender vine shooting out from it and partly bordering the other gores. The handkerchief parasols are again worn; also those of plain Scotch gingham, either bright red or peacock blue, with a cashmere border on the edge.

There is really nothing very new in the way of children's fashions. All the dresses are either princess in shape, with a plaited skirt, and scarf tied round the knees, or they are made in long, straight plaited sacks, half tight to the figure, and the bottom trimmed with ruffles and the scarf around the knees. One new style is the princess dresses to be worn over other dresses for walking; these can be made in white or colors, and can be made of as handsome material as fancy may dictate. We will describe one made of pale blue camel's-hair: the skirt was cut in square tabs at the bottom, and the open part filled in with plaitings of pale pink satin, and over the knees a pale pink satin scarf, satin collar, pockets, and cuffs. There is an economy in this style of overdress which induces us to particularly notice it. Being made larger and longer in every respect to allow it to be worn over another dress, next year it will be exactly of a suitable size to be worn by itself as a house dress, whereas jackets generally become useless after a year's wear, which is inconvenient, unless there are younger children to continue the wear of whatever may become too small for the older ones. Consequently this princess overdress is recommendable. The sash round the knees forms part of the dress itself, and is a fixture. The dress is buttoned at the back. There are overdresses which are buttoned in front, but then they have not the knee scarf, and are buttoned all the way down from the neck to the bottom of the hem. This dress is trimmed with draperies and bows instead of the scarf, and these draperies may take the form of puffs, or paniers, or looped up skirts, etc., according to the material used. Young girls from twelve to fourteen years of age wear plaited skirts, vests, and redingotes fastened over the vest with three large buttons at the waist, thus showing the under waist, both top and bottom. Hats are of straw and chip, trimmed with the same material as the dress, or the same color, with a flower, clasp, or feather, at the side. The "toque" and "Rembrandt" are more worn than any other shapes. Young children, however, are wearing little closed bonnets instead of hats.

For infants the more simple the dress the better; much more notice is taken of handsome needlework now than trimming. For some years sewing-machine work has been used, which, in our eyes, was always a mistake, for certainly nothing should be more delicate and exquisitely made than infants' clothes.

High neck dresses and slips are both worn, with yokes and long sleeves; this dispenses with a sacque

or shawl worn in the house; but if a baby's neck is very pretty, many mothers cannot resist seeing them in a low-neck dress. Nansook muslin is used for dresses, and fine tucks, puffs, and ruffles, take in many instances the place of insertions, laces, and embroidered ruffles.

This same shape dress is used for the first short dresses; in fact, many persons only cut the skirt off to the required length, thus making two skirts of what is, for a long dress, only one, the yoke and sleeves almost always answering, as they do not fit as tightly as the waists formerly used did.

Baby's afghans are miracles of beauty; they are made of white cloth, bound around with a broad satin ribbon, fastened on by fancy stitches in colored silks. In the centre is an exquisite bunch of flowers embroidered, or it may be a bunch in each of the four corners, with an initial in the centre. In former years zephyr afghans were always made of double zephyr; now the fine wools are used altogether, and are usually made double, frequently a thin sheet of wadding being put between. These have broad stripes of ribbon laid over them, beautifully embroidered.

The caps most popular are the French caps of fine muslin, trimmed with a bow of colored ribbon. These can be done up very easily, and do not require the care of an experienced laundress, often a great matter to consider in large families. They always look pretty and can be easily varied by simply removing the ribbon and substituting one of a different color. Many persons have them all white, and do not even have the ribbon colored.

HINTS UPON THE DOINGS OF THE FASHION-ABLE WORLD.

It is a mistaken idea that it is utterly out of the question to give a satisfactory entertainment unless the hostess is prepared to spend a fabulous sum of money. We constantly hear of entertainments where the floral decorations alone for one night cost almost a small fortune. But the question is, how to set to work. The true art of successfully entertaining your friends rests with the hostess, and not with the amount of bills to pay after the entertainment is over. A small house may be as noted for its pleasant reunions as the largest of our palatial residences. Supposing, then, it is proposed to give a small evening entertainment, you should first be sure that the most intimate of your friends will be with you, ready to do their part in making the evening pass pleasantly. Make a point of inviting first those who are always glad to meet; decide on the number you wish to see, and then remember you may always invite double the list you expect. To begin with, the necessary decorations and lighting shall come first. As a general rule, the number of gas jets in a room is usually all that is required to light it. Country friends, if asked, will always send ivy and evergreens, even when they cannot supply any choice flowers, and nothing can exceed the effect produced by masses of ivy, either used in twining round banisters or following the line of cornice round the room. Large banks of evergreens may be judiciously placed in corners of the rooms or passages; we are sure that a few

dollars judiciously spent may, with taste, effect a charming result. Of the music, much depends on the size and shape of the rooms. A piano with harp and cornet leave nothing to be desired in the hands of skilful performers. But then, last, though not least, we think of supper. Do not let it be a bugbear, and do not be afraid of striking out some new and simple idea in this department. Let a well-set table be decorated with growing plants or flowers, arranged with taste in many of the flower glasses we all possess. At this season, the most perfect arrangement may be made with roses or simple garden or field flowers. A tumbler in a soup plate will enable you to make pyramids of these lovely blossoms, which, set on a bed of moss, will eclipse many exotic decorations. If the supper is not pretentious, every one will be pleased; whatever there is, let it be the best of its kind. Perhaps no more trying time is passed than when, ready dressed, and everything looking as we desire, the first arrival is waited for. Here, then, our real friends do not fail; and with just a few early comers, the music may commence, and very shortly the rooms are full, and all should go merrily. A cheery greeting from the hostess, with no eager fussiness as to who the next comer may be, or planning too much for the amusement of her guests, is the best security for their amusing themselves. Never attempt to drag out some unfortunately shy individual who has a strong inclination to cling to the sides of the wall, nor too good-naturedly try and find partners for some one who may at first be standing out, it will all come right. If a girl be pleasant and can dance, she will soon make her way; and, as a rule, gentlemen object to their partners being chosen for them. If there is dancing, keep the dancers going with spirit; have no awkward pauses—it makes people think about going away, which they will not do if these hints are followed. Have we left untouched the great question of dress? Surely it is needless; for the simpler and fresher the toilet can be made, the better, is the only hint we give. Do we not justly prove our words, that unlimited expenditure is not the absolute necessity for pleasant parties? We venture to say *au contraire*. If it be whispered that a certain leader of fashion is about giving an elegant entertainment, upon which florists, cooks, and decorators are expending all their energies, what a turmoil is excited! How every one burns with desire to be present! On all sides petitions to be included in the list pour in; the hostess *cannot* refuse some, *dare* not refuse others; and this goes on until the list is swelled to such gigantic proportions that even the largest rooms cannot hold them; and on the eventful evening many a weary *quart d'heure* is spent in the string of carriages setting down, and more weary still the struggle on the stairs to reach the fairy-like scene; a futile attempt to find an empty place within the gorgeous banquetting hall, until patience is nearly exhausted, and a weary homeward drive with the remnants of an exquisite toilet new for the occasion, as a sad reminder of an evening crowd. Believe us, far more may be done in the small way suggested, and the hostess, whose little parties are an established rule, will always be popular, and always successful. FASHION.